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Picturegoer

The Scree… …pular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Anton WALBROOK & Anna NEAGLE

Victoria the Great

SOUVENIR NUMBER



The PERM OF THE YEAR for the TURN OF THE YEAR

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AN OPEN LETTER to OUR READERS

The SHAPE of THINGS to COME



Jane Wyatt and Ronald Colman in "Lost Horizon" —the biggest money-spinner of 1937.

DEAR READERS,

This page of open letters has its first birthday this week. A great deal has happened since it made its bow. Perhaps a great deal more than appears on the surface.

A year ago we wrote of "all the indications pointing to 1937 being a year of great progress"; that not for a long time had a New Year opened under more promising auspices. Returning prosperity, we pointed out, had resulted in a general loosening of purse strings. Britain had never been so well equipped, financially and materially, for the battle for world film supremacy.

At the same time we thought it necessary to issue a warning, in this very prosperity lay the fatal temptation to mistake pretentiousness for greatness. "Producers," we said, "might do worse than make a promise to themselves to remember that while money helps, money alone has never made good films."

Nevertheless, we were optimistic about the future. Everything in the movie garden seemed to be lovely. City philanthropists were being killed in the rush to provide funds for British films. Hollywood was enjoying the biggest boom since the arrival of talkies.

To-day the British film industry is in a mess and Hollywood is in the throes of one of the most serious financial crises in its history.

It gives us no satisfaction to say that we told you so, but this sorry story has been largely brought about by unproductive spending.

We are inclined to believe, moreover, that the metamorphosis is something more even than a mere difference between boom times and a slump. It may be a paradox, but prosperity has always been bad for films artistically.

Through the entire history of the movie there have been definite periods when the screen has stagnated—and they have always been the periods of the industry's greatest prosperity. Curiously enough, they have usually come at intervals of roughly ten years.

The period round about, for instance, 1907, saw the rough beginnings of films as we know them now. The new medium was considered important enough to warrant censorship. Griffith was beginning, and Bronco Billy was inaugurating the star system.

By 1917 the screen was forced to throw off the crudity of melodrama and custard-pie comedy and get down to the job of developing screen story-telling as an art. The genius of Chaplin was just being recognised, and the age of the super-cinema was dawning.

There came the Thrilling Twenties, when the silent screen was brought to its greatest heights of perfection.

By 1927, however, the screen had again reached saturation point. Though more money was being spent on them, pictures were standing still artistically. Attendances were falling off alarmingly. The movies had nothing new to offer.

The sound revolution that year saved the situation. We cannot help speculating whether history is not repeating itself, and if films to-day are not in exactly the same position as they were ten years ago.

More money was spent in 1937 in film production than in any single year in the past, but attendances are dropping steadily. The films have not progressed in the last year. There have been good films, like *Lost Horizon*, which was the biggest money-spinner here, but nothing that has advanced movies. Has the screen again reached the point where it must develop in some new direction if it is to retain its hold?

And will television come to the rescue of the cinemas in 1938 as talkies did a decade ago? Television has made enormous strides in the last few months. In Britain most of the big cinema circuits are making plans to install "cinevision" screens. It may be a very big force by the end of 1938.

Whatever happens, it should be an interesting year. The screen flourishes best in adversity. Necessity is invariably the mother of inventiveness in the movies.

Prediction concerning movie matters is always risky, but we venture to forecast that one manifestation in the coming twelve months will be a moderation of the star system—with elimination of hysterical stellar worship—and heavy casualties in the ranks of the present front-rankers, most of whom are getting on as stellar life is judged.

Finally, we wish our readers a Happy New Year. We'll do better than that. By providing you with the best review service available, and enabling you to shop for your films, we'll ensure that, so far as film-going is concerned at least, you won't have an unhappy one.

The Editor

All the Gossip

MOVE TO CUT DOWN CREDITS

- And a Good Job, Too
- Matinee Idols Are Out
- What Constitutes Sex Appeal
- Norma Shearer's Fortune
- Ginger Wants a Rise



We wanted to wish you a Happy New Year, but we didn't think we could do it so gracefully as Harriet Haddon, Joyce Mathews, Lola Jensen and Alma Ross—so we asked them to do it for us.

PICTUREGOERS will be pleased to hear that there is a strong new move afoot in the studios to cut down, if not entirely abolish, the credit titles that are shown at the beginning of each film.

These titles have been increasing steadily in length in the last few years, and recently they have shown signs of getting right out of hand.

Before practically every film of importance the long-suffering fan is goaded into a frenzy of irritability by having to sit through a string of "credits" (usually to the accompaniment of a fiendish cacophony on the sound track) that can be of no interest to anyone except those concerned.

About the only one they omit is the waitress who served the stars' luncheons in the studio commissary, and the publicity man who invented the "real life" romance between the hero and heroine.

♦ ♦ ♦

The names of the cast, director, and author should be sufficient, though since it is too late to do anything about it, if you don't happen to like the work of a particular director or writer, even this is not much use as a guide except for future reference.

The ideal arrangement would be for the credit titles to be given at the end of the film, with a second view of the cast (incidentally, a reform for which filmgoers have been crying out for years).

Such a scheme would have three distinct advantages. Audiences could immediately get into the atmosphere of the picture, one wouldn't have to sit through the credits if one didn't want to and, if, on the other hand the work of any particular contributor to the film had interested you, you would be able to make a note of his name.

No More Matinee Idols ?

● Sam Goldwyn, who is very often one think ahead of Hollywood, declares that the day of the matinee idol is over.

Glamour, he feels, is something for actresses, but it is not for actors.

Perhaps he is right. Last week I mentioned a threatened slump in the stock of Robert Taylor as a result of his being over-glamourised. Goldwyn is determined that that fate shall not befall Jon Hall, his *Hurricane* discovery.

Hall has been dispatched on a quick tour of America, to be interviewed by the press in the cities in which he stops.

One of his great selling points will be the fact that he has but one suit of clothes, and that was tailored for the trip. His evening dress (according to John Miles, of the Goldwyn publicity office, who is accompanying Hall) was borrowed from the studio wardrobe.

And Hall is being introduced as a typical American boy who happens to be working in pictures for a living.

There was a time when such a stunt would have horrified Hollywood. But glamour has become a dangerous element with which to deal, and setting actors apart from the rest of the world is, Goldwyn feels, unwise.

Sex Appeal—Larynxes Not Legs

● If you think the "thrill appeal" of your favourite movie star results from the shapely curve of her legs, the sheen of her hair, or the lustre of her eyes, you are wrong.

What excites you, sir, and you, lady, is "the resonant quality of the voice, those soft notes that plunge into the depths of your consciousness, and come to grips with the basic urges of your emotional life."

Such, at any rate, is the theory of Dr. Funston Neibuhr, the famous psychologist, who has been visiting Hollywood.

"Voices as a factor in stimulating the responses that account for the vast popularity of the movie-people are generally overlooked," Dr. Neibuhr says. "I believe that Havelock Ellis has covered that ground pretty thoroughly.

"The voice makes the most subtle of all appeals to the senses. It can't be analysed, measured, and reduced to a geometric theorem like the curve of the leg or the lines of the profile, for example. But by the same token, it strikes much more deeply into the subconscious and the maze of emotions lodged there.

"After the voice as an excitement factor, I would place the hair. Next to the voice, it is the most feminine thing about a woman.

"After the hair, I would designate the eyes; then certain anatomical features; then the face as a whole; then the figure as a whole, and then the legs. Don't let anybody think the legs aren't important. The other things just go first."

Norma Shearer's Fortune

● As was expected, the contents of Irving Thalberg's will, just now made known, coupled with her own fortune, make Norma Shearer one of the richest actresses in the world.

Mr. Thalberg left £1,150,000, but death duties cut the amount to approximately £560,000.

His parents and other relatives receive £90,000. The remainder, nearly half a million pounds, is left in a trust fund for Norma. She receives the income during her lifetime, but the fortune goes to her two children when they reach the age of thirty-five.

Ginger Wants More Money

● Ginger Rogers is asking for a rise. She has asked the Rajahs of the Radio studio for a share in the profits of her films, in addition to her £600 a week salary.

The reason was that someone told her that Katharine Hepburn and Fred Astaire both have contracts on these lines.

The betting is that Ginger will get her way.

Confident that a suitable adjustment can be made, the studio has scheduled a fourth film for the star after she completes *Having Wonderful Time*. The new one is titled *She Married For Money*, but before that come, in the order named, *Vivacious Lady*, *Change Partners* (that will be with Astaire), and *Stolen Honeymoon*.

She Knew Mae When

● Mae West has a new stand-in—a girl who knew her when. Her name is Edna Eckert, and she was a playmate of Mae's in her hop-scotch days on the pavements of Brooklyn.

Recently she arrived in Hollywood looking for work. Mae heard of her arrival and got her the job. Edna bears a close resemblance to the star.

The gossip writers, who have long been curious about Mae West's age and background, have hung eagerly on Miss Eckert's words, but so far have been rewarded by nothing more than such discreet disclosures as that the star as a child was always dancing, and learned her first steps to the accompaniment of street organs.

"We went to the same public school and to the



same church," Edna added. "Miss West's brother —Jack—was always very strict with her: it was early to bed and early to rise for her, because of Jack's big plans for her future."

In the meanwhile, I notice that Miss West is now being sedulously boosted in the official bulletins as "the world's highest paid star."

What about it, Gracie?

Hollywood Defined

● Dorothy Parker, whose caustic tongue is the terror of Talkietown, has been at it again.

Her latest barb is a definition of Hollywood as "the land of yes-men and acqui-yes-women." And when a friend confided that she was in love with a movie star not particularly notable for brains, she remarked: "That isn't love; it's zero worship."

It was Dorothy Parker, too, who christened Buddy Rogers "Mary's Little Lamb."

Guiding Deanna's Destiny

● Joe Pasternack, the producer who has contributed so much to the success of Deanna Durbin, has determined views about her career, and is to some extent defying his studio in adhering to them.

He is convinced that if her films cling to one formula, the youngster's popularity will fade in short order.

A star, he says, has a cash value of £2,000,000 to a studio, and every bad picture is responsible for a £400,000 depreciation.

* * *

Pasternack believes, too, that surrounding the child with but one organisation schooled in the method of handling her will spare her the devastating adulation that has been an adverse influence in the careers of other young stars.

While Deanna is aware of her significance, mature reasoning is proving efficacious in retaining her charm and simplicity.

In her new picture, *Mad About Music*, she plays the daughter of a famous motion picture star who is kept out of sight in a Swiss school because the mother fears that acknowledgment of the child will destroy her glamour.

Pasternack chuckles at this phase of the story, because he says it will strike at two or three of Hollywood's dream children.

Short Shots

After working with her in *True Confession*, Una Merkel is Carole Lombard Fan Number Two (Number One, of course, being Clark Gable) —Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone celebrated their second wedding anniversary the other day. And May Robson celebrated her 72nd birthday; now she's busy planning a career in television. Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durante returns to the screen in *Start Cheering*. Sonja Henie's legs are insured for £50,000; that's Twentieth Century-Fox's story, anyway—Jeanette MacDonald is learning trick riding for her role in *The Girl of the Golden West*. Gale Sondergaard has been signed by M.G.M. Although he is generally regarded as the screen's number one gangster, Edward G. Robinson has only played five gangster parts in his entire screen career. Gladys George will have a comedy role in her new picture *Love is a Headache*. Frances Dee has been officially promoted to stardom as a result of her work in *Wells Fargo*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

REAL-LIFE DRAMA ON FILM SET

WHILE a scene was being taken for *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, police marched in and seized an extra who was garbed in the costume of one of the "Merry Men."

He was far from merry when he was driven off to gaol, where he pleaded guilty to a charge of vagrancy, and was given twenty four hours to leave town.

The man was recognised by a detective from the East, detailed to the Los Angeles Police Department to locate undesirables from his section of the country. He had been arrested thirteen times in New York City.

He was also known to be a friend of Hymie Miller, cafe owner, who played small parts in the movies, and who was recently shot and killed by gangsters as yet unapprehended.

Wedding Present

● Jackie Coogan received a wedding gift he would gladly have passed up, shortly after he married little Betty Grable.

The newly-weds were bowling along merrily at sixty miles an hour, when they were halted near Ventura by a motor cycle officer, who handed the actor a summons for speeding.

Sad to say, in that particular section practically every motorist travels at sixty miles per hour or more. This is demonstrated by the fact that the average driver covers the 400 miles between Hollywood and San Francisco in ten hours.

Hollywood Record

● Not once since Bette Davis became a star has she ever worked on a closed set. And Bette says she never will, showing that she is different from Katharine Hepburn, and other stars, who prefer to work in seclusion.

The little actress told me that closed sets annoyed her, although she admits that she does not like forty or fifty visitors at a time

But she prefers to see a few strange faces behind the camera when she is working.

She took a vigorous slap at film actresses who are always announcing their yearning for the theatre where they have audiences watching them, and, in the studio, refuse to act because there are three or four visitors on the set.

Grateful City

● One of the hardships of being a movie star is that you can't shop just anywhere in Hollywood, Kay Francis tells me.

That is, if you don't like to have prices "boosted" on you because they recognise you as a star. Kay solves it by having friends shop for her. Which cuts her out of a pleasure—for she likes to potter around the stores.

Hollywood would be like a deserted village if the movies departed, but the tradesmen apparently do not realise it.

Monkey Business

● Forty monkeys, who were being used in a film at the Major Studios, escaped from the lot, and pandemonium reigned in the neighbourhood.

Studio employees hurried out to catch the missing simians, but had scant success. Swarms of small boys, lured by the offer of a reward of one dollar per monkey, joined in the chase. But, so far, only fifteen of the animals have been captured.

To attract the animals, imitation palm trees were erected outside the studio, but the monkeys evidently know a real palm tree when they see one, for they refused to swing in their branches.

Luxury Denied

● Ben Blue, who graduated from the radio to the movies, was hailed into court by his wife, who sued him for separate maintenance.

The comedian told Judge Brand the sums he needed from his salary of 750 dollars a week on which to live properly. The items included 250

(*Continued on page 6*)



Two of the younger set, Dinah Sheridan (17), and Jimmy Handley (18), welcome the New Year in.



These seaweed costumes were imported to Hollywood from Hawaii for Parlita Arviza, Carmen la Rue, Carmen Bailey and Tina Menardi, who dance in "Daughter of Shanghai," starring Anna May Wong.

All the Gossip

—continued

dollars a month for liquor, 120 dollars a month for a valet, 300 dollars for entertainment, etc.

Mrs. Blue wanted 50 dollars a week for week-end trips, 50 dollars for entertainment and various other items.

The judge made notes as the couple testified, and said that if he allowed them what they asked, the amount would exceed Ben's salary by about 750 dollars a month. He gave them advice on what he thought they should spend from the 750 dollars a week.

Mrs. Blue decided to sue for divorce and, if Judge Brand hears the case, she and Ben will get more good advice.

Hollywood Says That

The Kay Francis-Delmar Daves romance has not chilled, although few people see them together whilst Kay works in a picture.

◆ ◆ ◆

Edward G. Robinson has one of the largest private "crime libraries" in existence, containing published case histories of famous crimes and criminals.

◆ ◆ ◆

Paul Muni took his favourite violin with him on his world tour.

◆ ◆ ◆

Geraldine Spreckels, heiress to the Spreckels sugar millions, known in the movies as Anna Johns, speaks Turkish, Hungarian, French, German, Italian, English, Spanish and Arabic.

◆ ◆ ◆

Gordon Oliver is perfecting plans for a house with movable walls.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

ELSTREE KEEPS GOING

SLUMP or no slump—and, of course, undeniably it's still slump—there's quite a lot going on in our studios if you know where to look for it.

One fairly obvious place to look is Elstree, where one solitary company is keeping the standard of Elstree production aloft and waggling gallantly. It has to be a pretty hefty company to do that, and it is, to wit, Associated British; and if you don't yet recognise B.I.P. under their new name, you shame your fanhood.

Needless to say, they're pretty well organised down there, as you'll realise when I tell you that, in spite of Rene Ray having a motor-accident on the way to the studios and sustaining damage to her mouth, and Otto Kruger on the very next day having a motor-accident which necessitated his head being sewn up with seven stitches, not a day was lost. Walter Mycroft, in charge of production, simply switched the schedule round so that they could get on with other scenes.

That sounds as easy as switching on the electric light, but unfortunately it isn't.

Young Kruger

● Otto Kruger plays the title-role in the screen version of the Ian Hay stage-play *Housemaster*. I had quite a shock the other day when he told me he was fifty-two; I had imagined him to be quite early on in the roaring forties, and he can easily look thirty-five when occasion demands it.

In the script the housemaster is considerably older than the headmaster, played by Kynaston Reeves, but although Kruger is really older than Reeves he looked so much younger in the rushes that they had to shoot some scenes again with Kruger made-up to look older.

Would that Time were as kind to all of us! (Spoken with a deep sigh from the depths of the bathchair.)

I'm pleased to see that Rosamund Barnes has a part in this film; she's a clever little stage actress who has been knocking at the door of the studios for some time.

She plays the part of "Button," in which she understudied Joan White in the stage version.

Spare Parts

● Opposite Rosamund is Henry Hepworth, who is the middle one of three young Hepworths, all actors.

Henry is fifteen, with an unruly mop of fair hair. Occasionally they have found it convenient to come by the quarter-dozen, because when the eldest has had a part in a play with a particularly long run, it has been found necessary to substitute Henry when the eldest began to look too old for the role; and Henry has, in course of time, been replaced by the youngest brother.

Joyce Barbour, clever character actress (and wife of Richard Bird) is prominent in the cast, and there are also Diana Churchill and Rene Ray as the two damsels who descend upon the school and wreck its peace of mind, John Wood, the personable young man who first came into prominence in *Over She Goes*, Jimmy Hanley, and Walter Hudd.

Sweet Racket, the film featuring John Lodge and Gertrude Michael, has been completed, and shortly A.B.P. will begin work on Arnold Bennett's *The Card*, as soon as they can find a suitable player for the title-role.

I've always thought this was one of the best Bennett stories I've read; I hope they'll do it justice down at Elstree.

A Dream Pub

● That will be followed by the long-delayed *Star of the Circus*, in which, you may remember, Schnozzle Durante was originally to figure. No cast has yet been chosen for either of these.

On the next sound-stage occurred one of those little touches of sentiment that make strong men weep and weak men fairly howl.

Charles Laughton, as "Ginger Ted," the beach-comber in *Vessel of Wrath*, settles down with his screen wife (who is also his real wife, Elsa Lanchester) to a respectable married life as landlord of "The Fox and Rabbit."

As a youth Laughton used to go tramping across the Yorkshire Moors, and a pub of that name held such happy memories for him that he always swore if ever he had a pub of his own it would be called "The Fox and Rabbit."

So when they wanted a name for the screen pub he saw his chance of realising his ambition, and "The Fox and Rabbit" it became.

The Real Thing

● Further, it became a pub in real earnest, for when the closing scene of the production was "in the can" it was suddenly divulged to an astonished production-unit that the bottles in

the bar contained not merely coloured water, as is the custom, but "the real Mackay"; and the landlord and his spouse put themselves behind the bar and invited the unit to step up and "name their poisons"; in other words, to have "one on the house."

The carpenters, electricians, and prop-men needed a little convincing—hoaxes are common in the studio—but when they realised it was a hospitable gesture on the part of the star and his missus they didn't want any persuasion.

It seldom happens that the final scene to be shot is also the last in the picture, but Erich Pommer, the producer, always tries to make it so if possible, because he regards the final scene as the most important, and if the rest of the picture is already in celluloid, he can much better decide the exact atmosphere he wants for his "fade-out."

Nobody can tell Erich Pommer much about picture-making.

Livening Up

● Denham was a little gayer this week than it's been for some time; Gracie Fields, of course, has finished her part in *He Was Her Man*, and has sought a more temperate clime; but odd scenes have still remained to be filmed. And between that and the Alpine-climbing picture *The Challenge* and the Merle Oberon-Rex Harrison starring vehicle *Over The Moon* there was an air of bustle that did my crabbed old heart good to see.

Ever since Robert Taylor was thrown into the "Thames" at Denham they have had a craze for soaking people—literally.

The latest victim is Coral Brown, who, as I told you, took over the vamp role in *He Was Her Man* when Jane Carr found that her stage and broadcasting activities prevented her.

She has had to be thrown by Victor McLaglen into a horse-trough in a Johannesburg street; and such is director Monty Banks's passion for accuracy that she was soused twice over.

Can you imagine her pleasure when, just a little later, she was watching him sitting under the cameras and directing a fight in a bar-room, when one of the tables was upset in the mêlée and sent a tidal wave of property beer over the director.

This fight, by the way, was a free-for-all which begins with Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy exchanging fistic incivilities and ends with Gracie Fields socking Victor on the head with a tray.

Slapsteak

● Monty Banks has never really got over his slapstick days.

In one scene in the "Aurora" dance hall a dissatisfied patron throws a juicy steak at the leader of the orchestra.

"Okay," said Monty with gusto. "Gimme the steak."

At the first throw the victim dodged, but the second was a beauty, and the artistic yearnings of the director were satisfied.

By the way, several readers have asked with a solicitude worthy of a better object what happened to all the mud that was used in the Johannesburg street scene.

Well, it took twelve hours of continuous work to shovel it into carts and dump it into a patch of swamp in the studio grounds. There was 120 tons of it. Ten tons an hour.

And were the studio cleaners glad to see it go! Even then, it took them a clear week to remove all traces of Monty Banks' little prank from the studio premises.

Islington Beach

● Even more carting had to be done for the seaside scenes in *Bank Holiday* at Islington.

Twenty-five men from the local labour exchange worked for twenty-four hours importing 100 tons of sand and 65 tons of shingle into the Gainsborough studios to make a nice sandy beach for the kids to dig in.

The studio technicians who suffered from sand in their hair, eyes, ears, and throats have cursed it long and deep, but the three small children who appeared in this scene, David Anthony, Arthur West-Payne, and three-year-old Angela Glynne, had a wonderful time, building castles, digging trenches, and what-not.

And what about those three prop-men I saw making a castle all by themselves in the lunch-hour?

Another soaking has taken place in this film, by the way; Rene Ray, clad in a smart and scanty sun-suit, is sitting in the American bar when Hugh Williams knocks over a glass of beer and soaks her.

Rene's scream was very realistic; but Hugh told me he could have screamed louder still at the waste of good beer.

Phoenix Talks

● Some of you may remember the frenzy of excitement into which the headlines went when *Anna Christie* hit the screen—"GARBO TALKS!"

Well, chalk this new Year of Grace 1938 up as an almost equally sensational one. Phoenix has decided to talk!

Ever since its inception, this production-company has obstinately declined to have its doings publicised. Picture my unparalleled, my stupendous, my complete amazement when I find on my desk a communiqué outlining the current production *What a Man*, which stars Sydney Howard.

With him is teamed Vera Pearce, and Phoenix are so confident that they have found the perfect screen soul-mate for Syd that they want you all to go along and see the picture and judge for yourselves.

I'll bet they do!

Along with these two stalwarts we have Ivor Barnard, Jenny Laird, Frederick Bradshaw (a hefty young good-looker whom we don't seem to have seen lately), Sybil Grove, H. F. Maltby, Francesca Bahrle, Frank Cochrane, Alfred Wellesley, Robert Adair, and John Singer.

We published recently a picture of Sydney Howard with a boy scout, and omitted to mention that the scout was young Mr. Singer, who is one of our snappier boy actors.

Opportunity

● This story would appear to give Syd perfect opportunities for doing the things he can do best; to wit, disguising himself as different people in order to get himself out of scrapes.

The producers have paid a graceful compliment to the two B.B.C. favourites, Mr. Penny and Mrs. Feather, by naming their hero Mr. Penny-feather; this gentleman is secretary of the Budleigh Savings Club, and when, just before the share-out, the savings are missing, you can imagine the reactions of Mr. Sydney Howard.

In accordance with my usual rule as regards Mr. Howard, I shall see this one.

One thing about the present quiet that permeates the British lots (one of my New Year Resolutions—the seventh on my list—is not to use the word "slump") is that the units that *are* working are able to get hold of very fine casts.

Quite A Cast

● Glance, for example, at the new Tom Walls, film *The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent* where in support of the volatile Tom we have Renée Saint-Cyr, George Curzon, Ronald Adam (how the film bug has bitten him!), John Turnbull, Irene Handl, Bernard Meresfield, Hay Plumb, Phil Ray, Douglas Stewart, Leon M. Lion (pleasant to see him back on the set), Martita Hunt, Marda Vanne, Albert Chevalier, jun., C. V. France, and Tyrrel Davis.

That, my hearties, may be described as A Cast.

And did I give you the full cast of Gainsborough's *Alf's Button Afloat*, which is turning the normally well-conducted Islington studios into a bear-garden at the moment?

Besides our friends Nervo, Naughton, Knox, Allen, Gold, and Flanagan (don't bother to sort them out—they're good mixers) we have Alastair Sim, Peter Gawthorne, Wally Patch, Wilson Coleman, Glennis Lorimer, and Bruce Winston.

With Marcel Varnel again directing, I see no reason why this guffaw-extractor shouldn't be just as effective as *Okay for Sound* has been.

Lesson Time

● By the way, I've meant to mention several times (though I suppose once is really enough) that I had received an official communiqué from the Netherlands and Netherlands Indies Information Bureau, putting me wise about the "Controleur" of a Dutch island.

You may remember that in reporting progress on *Vessel of Wrath*, Mayflower's initial production, I asked why the official should be referred to in French.

My friends the N. and N. I. I. B. point out that the title of "Controleur" possibly originated during the period when the Netherlands' present possessions in the Far East automatically came under French control when Holland was part of the French Empire in Napoleon's time.

They also point out that we habitually use the French words "aide-de-camp" and "attaché"; and of course we have less excuse for this than the Dutch, because we never actually came under Napoleon's rule, though we may have had one or two narrow squeaks.

The lesson is now over, and the class may disperse quietly.

And a Happy New Year to all of you.



John Boles returns to musicals in "The Yellow Nightingale," which also features Gladys Swarthout, the opera star.



GINGER ROGERS

Nineteen hundred and thirty-seven was a Ginger Rogers year and she is sitting on top of the world. And with "Stage Door" and "Having Wonderful Time," her first solo starring vehicle, due shortly, she looks as if she will be starting the New Year well. In the meanwhile she hopes, through "Picturegoer," that 1938 will be a lucky year for you, too.



HISTORY with a SMILE

VICTORIA the Great is not only a fine piece of historical biography, but also a very human romance and it is the continuation of these qualities that has made it such an outstanding success

THE plaudits that have rained down on Anna Neagle for her brilliant portrayal of the title role in *Victoria the Great* have been well deserved, but in general the written eulogies have been lacking in one respect—it has not been sufficiently stressed that the star brought out more particularly the womanly side of the character, in other words, humanised an historical figure.

Most of us are apt, when we think of Queen Victoria, to visualise an elderly woman in bonnet and shawl, looking very dignified and unapproachable, but it has been left to Anna Neagle to change all that and at last we see the eager young woman, aware of her destiny and anxious to fulfill it, but at the same time like any other girl in her romantic imaginings and outlook in her private life.

It is this aspect which Anna Neagle has so vividly presented in a picture which gives us history with a smile as well as with its political import.

The picture reproduced above is an instance of what I mean. It is a visualisation of an actual incident—Queen Victoria did give her dog a bath after her Coronation—but it is the one which emphasises the whole motive underlying Herbert Wilcox's production. He has kept to fact, but sought for those detail touches which would give us an intimate picture of the life of a great Queen and not a dry-as-dust biography concerned only with the major happenings in her long and eventful reign.

In doing this he has successfully combined romance with history, a thing that very few producers have hitherto been able to do. Either they have distorted facts and characters to conform to their romantic element or else ignored the human side and presented us with a series of dull facts.



After she had been crowned Queen of England Victoria returned to the Palace—and washed her dog.

It is not only the character of the Queen which is accorded this intimate treatment. Prince Albert, too, so brilliantly played by Anton Walbrook, is also viewed from the romantic as well as the historical angle, and the incidents in which he figures have an intimacy which makes us think of him as a flesh-and-blood character and not just a figure from the pages of a past period.

In insisting on intimacy Herbert Wilcox has not neglected the spectacular side of a picture which has been hailed as a masterpiece on both sides of the Atlantic. His Golden Jubilee sequences are finely conceived and convey the immensity of affection that the Queen had inspired amongst her people.

The court ball where Albert is eventually proposed to by Victoria is another finely staged sequence and it introduces little human touches again which, while preserving the royal dignity of the proceedings, imbue it with a vital sense of human feeling and removes any effect of a staged pageantry.

It is essential to realise these facts when one considers Herbert Wilcox's work and to be duly grateful that he has treated a vast subject in a manner which gives us history with a smile, which, be it said, has a subtle distinction from being given "history without tears," as the text books sometimes have it.—L.C.



On her arrival in New York, Anna Neagle had to face an ordeal by camera

Was There Ever a ROMANCE Like This

by RICHARD HAESTIER

The Lieutenant-Governor of Canada attended the preview of "Victoria the Great" in Toronto. He is seen here in the foyer, with Anna Neagle.



When Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox arrived in Toronto they were welcomed by Mayor Robbins.



THAT story about Cinderella going to the ball and performing the impossible feat of dancing in glass slippers is a fairy tale. Actually—if you are interested—she wore shoes with sable trimmings, sable being in those days the mark of royalty or the very rich. But, since there were no reporters, the story was popularised by word of mouth, and by the time the Frenchman, Perrault, got it into print the phrase *pantouffle en vair*, which means a fur, or sable slipper, had been mistranslated into *pantouffle en verre*, which means a glass slipper.

But the tale of Anna Neagle, the modern Cinderella, and of "Victoria the Great," is no fairy story. It not only happened, but I was there to see it. So, if some of the things contained in this chronicle seem a little incredible, remember that this is not hearsay story, but just a straightforward report, commissioned by the Editor of THE PICTUREGOER.

This assurance, I feel, is necessary, because so many of the things that did happen to Miss Neagle when she went to Canada and America with her film, *Victoria the Great*, seemed at the time almost incredible.

Three or four hundred years after the original Cinderella exercised the feminine wile of running away from her Prince Charming, making the excuse that it was midnight, but knowing full well that he would run after her and pull all sorts of strings to get her back, even to pulling the rope in the belfry so that wedding bells rang out . . . (pause for breath after so much running) . . . Bow Bells rang out and were heard in a place where Anna Neagle had just been born.

Nineteen years later this Cockney Cinderella was dancing in the chorus of *Rose Marie* at Drury Lane.

That was only ten years ago.

Anna Neagle, who was a little Miss Nobody, danced hard behind the footlights in front of cardboard, or three-ply mountains made to look real only by the scenic painter's art. And she flirted, for the benefit of audiences who barely noticed her, with chorus boys disguised as "Mounties."

When the show was over she clambered, footsore and weary, on to a passing bus and went home to dream of the days when she would be a leading lady.

It did not look as though her dream would ever come true. The Canadian Rockies, which were the background for *Rose Marie*, looked romantic from the auditorium, but Anna knew they were make-believe, and she knew that while it costs little to dream it takes something to keep on eating and to keep on fighting.

Eventually, however, she progressed to becoming one of Cochran's Young Ladies and went to New York with a song and dance show. I have it from Anna herself, however, that she could afford little more than to eat and rent a bed-sitting-room in the cheaper part of New York.

The Great White Way was a little nearer success and physically a little nearer the real Canadian Rockies. But what did that mean? The fact did not even occur to her.

Yet, one fine morning this same girl woke up on a Canadian Pacific Railway train, turned over sleepily in her swaying bed, drew the blind aside a little and looked out.

Suddenly her dream had come true.

Passing by in picturesque panorama was the materialised version of *Rose Marie*—real Canadian scenery. There was a newly harvested field in the foreground, the sun sparkling on the Ottaway River, and, in the background, hazy in the early morning mist, great mountains



In a radio interview broadcast from Toronto Anna Neagle avoided the "confession" traps set by the interviewer.

The well-known critic who accompanied Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox to Canada and America, where *Victoria the Great* met with unparalleled enthusiasm, tells you the whole romantic story of the journey and of Anna Neagle's career.



covered with sugar maple trees, spruce and birch making a red, purple, gold and russet blaze of autumnal glory.

I was on the same train, and later, at breakfast, Anna, describing her emotions, laughed happily.

"My dream suddenly came true," she declared. "The old, far-off days of *Rose Marie* rushed back again and for a moment I thought I was dreaming I was back in the chorus. Then I realised what was happening to me."

What was happening was that Anna Neagle was actually travelling to international fame at sixty or seventy miles an hour on an express train from New York to Ottawa; she was travelling as a film star, the heroine of Herbert Wilcox's picture, *Victoria the Great*.

You saw her in *Peg of Old Drury*, *Nell Gwyn*, and a few other films. She was climbing, slowly, but surely. As yet, the New World knew little of her and, if the truth is to be told, cared less, I am afraid, although she might have arrived earlier had not the American censors banned *NellGwyn*.

Then Wilcox decided to make *Victoria the Great* and to cast Anna as the Queen. Everyone said it was a fantastic idea. Fancy a young girl trying to play the austere Victoria.

Which shows that the critics knew very little about the queen and had forgotten that she, too, was once a young, lovely and even mischievous girl. But Wilcox knew the story he was going to film and so did Anna. She had read more than a dozen books on the subject and the whole of Victoria's published diaries.

We were on the great Canadian Pacific Railway train, speeding to Ottawa for the première of *Victoria the Great* in the Western Hemisphere. Anna, eating cereals and cream and drinking piping hot coffee, sat opposite me, smiling happily. And Wilcox was sitting by her side saying, "My God! I hope they like it!" and looking terribly anxious.

And I was thinking of the queer way that circles are rounded in our lives.

Coming over from Southampton to New York, on the *Aquitania*, I remembered, I had sat with Miss Neagle and Herbert Wilcox, watching dreary miles of Atlantic ocean pass by. We might have been bored, but the excitement of adventure was upon us. So we talked excitedly about a dozen different things. And what I remember Anna telling me—I could not help recalling it at that moment—was that in the early days of her career she often hoped against hope that one day she would arrive at a point where she would have earned enough money to be certain of at least a pound a week in her old age.

And here she was, at twenty-eight (she celebrated her 29th birthday back in New York a few days later) having just turned down one of those fabulous offers from Hollywood. They had heard about *Victoria the Great*, received reports on it, and sent emissaries to meet her in New York to tempt her. But Anna is a British star, born and made in England, and she intends to remain a British star.

That, however, is by the way.

At that moment we all thought that the circle of Miss Neagle's career had been completed.

For soon after breakfast we stopped at Montreal and a dozen newspapermen boarded the train and accompanied the party on to Ottawa. One immediately sensed that the star and the picture had aroused unusual curiosity among the public for the newspaper boys could do nothing but talk to get copy. Editors had heard about the film and sent their men on special assignments to find out all about it. And, remember, they were interested in a British picture! Such a thing had never been heard of in those parts before.

At Ottawa the Mayor turned out to accord Anna and Mr. Wilcox a civic reception. The key of the city was presented, with a bouquet, and newsreel cameramen were there to record it all for the screen and to demand snap interviews with the star and the producer.

Eventually we arrived at the Chateau Laurier and it was there that this Cinderella story really happened. For here awaited an invitation from the Governor-General of Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir, for Anna and Herbert to dine at Government House.

The official residence of the representative of the King stands in a park of about sixty acres, on a hill overlooking the great Ottawa River. Mounties guard the entrances and you have to be a "somebody" to get in.

But our little chorus girl—dressed enchantingly in a black velvet gown with short sleeves, a close-fitting bodice and a flowing skirt, with a silver cord set against a black bandeau to crown her head—drove by while the Mounties saluted and a member of the Governor-General's suite, in a brilliant uniform and his tunic a-glitter with decorations, waited in the entrance hall and bent low over her hand as he welcomed her and escorted her to the Governor-General's presence.

As the guest of honour the ex-chorus girl went in to dinner on Lord Tweedsmuir's arm and Mr. Wilcox took in Lady Tweedsmuir.

The company sat down in the long, white dining-room at Government House at a table decorated simply with pink carnations.

Quietly animated conversation added a touch of informality to what might have been an austere occasion, and the star told me afterwards that Lord Tweedsmuir quickly made her feel at ease. He chatted to her of many things, particularly films, about which he knows a considerable amount (as John Buchan, of course, he was the author of the film, *The Thirty-nine Steps*), and before the meal was ended His Excellency pointed out that the only mural decoration was a portrait of Princess Louise, a daughter of Queen Victoria.

I shall long remember the scene as the party left Government House to drive to the première of the film.

The moon, riding high on a frosted night, lit a scene of brilliant splendour. There was a cavalcade of cars, escorted by "Mounties," whose bright uniforms, together with the sparkling decorations of the Governor and his entourage, seemed to set the night aglow with colour that might have been splashed from an artist's palette. Tall trees, rustling in the breeze, threw their mysterious shadows across the rainbow scene, while far below, the Ottawa River, iridescent in the night-light, glowed against a background of towering pines.

As the cavalcade moved off, the little Cockney girl sat by the side of the Governor-General. At the theatre she moved by his side through a military guard of honour, and after the picture, which she watched with him, she listened to His Excellency thank her publicly.

What was her reaction? I watched her closely. She just smiled happily and said with absolute sincerity, "Thank you, *so* much."

One would have imagined that enough had happened to this girl for one day, but after the première she was the guest of honour at a reception attended by Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Prime Minister.

"I had a Cabinet meeting this afternoon," the premier told me during the reception, "and I asked as many of my Cabinet Ministers as possible to attend the showing of the film. Many of them did so. I think the film was beautifully made and I think that Miss Neagle was wonderful. She made the old Queen come to life; she *was* Victoria."

When the original Cinderella ran home from the ball, leaving her slipper behind, she awoke the next day to find the town crier clanging his bell and telling all and sundry that the Prince had fallen in love with her.

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(Left) *Ottawa welcomes Herbert Wilcox and Anna Neagle. The microphone is in front of the Chateau Laurier. On Anna's left is General Winters, head of the Canadian Red Cross.*

Canada's Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, congratulates Anna Neagle, on her brilliant performance at Ottawa. On her left is Herbert Wilcox.



When Anna Neagle arrived in Montreal she was escorted through the city by speed cops.



(*Continued from page 11*)

Is it too much for you to believe that our modern Cinderella had the same experience?

The only difference was that the incident had been brought up to date. Instead of the town crier, there was a newsboy shouting on the street corner. And when Anna received her copy of the paper she found it in a column-length love-letter addressed to her and written by a competent journalist, who signed his initials to the declaration!

The writer extolled Anna's praises, went into ecstacies over her personal charm, repeatedly referred to her beautiful hands, asked whether she was aware how beautiful and expressive her hands are and reiterated several times that he liked this British girl, Anna Neagle. Finally, he regretted but confessed that he had had to be such a coward as to hide behind the printed word and utilise his newspaper to inform her of the fact.

"Heavens!" exclaimed S. Barret McCormick, a radio official who was with the party. "I don't believe it!" Then he read it all over again and declared: "It's a love-letter in print! Nothing less!"

McCormick was right. It was a love-letter.

I asked Anna what she thought of it.

"Everyone's being so very charming and nice," she said.

She is not the sort of girl to have her head turned. If she were, the Canadian trip she made would have given her a corkscrew neck. But she appreciates everything sincerely.

After watching two days of unadultered adulation which was showered on her from all sides, I talked to this ex-chorus girl about fame and what it made her feel like.

"Why don't you get swollen headed?" I asked her bluntly.

"Why should I?" she asked. "I'm lucky, that's all. I call myself Lucky Neagle, and that's what I am. There are plenty of girls who deserve my success just as much as I do, but they have not been lucky. For ten years I worked, never knowing whether international success was coming to me or not. All I could do was to work and to hope. Well, success has come. But it has not been entirely my fault. Herbert Wilcox might never have given me my chance. But he did, and I tried to take it. But then, I might never have got such a wonderful part as Victoria. But I did, and the film, with its wonderful story and with Herbert's direction and production, has put me over. I don't see any reason to be swollen headed. But I do see plenty of reason to be grateful, and I am. I'm Lucky Neagle."

She is right, of course, but how many girls would have the courage to say so and to live up to it? It must be the fact that she had an Irish mother—from whom she inherited her charm, and her gay laugh—and a Scottish Merchantile Marine Captain for a father—from whom she inherited a good deal of sound, common sense.

However, before we had finished discussing the reporter's love-letter we were boarding the train at Ottawa for Montreal, on our way to more adulation, another showing of the film and a round of cocktail parties, club meetings, and all the other things that go to make up the life of a popular film star.

Cinderella was met at Montreal by the Mayor, M. Reynault, a courteous Frenchman, who bowed low, kissed her hand and presented her with a huge bouquet, together with the key to the city. Then he invited her to pay a formal visit to the City Hall and to sign the Golden Book, which is possibly the largest and most valuable autograph volume in the world.

She had barely finished lunch when the mayor's car arrived. Cinderella stepped into it and a thrilling stampede started through the town. If I remember my childhood fairy story correctly, the original heroine had six white ponies to draw her carriage and a resplendent coachman driving with a footman by his side.

The 1937 heroine had half a dozen outriders known locally as "speed cops," who tore through the main streets with their motor-cycle sirens screeching, and waving every obstacle out of the way of royal progress.

Traffic lights meant nothing. If they were red and all other vehicles had stopped in obedience to their signal, the outriders just screamed their sirens the louder and tore through the lights at eighty miles an hour.

It was a laughing, puffing, thrilled heroine who climbed the steps of the City Hall to be formally introduced to M. Reynault.

His Worship read an address of welcome, poured champagne for his visitor, insisted on having his photograph taken with her and then gave her a golden pen with which to sign the Golden Book.

Signatures already in the book, he pointed out, included those of the Duke of Windsor (when he was Prince of Wales), the Duke of Kent, Earl Baldwin, Mr. Neville Chamberlain and several of the other successors to Palmerston and Gladstone, the two Prime Ministers of England characterised in Miss Neagle's film of Victoria.

After the informal ceremony, Anna laid a wreath on the statue of Queen Victoria which stands in the City square, returned to another part of the city to meet members of a women's club, addressed millions of people throughout America and Canada by means of a seventy-station radio hook-up and finally returned to her hotel to dress for the Montreal première.

But the soldiers had heard that "Queen Victoria" had arrived, so the officers and men of the Queen Victoria Rifles sent an invitation that she should visit their barracks and inspect them.

So Anna, just like the real Queen Victoria might have done, inspected the regiment and afterwards the officers and men, with their pipe band, accompanied her to the theatre for the film.

It was in Montreal that the little ex-chorus girl received her greatest audience thrill. She sat in a box together with Mr. Wilcox and the mayor and his wife and her eyes sparkled in the semi-darkness as nearly three thousand people applauded her acting, particularly a speech she makes as the old queen to the Indian princes.

By a strange coincidence, a scene in the film depicting the Golden Jubilee celebration of Queen Victoria outside St. Paul's Cathedral was repeated in part as the heroine struggled through the pressing crowd after the showing of the film. The scene gives a close-up of a Cockney who shouts a greeting to Her Majesty.

Autograph books were pushed under Anna's nose and she tried to sign some of them, when suddenly a Cockney voice was heard above the din.

"Good luck to yer, kid!" the voice shouted. "Good old London."

At the same time the owner of the voice came through the crowd, and, grasping the "queen" by the hand, shouted again, "Good luck, kid! You deserve it. I'm a Cockney, too!"

After the show, Anna was the belle of the ball. The officers of the Queen Victoria Rifles carried her off to their Mess, where they held a reception and dance in her honour and presented her with a gold compact bearing the regimental crest, with a suitable inscription inside the lid.

Cinderella—the original one—was satisfied to dance till midnight and then run home. This modern one was in such demand that she danced almost through the night. And, just as she was about to leave, the Sergeants' Mess sent up a request that she should visit them.

"Certainly!" declared the heroine, and went down to drink the sergeants' health in a glass of port wine.

By the time she eventually got away, the clock was striking. The hour must remain a secret, but it was certainly long after midnight.

This little Cockney ex-chorus girl whose dreams of success had more than come true, had been travelling continuously for ten days. The excitement of her thrilling adventures had kept her going, but there was a danger of her becoming a Sleeping Beauty and the heroine of an entirely different story. So Herbert Wilcox decided that she must rest. So, when she awoke she was put in a luxury limousine and driven seventy-five miles through wonderful scenery to a millionaires' paradise known as the Seignory Club. It is between Ottawa and Toronto and some miles north of a straight line drawn between the two cities.

The clubhouse, which is a huge chateau made entirely of logs, stands in 80,000 acres of natural forest and woodland. The club grounds provide every form of sport for its members. They can go hunting with guides who live in log cabins



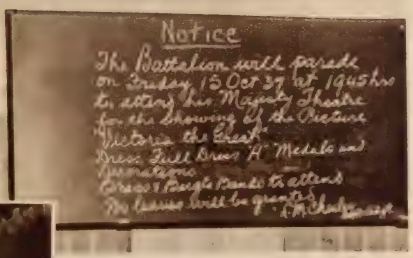
At His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, the star and the producer were besieged by admiring fans. This was "Victoria the Great's" first showing in the Western hemisphere.



(Left) Anna Neagle with Major Reynault, of Montreal, places a wreath on the statue of Queen Victoria.



(Right) Orders posted to the Queen Victoria Rifles, the late Queen's favourite regiment. They presented the star with a compact.





After reviewing the Queen Victoria Rifles at Montreal, Anna Neagle went to the regiment's armoury and greeted all the officers individually.

dotted about the reservation; fish in any of thirty or forty lakes; go canoeing in real Indian canoes; follow the trail through forests inhabited with wild bears, moose and other wild animals, play golf or indulge in winter sports.

But Cinderella wanted none of these. The luxury and quiet of the place appealed to her and all she wanted to do was to rest and indulge mentally in the romantic adventures she had had.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed, as she entered the great clubhouse. "No telephones—"

After lunch, she sat by the lake near the clubhouse and watched a man fishing. But the monotony with which he pulled in his line and took off a fish was distracting, so she fell to talking about her early days and the fairy-story romance that was hers.

Soon, however, the keen mountain air drove her inside and she sat in front of a blazing log fire and dozed. Did she, I wonder, dream of that other little Cinderella, who sat with her feet in the cinders of a fire that had gone out and was cold?

Accompanied by Wilcox, she drove fifteen or twenty miles through the forest to Lake Commandant, a huge stretch of water that looked like a small ocean set in the mountains, with colourful trees growing down to the shore and rising steeply to distant sky-lines.

The trees, in their autumnal glory, made a riot of colour which reflected in the placid waters of the lake.

By the boathouse a motor boat waited in charge of a Canadian who wore an old cap, a scarlet flannel hunting jacket and a pair of old trousers. Here was a man born in the neighbourhood, who knew nothing of films—possibly had never seen one—and certainly cared nothing for film stars, ex-chorus girls or even Cinderellas. But he knew how to manoeuvre his boat, and he took Anna and her party round the forty-five miles of shoreline, pointing out spots where good fishing was to be had, where two boys had caught a 14-pointer wild deer a couple of days before, and how in mid-winter the great lake froze over so that sledges could be drawn across it.

Cinderella should have been contrasting the peaceful quiet of Nature with the hectic days she spent ten years earlier working in the chorus and trying to get into films; thinking of the little bedsitting-room she had in the meaner part of New York when she was a chorus girl in a Cochran show on Broadway, and of the success that had come to her since.

Instead of which she suddenly exclaimed: "Isn't it terrible to think that war can happen in a world that has this beauty in it?"

Which gives you an interesting glimpse of the girl's real character.

As a matter of fact, she is rather serious minded and extremely intelligent. Coming over on the boat I heard her carry on a deep conversation with a director of the Bank of England. The subject was economics and world trade. And she not only talked; she argued.

I gathered the impression that she would have succeeded in business as well as she has in her present career, for she has a successful personality. While she appreciates nice things, she retains the ability to assess them at their true value and to put success into its right perspective.

Few situations arise with which she is not able to deal spontaneously, and while she has no "glamour"—as that word is understood in the film business—it is far too synthetic for her to have much to do with it—she has an ability to make people like her immediately.

As Barrett McCormick once declared during the trip:

"I don't know what it is about her, but you meet her and she promptly wraps you up and you are sold."

That is true. Nearly everyone she met reacted in that way. That is why she could never have remained a Cinderella.

There is something about majestic Canadian scenery of the kind in which Anna found herself that induces reminiscences, but presently the boat's "chug-chug" slowed down and Cinderella was stepping ashore, having had one more experience.

In the afternoon she clambered up a mountain side to survey the Ottawa River from a birdseye viewpoint, and watched the setting sun painting a glorious landscape far more beautiful than any producer of *Rose Marie* could ever have imagined.

But night must fall, and there was yet another showing of the film to be attended in Toronto on the morrow, so there was another car ride back to Montreal and at 10.30 in the evening the heroine of this fairy story come true was climbing on the train for another night journey through the Canadian countryside.

Toronto was reached soon after breakfast and the usual Press reception, with photographers and news reel cameramen followed.

Then there was another royal ride with speed cop outriders to the City Hall to meet the mayor. But the high spot of the day was when this ex-chorus girl took lunch with one thousand members of the Canadian Club—all hard-headed business men—and subsequently addressed them.

By this time most of Canada and a good part of the United States had heard that a real British film star was doing a pioneering job for British pictures on that side of the Atlantic, so a broadcaster induced her to undergo a microphone interview which was broadcast to thousands of people.

It was a gay affair, because the interviewer tried to trap Anna into all kinds of "confessions."

"Tell me, Miss Neagle," listeners heard the

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Herbert Wilcox accepts the Cup of Nations, awarded to his "Victoria the Great," for the best production of the year, at the Venice Exposition, from Commandante Graetano Vecchiotti, Royal Italian Consul-General in New York.

In New York Anna was the guest of the British Luncheon Club, and was shown an illustration of Queen Victoria in an old book, by the Club's president, A. J. L. Haskell.

(*Continued from page* 13)

interviewer say. "Who is your ideal man? Don't you look forward to putting somebody's slippers by the fire every night and having a family of kids?"

The heroine laughed a very musical laugh and the interviewer was left "in the air," so to speak and had to think quickly of another question. If he had known this girl better he would also have known that you cannot catch her out as easily as that.

That evening Cinderella had another military escort; this time the Queen's York Rangers (First American Regiment), who turned out in ceremonial dress, and, despite the fact that it was raining hard, presented arms to her in the street as she entered the theatre.

On this occasion she sat in the balcony beside the Lieutenant-Governor of Canada who was so impressed by the film that immediately it was over he arose and declared :

"I think the best tribute we can pay to this wonderful film, and to the splendid acting of Miss Neagle as Victoria the Great, is that we should stand and sing the National Anthem."

And 2,500 people who had witnessed the picture, stood and sang "God Save the King."

No other British film and no film star of any nationality had ever before had such a reception in a Canadian city.

That night there was another military reception in her honour, so once again the "bewitching hour" had long since passed before an excited girl who had been receiving public adulation for days on end escaped to her bed to dream, and to wake to still more romantic things.



Colonel Edwin Halsey, Secretary of the Senate, showed Anna Neagle and Herbert Wilcox through the President's room in Washington.

New York was the next stop for a première, so on the following morning Anna and her party were boarding another train, this time bidding au revoir to Canada.

Everyone was settled comfortably on board when the first mishap of the tour occurred. Miss Neagle and Mr. Wilcox had to pass over the border into America, but, in the hurry and excitement they had left their passports behind !

Wires were sent from the train, but nothing happened and one had visions of the heroine being put into a detention hut for the night and, like a real Cinderella, huddling before a tiny fire till someone could get her passport.

But at the border she utilised her charming personality to good purpose. The emigration official came aboard and the situation was explained to him.

"You say you're a film actress?" he remarked dryly. "And your film is *Victoria the Great?*"

"Yes," smiled Anna.

"Is it a good picture?" questioned the official.

"I think it is," replied Anna modestly.

"But are *you* good?" persisted the emigration man.

"The people in Canada thought I was," said Anna.

"Then you can't go through," announced the official. "They haven't got enough good pictures in Canada and they haven't a film star at all. So they can't afford to lose you."

Suddenly his face wrinkled and he smiled. He had been pulling Anna's leg, but she smiled at him and he let her over the border without any further trouble.

It seemed as though everything was now settled for a comfortable ride to New York, but ten minutes later it was found that by some mischance reservations had been made on the train only as far as Buffalo, and somebody else had booked the seats from there on. Ralph Rolan, an R.K.O. official, took the matter in hand and wired to the company's Buffalo agent.

Apparently this gentleman had also heard of Anna Neagle and *Victoria the Great*, for he promptly put American efficiency to work. He received the wire ten minutes before the train pulled into the station. In those ten minutes he had arranged with the police chief to be at the station to welcome the star, together with an escort of motor-cycle police. He had booked a room at the largest hotel in the town where Anna could wash and rest. He had rounded up the photographers and newspapermen and had ordered refreshments for the party at the hotel.

So Anna, as delighted as she was amazed, was once again whirled through the town, past traffic lights and round corners at 80 miles an hour, with sirens screeching and everyone stopping in the streets to see what all the noise was about.

An hour and a half later she was making a similar journey in the opposite direction, back to the station and an express train that would take her on to New York.

Even then all the surprises were not over. The train stopped at two towns en route, and at each place interviewers and photographers rushed aboard to see this British film star who had set the New World talking. These "snatch" interviews were also part of the work of the Buffalo agent.

Late that evening the train steamed into the Grand Central station, New York, and a tired but happy little Cockney girl who had learned how delightful but very fatiguing success can be climbed into a taxicab and drove to an hotel.

And for once Cinderella acted like the original one.

She was standing in the vestibule of the hotel, watching the bellhops attending to her luggage, when she glanced up and caught sight of a clock.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "It's midnight. I must go to bed !"

And she disappeared into a lift, was whizzed up twenty or thirty floors and fell asleep near the top of a skyscraper.

A few days later she recommenced her triumphal tour. The film was premierèd in New York, then she went on to Washington, where she was received at the White House; to Boston, where *Victoria the Great* and its English star were again enthusiastically welcomed; then on to Kansas City, and a few other towns and cities between there and Hollywood.

And in the mecca of the film industry, this little girl who had fought her way to sensational success from the second row of the chorus, had the distinction of being the first British film star to attend her own film at one of those fantastically spectacular premières that only Hollywood can stage.

ANTON WALBROOK, who has come to England via Europe and America is one of the screen's most versatile actors. Following his brilliant portrayal of Prince Albert he will shortly be seen in *The Rat*

by Tom BURDON



WELCOME to WALBROOK

One of the most charming scenes in "Victoria the Great." The beginning of the romance between the Queen and Prince Albert.

CAN you imagine a combination of Ivor Novello, heart-flutterer of the British screen some years ago; Ivan Mosjukine, hero of many spectacular silent films; and Conrad Veidt, the almost hypnotic star of German classics? The answer is embodied in one man who has played all the roles that made these stars famous.

He is Anton Walbrook, the Viennese actor who is now being developed as a great romantic star of the English-speaking world.

It may be coincidence or may be by design, but Anton Walbrook at the outset of his film career has re-created some of the most striking roles of former days. He played Conrad Veidt's legendary student in *The Student of Prague*. This was on the Continent. He followed this by re-creating in Hollywood Mosjukine's colourful role of many years ago—that of the heroic Russian courier in *Michael Strogoff*—and has now completed his latest role, this time in England, of the gang-leader in *The Rat*, which was Ivor Novello's most popular screen characterisation.

In none of these films was his performance an imitation; each was a new projection of the original role. In this way he has not suffered the usual fate of those who try to re-create a past success. His performance in every diversified role has been ranked by critics as highly as those of the originals. To add full measure to his reputation as an actor and personality he has thrown in performances in films like *Maskerade*, and more recently *Victoria the Great*, which stamp him as the most individual of the new crop of screen stars.

What is he like—this Anton Walbrook? You may have seen him in *Strogoff* and now that *Victoria the Great* is being released you will probably see him in what many consider to be the greatest part of his entire career—as the brilliant but unappreciated Prince Consort. You will find him handsome, but not theatrically so, tall and athletic in the dashing romantic tradition but with an easy poise and charm, which seem to be the birthright of the Viennese. You will probably be reminded of the gallantry of Errol Flynn and the charm of Robert Donat.

But Anton Walbrook himself probably does not think in terms of personality. He is an actor first and foremost. It is not for nothing that his family has had continuous connection with the theatre for three hundred years. His father, a personal friend of Grock, was a circus clown and Anton himself was brought up in the atmosphere of the circus-tent and the theatre. His earliest memories are of travelling with the show, of the sights and sounds of the strange world of the circus.

His earliest ambition was to be a clown like his father, but his mother was against it and he instinctively turned to the stage. Starting at the age of fifteen he proceeded to build up his first great career. He has now appeared in at least two hundred plays—comedy, drama and every possible type of role—and on the Continent his name is as great as any of his distinguished forebears.

Then came films. But if you will break off for a moment and look back at the sketch of his screen activities you will notice one more extraordinary fact about this Anton Walbrook. His film career has switched in the space of two years from the Continent to Hollywood and from Hollywood to England.

Actually Anton Walbrook is in the process of building up a second career, this time not as a stage actor with a great Continental reputation, but as an international screen star reaching the wider audience of the world.

It was *Maskerade*, in which he played opposite Paula Wessely, which started the ball rolling, but although Hollywood was interested in the young man whose performance had created a furore in Europe, they gave his role to William Powell when they decided to make an American version. Then came *Michael Strogoff*, which he made in German and French versions before Hollywood took the plunge and decided to take him as well as the story for their version which, although not the type he prefers playing in, started his build-up to world fame. It brought him shoals of letters, mainly from the younger fans who saw in him the stuff of popular heroes. Next came his British film début under even more favourable auspices in *Victoria the Great*. Here he played the young man who won the love of the Queen, but who was denied popularity in the country he had adopted and for which he did so much.

It represented an entire change-over in characterisation from his role in *Michael Strogoff*. It was, possibly, the most difficult role he had ever approached either on the stage or on the screen, requiring all his subtlety as an actor to bring out the wealth of sympathy in the handsome but unpopular Prince Consort.

The reaction to his performance from those who have already seen the film has been entirely different from that to *Michael Strogoff*. His fan mail has come from the adult section of the public who have discovered in him a romantic and appealing actor. Herbert Wilcox, who recently returned from a trans-American tour with his film, was particularly gratified with the praise lavished by America on the star performances—of Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria and Anton Walbrook as the Prince Consort. With Anton Walbrook it was a remarkable case of reversing the usual procedure of America taking a personality from England and building him into something bigger. Here Herbert Wilcox has done the same with an actor who had made his English-speaking début in Hollywood.

Following on *Victoria the Great* will come *The Rat*, his second film for Herbert Wilcox, and his performance as the underworld leader in one of the most vivid personality roles ever put on the screen should clinch his reputation as an international star. From a Prince he becomes a gangster, from the restrained intimacies of the palace he finds himself in the hectic and sordid atmosphere of an underworld dive. It was a change-over which few screen actors could have taken in their stride as he has.

But, as was said before, Anton Walbrook is first and foremost an actor, a man who has learned his trade, so to speak, from the sawdust right up to the Neon lights. He is not a limited personality who has to be typed in a familiar setting and a particular kind of story in order to achieve his effect.

A few months ago this actor, whose career has brought him via Europe and America to England, made a decision which points ahead to his future. He took a house on Hampstead Heath and decided to settle down in England. He found there on the ridge that overlooks London and is haunted by the memories of Dick Turpin everything that he likes—quiet, opportunities for riding, walking and for golf, a spot handy for the West End of London, where he hopes to make his début on the English stage, and for the studios where he would like to make further films. It is to be hoped that "Prince Albert" has really come to stay. He is needed in British films.

VICTORIA the GREAT

WILL SOON BE AT YOUR CINEMA

Here are some of the early screening dates—

ABERDEEN—Regent ... ... Jan. 17
BARNSLEY—Ritz ... ... Feb. 21
BARROW—Ritz ... ... Feb. 14
BEXHILL—Gaiety ... ... Dec. 27
BIRMINGHAM—Futurist ... ... Dec. 27
BLACKBURN—Rialto ... ... Jan. 17
BLACKPOOL—Winter Gardens ... Dec. 26
BOLTON—Odeon ... ... Feb. 14
BOURNEMOUTH—Odeon ... ... Jan. 10
BRADFORD—Theatre Royal ... ... Feb. 28
BRIGHTON—Odeon ... ... Dec. 27
BRISTOL—Hippodrome ... ... Feb. 14
BURNLEY—Odeon ... ... Feb. 21
CAMBRIDGE—Victoria ... ... Jan. 17
CARDIFF—Park Hall ... ... Feb. 14
CHELTENHAM—Coliseum ... ... Jan. 17
COVENTRY—Scala ... ... Jan. 9
CREWE—Odeon ... ... Feb. 7
DARLINGTON—Majestic ... ... Jan. 3
DERBY (Hippodrome / Odeon) ... ... Jan. 10
DEVONPORT—Hippodrome ... ... Jan. 11
DONCASTER—Ritz ... ... Jan. 24
DOVER—Regent ... ... Jan. 30
DUDLEY—Odeon ... ... Feb. 14
EASTBOURNE—Picturedrome ... Jan. 3
EDINBURGH (Playhouse / Synod Hall) ... ... Feb. 7
EXETER—Odeon ... ... Jan. 10
FOLKESTONE—Astoria ... ... Jan. 30
GLASGOW (Bedford / La Scala / The Playhouse) ... Feb. 14
GLOUCESTER—Theatre de Luxe ... Jan. 17
GRIMSBY—Ritz ... ... Jan. 31
HANLEY Odeon ... ... Jan. 31
HARROGATE—Odeon ... ... Feb. 14
HASTINGS—Gaiety ... ... Jan. 31
IPSWICH—Odeon ... ... Jan. 10
LEEDS—Rialto ... ... Jan. 10
LEICESTER—Picture House ... ... Feb. 21
LINCOLN (Central / Plaza) ... ... Feb. 14
LIVERPOOL—Futurist ... ... Jan. 31

Now in its 15th record-breaking week in the West End of London

Polytechnic Theatre, Regent Street, W.1

MANCHESTER—Theatre Royal ... Jan. 1
MARGATE—Regal ... ... Jan. 9
MIDDLESBROUGH—Regent ... ... Dec. 27
MORECAMBE—Odeon ... ... Jan. 9
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—
Stoll Picturehouse ... ... Feb. 7
NORTHAMPTON—Exchange ... Feb. 21
NORWICH—Carlton ... ... Jan. 24
NOTTINGHAM—Ritz ... ... Jan. 10
OLDHAM—Odeon ... ... Feb. 14
OXFORD—Ritz ... ... Jan. 17
PENZANCE—Ritz ... ... Feb. 28
PETERBOROUGH—Odeon ... ... Jan. 17
PLYMOUTH—Regent ... ... Jan. 3
PORTSMOUTH (Odeon / Tivoli) ... ... Feb. 6
PRESTON (Ritz / Palladium) ... ... Feb. 21
READING—Odeon ... ... Jan. 31
ROCHDALE—Rialto ... ... Feb. 14
SCARBOROUGH—Odeon ... ... Jan. 31
SHEFFIELD—Central ... ... Feb. 14
SOUTHAMPTON—Regal ... ... Jan. 9
SOUTHEND—Astoria ... ... Jan. 9
SOUTHPORT—Trocadero ... ... Jan. 24
SOUTHSEA—Odeon ... ... Feb. 6
SOUTH SHIELDS (Regent ... / Picture House) ... Feb. 21
SUNDERLAND—Picture House ... Feb. 7
SWANSEA—Albert Hall ... ... Feb. 14
TORQUAY—Royal ... ... Jan. 10
WAKEFIELD (Playhouse / Grand Electric) ... Feb. 21
WARRINGTON—Odeon ... ... Feb. 21
WOLVERHAMPTON—Odeon ... Jan. 31
YORK (Odeon / Rialto) ... ... Jan. 10

And At All Leading Cinemas
Throughout The Country

SHOTS *with our* CANDID CAMERA



Right: Myrna Loy (centre) as she appears in her latest picture, "Man-Proof," formerly titled "The Four Marys."



Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard attend a Hollywood premiere. Charlie seems to have brought off a successful gag.



Jean Parker has to keep that schoolgirl figure—and here, with the help of the studio trainer, she shows you how she does it.







Left: Marla Shelton, who has scored recently in "Stand In" and "Vogues of 1938." Experts call her "America's loveliest girl."

. . . and Misters who may be up with the Garbos and Gables before New Year's day rolls round again. Picking future film winners is always a hazardous business. The girls and boys put forward here may be "tops" or just flops before 1938 is over, but they will have a chance to show what they can do. The rest is up to them—and you.

This Year's Crop of Misses . . .



Watch Don Ameche in 1938. The fan mail reveals that he is already giving Tyrone Power a lot of competition at the Twentieth Century-Fox studio.





Those who see Edward Norris in "They Won't Forget"—won't forget. He has looks and can act.



Lynne Carver won notice as the girl in the prologue and epilogue of "Maytime." She can sing, too, and actually entered films as a vocalist.



One smart girl—Barbara Read, who ma her name as one of the "Three Sm Girls" and has followed it up with success in "The Road Back."



eft: Dorothea ent, a comedienne with arves, who may in the mantle f Jean Harlow.

Above: Jean Chatburn (remember her as "Mary Lou" in "The Great Ziegfeld"?).



Right: Walter Pidgeon has been making great progress in the last few months.

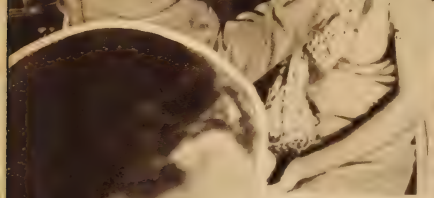




A vital new personality entered the motion picture scheme of things with the advent of Clara Bow. She helped to make Max Factor's studios a spot in Hollywood where visitors could catch a glimpse of their favourites.

MAKE-UP *Contrasts*

Continuing "Beauty and the Stars," a romance of thirty years of films seen through the eyes of Max Factor, the famous beauty expert. To be continued next week.



Here is a rare photograph showing Max Factor applying make-up to Lila Lee. The young lady fifth from the left in the background is Janet Gaynor, who was then a practically unknown extra girl.





Anna May Wong was one of Max Factor's subjects during the days he was pioneering in make-up tints suitable for the skin colourings of various races. Previous to his attainment of these natural make-up colourings, players with darker or lighter skins than the average, were forced to utilise the ordinary cosmetic colourings.



The two pictures above provide an amazing contrast in the old and the new ideas of make-up. The girl with the heavy shadings is Myrna Loy, who had then newly arrived on the screen, and above a picture taken shortly afterwards of the late Thelma Todd showing the more effective panchromatic pencilling.

SOPHIE STEWART and BARRY K. BARNES

The screen's new Lady and Sir Percy Blakeney in "The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel" which had its London première the other night. Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard had the roles in the last screen version.





On the left is a characteristic "off-screen" portrait of the star.





Above, a scene from "Under the Red Robe," with Wyndham Goldie, Conrad Veidt, Annabella and Ralph Truman.

(Left) "A costume romance, perhaps not too easy to produce."

Conrad VEIDT,

WHAT is your definition of an optimist?

In this day and age a cynic might define an optimist as one who believes in the future of the British film industry.

Well, there *are* such people; I'm one of them myself—because I've seen British films emerge from the doldrums so many times, and I see no reason why they shouldn't emerge again.

And I met another a few days ago. Veidt's the name—Conrad Veidt. And if you call it "Conrad Fight" you'll be correct as to both pronunciation and description.

"Connie" was in fighting mood when I called on him in his pleasant house in Hampstead—a genial, jovial, truculent, buccaneering mood, ready to shatter a cutlass against Depression.

"I know," he said, as we pulled our chairs up to a roaring fire, "I know just what a spot British production is in, and I have good reason to know. But I also know that the crisis will be over soon.

"The other day I met Alfred Hitchcock; *he* was not downhearted about the situation.

"What do you think of it all?" I asked him.

"'Perhaps,' Hitch answered, 'it is just the necessary castor-oil.' And I agree with him."

Now that is an interesting attitude, because Conrad Veidt, a fine actor, appears to have little reason to thank the British film industry for the events of the last few years.

His contract with Gaumont-British was of the type that has since grown unhappily common in our studios—a waiting contract; that is to say, he was standing about for months, neither working for Gaumont-British nor farmed out to other companies; and then suddenly he played the title-roles in *Jew Suss*, *King of the Damned*, and *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* in rapid succession.

Neither of the first two was a great success, although his playing in them was greatly extolled by the critics; to *Jew Suss* particularly he contributed a performance of great power and sensitivity.

His role in *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* was described by Veidt as the most difficult he had ever played; and by way of making it a little more difficult, he had to play scenes for retakes of *King of the Damned* while he was doing the *Third Floor Back*, which is *not* the way to make good pictures.

Then his Gaumont-British contract expired, and he signed up with Alexander Korda to make two films.

That was nearly two and a half years ago, and he still has those two films to make.

"Alex. Korda is a very good friend of mine," he assured me. "I know as well as most people what difficulties he has had to contend with; therefore it would be absurd to complain of disappointment. Because of his difficulties I agreed to play in two films that were not strictly in my contract, though they were made at Denham.

"One was Victor Saville's *Dark Journey*, which I think was beautifully made, and I am quite happy about it. The other was *Under the Red Robe*, a costume romance, perhaps not too easy to produce."

"But now!" he suddenly sprang to life and plunged with enthusiasm into his plans. "My contract with Korda still stands. I am to make two pictures, and these I want to be *good*.

"By good, I mean two things. I want them to be, first and foremost, good entertainment, because that is, after all, the thing by which we stand or fall: and I want them to be *important*.

"Now there are various meanings attached to this word 'important' as applied to films. Some Hollywood companies, and some British in imitation, refuse to regard any film as important unless it costs at least £50,000 more than it is worth. That, to them, is the touchstone.

"I think the test should be—mind you, this is just my personal opinion——"

"It's your personal opinion that PICTUREGOER readers want to hear," I assured him.

"Well, I think the test of an important film is *will it be remembered?*

"I suppose every one of us wants to be remembered by *something*. We like, if possible, to raise a monument to ourselves. And to a film actor that monument must be a film in which he has appeared."

"As Emile Jannings did in *The Last Laugh*?" I suggested.

"Yes, and as Paul Muni has done in *The Life of Emile Zola*. You have seen that film? *No?*" He bounced up and down in his chair, excitedly, and pointed a monitory finger at me. "I *command* you to see that film!"

I meekly promised to see it.

"Always, with every new film I do, I think 'perhaps this will be the film by which I want to be remembered.' And then. . . ." He put his head on one side, made a gesture of resignation with his expressive hands.

"I have a feeling of deep gratitude to England—for not 'typing' me, for giving me some fine parts to play. *Rome Express*, *The Wandering Jew*, *F.P.1*, *I Was a Spy*—what a variety!" (I was glad he didn't mention *Bella Donna*.)

"But is any of these *the* picture of my career? Somehow I hope not!"

No, I reflected; the name of Veidt is still most highly honoured in connection with *The Student*





The famous character actor, with full confidence in the future, outlines his plans in an exclusive interview

by Max BREEN

OPTIMIST

Conrad Veidt as he appeared with Vivian Leigh in "Dark Journey."

of Prague, which was a silent picture made ten or eleven years ago, in Germany. A sad state of affairs!

"And so," he resumed, "I want to make a picture that will be remembered. Now if you think of the most outstanding films, you will find they have had simple but dynamic subjects, and often based on the life of a man.

"That is what I want to do. There are two men's lives I wish to play on the screen—and each, in the hands of Alex. Korda, is capable of being made into a great screen story.

"Both of them were men who changed their minds.

"The first is Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a Swede who invented dynamite, and later blasting gelatine and ballistite, which was the forerunner of cordite.

"He made an enormous fortune out of the manufacture of explosives.

"And then he realised the tremendous harm explosives can do, and left the bulk of his fortune to the provision of prizes, one fifth of which is awarded 'to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolition or diminution of standing armies, and the formation and increase of peace congresses.'

"He died in 1896 at the age of sixty-three; and now, more than forty years later, his discoveries are still supplying the basic arm of War and the money he made out of them is still persuading men to Peace!

"Can't you see a great subject for a film there?"

I could, and said so.

"And what about your other film?" I asked.

"The other film? It's about a man you may not have heard of at all. He was a Swiss named Henri Dunant."

I shook my head. It meant nothing to me.

"But you will know his work," Veidt pursued. "He invented the Red Cross.

"That was in 1862; he was so appalled by the scenes he had witnessed in the war in Italy that he wrote, and published at Geneva, a booklet entitled 'Un Souvenir de Solferino,' in which he gave a heart-rending account of the sufferings of the wounded left to perish on the battlefield for lack of proper assistance, and urged the formation of societies for their care.

"From this little beginning grew the enormous international Red Cross Society of to-day.

"Dunant himself worked tirelessly to secure the necessary international agreements, and in 1864 a conference was held at Geneva, at which twenty-six Governments were represented.

"Since then the movement has spread over the whole world; but who ever thinks of its founder?"

"I must admit *I* never did," I owned.

"And very few others did either," Veidt went on. "He lived to be old, and poor, and sick, and friendless; and he died cursing Humanity because it had treated him so badly in return for his great gift.

"Is it because of that curse that, in spite of the great work of the Red Cross, the suffering of Mankind through war continues to outdistance it?"

He stopped, and laughed, and refilled my glass.

"I am grown so solemn!" he mocked himself. "But the films need not be solemn. There is plenty of humour to be had, and plenty of incident.

"I think perhaps either of those might be my big film."

"And you think they are capable of being made here?" I asked.

"But why not? We have enormous resources here. Once this legislation is settled we can get down again to the serious business of making films.

"I'll tell you something that is not generally known. I have had an opportunity of going to Hollywood, and I think I would be able to persuade them to let me appear in these films about which I am so enthusiastic.

"But I have decided to stay here.

"After all, they are having their troubles in Hollywood. People who have lately come from there tell us of violent upheavals in the industry, of drastic economies, of impending storm. I doubt very much whether they are really any better off than we are.

"The whole film-production of the world seems to be passing through the same critical stage; and I think when we all emerge, washed clean by the storm, we shall find that just as good, just as great, films can and will be made here as in Hollywood or anywhere else."

Certainly Conrad Veidt is an optimist; and I believe his optimism to be amply justified.

He Won't Be TYPED

by Jeannette MEEHAM

Meet the antidote to this Pretty Boy Hero fashion and the greatest screen find, according to many, since Taylor and Power—Wayne Morris



Wayne Morris and Bette Davis enjoy a between-scenes joke on the "Kid Galahad" set

HIS name is Wayne Morris and he's the boy who lived next door when you were a kid.

You adored him at 5 because he looked so smart on a tricycle. You envied him at 10 because he could do such wonderful things on roller skates. You worshipped him at 12 because, unlike the other growing boys in your street, he was considerate of bothersome little girls.

He's the boy who took you on your first date—in a flashy new two-seater fitted out with all the newest appurtenances in the way of impudent hooters. You really weren't supposed to go gallivanting at night unchaperoned, but mother said it was different with Wayne—he had such a nice honest face.

He's the football hero who sat behind you in a math class in college, and you remember that you liked him because all the hero worship didn't settle between his ears.

You would have bet anything that he'd turn out to be an athletic coach or a swimming coach or an editor of a boys' magazine. But just look what happened: He turned out to be a movie actor. Somehow you can't imagine it, but perhaps you didn't see *Kid Galahad*.

The facts of Wayne Morris's life contradict his appearance as well as his personality. He's a Hollywood figure, but he looks, and sometimes acts, as if he had been born in a small town or had never been off the farm. Actually, he was born in Los Angeles, February 17, 1914.

He was educated at Los Angeles High School and completed one year in junior college. He studied to be an artist. Oh, yes, he played football too, but he's afraid he wasn't very good at it. His feet, he says, were always too big to carry him very fast or very far.

Up to the time Morris left junior college his life was average but uninteresting. He didn't do anything unusual, unless you want to count the eight weeks he worked as a California forest ranger.

He liked to loaf "a little," and could afford to, his parents being comfortably off. But once out of school, the wanderlust hit him. He shipped on a tramp steamer and sailed away to Australia.

When he returned he found his family had moved to Pasadena, where young Morris didn't know a soul. When he found that most of the younger crowd hung around Pasadena's famous Community Playhouse, he began to hang around, too. They gave him a job reading parts, and it wasn't long before he found himself active in their productions and the acting bug bit him. Only a few months passed before the Playhouse directors rewarded him with a two-year scholarship in their school of drama.

During those two years he appeared in 42 plays, and in 41 of them he played old men.

Pictorially, he was discovered by Irving Kumin, of Warners' casting office, about two years ago. Kumin attended one of the Playhouse productions in which our hero was featured and sent a note backstage suggesting that the lad call the studio the following week.

Mr. Morris followed the usual deportment in such cases and called the next day. That was Saturday. On Monday he signed a contract. He completed his few remaining weeks of study in the Playhouse school and reported to the Warner Studio.

Warners gave him the works. They arranged for dramatic lessons and began to polish the Morris surface. But the owner complained—not in typical tantrum style, but good-naturedly. What if his hair was a thousand shades of blondish brown? What if he didn't enunciate perfectly? He didn't care about walking as straight as Fernand Gravet or singing as sweetly as Dick Powell. He didn't want to be glamorised, he just wanted to be himself.

Gradually the studio came around to his way of thinking and the personality factory stopped working on him. But the production department didn't. His first picture was *China Clipper*, in which he never opened his mouth and appeared in less than 50 feet of film. Next came *Polo Joe*, in which he spoke one line. His third role, he thought, was tremendous. The picture was *Here Comes Carter*, and he had three whole pages of dialogue.

Last spring Warners began to look for a vehicle in which to launch Morris as a box-office personality. *Kid Galahad*, the story of a bell-hop who becomes the heavyweight boxing champion of the world, was already among the studio's properties. Wayne, who was bursting for the role, started a one-man campaign for Morris as Galahad. They gave him the part.

That role took intestinal stamina. Wayne was determined to do his own fighting. For twelve weeks he trained under Mushy Callahan, former ring fighter. At first there were doubles. But Wayne turned out to be such a good student of ring technique that they were discarded.

It took five weeks to film those boxing scenes, and Mr. Morris came out with an amazing number of bumps and vari-coloured bruises. Incidentally, the knockout in the final fight was the real McCoy. Wayne let go and his opponent (Jack Haade) was "out" for several minutes.

But it wasn't only in the ring that Mr. Morris distinguished himself. The boy was in pretty fast company. He made an impression in a picture with such capable actors as Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart. That's being pretty impressive. After the picture was released the public made it clear that Warners had stellar material in Mr. Morris.

There are few personalities that, cinematically speaking, Hollywood can't improve upon. Morris seems to be one of those few. He's new and different—so different from the current Pretty Boy model for screen heroes. He looks his best in casual sweaters with his hair messed up. He's not nearly as handsome as Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power or Jon Hall. He's just a big, splendidly-built young fellow with a magazine cover face and the most ingratiating grin in the world. His very awkwardness is an asset. Unshod he stands 6 ft. 2 ins. He carries that towering frame with a lazy ease that is vastly becoming.

The most sensational thing about Wayne Morris is his normalcy. No signs of a newly-arrived starlet here. He thinks Hollywood is a swell place where one lucky break means more success and money than a guy ever dreamed of, and in a shorter time than he thought possible.

His one fear is that he'll do something to make people think it all has gone to his head.

This young giant is the kind of a person who provokes the sisterly and brotherly instinct in almost everyone he meets. He probably has received more advice than any other youngster in Hollywood. People hope Hollywood won't spoil him, and so everyone takes it upon himself to see that Hollywood doesn't. His bosses are enthusiastic over him behind his back. But to his face they say: "Oh, you're all right. You'll get along."

His directors will compliment everyone else in the cast. Turning to Wayne they'll say: "You were okay, Son," in an off-hand way.

The crews on his pictures pull his leg unmercifully. But when he's not around they'll readily admit that he's one of the best.

It appears that the studio is keeping a few things from him. He says that his fan mail runs just short of 1,000 letters a month and that most of it is from mothers who want their sons to be like him or from fathers who advise him not to lose his head, and promise him a kick in the pants if he does.

Actually he receives 1,500 letters a month, and most of them are written by college girls in a somewhat emotional vein.

Mr. Morris has made several good resolutions since he became a Hollywood success.

"I'm putting the old lucre away," he says. "No one is going to find me in the gutter when this business is through with me."

His one luxury, he says, is his sporty roadster of expensive make, and he points it out with a great deal of boyish glee.

Wayne has no serious complications of the heart. He's neither married nor engaged, and he's convinced he won't be before he's 30. Then he retreats and admits that he's not promising what will happen if the right girl comes along.

Kid Galahad was not his first big role. Previously he played the lead in *Hold Your Punches*. But after his bosses saw the first rushes on *Galahad* they decided to delay release on the former picture—hoping to cash in on his performance as the fighting bell-hop.

Currently Mr. Morris is appearing in *Submarine D-1*.

Young Morris's tastes are rugged. He likes the sea and the mountains.

He has a horror of anything that looks or sounds the least bit effeminate. That brings out something he usually doesn't mention. He says "yes," Wayne Morris is his real name—but that's only part of the truth.

It turns out that he was christened Bert de Wayne Morris.

Dr. Syn



Dr. Syn was glad to reach the vestry where he found Imogene waiting to speak to him . . .

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of General Films.

OF the pirate Captain Clegg, and how he was hanged in the year 1778 and his body buried in the churchyard at Dymchurch, near the Romney Marsh, was common knowledge all over Kent by the year 1800.

It so happened also in Dymchurch in that year, on a certain Sunday evening when the pre-sermon hymn was being sung, that Mr. Mipps, the local undertaker, approached Dr. Syn, who was already in the pulpit, with a portentous whisper.

The "Amen" was nearly over. Dr. Syn looked round at his congregation, upon the choirboys in their lace-edged surplices, among whom was Jerry Jerk, fat enough for two. He looked upon Squire Cobtrees' side curls and fine figure, given to awkwardness due to gout; upon Dr. Pepper, who also enjoyed his pint of claret; upon dark-haired Imogene, who, beneath her chic bonnet, returned the ardent glances of Denis, the Squire's son.

Rash, the schoolmaster, member of the male choir, was in a prominent pew. He had just broken his fiddle bow over Jerry's head for surreptitiously putting the instrument out of tune. Dr. Syn knew them all, and others whom he, as natural leader of men, had regarded as his flock for twenty years. Moreover, no one knew better than he that much depended on the news he had to tell.

"My friends," he said, raising his head, with its fine crop of silvery hair, above the linen neckbands which relieved the sombre clerical gown. "Mr. Mipps reports me that a detachment of revenue officers is approaching. We have nothing to fear, for they will find no smuggled goods in Dymchurch. Their arrival, however, will interrupt my discourse; so I shall ask you to consider the service closed."

While the congregation dispersed, Dr. Syn talked with the squire and Dr. Pepper, who renewed, at length an oft-repeated tale of the phantoms he had seen on the marsh. He was glad, finally, to reach the vestry, where Imogene asked to speak to him.

"It's about Mr. Rash. He's going to ask you to call the banns, though I don't love him. All he says is, I'll learn."

"The schoolmaster speaking! Perhaps he's right. He's a steady fellow and would place you in a good position. Suppose you think it over, and in the meantime I don't think you should encourage Mr. Denis."

"I don't, indeed. He pays attention to me."

"Yes, and I'm afraid you'll pay it back with interest. He'll be off to London to find a wife of his own class. He's the squire's son, remember; you a serving wench at the inn. To allow him to make advances is only to bring disappointment."

"Yes, sir." She had gone, denied the chance of showing anything but apparent submission, when Denis appeared, having forgotten to invite Dr. Syn on behalf of the squire, for supper. A personable lad, his presence gave the doctor a chance for remonstrance which couldn't be missed. But his request to the young man not to break Imogene's heart met with the ill-success to be expected. Denis merely pooh-poohed the idea of class distinction and negatived the need of going away to think things over.

Ten minutes later, inside Mr. Mipps' shop, Dr. Syn found the owner in company with schoolmaster Rash and other villagers breaking up the undertaker's caskets, which contained not corpses, but kegs.

"I thought the safest way, with those revenue officers about, was to throw all the French wines into the sea," Rash explained, burly, great-coated, looking up from his chisel.

"Don't concern yourself with thinking. That's my part. I see no reason for wasting good liquor."

"Hear, hear!" Mipps agreed, whereupon the tightly-twisted hair tail which projected from the back of his white wig nodded with him.

"It's all very well for you. It's worth your while to take risks," Rash criticised.

"Who's grumbling? Let's understand one another," Dr. Syn said calmly. "When I came to Dymchurch half the population were sick and poor. Now there's no poverty and we have a new school-house for the children. That's what I've done with my share of the profits on contraband. I've made better use of the money than the king would have done. Now put this stuff back, and don't move it till I find out what the revenue captain and his twenty sailors are going to do. At present they're drinking Mrs. Waggetts' beer (it is beer, I hope!) in the inn."

The quiet words told. Without flurry, Dr. Syn repaired to the Manor House. He was hardly surprised when he, the Squire, and Dr. Pepper were interrupted in the enjoyment of their after-dinner claret by the tramp of feet, followed by a rap on the door. A rugged-featured man, resplendent in uniform with epaulettes and gold braid, carrying his tricorne hat, accompanied by Jerry, was ushered into the panelled room.

"Sorry to disturb you, squire, but the boy said you were the chief magistrate here. All I want is your co-operation and quarters for my men. The stables would do."

With the detachment of sailors standing rigidly at attention, under bo'sun's orders in front of the Manor House, stood a half-naked mulatto in chains.

"Lud, save us!" exclaimed the squire. "What's that creature, captain? He's got no ears!"

"Nor tongue, either. I picked him up in the South Seas. He——hey, careful with that wineglass, Dr. Syn!"

"Excuse me—my fingers—a touch of marsh ague."

"Have you got it, too? Come into the warm," the squire offered. By the living-room fireside, Dr. Syn quickly made a show of composure, jokingly asking that sailors shouldn't be quartered near the church, and inquiring most particularly of the captain if his men would be allowed to roam the village.

"I hope not; particularly the villain without ears," the squire asserted.

"Don't worry about the mulatto; he's always chained up," the captain assured.

"Are you staying long in Dymchurch, captain?" asked Dr. Syn. "I suppose you'll carry through a thorough search?"

"Rest assured, parson, if there are smugglers in Dymchurch, I shall find them out."

"Well, I'm off," Dr. Pepper declared. "Got to go through the marsh and see those phantoms on horseback, I suppose. Saw them clearly as possible only three nights ago. Weird, unearthly figures in whispey garments, flying in the wind, and horrible, grinning deaths' heads—riding close by me—only a few feet away—a score or more."

"Does anyone else see them?" the captain inquired.

"No one will even talk about them. They say it's unlucky."

"I'll come along home with you to-night. I'd like to see these phantoms," the captain declared.

"If you can hold as much liquor as Dr. Pepper, you probably will," Dr. Syn added.

Indeed, by the time the party at last broke up the good doctor had consumed so much Chateau Lafitte that a journey across the marshes was held to be out of the questio Leaving both him and the capta deciding to spend the night in the inn, Dr. Syn hastened to the vicarage, where he found Rash busy cooking the foreign-wine accounts for the year.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Rash. What's that?"

"Me, sir," Mipps answered at the window. "Dr. Pepper's taking the captain on the marshes to-night. The captain brought him in drunk to Mrs. Waggetts and gave him something which sobered him up. They're starting right away."

"If Pepper leads the captain to our oast house, it'll mean the gallows for all of us," Rash said. "Pepper talks too much. I know what *I* should do to him, Dr. Syn."

"I've told you before, I'll have no violence. If Captain Collyer goes to the marshes to-night, he'll go alone. Dr. Pepper will have an urgent call."

Thanks to Dr. Syn's management, Dr. Pepper did receive an urgent call. He was, in fact, miles from the marsh on his way to bring, as he thought, a baby into the world, when the captain and his sailors set out to follow the doctor's directions in search of the oast-house said to be the haunt of phantoms. That the captain and his gallant sailors saw these mounted phantoms and spent the night wandering over the marsh because they did *not* see these same phantoms reversing the position of signposts, removing milestones and

(*Continued on page* 26)

Dr. SYN—*continued*

altering the nameboards of farms, was also due to the efforts of Dr. Syn.

His night was almost safely spent under the derelict garments of a scarecrow outside the oast-house containing precious contraband and gunpowder. But towards morning, by which time his temper and clothing were the worse for wear, the captain took aim with his pistol because he thought the scarecrow moved an arm.

Dr. Syn, having treated his injured wrist, was covering the bandage with his sleeve the following morning when he saw the captain pass.

"Good morning, captain!" he called from the Vicarage door. "Come and have breakfast. No? We've grilled kidneys and bacon. You will? I see by your breeches you've been sampling our marsh mud. Very deep in places."

"The people in it are a sight deeper. I should like to ask a few questions about your parishioners, Dr. Syn." The arrival of Jerry, gasping out that the yellow horror had broken loose, seemed a timely interruption until Prudence, the maid, appeared moaning because the mulatto with horrible face had rushed past her. "Look, sir, he's taken Captain Clegg's harpoon!" Jerry called from the study.

"My memento from the old pirate gone!" Dr. Syn exclaimed. "He repented his sins at last and I gave him Christian burial."

"Well, we can't have him running loose with that weapon," the captain declared. "He must be found." By the next morning the order appeared to have been more than justified. Dr. Pepper's body, stabbed in the back, was found in the marsh. Even the school children, on their way to the new school-house, joined the villagers' excited discussion on the tragedy.

"What's this I hear, Jerry, of your playing truant?" Dr. Syn questioned the fat boy, who hung about obstinately after the bell had stopped. "Don't know as I'm going to school, after seeing things on the marsh last night. I'm to tell to no one but the captain," the fat boy returned.

"Suppose you come into the Vicarage, Jerry, and tell me what you're to tell to no one but the captain."

Within five minutes, by a gift of two half-crowns, Dr. Syn trusted to have bought Jerry's silence as to his having seen schoolmaster Rash stabbing Dr. Pepper in the back. The lad's confession that he had supped lightly off pickled onions, cheese, and pastry seemed warrantable excuse for attributing what he had seen to nightmare.

Five minutes after Jerry's departure, on finding his study desk forced open and documents gone, Dr. Syn momentarily lost control. He had barely apologised for his threatening attitude to Prudence when she was tearfully ushering in Imogene, also choking back sobs.

"Is it true, Dr. Syn, my father was pirate Clegg!" she burst out. "Mr. Rash says so." He looked into the girl's terrified eyes.

"My dear, it is true," he said. "Your father was a strange man of conflicting powers for good and evil. If he were here, I don't think you would believe him a criminal, whatever Mr. Rash says."

"I can't marry *him*, anyway. He's so self-righteous."

"You love Denis?"

"Yes, but we quarrelled because he thought this pearl cross you gave me, when I was confirmed, came from Rash. Oh, Denis!"

"There's something you should know," Dr. Syn said as the young man came in. "Imogene's father was Captain Clegg."

"The pirate! Hero of my schooldays. Good! Now we can hoist the skull and crossbones on our family tree."

"But don't forget your father may object. Here's a note to an old friend of mine in Canterbury. He will arrange a special licence. I'll marry you myself to-morrow at mid-day — before we tell the squire."

"Dr. Syn, you're a sinner!" Denis declared. Imogene touched a subtler chord. "You've always been so kind to me," she said. Feeling her swift kiss on his cheek, he answered: "Perhaps because I knew you were the daughter of your father."

Dealing with Rash, who followed on the young couple's departing heels, was no gentle business. "Someone has broken the lock of my desk to obtain information about Imogene," Dr. Syn challenged. "You can't force her to marry you that way."

"She will marry me."

"You're very sure of yourself. Don't you think you can inform on me to the captain. You stabbed Pepper in the back, remember; and there was a witness."

"You wouldn't dare accuse me of murder. You'd swing within a week if I told the authorities that their sainted vicar was Captain Clegg. Imogene will marry me to save your neck."

In appearance, Dr. Syn was no wrestler. Nevertheless, roused as he was in a hand-to-hand tussle with the man who had exposed his past, the elder man won. It would have been difficult for him to have explained away the schoolmaster's stunned and bleeding condition but for the appearance at the open window of the mulatto. After flinging the harpoon, which missed Dr. Syn by inches, he disappeared with a shriek which brought the captain accompanied by the bo'sun, to the room.

"Your yellow man's all-but killed my friend here. He's badly hurt. We must staunch the blood. There's linen in the drawer. Thank you, bos'un. The sight of blood took my wits for the moment. Was it Hannibal or Hamilcar who could not stand the sight of blood—some great general, anyway . . ." Thus Dr. Syn hoped to pass the matter off. Rash was carried by the bo'sun, in what he termed a drunkard's hoist, to the inn, where the Captain, evidently anxious to probe the matter further, invited Dr. Syn to supper.

Having sent a message to Mrs. Waggetts that Captain Collyer must not be allowed to talk to Mr. Rash, Dr. Syn gave himself up to the pleasure of tasting one of the landlady's game pies in the company of the captain. A mysterious message to him was delivered during the meal, by the bo'sun who, remarking "it worked," at once withdrew.

"I think I'd like to talk to Mr. Rash," the captain said. "I fancy we may have points to raise which may be useful at the coroner's inquest on Dr. Pepper to-morrow." Unwilling to let him go alone, as the captain obviously was to have company, Dr. Syn followed him to the bedroom. It was empty. From the bar, commotion and excited chatter was echoing up the stairs over the gruesome announcement that Mr. Rash had been seen hanging by the neck on the marsh.

The coroner's inquest, which took place the following morning at the Manor House, opened on two persons. Dr. Syn summoned every effort to appear calm. Captain Collyer was by no means a brilliant man. But he was paid, as he said, by His Majesty's Government to uncover smuggling, and uncover smuggling he would. His suspicions that Captain Clegg was still alive had been roused by having his grave opened up. It had been found empty. This fact he cited, and waited until the dual murders had been attributed by the coroner to the mad mulatto, to inquire:—

"But why mad! I recall the day when Dr. Syn first saw him. A sight of his yellow face and the doctor broke a wineglass. Dr. Syn claims that he, the mulatto, tried to kill Mr. Rash; but I have evidence that the man whom the mulatto really wanted was Dr. Syn. Last night I had an



Inside Mr. Mipps' shop, Dr. Syn found the owner in company with Schoolmaster Rash breaking up the undertaker's caskets, which contained not corpses, but kegs.

effigy made of Dr. Syn and placed in a chair. The mulatto threw the stolen harpoon, which I took and returned to him after his alleged attack on Mr. Rash. Had the effigy been Dr. Syn, he would have been pierced through the heart."

"A coincidence," Dr. Syn said.

"Ah, but there's a story that Captain Clegg's wife was attacked by a mulatto! That she killed herself and that he cut off the mulatto's ears and tongue, and left him to rot on a coral reef. Wouldn't that be a motive, Dr. Syn? Besides, Captain Clegg's ship was named the *Imogene*, the same name as the girl to whom you gave a valuable pearl cross."

"Captain Clegg was hanged at Rye," Dr. Syn persisted.

"He was never hanged; the empty churchyard's proof of that." The captain moved forward to the witness chair. He took the doctor's arm and bared it at the wrist. "There *is* a bandage there!" he cried. "It covers the wound I made when I shot the living scarecrow, the head and brains of the smugglers who call themselves the Phantom Riders. Dr. Syn is no other than Captain Clegg, the pirate. Take him!" he added. Feeling the hands of twenty loyal sailors upon him, Dr. Syn raised his voice.

"Wait!" he called. "You're wrong. Captain Clegg *was* hanged, but not hanged till he was dead. He had many friends, and the rope was rotted with strong acids. Yet no man can stand on the gallows without coming face to face with his soul. On that day, truly, the old Clegg died. Of what the new Clegg has done, villagers, you know. I found you in wretchedness and poverty, deprived by harsh laws and heavy taxes of the simple comforts all men have a right to. I took upon myself to change all that at the expense of the Revenue. What I did, I did for the good of all. I stand by your decision."

He stood erect in the witness chair. A perceptible hush fell upon the crowded room. A sailor moved forward. He was pushed back. An ex-pirate's human touch, his quality of leadership, even though he had the blood of the village schoolmaster turned traitor on his hands, had been pitted against the laws of the kingdom, and won. Through the mob, now fighting and struggling, Dr. Syn, hoisted on the shoulders of Mipps, was borne out of the room and the Manor House.

In the church, without realising what was going on such a short distance away, Denis and Imogene waited by the altar. Dr. Syn, hurriedly, but without trace of fear, read the marriage service, pronounced the blessing, and directed Mipps to sign the register as witness. The father spoke his adieux and kissed his daughter, who left on the arm of her husband. Not too soon. A revolver shot, fired through the vestry window, was followed by the shout: "Captain Clegg, you're under arrest!" A moment later, when the captain's men broke in and rushed at the clerical figure slumped in the chair, they found the tables had been turned. Before departing, Dr. Syn had made good use of his own effigy.

On the floor of the oast-house, which the captain had directed the mulatto to guard, Dr. Syn supervised Mipps and a few intimates in the breaking open of all available barrels of gunpowder. "Is anyone following?" he asked, lighting a time fuse.

"Not yet, sir," Mipps returned, "but there soon will be. You've only a few moments at most."

"But we have those moments. Stand clear! We'll leave no trace that will get any of our friends into trouble. We'll blow up the oast-house and every shred of evidence with it."

Last of his company to scramble on board Captain Clegg's old sailing ship, waiting in the bay, Dr. Syn looked from the dying flames on shore to the sea and the future.

"Cram on all the sail you've got!" he shouted.

REVIEWS by Lionel Collier

THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY

THREE salient facts emerge from this picture which depicts British boyhood as if it were still in the early Victorian era. The first is that Ronald Sinclair the boy who took Freddie Bartholomew's projected part in the film has been closely modelled on the latter's lines, but does not quite get away with it.

The second is that Judy Garland who made her screen début in a short with Deanna Durbin and "stole" it from her now famous co-artiste has great possibilities and the third is that Mickey Rooney is now so overstating his "American boy" character that it becomes as ridiculous in its way as the Little Lord Fauntleroy method of presenting English youth.

Played in a less extravagant style this story of the Grandson of an English baronet who finds himself stranded in America on the death of his parent with a valuable racehorse which he is able, with the aid of an American jockey, to ride to win an American classic race, could have been good.

As it is the laughs come far too frequently in the wrong places and one cannot believe in the characters.

Ronald Sinclair as the boy is made ridiculous by the ultra-precise dialogue he has to utter and Mickey Rooney as a cocksure jockey who pulls a race in order to provide money for his crook father who pretends he is dying, is guilty of over-acting.

Sophie Tucker does well as a landlady who caters for jockeys and C. Aubrey Smith fits the part of the baronet admirably.

Charles D. Brown is sound as a crook and Forrester Harvey fair as the baronet's groom.

Racecourse sequences are very well done and the picture's technical qualities are above reproach; it is a pity one cannot say the same of the story.

THE BARRIER

● Rex Beach's famous novel which deals with the love of an American lieutenant sent to an outpost in Alaska to establish law and order, for the supposedly half-breed daughter of a store keeper and prospector who had been framed on a murder charge.

Except for the scenic qualities there is little to hold one's interest. It lacks the necessary action of a Western melodrama and is played in such slow tempo that its excessive length seem interminable.

Jean Parker, always physically attractive, is suitably ingenuous as the young girl who turns out not to be a half-breed at all and so is enabled to marry the lieutenant to the satisfaction of all.

Robert Barrat acts naturally as her father who eventually is able to get even with the man who had framed him, a role played by Otto Kruger as a sort of city "slicker" with an ever present smiling sneer.

James Ellison is very stilted as the lieutenant and Leo Carrillo gives one of his remarkably few bad performances as a trapper secretly in love with the heroine.

His flamboyant heroics are sometimes very hard to bear.

Andy Clyde turns in his "drunk" act as an optimistic prospector who does finally strike gold.

Westerns will have to be a good deal better than this if they are to hold their place on the screen; a thing, incidentally, which a great number of filmgoers earnestly desire.

LO SQUADRONE BIANCO

● This is one of the first Italian talkies to reach this country, and it is being accorded a premiere at The Academy, Oxford Street.

It has a slight, slow-moving story which deals with a lady, Christiana, who turns down her lover, Mario, who promptly joins the army and goes to a lonely outpost in the Libyan Desert. During an attack against rebels he wins the approbation of his captain, and leads the men home after the latter has been killed in action.

Meanwhile, Christiana has changed her mind about Mario, and arrives at the desert post as a tourist. When the troops return, however, Mario sends her packing, saying that his duty lies in fighting for his country.

Antonio Centa is restrained and effective as the lovelorn lieutenant, and Fosco Giachetti is forceful and well in character as the captain of the post. Fulvia Lanzi is stilted as the somewhat incomprehensible Christiana.

The direction is generally good, but development is very slow, and the shots of camels proceeding over the waterless desert, interesting at first, soon become too familiar. They are, however, excellently photographed, and a very good idea of the difficulties of the terrain is secured.

The skirmish in the desert is well done, and the characters themselves are natural and well drawn.

On the Screens Now

***THE GOOD EARTH

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Sociological drama. Runs 124 minutes.

Paul Muni	Wang
Luise Rainer	O-Lan
Walter Connolly	Uncle
Tilly Losch	Lotus
Charley Grapewin	Old Father
Jessie Ralph	Cuckoo
Soo Yong	Aunt
Keye Luke	Elder Son
Roland Lui	Younger Son
Suzanna Kim	Little Fool
Ching Wah Lee	Ching
Harold Huber	Cousin
Olaf Hytten	Liu, Grain Merchant
William Law	Gateman
Mary Wong	Little Bride

Directed by Sidney Franklin. Adapted from the novel by Pearl S. Buck. Previewed April 17, 1937.

Technical and directorial brilliance are the biggest asset of this adaptation of Pearl S. Buck's best seller and it is mainly on their account that you cannot afford to miss seeing the picture.

The Chinese atmosphere that has been achieved is exceptional in its realism.

Stripped of its Oriental settings, however, the story resolves itself into a formula much resembling that of "local boy makes good."

The picture opens with Wang, the son of a poor farmer, celebrating his nuptials to a slave girl—he could not afford to buy a wife.

He has children and prospers so much that he buys land.

Then comes drought which parches up his fields and kills his cattle. Still he refuses to sell his land and flies to the city to try and find work.

Whilst there they are caught in an eddy of revolution, and the wife finds a bag of jewels after a temple had been looted.

Rich, they return to the land, and Wang becomes a big landowner and buys the house where his wife had served as a slave.

He falls for the charms of a dancing girl and takes her into his home. Then his younger son becomes infatuated by her.

Wang turns him out of his home, but the news that a swarm of locusts is descending on his land drives all other thoughts from his head and he proceeds to take drastic methods to drive the plague away. He is helped in this by his younger son.

Finally victorious Wang realises the worthlessness of his concubine and the value of his wife and land.

I feel that not quite enough has been made of the struggle of man versus nature and too much stress laid on the domestic aspect of the theme. However, there can be no two opinions about the production values.

There is a tendency for action to drag and dialogue is at times spoken so slowly as to prove irritating.

Paul Muni is very good as Wang and his make-up is masterly, but Luise Rainer gives one too much the impression that she is consciously acting the part of his wife.

Walter Connolly does not blend into the Oriental atmosphere too well; on the other hand, Charley Grapewin is excellent as Wang's father and Tilly Losch voluptuous and effective as the dancing girl.

The opening sequences showing the poverty of the land and the struggle for existence are the most impressive, but later there is more than a touch of Hollywood in the development.

A spectacular sequence depicting the fight against a swarm of locusts is thrilling and the fighting in the city is put over with plenty of realism.

c**OH, MR. PORTER

General Film Distributors. British. "U" certificate. Railway farce. Runs 84 minutes.

Will Hay	William Porter
Moore Marriott	Jeremiah Harbottle
Graham Moffatt	Albert
Sebastian Smith	Mr. Trimbletow
Agnes Lauchlan	Mrs. Trimbletow
Percy Walsh	Superintendent
Dennis Syndham	Grogan
Dave O'Toole	The Postman

Directed by Marcel Varnel from a story by Frank Launder. Previewed November 13, 1937.

This is the best picture Will Hay has made to date and he forms an excellent comedy team with Moore Marriott and Graham Moffatt.

There is a strong family resemblance between the film and *The Ghost Train* in which Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge made their screen bow.

The action takes place at an almost derelict station on the Southern Railway of Northern Ireland, where William Porter, through the influence of relations, has been made station master.

Jeremiah Harbottle and Albert are his assistants and he discovers from them that all his predecessors have mysteriously departed. In fact, the place is haunted by One-Eyed Joe, a ghost who in the end turns out to be a very material gun-runner whom Porter has the honour to run to his hideout on an old Victorian engine.

The highlights in the picture include Porter's efforts to refurbish his derelict station, his encounters with the villagers whom his assistants had been consistently robbing, and his wild and hilarious ride, on the old engine which is conveying the gun-runners to justice. Most ingenious, too, is the sequence where Porter and his assistants, having discovered that the gang's hideout is in an old, disused mill, are trapped and escape by climbing along the sails of the mill.

Will Hay is in great form and Moore Marriott, whose work has not received half the recognition it deserves—he is one of the really valuable old-timers—comes into his own.

Graham Moffatt adds to his reputation as the insolent Albert.

The dialogue is amusing and the atmosphere of the near-deserted station is well suggested.

**BIG BUSINESS

Fox. American. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy-drama. Runs 59 minutes.

Jed Prouty	John Jones
Shirley Deane	Bonnie Jones
Spring Byington	Mrs. John Jones
Russell Gleason	Herbert Thompson
Kenneth Howell	Jack Jones
Allan Lane	Ted Hewett
George Ernest	Roger Jones
June Carlson	Lucy Jones
Florence Roberts	Granny Jones
Billy Mahan	Bobby Jones
Marjorie Weaver	Vicky
Frank Conroy	Leland Whitney
Wallis Clark	Mr. Rodney

Directed by Frank R. Strayer from an original story by Ron Ferguson and Eleanor de Lamater.

There is generally a good deal of amusement to be had from the adventures of the Jones family, and this addition to the series is no exception to the rule.

Jed Prouty as usual carries a great deal of the picture's footage on his own back as father Jones but he lacks nothing in support from the players interpreting the typical middle-class American family.

In this instance, Bonnie, elder daughter of the Jones family, is engaged to Herbert Thompson, the local florist, but lack of funds prevents them from marrying. Into the picture comes Ted Hewitt, a slick stockbroker, and he kids them that Grandma's worthless Eureka oil shares are good.

Fa Jones and his small-town cronies snap at the bait, and Ted and his partner then proceed to sell the stock at a handsome profit. Later the shares rise slightly on rumour, and Jones is persuaded to float a new oil company.

The inevitable crash, of course, comes, but meanwhile Jack and Rogers, Jones' sons, have perfected a supercharger, and the money they make redeems the Jones' fortune and good name. Bonnie, who had temporarily fallen for Ted, realises her folly and she goes back to Herbert, now partner in a new concern.

Allan Lane is good as Ted Hewitt

(Continued on page 28)

PREVIEWS—*continued*

and Russell Gleason is pleasingly ingenuous as Herbert Thompson.

The small town atmosphere is very well maintained and the characters are all human and recognisable types.

**CAFÉ METROPOLE

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Romantic farce. Runs 82 minutes.

Loretta Young ..... Laura Ridgeway
Tyrone Power ..... Alexis
Adolphe Menjou ..... Monsieur Victor
Gregory Ratoff ..... Paul
Charles Winnigar ..... Joseph Ridgeway
Helen Westley ..... Margaret Ridgeway
Ferdinand Gottschalk ..... Monsieur Leon Monnet
Christian Rub ..... Maxi Schinner
Georges Renavent ..... Maître d'Hôtel
Fredrik Vogeding ..... Attendant
Leonid Kinskey ..... Artist
Hal K. Dawson ..... Arthur Cleveland Thorndyke
Albert Conti ..... Gendarme
Themselves ..... Jan Rubini & Orchestra
Leonid Snegoff ..... Porter
Armand Kaliz ..... Hotel Manager
Paul Porcasi ..... Police Official
Andre Cheron ..... Croupier
Marcelle Corday ..... Secretary
Louise Clark ..... Native Girl
Louis Mercier ..... Coat Room Attendant
Rolfe Sedan ..... Flower Clerk
Andre Beranger ..... Hat Clerk
Michael Visaroff ..... 1st Cashier

Directed by Edward H. Griffith from a story by Gregory Ratoff. Previewed October 2, 1937.

The acting of a very strong cast makes this frivolous romantic comedy really good entertainment; as is so often the case the acting is far stronger than the material.

Adolphe Menjou who made one reputation as a romantic lover, and has now made another as a polished comedy character actor, is at the top of his form as Victor.

Victor, a *maître d'hôtel*, is in monetary difficulties, but after recouping his losses at the Casino he learns that his victim, Alexander, an American youth, cannot pay. Alexander foolishly puts his signature to a phoney cheque and Victor, taking advantage of the lapse, forces him to pose as Alexis, a Russian Prince.

The stage is then set to trim Joseph Ridgeway, an American millionaire, and his daughter, Laura. Later, however, the inevitable happens, and Alexander and Laura fall in love, but before they can make a match of it the real Alexis turns up and has to be compensated, and more fast stuff is pulled by the artful Victor.

Loretta Young is pleasingly provocative as the millionaire's daughter, and Charles Winniger is excellently cast as her father.

Tyrone Power shows to good advantage as the bogus prince, as does Gregory Ratoff as the real article.

**WILD MONEY

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. News paper comedy-drama. Runs 68 minutes.

Edward Everett Horton ..... P. E. Dodd
Louise Campbell ..... Judy McGowan
Lynne Overman ..... Perry Brown
Lucien Littlefield ..... Bill Hawkins
Esther Dale ..... Jenny Hawkins
Porter Hall ..... Bill Court
Benny Baker ..... Al Vogel
Ruth Coleman ..... Mrs. West
Billy Lee ..... Malcolm West
Colin Tapley ..... Cole
Nick Lukas ..... Jackson
Wesley Barry ..... Orvil
Howard Mitchell ..... Sheriff Jones
William Burress ..... Spreckett
Gertrude Short ..... Miss Green
Lee Shumway ..... Captain Bemis
Don McKinney ..... Mitchell
Joe North ..... Butler
Walter Soderling ..... Sour Faced Man
Gloria Williams ..... Woman
Elsa Connor ..... Girl
Galen Galt ..... Trooper Joyce
Pop Byron ..... Gardner
Lew Kelly ..... Dear Old Man
James T. Mack ..... Quinn
Louis Natheaux ..... Mr. West
Rita Owin ..... Josie
Harry Williams ..... Burly Man
Clark Morgan ..... Transportation Manager
Leonard Sues ..... Copy Boy

Directed by Louis King. Based on a story by Paul Gallico.

There is some originality of plot in this mixture of straightforward melodrama which is taken advantage of by Edward Everett Horton who turns in an amusing characterisation of a newspaper accountant who turns news hound and wins the love of a lady.

The opening is slow and there is rather too much dialogue but once the scene shifts to the great outdoors where Horton is holidaying and where he gets his call to spare no expense in finding the whereabouts of a kidnapped millionaire, action gets the upper hand and is kept at a fast pace.

Horton not only finds the kidnapped man but captures the kidnappers and wins the love and admiration of the heroine who hitherto had eyes only for a sarcastic reporter.

This latter role is played by Lynne Overman so it just can't help being good.

Louise Campbell makes an effective heroine and good supporting performances are given by Esther Dale and Lucien Littlefield.

The gags are well timed and the direction generally slick and polished.

c**BIG FELLA

British Lion. British. "U" certificate. Comedy drama. Runs 73 minutes.

Paul Robeson ..... Joe
Elizabeth Welch ..... Manda
Roy Emerton ..... Spike
James Hayter ..... Chuck
Lawrence Brown ..... Corney
Eldon Grant ..... Gerald
Marcelle Rogez ..... ?...Lorietta
Eric Cowley ..... Mr. Oliphant
Joyce Kennedy ..... Mrs. Oliphant

Directed by J. Elder Willis.

Here is a very slight story but it is strengthened into good entertainment by the singing of Paul Robeson and Elizabeth Welch and by the effectiveness of the staging.

The plot deals with Joe, a lazy negro vagabond, who, known to all on the Marseilles waterfront because of his superb voice, is instructed by the police to look out for Gerald Oliphant, a small boy of wealthy English parents, believed to have been kidnapped.

He combs the town with the help of his friends Chuck and Corney, and eventually Gerald is found, but the boy, having run off on his own accord, is having a good time, and threatens to tell the police that he has been kidnapped by Joe if attempts are made to return him to his parents.

Joe is in a dilemma, and seeks the advice of his girl friend, Manda, a singer in a local cafe, but before she can do anything Spike, a sly tough, kidnaps Gerald, takes him to the police station and gets the reward.

Gerald then rebels by going on a hunger strike, and his parents urge Joe to act as his companion to England. He is forced to accept but later gets his own back on Spike by tricking him into taking his place.

Neither Paul Robeson nor Elizabeth Welch are called upon to exert their acting ability but they do bring character into their roles.

As Chuck and Corney, James Hayter and Lawrence Brown are amusing and Roy Emerton is sound as Spike.

Eldon Grant tends to be stilted as Gerald.

*LET'S GET MARRIED

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Socia farce. Runs 68 minutes.

Ida Lupino ..... Paula Quinn
Walter Connolly ..... Joe Quinn
Ralph Bellamy ..... Kirk Duncan
Reginald Denny ..... George Willoughby
Raymond Walburn ..... Harrington
Robert Allen ..... Charles
Nana Bryant ..... Mrs. Willoughby
Edward McWade ..... Tom
Emmett Vogan ..... Dick
Will Morgan ..... Harry
Granville Bates ..... Hank Keith

Directed by Alfred E. Green.

Robust farce which owes nothing to subtlety but is played in a good team spirit by a competent cast. Continuity is somewhat ragged owing to the excessive by-play but on the whole it provides quite sound entertainment of a popular order.

Walter Connolly is not called upon to over-exert himself histrionically as an Irish-American politician who hopes to break into society by marrying his daughter to a fatuous society youth whom he also hopes to get into Congress.

The girl is quite well interpreted by Ida Lupino and the young man by Reginald Denny.

The romantic element is supplied by Ralph Bellamy as a meteorologist who falls in love with the heroine. He is asked to help the politician by forecasting the weather since the former is certain that the only real chance of his prospective son-in-law getting elected is if the rain keeps people away from the poll.

It is the broad comedy that counts in this picture much more than the acting or characterisation.

*WHY PICK ON ME?

Radio. British. "A" certificate. Domestic farce. Runs 64 minutes.

Wylie Watson ..... Sam Tippet
Sybil Grove ..... Mrs. Tippet
Jack Hobbs ..... Stratton
Max Adrian ..... Jack Mills
Isobel Scaife ..... Daisy Mog
Elizabeth Kent ..... Bubbles

Directed by Maclean Rogers.

Conventional farce in which a much married bank clerk runs loose and finds himself in the midst of a series of domestic upheavals.

Wylie Watson is good in the part of Sam Tippet and plays it with the broadness that it merits, while Sybil Grove is amusing as his austere spouse.

The plot shows how Sam Tippet is just about to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of his wedding when his wife is called away to visit a sick aunt. Stratton and Jack Mills, two fellow-clerks, inveigle Sam into joining a party at a night club, and during the revelry the place is raided.

Sam escapes, but prior to his escapade he had reported the loss of his dog to the police. Mrs. Tippet, meantime, had engaged a new maid, Daisy Mog.

Daisy is robbed of her bag containing the key to Sam's house, and when Sam later calls at the police station about his dog, she picks him out from an identity parade as the man who had robbed her.

In order to establish an alibi, Sam has to confess he was at a night club, but while he is establishing his innocence, the real burglar, who resembles him, is busy robbing his house. In the midst of the muddle Mrs. Tippet returns, but a lucky twist enables Sam to extricate himself from the complications without loss of domestic prestige.

FIRST NIGHT

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Psychological drama. Runs 69 minutes.

Jack Livesey ..... Richard Garnet
Rani Waller ..... Judith Armstrong
Ernest Mainwaring ..... Her Father
Margaret Damer ..... Her Mother
Sunday Wilshin ..... Rosalind Faber
Monica Disney ..... Sally Armstrong
Christopher Quest ..... Jeremy Armstrong
Ann Wilton ..... Ivy
Art Gibson and his Havana Band.

Directed by Donovan Pedelty, from the play by G. Sheila Denisthorpe.

The psychology of a young woman who is misunderstood by her family, writes a successful play, and is then helped to overcome her inferiority complex, is very much of the theatre—it is, in fact, a photographed stage play and inclined to be dull.

The heroine, played by Rani Waller, who is continually psychoanalysing herself does not enlist much sympathy and there are times when her introspectiveness leads to misplaced laughter.

The trouble is that the sophisticated theme has been handled in an unsophisticated manner and it is not helped by an excess of verbiage.

Jack Livesey contributes a good piece of acting as the producer, and the heroine's mother and father, the one a bridge fiend and the other a dentist, are well portrayed by Margaret Damer and Ernest Mainwaring.

As her cheeky mannequin sister Monica Disney is very good.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

***THE GOOD EARTH
c**OH, MR. PORTER
**BIG BUSINESS
**CAFE METROPOLE
**WILD MONEY
c**BIG FELLA
*LET'S GET MARRIED
*WHY PICK ON ME?
FIRST NIGHT

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:—

Behind the Headlines (2) ... ... *Nov.* 13
Blazing Sixes (2)c ... ... *Dec.* 25
Call It a Day (4) ... ... *Nov.* 13
Captains Courageous (4)c ... *Dec.* 25
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (2) *Nov.* 20
Devil is Driving, The (2) ... *Nov.* 20
Emperor's Candlesticks, The (2) *Nov.* 27
Farewell Again (4) ... ... *Nov.* 6
Fatal Hour, The (2) ... ... *Nov.* 20
Fifty Roads to Town (2) ... *Oct.* 30
His Affair (2) ... ... *Oct.* 30
Hollywood Cowboy (2) ... ... *Dec.* 18
Hotel Haywire (2) ... ... *Dec.* 11
I Met Him In Paris (3) ... ... *Nov.* 6
Jericho (2) ... ... *Nov.* 13
Jump For Glory (2) ... ... *Oct.* 30
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Make Way For To-morrow (3) *Oct.* 30
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Mountain Justice (2) ... ... *Nov.* 27
Night Must Fall (2) ... ... *Oct.* 30
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Top of the Town (2) ... ... *Dec.* 11
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Victoria the Great (4) ... ... *Dec.* 25
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Wings Over Honolulu (2) ... *Nov.* 13
Woman Chases Man (2) ... ... *Nov.* 27

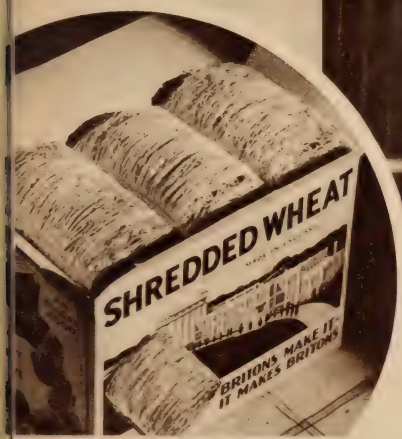
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LET GEORGE DO IT!

G. B. (Poplar).—(1) Anton Walbrook, b. Vienna, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lbs. and has brown hair and blue eyes. Latest film *The Rat* for Herbert Wilcox. (2) Birthdates : Nelson Eddy, June 29, 1901 ; Errol Flynn, June 20, 1909 ; Jeanette MacDonald, June 18, 1907 ; Mary Pickford, April 8, 1893 ; Buddy Rogers, Aug. 13, 1904 ; Patrick Waddington, Aug. 19, 1903. (3) Clark Gable married (*a*) Josephine Dillon (mar. dis.); (*b*) Rhea Langham (sep.).

GLADYS (Leyton).—Latest films and companies : Deanna Durbin *Mad About Music* for Universal (U.S.A.) Ginger Rogers, *Having a Wonderful Time*, Radio, (U.S.A.) Robert Young, *The Bride Wore Red* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) John Kking, *Merry Go Round of* 1938, Universal (U.S.A.)

EDDY-MACDONALD CRAZY (Clapham.)—(1) We published supplements of *Naughty Marietta* (Oct. 5, 1935), and *Rose Marie* (Oct. 31, 1936) in this magazine but, unfortunately they are both out of print. (2) Jeanette MacDonald is scheduled for *Europe* with Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable, and Nelson Eddy is scheduled for a re-make of *New Moon* with Ilona Massey. (3) Gene Raymond's latest film, *Life of the Party*, and Deanna Durbin, *Mad About Music*.

M. W. (Sheffield).—(1) Latest films : John Lodge — *Bank Holiday*, *The Terror* and *Secret Racket*. Phillips Holmes — *Drummaster*. (2) Allan Jones was announced for *Desert Song* for Warner Bros. but the film has not yet gone into production. Meanwhile, he was scheduled for *Everybody Sing* (The Ugly Duckling) for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer but he has objected to the part given him.

B. B. (Coventry.)—(1) Jessie Matthews, b. March 11, 1907, latest film *Sailing Along*. (2) Robert Flemyng b. Dublin about 25 years ago, he is tall, fair and handsome. Is at present appearing on the stage.

A. C. (Middx.).—Latest films and companies : Dick Powell—*Hollywood Hotel* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.) Pat Boyce—*Tovarich* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.) Bing Crosby—*The Badge of Policeman O'Roon* for Paramount (U.S.A.) Henry Fonda *Jezebell* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.)

T. B. (Wythenshawe).—(1) Madeline Carroll, b. Feb. 26, 1906, West Bromwich, she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has blonde hair and blue eyes, married Capt. Philip Astley, 1931. (2) Write to her c/o Walter Wanger, Prod., U.S.A. (2) Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904, Pittsburgh, has blue eyes and auburn hair, is 6 ft. tall, weighs 172 lb., married (*a*) Mildred Maund (div.) (b) Joan Blondell. Write to him c/o Warner Bros. U.S.A.

J. B. (Sussex).—We published a supplement of *Maytime* in the Oct. 16, 1937, issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

B. Y. (Keynsham).—(1) James Stewart, b. May 20 (no year given), Indiana, Pa., he has light brown hair and grey-green eyes, is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and weighs 150 lb.; he is not married. His films besides those you mention include : *Murder Man*, *Rose Marie*, *Wife Versus Secretary*, *Next Time We Live*, *Small Town Girl*, *Speed*, *The Gorgeous Hussy* and he is at present making *Benefits Forgot*. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, U.S.A. (2) Joel McCrea, b. Nov. 5, 1905, Los Angeles, California, he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes, married Frances Dee. His latest films include : *Dead End* and *Wells Fargo*. Write to him c/o Sam Goldwyn, U.S.A. (3) Tyrone Power, b. May 5, 1914, he has raven black hair and brown eyes. His films since *Lloyds of London* include : *Love is News*, *Café Metropole*, *Lovely To Look At*, *Second Honeymoon* and *In Old Chicago*. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, U.S.A. (4) Your requests for plates have been passed on to the Editor. (5) Write to Miss Eloise Steele, 370D Street, San Bernardino, California, for details of the *James Stewart Fan Club*.

JUNIOR'S FAN (Southampton).—Douglas Fairbanks, jun., played " Waltz in E Major " by Moskowsky on the violin in the film, *Jump for Glory*.

IMPATIENT (Bristol).—*Sunset in Vienna* will be released on Jan. 17, 1938.

P.M.—Binkie Stuart, Kathleen O'Regan, Fred Conyngham, Dorothy Dare and C. Denier Warren took the chief roles in *Rose of Tralee*.

F.R.S. (Essex).—(1) Films since 1936, as follows : Doris Nolan—*The Man I Marry* ; *Top of the Town* ; *As Good as Married*. Robert Taylor—*Magnificent Obsession* ; *Small Town Girl* ; *Secret Interlude* ; *His Brother's Wife* ; *The Gorgeous Hussy* ; *Camille* ; *Man in Possession* ; *His Affair* ; *A Yank at Oxford*. Barbara Stanwyck : *Annie Oakley*; *A Message to Garcia*; *The Bride Walks Out*; *His Brother's Wife*; *The Plough and the Stars*; *Banjo on My Knee*; *You Can't Take Money*; *His Affair*; *Stella Dallas*; Anna May Wong making *Daughter of Shanghai* for Paramount (U.S.A.). Claire Trevor: *Songand Dance Man*; *Human Cargo*; *To Mary With Love*; *Star for a Night*; 15 *Maiden Lane*; *Career*, *Woman*; *Time Out for Romance*; *King of Gamblers*; *One Mile from Heaven*; *Dead End*; *The Great Diamond Robbery*. Ann Harding : *The Lady Consents*; *The Witness Chair* and *Love From a Stranger*. (2) Latest films and companies— Janet Gaynor—*Of Great Riches*, Selznick International (U.S.A.); Constance Bennett—*Merrily We Live*, for Hal Roach, U.S.A.; Simone Simon—*Love and Hisses*, for Twentieth Century-Fox, U.S.A. Marlene Dietrich — *Angel*, for Paramount, U.S.A. Loretta Young—*Second Honeymoon*, for Twentieth Century-Fox, U.S.A. (3) Chief players : 52*nd Street*—Ian Hunter, Leo Carillo, Pat Paterson and Ella Logan; *Stella Dallas*—Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Anne Shirley, Barbara O'Neil and Alan Hale; *Wife, Doctor and Nurse*—Loretta Young, Warner Baxter, Virginia Bruce and Jane Darwell; *Blonde Bombshell*—Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan and Franchot Tone; *Dinner at Eight*—Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe, Billie Burke, Madge Evans, Jean Hersholt, Karen Morley and Phillips Holmes; *Hell's Angels*—Jean Harlow, Ben Lyon and James Hall. *Mutiny on the Bounty* —Charles Laughton, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

D.W. (Willesden).—F. W. Minde, 107 Dartmouth Road, N.W.2, is the Secretary of the *Imperial Film Club*.

J.M. (C. Fermanagh).—Tullio Carminati took the part of Toni and Leslie B. Banks that of Mac in *The Three Maxims*. We have published articles on Leslie Banks as follows : Oct. 12, 1935—" Banks on the River "; April 11, 1936—" An Actor Who Really Likes Films "; Dec. 5, 1936—" He Flew Through the Air "; and on Tullio Carminati —" A Prince of Good Fellows "—Nov. 17, 1934. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C., for 3d. each, post free.

A.B.—*Sunset in Vienna* will be released on Jan. 17, 1938. Tullio Carminati, b. Sept. 21, 1895, Zara, Dalmatia; he is not married.

L.A. (Chadwell Heath).—You can obtain a photograph of Robert Taylor from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 6d. each, 2/6 a dozen. *Broadway Melody of* 1938 released Jan. 10, 1938.

L.E.N. (Sutton).—We cannot trace having published any pictures of *The Gang Show* in this magazine.

D.E. (Isle of Anglesey).—Chief players in *The Tunnel* were Richard Dix, Leslie Banks, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, C. Aubrey Smith, Basil Sydney and Jimmy Hanley.

H.D. (Manchester).—We published a centre spread of *Wings of the Morning* in the Oct. 3, 1936, and the story of the film in the June 19, 1937, issues of this magazine.

D.W.L. (Norfolk).—Johnny Weissmuller is married to Lupe Velez and Maureen O'Sullivan to Johnny Farrow.

A.L. (Camden Town).—(1) Walter Pidgeon, b. Sept. 23, 1897, East St. John, New Brunswick, Canada; he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 190 lb. and has black hair and grey eyes. (2) Burgess Meredith, b. Cleveland, Ohio, has left film *I Don't Forget to Remember* with Ann Sothern.

G.M.R. (Orsett).—Write to The Postcard Salon, address above, for photographs of Clark Gable and Franchot Tone for 3d. each, 2/6 a dozen. You can write to the stars c/o their Film Company and ask for an autograph. In this case the company is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

GENE AND NELSON FAN (Leic.).—Write to Gene Raymond, c/o Radio, U.S.A.; Nelson Eddy, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, U.S.A., and to Errol Flynn, c/o Warner Bros., U.S.A.

T.C. (East Croydon).—Dick Powell sang to Alice Faye in the scene from *On the Avenue* you mention.

PICTUREGOER.—(1) Chief players besides Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer in *Marie Walewska* included Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal, Henry Stephenson, Leif Erickson, Dame May Whitty, Maria Ouspenskaya, C. Henry Gordon, Claude Gillingwater, Vladimir Sokoloff and George Houston. (2) Luise Rainer's latest film is *Big City* with Spencer Tracy and she is scheduled for a film based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt.

H. G. S. (East Ham).—(1) Freddie Bartholomew, b. March 28, 1924. He has blue eyes and brown hair. His films since 1936 include : *Professional Soldier*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Devil Takes the Count*, *Lloyds of London* and *Captains Courageous*. (2) Bobby Breen, b. Nov. 4, 1927, his films include *Let's Sing Again*, *Rainbow on the River* and *Make a Wish*. (3) David Holt, b. about Aug. 14, 1927. Films : *Straight from the Shoulder* and *Big Broadcast of* 1937. (4) Billy Burrud, b. Jan. 12, 1925. Films since 1936 : *Devils Squadron*, *Cowboy and the Kid*, *Two in a Crown*, *Postal Inspector*, *The Magnificent Brute*, *Girl Overboard*, *Fair Warning*, *Captains Courageous*, *Pride of the Marines*, *The Man in Blue*, *Idol of the Crowds* and *Once a Hero*.

IRISH EYES.—(1) *Captain Blood* was released on May 4, 1936. (2) It is quite possible that we shall publish pictures of *The Adventures of Robin Hood* in the near future. (3) Errol Flynn is scheduled for *The White Rajah*.

ABEX (Salford).—Esme Percy took the part of Philo Johnson in *The Frog*. He was born London, 1887.

K. G. L. O.—(1) A selection of the music from *Fire Over England* is published by Chappells. This includes " The Spanish Lady Song." (2) The piece of music played on the piano by Marguerite in *Camille* was " Invitation to the Waltz," by Weber. And the polka danced at the party was " Galop," by Johann Strauss.

NORA (Essex).—Rex Harrison born 1908, Huyton, Cheshire, he has dark hair and is over 6 ft. tall, is married, and has one son. His films include *Men Are Not Gods*, *Storm in a Teacup*, *School for Husbands*, and *Over the Moon*. Write to him c/o London Film Productions.

C. A. (Oxford).—Neil Hamilton took the part of Mr. Stringfellow in *Mr. Stringfellow Says No*. He has made the following films since 1936 :—*Parisienne Life*, *Southern Roses*, *You Must Get Married*, *Everything in Life*, *Secret Lives*, and is making *The Lady Misbehaves* for Republic (U.S.A.). (2) Simone Simon born Marseilles, France, April 23, 1914.

MUSIC LOVER.—Music in the *Scarlet Pimpernel* as follows :—" Coldstream March," " March in Sirgal," by Mozart, " Trio," " Minuet," and " Rondo," from " Eine Kleine Nacht Musik," by Mozart, " Marseillaise," by Rouget De Lisle.

• • •

THE COMPLETE KINEMANAGER

Why do filmgoers prefer individual kinemas and, given a choice of programmes, elect to go to one kinema rather than another ?

A recent analysis of regular patrons' opinions showed that 62 per cent. visited one particular kinema because the programmes were consistently good, 14 per cent. because it was the handiest kinema to their homes, and 24 per cent. because they liked the arrangements of the kinema—the seats, the screen, the ventilation, the car-parking arrangements; in two words, " the management."

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Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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Columbia Studios, 1438 *N. Gower Street, Hollywood, California.*
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Washington Blvd., Culver City, California.
Paramount Studios, 5451 *Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.*
Republic Studios, 9336 *W. Washington Blvd., Culver City, California.*
R.K.O. Radio Studios, 780 *N. Gower Street, Hollywood, California.*
Samuel Goldwyn Studios, 1041 *N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.*
20th *Century-Fox Studios, Box* 900, *Beverly Hills, California.*
United Artists Studios, 1041 *N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.*
Universal Studios, Universal City, Hollywood, California.
Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 *North Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.*
Warner Bros. First National Studios, Burbank, California.

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Associated British Film Distributors, 169 *Oxford Street, London, W.1. Studios used : A.B.P. Studios, Boreham Wood, Herts.*
Associated British Pictures, Boreham Wood, Herts.
Associated Talking Pictures, Ltd., A.T.P. Studios, Ealing Green, W.5.
British and Dominion Film Corporation, Ltd., Pinewood Studios, Iver, Bucks.
British Lion Film Corporation, Ltd., Beaconsfield, Bucks. Studios.
Butchers Film Services, Ltd., 175 *Wardour Street, London, W.1. Studios used : Temple Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.*
Capitol Film Corporation, Ltd., 293 *Regent Street, London, W.1. Studios : Denham Studios, Denham, Bucks.*
Criterion Film Productions, Ltd., 28 *Brook Street, London, W.1. Studios used : Worton Hall, Isleworth, Middlesex.*
Twentieth Century-Fox British Pictures, Ltd., Empire Way, Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Gainsborough Pictures, Ltd., 142-150 *Wardour Street, London, W.1. Studios used : Poole Street, Islington, N.1.*
Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Ltd., 142-150 *Wardour Street, W.1. Studios used : Pinewood Studios, Iver Heath, Bucks.*
Highbury Studios, Highbury New Park, N.1.
Herbert Wilcox Productions, Pinewood Studios, Iver Heath, Bucks.
Jack Buchanan Productions, Pinewood Studios, Iver Heath, Bucks.
London Film Productions, Ltd., Denham Studios, Denham, Uxbridge, Middx.
New World Productions, Denham Studios, Denham, Uxbridge, Middlesex.
Paramount British Productions, Ltd., 162-170 *Wardour Street, London, W.1.*
Joe Rock Productions, Leslie Fuller Pictures, Rock Studios, Elstree, Herts.
Sound City Films, Ltd., Sound City, Shepperton, Middlesex.
Stoll Picture Productions, Temple Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.
Warner Bros. First National Productions, Ltd., Broom Road, Teddington, Middx.
Welwyn Garden Studios, Regent Studios, Broadwater Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE BETTY GRABLE FAN CLUB welcomes new members. All interested should write to Miss Doris Dew, 4 Franchise Place, Waltham Abbey, Essex, or to Syd. Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, South Shore, Blackpool, who are the English representatives of this club in which Miss Grable takes a personal interest.

• • •

THE BRIAN LAWRANCE FAN CLUB, of which there are now over 500 members, celebrated its second birthday early in November. A celebration party was held at Lindy's, Leicester Square. Brian this time brought a few of his " boys " along, also the Three Ginx—who entertained with one or two vocal numbers. Everybody was glad to have as " guest " Hugh French, the rising young radio and film star, who was recently seen in *The Perfect Crime*. The birthday cake, especially made for the occasion, was very much appreciated and seemed to disappear in no time. The following week the Club held another of its periodical " teagatherings," afterwards spending an enjoyable evening at the Holborn—this time to see Brian himself on the stage. A show much appreciated by everyone. This club is always ready to welcome new members and intending ones should communicate with the Hon. Sec., Miss Barbara Williams, 5 Fen Pond Road, Ightham, Near Sevenoaks, Kent.

• • •

All admirers of BRYAN MICHIE, should write to Miss Betty Smith, 23 St. Kilda Road, Ealing, W.13, for particulars of the club which is being formed in his honour.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

I EXPECT we are all suffering from that "after Christmas" feeling and scarcely in the mood for concentrated interest, even about anything so personal as beauty treatments. In that mood therefore I think would be appropriate a series of short suggestions about this and that.

Colds are very prevalent at this time and often cannot be avoided, but I am inclined to think that some of them could be cut out if we were all a little more careful in hygienic care of the nose and throat. It is a very safe plan to gargle the throat once a day. Not in the morning, just before going out, but last thing at night before retiring. There are any number of excellent mild antiseptic preparations on the market suitable for this purpose.

Nasal washings are also helpful in keeping the nose clean. The easiest way of doing this is to buy a nasal douche. All chemists sell them. If you haven't got a douche the liquid can always be sniffed up the nose from the palm of the hand. Sniff up gently. It is a mistake to use force either in spraying or sniffing. If the action is too violent there is a possibility of infecting the ears.

When you can feel the fluid passing down the back of the throat it shows that the nasal passages are clear. If you are already suffering from a nasal discharge it is best to use an oily fluid after the douche. Any chemist will sell you suitable oily drops and these should be introduced into the nose with a dropper—also to be bought from all chemists. Alternatively you can use an oily spray such as the following: Menthol, 5 grains; Eucalyptus oil, 3 minims; Liquid paraffin to 1 oz.

When a cold is clearing up many people suffer from little sores and scabs at the margin of the nostrils or just inside their openings. They tend to spread if irritated or neglected. Here is an ointment which is both soothing and healing: Camphor, 5 grains; Menthol, 5 grains; Vaseline, to ½ oz.

Before applying the ointment bathe the sore places with some warm boracic lotion and gently remove the scabs.

When blowing the nose, avoid violence, although there is a great temptation to blow vigorously in order to obtain a clearance of the passages. This merely forces the microbes back into the throat and possible into the ears. Blow one nostril at a time, stopping the other one by pressing on the outside. Then treat the other nostril in the same manner.

How often do you visit your dentist? I am afraid that many people go only when they are obliged to, as a result of which they have a painful time, and then do not go near him again till further obliged. And so it goes on. Whereas a six-monthly visit would probably be painless and save a lot of trouble as well as a lot of teeth.

Teeth and gums should be brushed at least twice a day. A smallish toothbrush enables you to get into the awkward places and entirely cover the surfaces of the teeth. It is very necessary to clean the spaces between the teeth where even the most efficient toothbrush cannot reach. For this you need a reel of dental floss. Pass the silk between the teeth and you will be surprised how much accumulation can be removed. This is particularly necessary when the teeth are overcrowded or too closely spaced. It also helps to prevent the formation of tartar.

An alkaline mouthwash last thing at night is good dental hygiene. If you use a tooth powder, a small proportion of salt mixed with it has a beneficial action on the gums. It acts as an astringent and hardens them.

A rubber brush is excellent for massaging the gums, for remember that healthy hard gums are just as important as white teeth. Massage them towards the teeth and not away from them. If your gums show signs of receding and leaving the necks of the teeth exposed, it is high time to see your dentist. This is the beginning of dental disease.

There is nothing like a fragrant bath for putting you in a good humour with yourself and other people. Make a rite of your bath, not a hasty toilet necessity. Don't be stingy with the bath salts, and if you have pennies to spare, buy some extra nice ones.

Have a bath brush, too—and one with good, stiff bristles. It will help to remove, not only dust, but the dead discarded cells of the skin and the fatty acid waste of the pores. Use it till your skin is glowing pink. Be sure to have plenty of soft, soapy lather from a good bath soap, and when you are finished be equally sure to rinse the skin free from soap.

When you step out from the bath rub yourself vigorously with a Turkish towel. Friction is an important part of bath routine. It hastens the shedding of the dead skin and if you suffer from gooseflesh on arms and legs, there is nothing like vigorous rubbing for charming it away. Take an eau de Cologne friction if you like it—it certainly gives you a glowing feeling and delightfully "clean" perfume. Finally, be generous with a good talcum powder. Do not choose one with a heavy scent, for the warmth of the body will soon turn it into a stuffy perfume. Let it be fine and delicate in texture and scent. Talcum is more than a luxury that makes it easy to slip on your clothes. It aids the evaporation of any drops of moisture left on the skin and it softens and lubricates the skin as well.

A la Mode (Glasgow).—Don't worry about your plump face. In a girl of 16 it is pleasant and it will thin down as you grow older. It would be most unwise to attempt to make it thinner. You can wear false eyelashes during the day, but they are rather obvious and more suitable for evening use.

• • •

IF I can help you, please do not hesitate to write, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for your reply. Please address your letter to ANNE, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Joyce Reeves, 94 Wyoming Road, North End, Portsmouth, Hants, for:—

When Knights Were Bold
I Give My Life
Modern Times
I Live My Life

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Miss M. M. Walker, 145 Edge Lane, Liverpool, 7, for:—

Half Way to Heaven
Satan Met a Lady
The Dark Angel
Outward Bound

Mrs. G. Moffitt, 26 Model Street, New Seaham, Co. Durham, for:—

King Solomon's Mines
Dynamite
The Cave-In
Forgotten Men

Miss L. Cater, 78 Heathfield Road, Webheath, Redditch, Worcs., for:—

Take My Tip
Beware of Ladies
The Devil is a Woman
Fair Warning

Miss E. Summerfield, 161 Fifth Avenue, Queen's Park, W.10, for:—

Private Secretary
More Than a Secretary
Easy Living
As Good as Married

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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Picturegoer

The Screen's M Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Have We been fair to NOVA PILBEAM?



ROSE STRADNER

One of Hollywood's latest Continental importations, who makes her screen debut in "The Last Gangster," with Edward G. Robinson. Miss Stradner hails from the Vienna stage, where she was a rival of Luise Rainer, now a stellar stable-mate at Culver City.

An open Letter to ROBERT DONAT

WE'LL BE SEEING YOU— WE Hope



Robert Donat with Marlene Dietrich in "Knight Without Armour."

DEAR ROBERT DONAT,

We are looking forward to seeing you on the screen next week in *Knight Without Armour*. A Robert Donat release, even one without Marlene Dietrich as a co-star, is becoming sufficiently a rarity to be an event.

It is a pity, both from the point of view of filmgoers and from that of the British film industry, which has not so many box-office stars that it can afford to allow its Donats to be idle.

For one so industrious in the early part of your career, when you were climbing, you have been singularly inactive lately.

You have told us how when you were nineteen you set off from your native Manchester to London with £5 in your pocket, a lot of ambition to make good as an actor and very little else.

You were down to your last two shillings when you managed to get a job with Sir Frank Benson. With him you rose from the position of assistant manager to playing leading parts.

Then followed a few seasons of hard trouping at the Liverpool Repertory theatre and touring the provinces with modern stock companies.

After that came your first London stage success in *Knave and Queen* and your first British films, *Men Of To-morrow*, *That Night In London*, and *Cash*, none of which, created any great sensation.

The turning point of your film career, you will admit, came with the role of Culpeper in *The Private Life of Henry VIII*, which made not only Britain, but America, Donat conscious. The result was that Hollywood signed you for *The Count of Monte Cristo*.

If you had any serious hesitation about taking the role, it was not apparent at the time. You left for America without any of the ballyhoo usually associated with the departure of a British screen player for Hollywood and quietly settled yourself into the scheme of things in the film capital.

We remember meeting you when you slipped quietly back to London at the end of production and resumed your work on the stage. A few weeks later *The Count of Monte Cristo* was shown to the public and your performance created a sensation. People went because of the story and came back raving about the new film hero "find." You had the world at your feet. Half the producers in Hollywood were clamouring for your services.

We were delighted at the time when you made it quite clear that you intended to turn a deaf ear to the Californian offers and concentrate on a screen career in Britain. Here at last, we felt, we had a world star who would help to put British films on the international movie map.

That was at the end of 1934. Since then you have appeared in *The Thirty-nine Steps*, *The Ghost Goes West* and the current *Knight Without Armour*.

Three films in three years is a pretty poor output for a star we had come to regard almost as a saviour of the British screen.

We appreciate that ill health has been largely responsible for your absence from the studios during the latter part of this period. We sympathise with you. We know that you have suffered a great deal uncomplainingly and we hope that your cheery optimism and determination to shake off the complaint will soon be rewarded.

Nevertheless, rightly or wrongly (and in view of some of your published utterances on the subject and your masterly inactivity in the last few years, we are inclined to think rightly) you have acquired a reputation for being "difficult" about the choice of roles.

We believe that you are quite sincere in refusing parts that do not appeal to you, but we cannot help feeling that in the last few years you would have done yourself and the screen greater service had you spent less time plumbing your artistic soul to test the suitability of parts and more on the studio floor.

It is bad for any star to be away from the cameras too long. In the case of Donat, one of our screen's greatest personal assets, it is almost a national calamity.

The Editor

● *All the Gossip*

THEY WHO GET SLAPPED

- Hit the Heroine Fashion
- That New Garbo Romance
- Stokowski Makes a Statement
- Mae West in Hot Water
- When Tracy Kissed Crawford



THE crazy comedy cycle has brought back one good old-fashioned custom that has long been frowned on by the Hays office.

There is more physical violence to heroines just now than at any time since the days when cave-men heroes were the fashion and all James Cagney's leading ladies had to take their meals off the mantelpiece during production.

The usually gallant Fredric March, I understand, kicks Carole Lombard expertly in the pants in *Nothing Sacred*, but Carole is fairly used to that sort of screen treatment by now.

In *Angel*, Ernst Lubitsch had Marlene Dietrich expressing a desire for a husband who would beat her.

In *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* he goes a bit further. One of the highlights will be a scene in which Gary Cooper administers a spanking to Claudette Colbert.

Perhaps Mr. Lubitsch is just getting his own back. He once directed Claudette in *The Smiling Lieutenant*. The script called for an undressing scene. Claudette refused to do it. The director begged, cajoled and threatened without avail. Finally he brought up reserves from the front office. After hours of fierce battle they retired defeated, leaving Colbert weary but still fully clothed, master of the field.

If, as seems likely, the maestro saw the generous exhibition of the Colbert chassis in the subsequent de Mille epics, a few hard feelings might be understandable.

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife sounds as if it ought to be good fun.

Gary Cooper is a multi-millionaire who has had seven wives and has settled £10,000 annually on each of them. He wants Claudette to be the eighth.

Lubitsch, incidentally, has some interesting views on crazy comedy. "It is," he says, "simply an informal approach, a different angle on the boy meets girl handling. It's 'Hi ya, Kid,' instead of 'I'm very pleased to meet you.'

"But," he adds, "it must be kept human and believable. Any sort of antics may be indulged in, but they must ring true.

"I suppose this particular style has caught both audiences and producers because it makes the story move—it makes for action. Little time is left for dialogue, and what there is must be short, pertinent and amusing."

Garbo and I—by Stokowski

● Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor, has, I see, come out with a frank denial of that Garbo romance story.

"All this ballyhoo," he declares, "had for its foundation two meetings.

"The first occurred when Miss Garbo and I met at the home of a mutual friend and talked about art and music.

"I was greatly complimented when I heard that Miss Garbo wished to see the preview of 100 *Men and a Girl*, in which I appeared.

"I arranged it so that we could sit together in the balcony of the theatre, without attracting too much attention.

"From this arose a swarm of rumours, which still continue. It is very flattering to me, but I regret that such a rumour should cause Miss Garbo embarrassment, if it has."



" There's a dark man coming into your life," says fortune-teller Mischa Auer to Alice Brady—a little good, clean fun between scenes at Universal City.

Storm Over Mae West

● Mae West has got herself into hot water as a result of a decidedly unscriptural portrayal of Eve in a broadcast the other night.

Instead of the serpent tempting Eve, Mae had Eve tempting the serpent. She also changed the Forbidden Fruit to the "apple sauce on which woman has fed man throughout the ages."

The broadcast has brought a storm of wrath about the star's carefully coiffured head that is not likely to be helpful to her "come-back" in films in *Every Day's a Holiday*.

The clergy and the powerful American women's clubs are furious, while the big Catholic League of Decency is threatening action.

Some idea of the feeling aroused is expressed in the Manhattan College magazine, which, denouncing her as "the very personification of sex in its lowest connotation," adds, "we cannot see why Mae West and others of her ilk should be permitted to pollute the sacred precincts of homes with shady stories, foul obscenity, smutty suggestions and horrible blasphemy."

War on Radio Gossip

● In the meanwhile the film colony is engaged in its biggest war to date against the radio "commentators" who dispense gossip about the private lives of the stars over the air waves.

Many of the stories broadcast, the film players complain, are inaccurate. What annoys them even more is that a lot of them are unpleasantly true.

The Hays office has been called in and has imposed on the radio speakers the same restrictions under which the Press operates in Hollywood. That is to say they will be barred from the studios if they are considered to be guilty of broadcasting "unsuitable" material.

As is the case with the writers, they will be



A striking scene from "The Big Broadcast of 1938," which stars the inimitable W. C. Fields.

given "credential cards" which are subject to revocation if their comments are unfavourable to the industry.

"Great Lover" Tracy

● Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy had a lot of fun out of their first love scene the other day. They are teamed for the first time in *Mannequin*.

"After this I'll know where to rate you among my romantic leading men," Joan joked as they went into the well-known clinch.

Proceedings were well under weigh when the cameraman ran out of film.

"A minute and eleven seconds," reported an assistant director, who had been timing the kiss with a stop watch.

"It couldn't have been that long," Joan declared flatly.

"Well?" Tracy asked.

"Fair, just fair," said Joan, as she straightened her hair nonchalantly.

Tracy appealed to Director Frank Borzage.

"You were swell, Spence," said the director.

Borzage turned to Joan.

"But," he added, "for a star who has been kissed by the Gables, the Taylors and the Tones, I'm amazed that you would forget a simple piece of business in a love scene."

"Forget, what did I forget?" Joan questioned.

"You were supposed to slap Spence after that kiss," Borzage smiled, indicating the script.

Joan shook hands with Tracy, gravely.

"If anyone ever questions your romantic appeal," she said, "tell them to see Joan Crawford."

◆ ◆ ◆

● It is practically certain that Joan will leave films for a fling at the stage this year.

Joan's contract expires in July and hubby Franchot Tone's is up three months later.

"This leaves us free," she says, "to do the thing we have hoped and plotted for three years."

"The thing," of course, is a stage play. In the last year or so she has read hundreds, but she hasn't yet found a suitable vehicle for her Broadway bow.

Sweetness and Light Dept.

● The Paramount studio is a veritable shrine of sweetness and light these days. Adolph Zukor, brushing away a sentimental tear or two, signed up former Boy Wonder Jackie Coogan so that he could be with his bride, Betty Grable, in *College Swing*.

And the Battling Barrymores have been handed a three-year contract.

John, not to be outdone, contributes his little piece.

"You'll soon understand why they signed Elaine," he says. "It will be obvious to everybody. She is a person of talent and charm. As for myself, it is a homecoming. Adolph Zukor gave me my start in pictures."

Says Elaine: "I don't want to sound sweet, but I'm happy first because I can be with John in pictures, and second because opportunity to act is an achievement I've long sought. He's the greatest actor in the world. I thought I was his most enthusiastic fan before I knew him. Now, as his wife, I'm a greater fan than ever."

Pretty handsome all round, in fact.

◆ ◆ ◆

● Barrymore is staging a real "come-back" as a comedian. I was delighted to see him put up such an excellent show in Carole Lombard's *True Confession*. The film, by the way, provides a striking example of the transient nature of Hollywood fame. Four years ago they appeared together in *Twentieth Century*. John Barrymore was the star then and Carole Lombard the supporting featured player.

It was, incidentally, as a comedian that he came into films—as he puts it himself "I just fell around on my face to get laughs in my first pictures."

One day to amuse himself, he was "making faces" in a mirror. Adolph Zukor happened to see him—and got the inspiration to feature him in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. That started him on his career as a dramatic actor.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

LADY GODIVA COMES TO TOWN

SEVERAL years ago Hollywood heard of a modern "Lady Godiva." She was a casting director who had imbibed, not wisely, but too well, and was observed by shocked police driving her car down a principal boulevard *sans* clothing. The policemen bundled her into a blanket and took her to gaol, where she paid a fine.

The latest Lady Godiva invaded downtown Los Angeles the other day, sweeping down Broadway from First to Eleventh Streets on a white charger, and carrying a banner with the words "Nothing Sacred." The young woman was advertising the film of that name which stars Freddie March and Carole Lombard.

It was the 900th anniversary of the original Lady Godiva's clothesless ride through the streets of Coventry. Dorothy Fargo, who impersonated the famous Saxon lady, wore a movie costume consisting of a brief bathing suit and a flowing yellow wig of cellophane.

The latest Godiva had a different experience from the original. Instead of one "Peeping Tom" there were thousands.

Figuratively speaking, she was a great success!

Another Extortioner

● The list of foolish people who write threatening letters to stars, demanding money under pain of bodily harm, appears to be endless.

Marion Davies is the latest to receive such a missive, demanding 1,000 dollars. She was told to wear dark glasses when she brought the money to a spot in front of a Main Street theatre. Instead a policewoman arrived at the place, and with the aid of male members of the force, captured the extortioner. He turned out to be a youth from the Middle West, who said he was penniless and thought he could get some "easy" money.

Ritzy Servants

● A whole staff of household employees—butler, cook, personal maid, nurse and chauffeur—walked out on the Dick Powell-Joan Blondell menage over the week-end because the couple "don't live like the stars should."

The servants explained that the stars were home too much, did not entertain enough, and that it was just like working for ordinary folk, which was not what they came to Hollywood for.

Dick has engaged a Chinese staff. He says that "the old gang" gave him an inferiority complex, because they were so highly critical.

A 25,000-dollar Bite

● Mrs. Josephine Dillon Gable, first wife of Clark Gable, has been sued for 25,700 dollars by Elaine Brooks, dancer.

Miss Brooks claims that while taking a drama lesson from Mrs. Gable, who is a noted coach for the movies, she was bitten in the lower and upper lips by Mrs. Gable's Scotty dog.

Lover of Children

● Those who remember Clara Bow, in the days when she was famous as the "It" girl, were surprised when she married Rex Bell and settled down to a happy married life. But

(*Continued on page* 6)



Andrew A. Trimble looks so much like the late Will Rogers that Universal signed him to portray a statue of the beloved humorist which comes to life in the Alice Faye film, "You're a Sweetheart." Mr. Trimble is a Cleveland business man.

All the Gossip—*continued*

Clara has made a better wife than many of the feminine stars.

The Rex Bells have one child and expect another, and are also contemplating adopting a three-year-old boy.

To make matters happier from the prosperity side, Clara's "It" Cafe on Vine Street is doing very well. British visitors will remember the location, as it is in the Plaza Hotel, across the street from the Brown Derby.

Troubles of a Star

● The old saying, "It never rains but it pours," is exemplified in the case of Wally Ford who, until recently, lived a few blocks from my home.

Shortly after completing a film at Grand National, Wally fell ill with gallstone trouble, suffered three broken ribs in a film fight in his second picture, saw his garage burn to the ground with a trunk full of sentimental treasures, purchased during his stay in England, and was informed that his leased home had been sold from under him.

Mailing His Voice

● Alice Faye is in New York, while her husband, Tony Martin, clever young actor, is in Hollywood, but every day she receives a special delivery airmail package from Hollywood. It contains gramophone records of numbers for a musical film in which he is appearing, all sung by Tony for his wife's critical ear.

The records are sent to Alice for her criticism, which he receives by telephone immediately after she plays the record.

Sea-sick Remedy

● Joan Blondell has never been able to overcome a tendency toward sea-sickness, and, as she and Dick Powell own a yacht, it is rather awkward.

To obviate the trouble, Dick has installed a moving berth on his craft, controlled by weights and swivel bearings, which is said to keep the bunk steady even whilst the yacht is tossing through heavy seas.

The device has not been tried out as yet.

A Fair Exchange

● Shirley Temple received a request from Joan Crawford for an autographed picture. The little star signed a picture, and wrote a note asking Joan for her photograph.

The grown-up star waited until she had completed a new portrait sitting, then selected her favourite, which she inscribed :

"To Shirley Temple from her devoted fan. Love, Joan Crawford."

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

THE PULSE IS FLUTTERING

WELL, boys and girls, it's no use expecting me to tell you that now we're nicely into the New Year the studios are beginning to buzz with activity again. Nary a buzz have I heard—unless you count an unmistakable buzz which came from beyond the door of the Publicity Department in a studio which I forbear to name, and which indicated pleasantly that the publicity manager was finding the present slack times very much to his somewhat somnolent tastes.

Still, here and there, like bubbles in an ocean, there are signs of activity still.

The new Tom Walls picture for Gainsborough, for example, is still going strong at Pinewood—rather a long way from Islington, perhaps, which is the spiritual home of Gainsborough pictures, but with Messrs. Gold, Knox, Allen, Naughton, Nervo and Flanagan going completely crackers all over the set and in the dressing-rooms and anywhere else in the Islington studios where it's possible to plant or crack a jest, it's as well to have the Walls unit safely out of the way.

New Title

● By the way, they've re-christened this Pinewood film; it started life with the title of the Oppenheim book from which it derives, *The Strange Boarders of Palace Crescent*, and has now become *Strange Boarders*—which, I may mention, it has been in the studio from the beginning, for they haven't time to spare for long titles.

Googie Withers has been having a pretty strenuous time in this film; in her very first day's work she was submitted to the indignity of being bound and gagged with her own stockings and carried up and down stairs and in and out of taxis by Tom Walls, while his screen wife, Renée Saint-Cyr, trotted along firing abuse at her in French.

The studio seems to have made up its collective mind about the pronunciation of Saint-Cyr. They're calling her "Miss Sincere." I hope she appreciates the compliment, but I doubt it.

In this film there is an incident in which secret aeroplane plans are photographically copied in a room which has only one door, is completely detached from any other building, and is used by only two trustworthy draughtsmen.

Millions of Pills

● The puzzle is "Where is the camera?" and the art director, Walter Murton, is so sure that it is well and truly hidden that he bet the unit they wouldn't discover it; and so far no one has.

And talking about powers of observation, you've probably been into a chemist's shop often enough. Supposing you were going to put up a reproduction of one for a film, how many bottles would you want?

The property men at Pinewood thought they had a pretty good idea, but they found when they came to build such a shop for *Strange Boarders* they had hopelessly underestimated.

To give it even the most superficial resemblance they found they needed three hundred and forty bottles, eighty-five cakes of soap, a dozen hot-water bottles, and (as a set-dresser remarked to me feelingly) "millions of pills."

Shopping-List

● There can be hardly anything that the property-buyers for the large studios don't have to deal in sooner or later.

For instance, not long ago at Denham I ran into Mr. Isaacs of Birmingham, looking very worried.

Knowing that Mr. Isaacs was acting as property-buyer for the *Yank at Oxford* unit, I thought he would probably have plenty to worry about and, strictly speaking, it was none of my business; but long years in your service have made me naturally inquisitive, and quoth I: "Why the furrowed brow, Mr. Isaacs, and whence the haggard cheek?"

Without commenting on my cheek, haggard or otherwise, he silently handed me a slip of paper he was carrying; his shopping list.

Believe me or not, it read :

	£	s.	d.
1 set of darts		1	3
6 skeins of wool		2	9
Oxford telephone directory			6
100 pens		8	4
6 cwt. soap flakes at per cwt. ...	1	19	0
1 racing eight	2	0	0

All Sorts

● The darts and pens were respectively for scenes in a pub and an examination room, the wool was for Bob Taylor to "break the tape" in a relay race, the directory for Maureen O'Sullivan to use when 'phoning Bob, the soap-flakes for studio snow, and the racing eight (an old and decrepit one, of course) to be burned for a tradition Oxford "burning the boat" scene.

But Bill Isaacs looks worried on principle; such simple requirements would not in themselves have disturbed his equanimity. Why, he has had to find a wooden leg late at night, to discover suitable stable for camels in the vicinity of Shepherds Bush, unearth instruments for an Indian band, and round-up goats in a country pasture at 6 a.m. so that they could be on the set and smelling by 9 o'clock.

German food, old-fashioned corsets, concrete-mixers, opium pipes, road-drills, whaling-harpoons, railway signals—he takes them all in his stride; he has even been in Limehouse at

NEXT WEEK

When the Stars Drop Their Masks

ON one night a week the stars unconsciously strip themselves of their glamour and appear as they really are. That is when they attend the Hollywood "fights" and "let themselves go" without restraint.

In next week's "Picturegoer" Richard Naestier, in one of the most revealing behind-the-scenes-in-Hollywood stories ever published, takes you, with the stars, to a typical fight night in the film colony.

Don't miss your "Picturegoer" next week. Make sure of your copy by ordering early.

midnight, trying to procure Chinese gaming sets for a Chinese village scene.

Such men are dauntless.

Empty Chair

● About the same amount of responsibility falls upon the people who have to conduct the research which results (sometimes) in historical and other details being exactly right; and they have to exercise an equal amount of resourcefulness.

The trouble is, sometimes, that they get things so exactly right that the public screams out that they are wrong.

For instance, in the murder trial scene in the Old Bailey, for the Jack Buchanan-cum-Maurice Chevalier film *Break the News*, you will see in the middle of the Bench an empty chair, over which hangs the sword of the City of London.

You may assume from this that the chief judge has discourteously absented himself from the proceedings, but not so.

When the research department was preparing this production it was discovered that in 1327, by Special Ordnance, Edward III admitted the right of the Lord Mayor of London to call himself First Commissioner of the City of London, and this entitled the Lord Mayor to preside at every criminal trial held in the city.

Responsibility

● However, it's very seldom nowadays that Lord Mayors do so, since it is held that the responsibility of presiding at a murder trial is too great for anyone not specially trained for the job; so the Lord Mayor is represented by an empty chair, and the judge (in this case played by D. J. Williams) sits to the right of it.

There you are—now you're wiser than when you got up this morning. Even Aristotle couldn't be more than that.

Isn't it pathetic, said he, changing the subject rather violently, how some promising young British players leap into the limelight, only to subside with a slight fizzle a few weeks later?

I was thinking at the moment of Dorothy Oldfield, whose name you may remember, if perhaps a little vaguely.

Let me recall the facts to your mind.

Dorothy is a pretty brunette who, like King John, was born in Selby, Yorks, and had her first job as junior probationer at Sheffield Royal Hospital.

After nearly two strenuous years of polishing brass and sweeping floors she was promoted to the position of receptionist at the London Clinic. This brought her into contact with the patients, one of whom was Douglas Fairbanks, jun. In fact, she used to read the newspapers to him.

Missed the 'Bus

● One day he said, "Ever thought of going on the films?" (May he be forgiven!)

Anyway, her next free day (she had one a month) was spent in travelling down to the Worton Hall studios and being given a test, which was successful.

And did Criterion put her on long contract? I certainly thought they had, and so did a great many other people; but it appears we were all mistaken. All they did was to give her voice instruction with Kate Rorke, a celebrated teacher, and provide her with "bits" to play in three films—*Accused*, *Crime Over London* and *Jump for Glory*.

I saw her in this last, but only because I was looking carefully for her.

Stand-In

● And then what? Well, Doug., jun., went cold on British production, and sailed away to be Rupert of Hentzau *et al.*; but before he went he gave Dorothy a note to a London agent, who found her a small part in the stage play *The Squeaker*, and also in a film, *Mr. Smith Carries On*. (Perhaps as one of the girls Mr. Smith carries on with, but I won't take my oath on that.)

And just a few weeks ago I thought I recognised Maureen O'Sullivan's stand-in in *A Yank at Oxford*, and lo! it was Dorothy Oldfield.



Linden Travers, the young English "lovely," as she appears in "Brief Ecstasy."

So you see, Millicent, and you too, Muriel, if a tall, dark gentleman with a slight moustache asks you if you want to go on the films, purse your lips and shake your head, and you may finish up as a hospital matron.

Hollywood, Return

● Funny business, this film business.

On the *Over the Moon* set I came upon Louis Borell, the young Dutch actor whom I had last met when he was one of Jessie Matthews's two leading men in *Head Over Heels* at Shepherd's Bush.

"How come?" I asked him. "I heard you'd gone to Hollywood, and now I find you working here. What thing?"

"I did go," he replied in his excellent English, "and on contract to a major company; but when I arrived there I found that they had no plans for me at all. Apparently all they wanted to do was to ensure that no other company should have me. I was to stand-by until a part cropped up which might be suitable for me."

Factotum

● In a play once he took nine roles, from a page-boy to an old man of ninety. On another occasion, while playing up-country in Borneo, he found there was no stage-hand in the ramshackle theatre and he was reduced to raising and lowering the curtain and taking his bow at the same time.

This *Over the Moon* is going to be interesting.

For one thing it attempts some new effects for a Technicolor picture; for instance, in a scene representing the Paris flat of Lord Pettcliffe, played by Peter Haddon, the curtains, carpets, and fittings are all white, and the only colours provided are in the costumes of the players.

For another thing it gives Merle Oberon a welcome opportunity to play comedy as "Jane Benson," the little Yorkshire girl who has inherited an enormous fortune and has blossomed out into a society figure.

Also, keep your eye skinned for Ursula Jeans. She hasn't as a rule had parts on the screen which were in keeping with her undoubted capabilities; her most important so far, I should say, was in the Hollywood-made *Cavalcade*.

But in *Over the Moon*, as the gold-digging Millie Parsmill, I have a feeling she's got the best screen role of her career to date—and she's making a lovely job of it.

Oh, definitely watch Ursula. Frightfully definitely, as Lord Pettcliffe might say.



"She's his lady love. . . ." Nora Swinburne, who has the title role, and Richard Ainley (son of Henry Ainley) in a scene from "Lily of Laguna."

LITTLE NOVA, What Now?

We are continually being asked, "What is happening to Nova Pilbeam?" The position at the moment is outlined clearly in this article

by MAX BREEN

PITY the poor unemployed!

Those whose business it is to study the problem of the nation's workless report that it is not the privation and poverty that kills; hard as these are to bear, a worse ill is the enforced idleness, the sense that one is getting nowhere, is of no use to anyone. . . .

And that feeling, let me point out, can be just as devastating if your dole is a few shillings a week or a few thousands a year.

You may find that hard to swallow, but it happens to be true. You have only to glance at our constitutionally unemployable young society people "enjoying" themselves to realise how miserable they are.

And if you happen to be ambitious and keen on your job, it's worse than ever to have to stand by, idle, watching others working.

That's what is happening to far too many of our younger players; but after all, there is a film slump, and a very serious one, and every slump claims its victims.

But these are chiefly the youngsters who are struggling for recognition. What about a girl who has achieved success, established herself as one of our leading younger players, and *still* finds herself on the dole?—a princely dole, it's true, but none the less an "unearned increment."

Yes, of course, I'm talking about Nova Pilbeam. This office naturally takes a fatherly interest in Nova, since she is our Gold Medallist for 1936-37.

Let's consider her case from that standpoint. Is she likely to win the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal Award for 1937-38?



A charming study of the young star at nightfall.



(Left) Naturalness is one of Nova's chief assets.



Here is a striking new portrait of Britain's youngest star.

That would be a fine achievement—to win it two years running; it hasn't been done.

But the award is won on performance. The last was for her work as "Lady Jane Grey" in *Tudor Rose*—a notable performance of great beauty and grace and childish dignity and the bitterness that goes beyond tears.

On what performance can we judge her this year?

On the Hitchcock picture *Young and Innocent*? I've seen it. I'll come back to that presently.

There's certainly nothing else to rate her on this time; it's the only work of any sort she's done since *Tudor Rose*—and although we've only just seen *Young and Innocent* privately, we must bear in mind that it was completed, as far as she was concerned, last summer.

So many PICTUREGOER readers have been puzzled and worried by the long absences of our youngest star from the screen that it is worth while to try to determine *why* we have seen so little of her.

Don't, please, imagine for one moment that Nova is lazy; she's a most energetic little person, bubbling over with health and spirits, ambitious, keen as mustard on her job.

She is not at all the kind of person to imagine that, because she has done several jobs very well indeed, she has no more to learn. Quite the contrary.

Yet there are these enormous aching voids between her pictures; how can we account for that?

Well, of course, it all comes back to the sudden decision of Gaumont-British last year to cut down their production-schedule to the irreducible minimum, making only those films they had already planned and those for which they had artistes actually on long contract.

You may suggest—plenty of readers *have* suggested—that Nova might with advantage have been "farmed out" to some other company, with both profit to Gaumont-British and pleasure to her fans.

It's done often enough, and there's no manner of doubt a suitable part could have been found for her—perhaps in one of Gainsborough's pictures. not to go too far from home; but perhaps Messrs.Gaumont-British were too concerned with the intricacies and anxieties of international finance to find time to worry about the welfare of an idle little star who would have been much better working.

The unfortunate thing is that her contract (which is of the usual type given to a young player) also controls her stage work; even supposing it were against her best interests (which on the face of it, seems unlikely) to appear in any other than a Gaumont - British picture, surely she could have been seen in a stage play?

Yet Gaumont-British, for reasons doubtless quite satisfactory to themselves, keep her standing idle—and, assuming her contract to be the standard one with annual options, they can continue to do so until she is twenty-one.

I hope they won't, for several reasons.

One is that we need Nova on the screen. She represents a type that has been painfully absent from our studios—the fresh young girl. We receive shoals of letters from readers who demand to see normal girls in their 'teens, not Hollywood cuties masquerading as such.

Another is that her fans are demanding to see her. Nova has supplied British films with an unusual and attractive personality, and you can't just dangle that in front of the Public and then snatch it away without making the Public snap its great and formidable jaws.

I am continually amazed by the loyalty of picturegoers to their favourites; but loyalty is a quality that is all the better for being fed.

Thank goodness it's no part of PICTUREGOER'S business to tell Gaumont-British or any other company how to run *its* business. But PICTUREGOER is dependent for its life on a healthy film industry, and just at present that patient is in a weak state and would be all the better for a little judicious blistering.

Let's see how Nova's career has been handled by her sponsors, up to now.

Having played on the stage in a number of productions including *Toad of Toad Hall* and *Gallows Glorious*, and having also been heard in the B.B.C. Children's Hour and from Continental stations, Nova was chosen by Berthold Viertel to play the very difficult and responsible child-role in *Little Friend*.

This was released in 1934, when Nova was still under 16; and in the following year she played a small but quite important part in Hitchcock's melodrama *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, with Leslie Banks.

In late autumn of the following year, 1935, she played in *Tudor Rose*; and with *Young and Innocent*, that sums up absolutely the whole of her screen career. As far as the screen is concerned, 1936 was a totally blank year for her.

Now a word about her most recent film.

This is not the place for a criticism of the picture as such. That will be attended to, in due course, by my colleague Lionel Collier; but certain aspects of it are germane to this present discussion.

Gaumont-British found themselves faced with a problem—the problem of a child growing up.

Two years ago Nova, you may remember, was to have done a film called *Lady Noggs Assists*, based on a famous magazine character created by Edgar Jepson. Perhaps while they were having a script-conference she grew too old; anyway, it was abandoned.

Tudor Rose marked her definite and irrevocable emergence from the "child actress" stage; but G.-B. in its wisdom decided that she was not altogether ready to be a grown-up star, so they gave her a love-story but no love-scenes—although, as Nova once remarked to me, "In the stage play *The Lady of La Paz*, which Gaumont-British chose for me in 1936, I was married twice and had a baby!"

Now, there may or may not be a transitional stage from girlhood to womanhood, as there undeniably is between boyhood and manhood. There are two schools of thought on the subject, one declaring for an intermediate stage, the other holding that a girl goes *click* into womanhood—just like that.

But if there *is* such a stage, then it deserves a careful psychological study, as the child-mind received in *Little Friend*. The part in *Young and Innocent* could have been played by any attractive and young-looking girl, provided she was also a good actress.

In other words, there seems no reason why the heroine should have been in any transitional stage. Indeed, it would have given warmth to the whole affair if the character had been a little less reserved, a little more mature. We feel at the final fade-out that a love-story is coming along, but we are not to see it.

All this may seem beside the point, but if you consider the matter you will realise that it has a direct bearing on Nova's future. This part is apparently the only one in which her fans are to see her during 1938. Will it bear out the earlier impression?

Personally, I think it will; she acts with charm, skill and a lovely sense of character, and makes the absolute most of her very limited opportunities for comedy; and the lambent light of girlhood still plays upon her face.

Comedy! There's a point. A person so alive with humour as Nova is would be an asset to our somewhat thin ranks of straight-comedy players, as distinct from slapstick comedians.

She cannot complain of the variety of roles she has had; but if she has not been "typed" for character, she has at least been "typed" for misery. It would be a pleasant change to see her in a role in which she did not have to die, or be kidnapped, or believe her boy-friend to be a murderer . . . just for once.

Naturally she must be grateful to Gaumont-British for making her a star in the first place—but she might also be forgiven for feeling a little stuck now.

Gaumont-British have undeniably missed the bus with her as a child star; it would be a thousand pities if they failed to make full use of her talents as a young-girl star as well.

It must have been a bitter pill for the Pilbeam when she missed the chance of playing Peter Pan this season.

She played it in the 1935-36 season, and adored it; then last season it was offered to her again, but Gaumont-British thought she might be filming and wouldn't let her; and this season the same thing happened again.

So, meanwhile, what *does* she do? Well, she reads, rides, plays the piano, goes to the theatre and the pictures—but where's the satisfaction in that to a girl who wants to be acting?

"I want to act!"

How many times have I heard that cry from the heart—but usually from girls who will never have the chance to act and couldn't if they had.

Nova can, if she gets the chance; which is an interesting and unusual variation on the well-known theme that being a film-star is not all jam



" Now where did that horse go ? " But Nova can stick on all right.



(Left) " They gave her a love-story, but no love-scenes." However, here she comes pretty near it with Derrick de Marney.

YOU'LL KNOW



Barbara Weeks and Richard Cromwell on the mountain side overlooking Hollywood with the cinema city spread out in lovely panorama.

better when you have read this illuminating article by the well-known film critic who studied the film capital from the inside and found that beneath the glamour the film players are very real and human people.

by Richard HAESTIER

"WHAT do you think of Hollywood?"

Mr. Frank Lloyd, the famous director of *Cavalcade*, *Mutiny on the Bounty* and many similar films, first asked me the question after I had been in the film city a few days. We were lunching *tête-à-tête* near the Paramount studios in a cubicled restaurant where Garbo once caused a sensation by appearing in public to eat.

Hollywood, I had discovered even so soon, is not a place wherein one can always say what one thinks, but Frank Lloyd is such a charming man that he invites confidences, and has something about him that demands honesty. So I told him frankly.

"I think Hollywood is extremely interesting. So interesting that it becomes a great experience to visit the place. But I find it unbelievably cynical, superficial and synthetic."

Frank Lloyd smiled gently.

"We must lunch again," he said cryptically.

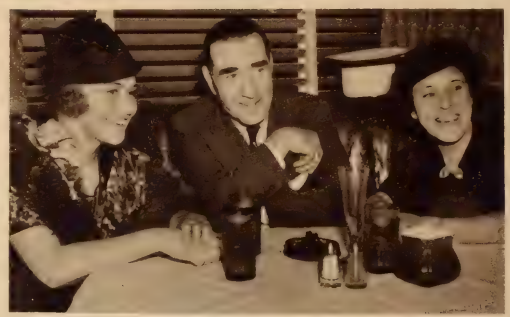
"Why do you make that retort?" I asked.

"Because you must not leave Hollywood with that impression," he said. "It would be unfair. When you have been here longer, we shall meet again, and, if you still have the same impression I must correct it—for your own sake, as well as for ours."

It was nice of him to put it that way. So many people there, horribly frank as they can be, would have replied, "Oh, do you? Well, who asked you to come, and, to hell with you, anyway!"

In which case I should have apologised for the sake of politeness and remained convinced in my first impression. But Frank Lloyd is nothing if not a psychologist. So he talked, not **at** me, but to me in a friendly way.

"You see," he explained, "everyone here is more or less in the same business and the competition is extremely keen—not only business competition as between producing companies, but personal competition. So a superficial hardness is developed, automatically and unconsciously. People have to appear smart, sophisticated. Also, by the very nature of the film business, they are always in the glare of publicity. Everyone knows what everyone else does. Everyone knows practically what everyone else earns. Private life, such as you understand it at home (Lloyd is a Scot) does not exist.



Frank Lloyd, the noted director, with his daughter, Alma, at dinner at the Brown Derby restaurant. He acted as mentor to Richard Haestier.

"But, you can take it from me, the people in Hollywood are just the same as people anywhere else, under the skin. Put them in a cinema in the dark where their emotions cannot be seen, show them a dramatic or sentimental film, and they will cry their eyes out just as copiously and with as much feeling as your suburban cinema audience in England.

"They are real people; in many ways, grand people. And, above all, they are clever. For, remember, with a few unimportant exceptions, each actor, actress, director, producer, cameraman, or whatever you will is the best money could buy from the point of view of brain-power. There's lots of money in Hollywood and it's spent—but, more often then you might expect, spent in the right direction."

"But," I declared, not yet converted, "there is so much show and there are only two topics of conversation—films and sex."

Frank Lloyd smiled a charming smile.

"Enthusiasm," he said.

"People here," he added, "have to eat, sleep and drink films. It is their life. And, so far as sex is concerned, the open talk of it is part of the veneer of super-sophistication that the majority acquire almost without knowing it. But, taking the circumstances into consideration, immorality here is no worse than it is anywhere else."

I pondered for a moment and Frank Lloyd was speaking again.

"Don't go away with the wrong impression," he said. "Make inquiries for yourself and get under the skin of some of the people you meet. You'll find them warm-hearted, generous, kindly and clever."

I had five weeks or so in which to take his advice. I took it and I found, in the majority of cases which I was able to test, Frank Lloyd's summary of Hollywood was correct.

I met famous film stars of both sexes, famous directors, famous producers, famous writers, famous cameramen and technicians, and all their less famous if not lowly counterparts.

Unbelievable generosity marked all of them, not only in material things, such as entertaining, but in the more important things appertaining to human relations.

It is a little pathetic how everyone seems anxious to please and to make a good impression. This, I suppose, is understandable, because if you are "in" with people you are on the road to success; if you are "out" you are "out" with a vengeance and a frightening finality. That is part of the unalterable structure of the industry; just one of those constitutional things about it.

This being so, many people say what they think is expected of them. But, with a little leading, they soon drop the pose and become more sincere.

For instance, you can hardly mention any well-known name casually without the Hollywoodite remarking: "Of course, you know she's living with so-and-so." Or, "You know he's after so-and-so. Like 'that' about her. And his wife is with so-and-so."

If you smack your lips and say, "Is that so?" with any sort of anxious interest, then the conversation is carried on in the same tone.

But if you say, "Well, it's probably gossip. This place is full of it," the answer will come, "Guess you're right. Amazing how things get round here. Ninety per cent. of it isn't true." Then the person whose name has been mentioned will be discussed in a kindly way and all sorts of nice, true, even generous things they have done will be explained to you.

If one listened to the gossips and believed all one heard any decent person would soon feel sick in the stomach. But that is because almost everyone there talks in the same way and to

HOLLYWOOD—

them it is nothing more than idle chatter, indulged in because it is popular.

The papers give the lead. There are practically no laws of libel in America and those that exist are flouted in Hollywood because it is good business to let many things go unheeded. The most audaciously intimate items about well-known personages are printed with glee and read with fun. The only consolation is that everyone comes in for it sooner or later. And, after all, one of the important things in the film industry is to keep in the news.

So far as sex is concerned, once you have become accustomed to the freedom with which it is discussed there is little more to it. A director in a restaurant once, within my hearing, told a young star she should live with her leading man if she wanted to understand him on the set and make a good job of the picture in which she was appearing.

"Should I really?" she asked, without any offence.

"Sure!" declared the director, and the girl smiled and left it at that. There was no awkwardness about the discussion on anybody's part. Even I had been in Hollywood long enough to take no notice of it.

I should have resented such a remark being made in my presence anywhere else but in Hollywood, but I had learned that sex there, conversationally, is very largely matter-of-fact, and, for that reason, strangely healthy.

The essential difference between Hollywood and any place in England in this matter is that over there no one ever whispers about sex. It is a natural thing and is treated as such.

In fact, the subject is as normal as having breakfast, buying a new suit or paying the rent. It is treated as naturally, and even if its open admission to conversation shocks a little at first, at least there is no false modesty. Which in itself is refreshing.

A director who told me he liked England because everyone was so open and genuine, asked me the first time we met, "Has your sex-life been arranged for, or is there anything I can do?"

And he said it as if he were asking if I had a comfortable hotel.

Even so, Hollywood is no modern Babylon. It may have the reputation among people who have never been there, but the conception is ill-founded.

Incidentally, I attended many parties, but I neither saw nor heard of any of the orgies that take place by popular belief.

One of the surprising things about these parties is that it is common for ladies to appear in exquisite evening gowns while their male escorts are twitted for being "waiters" should they appear in dinner suits. "Tails" are unheard of except for the most important occasions. The usual dress for a man invited to a party is whatever he happens to be wearing at the time—usually a pair of flannel trousers and a "sweat-shirt" with an open-neck.

Also, it appeared to be the custom for anyone to "drop in" to any party that happened to be on, while in public restaurants if a "private" party started with four or six friends, before the evening was over all sorts and conditions of people would stop for a chat, sit down to eat or drink and pass on. And the host never seemed to object. He would probably be "dropping in" himself on the following night.

There used to be stories of the amazing way people in Hollywood spent their money. They still spend much of it in amazing ways, but the majority of stars and other important people are becoming very provident. The popular thing at the moment is to invest in endowment insurance policies to mature in comparatively short periods. The life of a celebrated person there is becoming shorter and shorter. Politics and a thousand other things over which individuals have no control cut careers short with unexpected suddenness and the habit now is to put the money away while it is coming in.



Hollywood Boulevard looking towards Los Angeles City. Right is the Roosevelt Hotel and left, in the foreground, Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Right, Interior of the Bamboo room at the Brown Derby, a popular Hollywood rendezvous.



Politics intrude in all sorts of queer ways and cause dramatic changes. These in turn effect friendships, but, generally speaking, I found Hollywood people generous to the point of embarrassment, helpful to an unbelievable degree, kindly if one needed and troubled to seek aid, and, with hardly any exception, modest.

Yet I had a feeling that sentiment and illusion do not survive there long.

Geographically the place is delightful.

Hollywood is a section of Los Angeles which, to my surprise, stretches away across a plain between the hills for a distance of forty-five miles!

Most of the studios are many miles apart, but everyone who is anyone congregates in Hollywood which is, more or less, a suburb of Los Angeles. Here they meet in the restaurants—"The Vendome," "The Trocadero," "The Brown Derby," or "Sardi's," chiefly—to eat, gossip, discuss contracts and mix business with pleasure.

Several beaches are within a few miles. These are delightful places where one can sun-bathe, surf-ride and do all the other delightful things where the climate is nearly always sunny and reliable.

Most of the stars live in amazingly exaggerated houses—one has a lily pool in the middle of its lounge!—but, when they are not actually making a picture you may see them all in the popular restaurants.

Most of the houses are of the Spanish type, white stucco that reflects the brilliant sunshine till ones eyes ache, and they are set on the hillside in semi-tropical vegetation.

In next week's article I will take you to the Friday night fights in Hollywood. These are really a revelation. It seems to be a method for the stars to let off steam and become completely unrestrained. Their presence at these particularly "tough" affairs may be reported but they are not worried by interviewers or autograph hunters and they unconsciously strip themselves of their glamour and roar themselves hoarse encouraging the efforts of astronomically energetic all-in wrestlers.



Lombard GOES BACK to the LAND

Carole Lombard, famous for her svelte glamour, forgets it all on her ranch in Southern California, when she is not needed in the studio. Carole is no amateur, either. She takes a keen interest in the livestock which she maintains on the place, including horses (she is seen above with her favourite, Pico), cows, chickens, pigs, and geese, to say nothing of Pancho, her black and tan shepherd dog.





Right: Striking example of the set builder's art, a realistic street scene for the new Tom Walls picture, "Strange Boarders."





Above: And a closer view of the same street during the taking of a rain shot.

SHOTS *with our* CANDID CAMERA



Above: Director Herbert Mason explains a sequence to Googie Withers and Renee Saint Cyr.



Left: The director rehearses a romantic moment between Tom Walls and Mlle. Saint Cyr, the comedian's new leading lady.

Right Tom and Renee wait for the word "action" before going into one of their big scenes. It is Renee's first English picture.



Stage Door

Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn are co-starred in this screen version of the popular stage hit of life in a theatrical boarding house. Adolphe Menjou, Andrea Leeds and Gail Patrick are in support of the stars.



Above: Andrea Leeds plays the role of the girl who has set her heart on getting the role in the play which is finally given to Hepburn. She commits suicide.



Katharine Hepburn stages an act to deceive Ginger Rogers into believing that she has captivated the big producer, Adolphe Menjou.





Ginger, as a chorus girl, impres
impresario Menjou, when he s
her rehearsing a dance routi





Katie, dollar princess with stage ambitions, and Ginger, hard-working show-girl, share a room.

Right: Ginger Rogers "apes" the "Ritzy" Hepburn, with the aid of the latter's fur coat, and for the benefit of the boarding house habitues.





Left: Ginger having imbibed too freely at a party at the producer's flat, has to be put to bed by Katharine when she arrives home.

Above: Veteran actress Constance Collier tells her fellow boarders that in her day every young actress knew her Shakespeare. "But did they know their onions?" they ask her.



At the fancy dress ball: a little verbal sparring between Annabella, David Niven, and Paul Lukas.

DINNER at the Ritz



Annabella's third British film, made at Denham, though based on an extremely improbable story of international intrigue, is handsomely and smoothly produced and well acted by a clever cast.

Financier versus crook. Paul Lukas shows his hand to Stewart Rome.



(Above) William Dewhurst engages Annabella as an unconventional type of jewel-saleswoman.



(Right) Annabella and Francis L. Sullivan match wits, while Romney Brent and David Niven look on.

The FILM "MUSICAL" ARRIVES



One of the first and most memorable screen musicals was "Revue of Revues," which featured Polly Moran, Charles King, Bessie Love, Gus Edwards, Marie Dressler, and "Ukelele Ike" Edwards as its principals.

The late writer, and comedian of stage and screen, Chic Sale, was one of Max Factor's personal friends, and an ardent admirer of the make-up creator's artistry. The latter always created his character make-up.

Continuing "Beauty and the Stars," a romance of 30 years of films as seen through the eyes of Max Factor, the famous beauty expert. This series will be concluded next week.



During the first few months of the talkies came the disintegration of one of the most powerful audience attracting teams the world has ever known, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Miss Banky either could not or would not successfully deliver her lines in English.

Right: The Joan Crawford we admire to-day is the smart, smoothly groomed sophisticate of the above picture,—gone are the days of over-blondeness, over-emphasised limbs and fussily fringed gowns.





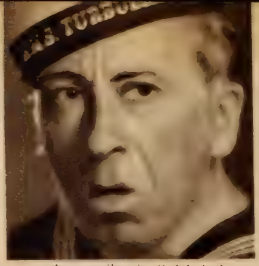
Left: Reading from left to right, Loretta Young, Josephine Dunn, Caryl Lincoln, Doris Hill, Jean Arthur, Sally Blane, George Kiesling, Anita Page, Doris Dawson, Ethlyne Clair, Helen Foster, Betty Boyd, Mona Rico and Helen Twelvetrees.



As a Billingsgate porter in "Britannia of Billingsgate."



As a tough in "The Return of the Rat."



As a sailor in "Admirals All."



As a nouveau riche in "The Lad."



As he appeared in Cockney War stories, and right, as the pugilist landlord in "The Amateur Gentleman."



We Want GORDON HARKER

Known primarily as a perfect player of Cockney roles, Gordon Harker has had many successes, but has he had the fullness of opportunity his talent demands? In this article Wilson D'Arne makes a plea for wider scope for the star.



As he appeared in 'The Frog."

IF one were asked to pick out a character actor who has more consistently "stolen" British pictures than any other I do not think there would be much doubt about the answer—Gordon Harker.

And when I say "stolen" I do not mean it in the sense that he seizes opportunities to put in by-play to the detriment of the other players in the film, but that by the sheer excellence of his team spirit he makes the utmost of sometimes indifferent material.

If he is in a production it can never be wholly bad, and that is a tribute one can pay to very few artistes.

But what I do feel is that we are not getting enough of Gordon Harker and that his talents are being generally too limited by the work he is given to do.

The actor has made his name synonymous with that of the perfect Cockney and there is no one who can touch him in interpretations of those nimble witted citizens who were born within the sound of Bow Bells, but the real Gordon Harker is capable of versatility and the long round of Cockney crooks, self-made men and detectives which he is called upon to interpret are apt to type him too consistently.

That he can break away from them is evidenced by his brilliant study of the typical suburbanite in *Rome Express*.

Although a Londoner born and bred, it was a long time before Gordon Harker started playing the Cockney types that have made him famous. He played Shakespearean roles, an Arab in *The Garden of Allah*, an Irishman in *Quality Street*, and even an American president in *Robert E. Lee*.

It was an unpretentious curtain-raiser written by Gertrude Jennings and called *Five Birds in a Cage* which gave him his first Cockney role. Then he played the part of a Cockney "Tommy" in a Sunday night show of *Tunnel Trench*, and this brought him to the attention of Edgar Wallace, who was casting *The Ringer*. The result was his sensational success in this play in the role of Sam Hackitt, and his subsequent development as the unrivalled exponent of Cockney characters.

I am not advancing a plea that he should entirely discard his carefully built up reputation for such impersonations. Such pictures as *The Frog*, in which he appeared as the plodding, painstaking detective, and *Millions*, in which he gives a perfect study of a *nouveau riche* financier are examples of the fact that he differentiates carefully between his impersonations. They are both Cockney roles but widely different in character.

What I am hoping is that he will be given a chance now and again to express the real Harker.

For actually he is one of the most cultured actors on the screen. He reads a lot, mainly biographies, travels, and history, and is the owner of a fine library.

His private life is the complete antithesis of his professional one.

In the privacy of his Hampstead home, he lives a quiet life alone with his greatest and most devoted friend, his dog "Jim II." "Jim II" is an absolute personification of "the faithful hound," and when the original Jim died whilst his master was making *Britannia of Billingsgate*, the temporary sorrow was drowned by his acquisition of the second Jim who has now become as trusted and invaluable as its predecessor, together with Mac, an Aberdeen.

Among the treasures of his tastefully furnished home, Gordon Harker values above all a beautifully lacquered cabinet, hand-painted and left to him by his famous father, and above his mantelpiece hangs a fine reproduction of his favourite painting, Vermeer's "Portrait of a Young Girl."

Evidence of his skill as an amateur photographer may be seen in the neatly framed camera studies about his rooms and many shelves loaded with a variety of books testify to his great interests as a reader.

Even away from the stage and screen, his public claim his time and there are many hours spent answering the piles of correspondence that form his fan mail.

With his radiogram and his fine collection of records, many pleasant evenings are spent listening to his favourite operas in the peace of his home, and with, of course, the ever-present "Jim II."

Moreover, he is very musical and his real speaking voice is quiet and well modulated. I somehow feel a role in which he could contrast this with his familiar Cockneyisms would be a profoundly interesting one.

His stage career had its ups and downs. He is the son of the most famous scenic artist of his time, Joseph Harker, who designed settings for Irving, Tree and Oscar Asche. His ambition, however, was acting and he secured a job as walk-on and prompter in Fred Terry's *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*. He subsequently joined Ellen Terry's company, playing "bits" in her Shakespearean repertoire and then went with Oscar Asche on tour to Australia.

The War interrupted his career, but after being wounded and discharged in 1919, he returned to the stage through Godfrey Tearle in *The Garden of Allah*. Then came his success in *The Ringer*, and a succession of brilliant performances in Edgar Wallace plays—*Persons Unknown*, *The Calendar*, *The Case of the Frightened Lady*.

Indeed, no Edgar Wallace play was complete without a Harker part.

His appearance in his first film, *The Ring*, started him on a screen career which has outpaced even his stage success.

But still I feel there is something missing. We want to see Gordon Harker starred in pictures which will give him even greater opportunities than he had in *The Sport of Kings*, *Love on Wheels*, *The Amateur Gentleman* and *Two's Company*, which, with *Millions* and *The Frog*, are amongst his best pictures.

In most of these he has had to carry too much of the weight of the entertainment by the strength of his own ability to make bricks without a great deal of straw.

It would be fair to say that they owe a great deal of their popularity to his individual efforts.



"Then he's been 'having' Oscar and me because of our child-like innocence," Bob declared.

LIVE, LOVE and Learn

OVER the hedge, through his water-colour painting, and into Bob Graham's heart leapt Julie Stoddard. In other words, Julie Stoddard, having fallen from her horse on the hunting field and immensely annoyed Bob Graham by ruining his canvas in the process, agreed to marry him.

Thus, via the Justice of the Peace, Julie, who, as Bob said, had been used to servants, plenty of hot water, meals on time, a personal maid, and flowers all round, began life as the helpmeet of an impecunious artist. As a send-off, the heaven-kissing studio to which he took her direct from the ceremony boasted no servants; the bathroom was too small to hold much hot water, the kitchenette minus the raw materials of a meal, and the only flowers present were in Bob's landscapes.

"Is all this mine, too?" Julie asked, going to the north window.

"Come on, now. Stop being brave."

"Darling, all my life I've lived with people who had things, and I've always wanted something else, and better. People can't do things that are worth while if they're—they're all cushioned against life." She looked at her tall husband of an hour, at his boyish face with smiling mouth, and didn't regret her choice. Two tiny flames flickered up in his blue eyes as he held her hands.

"Julie, I'm going to paint out my heart for you," he said.

A knock at the door introduced a middle-aged man who, at the solemn stage of inebriety, advanced, saw Julie, and, in leaning over to kiss her hand, fell face forwards on the floor.

"That's Oscar. He—he sort of lives here," Bob explained.

Julie restrained any exhibition of surprise. But though prepared to encounter the queer folk to be expected of the artists' colony in Greenwich Village, she was glad to help Bob wheel Oscar on a divan outside and into a landing cupboard. This idea—brilliant, while it lasted—did not appeal to Bob's landlady, who disturbed the honeymoon couple at bedtime with the remark that she couldn't have tramps sleeping in her hall.

"Never mind. Wheel him back. I'll fix a screen to hide him," Julie suggested, while Oscar continued to snore.

Acquaintance with Bob's room mate, inauspiciously begun, improved in the morning. Julie, fresh and trim in a short-sleeved house frock, decided that Oscar (who accepted her more gratefully, than otherwise, as Bob's wife) was definitely likeable. A visit to the Italian grocer, by name Felipe, with whom Bob's credit, as Oscar put it, if not exhausted, was wheezing badly, seemed inevitable if the trio were to breakfast.

Julie joined the two men at Felipe's counter, where, waiving Italian charm, he flatly refused to supply groceries unless Bob's three-months'-old bill were settled. Argument, blandishment, were tried in vain. Felipe wasted no words. "Get out!" he vociferated.

"Do you always charge eighty cents a dozen for eggs?" Julie inquired, studying the account. "Since when has milk been twenty cents a quarter and butter seventy-five cents a pound?"

"You mean those prices are high?" Bob inquired.

"Terrific in comparison with other places."

"Then he's been 'having' Oscar and me because of our child-like innocence," Bob declared. In this shocking fact lay salvation. While Oscar, at the telephone, required to be put through to the District Attorney, Bob, at the shop door, in tub-thumping tones, informed the passers-by of Felipe's extortionate prices. "How many eggs do you figure he owes us?" Bob managed to ask Julie aside, while the excited Felipe was begging his obstreperous customers to keep quiet.

"About two hundred and sixteen."

Thus, the trio returned to the studio with the two hundred and sixteen eggs, with milk, butter, and other comestibles in proportion. The arrival of a letter interrupted the ensuing meal, which Oscar considered not too early in the day for opening a bottle of thin, red wine.

"It's from Uncle Albert," Julie said, when she had studied the single sheet. "He means it nicely. He doesn't want to think of me standing

THIS adaptation by Marjory Williams is based upon a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture directed by George Fitzmaurice. (Copyright 1937. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

in the bread-line, so he encloses a cheque for two thousand dollars."

"The way we planned to live it would last a year," Bob said solemnly.

"We could fix up the place to look a little more like Versailles," Oscar contributed.

Julie remained silent, until Bob, crossing the room, smeared the glue-brush over the back of the cheque and pasted it across a small framed picture. "Julie and I said we'd do this alone, and we'll do it," he declared, his arms round her. "That cheque is going to stay right where it is. As long as it hangs there, we're standing on our feet."

"You want to remember that I get awfully hungry sometimes," Oscar murmured, without receiving a reply. In view of which laudable independence it would happen that Julie's old school friend, Lily Chalmers, should choose to call the afternoon on which Bob was anxiously submitting his work to the New Artists Society's Exhibition. Lily—very chic, very redolent of Julie's old world—was suitably amused by Oscar, whom she took for Julie's husband, until Bob appeared, ushering in an organ-grinder's monkey.

In a minute, Julie recognised the monkey as an intended mental tonic rather than an ebullition on Bob's part of high spirits. In forcible language and taking no notice whatever of Lily, he described how the hanging committee had refused his work and recommended trying his luck next year.

"Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and you had to come here to-day," he said bitterly to Lily. "Now you might be Helen of Troy. I wouldn't care. I'll have either to get drunk, or paint."

"We've run out of drinks rather, but there's plenty of clean canvas," Julie put in.

"All right. But you'll have to come with me. There's nothing to paint but the park and its lake. Maybe I could jump in.'

"Excuse us, Lily, won't you?" Julie said, hurrying on a hat. Sitting on a bench in Central Park on a summer afternoon watching Bob paint proved unexciting, until a passing sailor, after staring for some time at the artist's canvas, remarked:

"Don't look like nothing to me." He was joined by a fellow sailor, whose comment was equally uncomplimentary. Bob, catching sight of a Marine escorting a young woman, called to the man to give his opinion.

"I like it," the Marine offered stoutly.

"I don't. It smells," declared a third sailor. The Marine whistled up a couple of his messmates and announced:

"Boys, the Navy don't like this picture." The comment went off with a bang, igniting the party spirit. Julie left her bench and desperately tried to persuade Bob to extract himself and easel from the crowd of argumentative sailors and marines, who didn't hesitate to back up mass opinion with blows. By the time the shore police had arrived and broken up the free-for-all, Bob and Julie, as its nucleus, were on their way to gaol.

They left in the morning, to be pursued by a crowd of news-reporters to the studio, where Bob, declaring that he felt like a battle-field, engaged Oscar's help in staving off the inquisitive press following.

The unimaginative of the fraternity they succeeded in putting painlessly outside the door, but when a more enterprising member disguised himself as a representative of Bawltitude and Company, art agents, anxious to buy Mr. Graham's pictures, Bob and Julie were completely taken in.

Determined not to be tricked again after the hoax was discovered, the trio set to work, sawing three-quarters through chair legs and arranging a bucket of water atop a pile of books, concealed by a screen. A knock was followed by a dignified, bearded individual who announced himself as Mr. Bawltitude and requested to see Bob's paintings.

"I don't want to arouse false hopes by this visit. May not amount to a thing," he said magisterially. Next minute he was gasping for breath under a cold douche while Bob and Oscar, rushing at him with scissors, ripped up his tail coat and pin-striped trousers, pulled his beard, to find it more real than they

(Continued on page 20)

LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN—*Continued*

supposed, and sat him on a chair which promptly collapsed.

"Let me out of here!" Mr. Bawltitude groaned.

"We're vultures, Mr. Bawltitude. We eat fake art dealers."

"You think I'm a fake. Here's my card *and* my drivers' licence. I could gaol you for twenty years. As it happens, I didn't come here to see an exhibition of manners. I came to know if you could paint, and you can. . . ."

Which triumphal note was amplified a month later by an invitation card announcing that Mr. Bawltitude requested the honour of visitors' presence at a private showing of the paintings of Mr. Robert Graham.

"Scared, darling?" Julie asked, while Bob, arrayed in tails and stiff collar, waited in the ante-room to be introduced to his hoped-for patrons in the adjoining picture gallery.

"I wish I could be served up to them in a pie," he groaned.

"It's a tremendous moment. Bob stands here unknown. When he steps over the threshold, he crosses into fame," Mr. Bawltitude declared, opening the double doors.

"Wait a minute, Julie. Don't leave me for an instant," Bob appealed.

"But, darling, this is a time a wife steps into the background."

Nevertheless, she went with him down the long room, Lily Chalmers being the first to offer congratulations, which followed in full flow. Mr. Bawltitude needed not to regret his slashed morning suit.

"I've two commissions for you already; both portraits," Lily declared, ultimately, joining Julie and Bob, who had insisted on finding a quiet retreat.

It was Oscar who first voiced a doubt as to how Bob would react to being a fashionable painter. Julie was so much in love that it was her opinion that she would be giving spaghetti parties with Bob and clipping neckties when he had a long white beard. In two months she was forced to admit, however, that the studio which he took in the new artists' quarter was a place where caviar only should be eaten and where the presence of three butlers precluded social levity.

Chiefly owing to Lily, who constituted herself Bob's commercial sponsor, he spent his days at work on society portraits, the sitters being chiefly women. He was, in fact, trying to give a recognisable but not too faithful likeness of the elderly wife of a banker when Lily, in the next room, introduced a Mr. Palmiston to Julie, who, to pass the time, had been playing backgammon with Oscar.

Mr. Palmiston, who looked about ninety and repeated all his remarks three times, asked to see Bob.

"I'm sorry. Mr. Graham's busy. He's painting," Julie said.

"I'll call him. I won't keep him a minute," Lily countered. When it became clear that Mr. Palmiston wanted his horse, Blue Bolt, Derby winner, portrayed by Bob's brush, Julie triumphed that for once Lily had taken too much upon herself. Indeed, Bob, after accepting Mr. Palmiston's dinner invitation for the following Tuesday, professed curtly to being no animal painter and retired to his easel, whereupon Lily sweetly said she would wait to talk over some marvellous new appointments with him.

The indignation which sent Julie out riding, in order, as she said to Oscar, that she could dig her spurs into something, was nothing to what she felt the following evening. White-haired Professor Fraum, art teacher, whom Julie had liked in Greenwich Village days, appeared in the studio with a pupil and a request. The art class was arranging a Robert Graham evening. Would the young master himself appear personally for a few minutes?

"How nice of you?" Julie said, filling the pause while Bob and Lily looked at one another. "Tuesday, you say?"

"What a pity!" Lily exclaimed. "The night you promised to dine with——"

"Oh, Mr. Palmiston! We can't disappoint him, Professor Fraum. Your class doesn't know how lucky it is. I'm not much of a speech-maker."

Julie contained herself till the Professor and the obviously disappointed pupil had gone.

"Bob, a year ago you wouldn't have snubbed those two nice unworldly little people," she broke out.

"What am I supposed to do? Dance every time Oscar issues an invitation to one of our old associates?"

"Leave Oscar out of this."

"But him we always have with us," Oscar said. "Why don't I take a little trip round the world for myself."

"The cheque will be in the mail in the morning."

"Bob, you meant that?"

"Julie, please. You don't know how hard Bob's been working."

Lily's silken voice was too much. "Has no one told you by any chance to keep your fingers out of other people's domestic pies?" Julie inquired.

"Well, I'm sure I've no idea what I'm supposed to have done," Lily countered. Another moment and Julie felt her temper getting out of hand. For here was Bob apologising for his wife's ill-temper to Lily.

"Are you completely sold out, Bob, to all the things I thought you'd rescued me from?" Julie cried. "Mercenary success, snobbery, vulgarity." She turned to the elderly wife of a banker's portrait, knowing that Bob would not have dared to show it to Professor Fraum, and drew a moustache in black paint across the mouth. Bob's "How dare you?" and Lily's "Five thousand dollars gone" coincided. Oscar provided the crowning touch when he said:

"Yes, five thousand dollars, and Julie's right."

"Get out, you drunken clown!" Bob flared. Oscar characteristically scorned to display emotion. "It's nice to have met you," he said in token of farewell; but before he could close the door, Julie called him back. "Just a minute. . . . Bob, I mean this. . . . If you don't mind awfully, I'd like a divorce."

"All right, Julie, if that's the way you feel." There was no relenting in the blue eyes, the boyish, set face.

"That is the way I feel, Bob."

"Very well, then. What do we do now? Leave the details to Oscar, as usual." Oscar held the door open. "I'll get a bag and come right down," she said.

Julie was grateful for Oscar's companionship during the coming weeks. Though he took her part, he was sorry for what had happened. As he said himself, the Bob Graham marriage was the only one he'd ever tried to make a "go" of. Nevertheless, he frequently visited Julie's apartment and conveyed news of Bob, which was not altogether discouraging.

In an effort to regain his former touch, evidently, Bob had dismissed the butlers and most of the servants. "The studio looks more homelike, anyway," Oscar said. He even made Julie laugh with an account of her husband having picked up a flower-seller's swarthy, curly headed boy of about six and posed him in a large Italianate chair, where the urchin refused to keep still a second.

The evening following the afternoon on which Mr. Bawltitude, meeting Bob in a Turkish bath, condemned his present paintings as daubs and the artist himself as a "has-been," Oscar appeared before Julie with a small picture.

"In my peculiar, dull-witted way, I thought you might be glad of this. It's two thousand dollars," he said, smoothing Uncle Albert's cheque.

"It's sweet of you, Oscar; but I don't want to look at it again, unless we could throw darts at it. We did one day, you know."

"Hmm! Maybe I should take it to Bob."

"I don't think he'll want it, either. I oughtn't to have flared up that day. Perhaps Bob is better without me."

"I've a hunch he wants the old kind of success back again."

"Oh, Oscar, if I only thought that!" Temptation to fly off at a tangent of longing was curbed by the unheralded arrival of Lily, who introduced a strictly practical note to the conversation. "I see one of the scandal columns suggests I'm the cause of you and Bob's separation," she said. "Julie, you know this isn't so."

"Perhaps not, Lily; but I can't issue a statement to the press just now."

"Well, I want you to understand that I don't want to be named in the proceedings. I don't want to be mixed up in any way. After all, I've done nothing but good for you and Bob. Even the last thing I did, introducing Mr. Palmiston, turned out beautifully. He's arranging a big dinner for Bob to-night, and has asked me to act as hostess; and I just don't want you to misunderstand. . . ."

"To think I was going back to Bob!" Julie said bitterly when Lily had gone. Suddenly she got to her feet, pushing Oscar on the cheap divan as he seemed to be on the point of leaving.

"Oscar, I'm not going to let Lily get away with it. I've a plan, and you're going to help me."

"I'm with you," Oscar said. At six o'clock he brought news of its opening gambit. "Bob had that Italian kid dressed up in horns and breeches. He was dancing round the hall till I thought I must be seeing things; and Bob, with his foot thrust through the kid's portrait, was groaning that he couldn't paint because he missed you. I told him you were all washed up, that you didn't care any more, and Bob said you could have your divorce any time you wanted—to-night, in fact."

"Did you tell him to be at the old studio at nine and you'd have a model fixed up for the evidence?"

"Yes, and he said he'd be there. He said something else, Julie. He's speaking to Professor Fraum's art class."

Treading on air that evening, Julie smuggled herself into the familiar classroom opposite the studio of early memories. Hidden behind a curtain, she listened to Bob addressing embryo artists, whose uncloaked ambitions he seemed so anxious should never be dimmed by the pursuit of worldly success and money-making.

Tears were still in her eyes from the sincerity she sensed in his speech as she climbed the studio stairs. In the half-dark, standing at the open door, she saw Bob, who had not troubled to put on the light, smoking. Now was her chance. A dart flew from her hand and stuck neatly into Uncle's cheque which, with its attendant picture, Oscar had re-affixed to the wall. "Hello!" Bob said, and saw her. "We're still on our own feet," Julie breathed and watched Bob coming towards her.

The further activities of Bob, Julie and Oscar that evening may be judged by the fact that Mr. Bawltitude was awakened out of his early night's sleep by a pounding on his bedroom door. On opening it, he was seized and pinioned against the wall.

"So I've bartered my birthright, have I?" Bob demanded. "As a painter, I'm through, am I? What's your professional opinion on that?" Releasing Mr. Bawltitude, who was too astonished to move, the trio swung round a large canvas painting of a horse. Before the outraged dealer could articulate, the voice of an elderly man could be heard declaring: "Scoundrels of the worst type. Burglary, that's what it is. Oh, there you are! Common burglars, sir!" He turned to Mr. Bawltitude. "Common burglars, they are, sir. Broke into my house. Insulted my servants. Took my horse and left Miss Chalmers in a fainting condition. Snipped my buttons, cut off my bracers." He said no more, for Oscar, bending low, tripped Mr. Palmiston up so that he fell through the portrait of Blue Bolt and through the open door.

"One, two, three!" Julie cried, slashing the hole in the canvas still wider. Joined by a dazed Mr. Bawltitude, the trio, through the opening, bid Mr. Palmiston an ecstatic farewell.



"Well, I'm sure I've no idea what I'm supposed to have done," Lily said. And here was Bob apologising for his wife's ill-temper to Lily.

REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

MARIE WALEWSKA

I DO NOT recall having seen Greta Garbo to better advantage than as the heroine of this period romance, which, while keeping its dignity and historical accuracy, provides incisive characterisation and a deeply touching love story.

The main reason, I believe, is because she has playing opposite her a consummate artiste in Charles Boyer, who as Napoleon gives one of the outstanding performances of the year. The very fact that he is so excellent brings out the best in Garbo. It is not a question of picture-stealing, but of exceedingly brilliant team work.

Although the picture covers a long period, it holds the main thread of its romance secure and provides continuity of interest.

From the meeting of Napoleon and Marie Walewska it traces, with a wealth of detail and a full sense of characterisation, the romance that develops between them. It shows how Napoleon's first flush of passion, when he covets the wife of a Polish nobleman, is turned to genuine love for her, and how the woman's first revulsion of feeling against a man who takes advantage of her extreme patriotism and love of Poland is turned to devotion and admiration for him when she discovers he, too, has great ideals.

The end comes when Napoleon, to gain an heir for the throne, decides to divorce Josephine and marry Marie Louise just at the time when, unknown to him, Marie Walewska is about to have a child.

However, Marie's devotion survives even this, and when Napoleon is sent to Elba she is instrumental in helping him escape to France and is by his side at the last phase—when he is about to be taken to St. Helena.

One believes in this great love and also in the finely drawn portrait of Napolon, for, while stressing the romance, it does not neglect the political side of the Emperor's career.

Clarence Brown has succeeded in making the whole thing human and convincing without descending to theatricalities.

Greta Garbo seems to put herself more completely into the character she is playing than she has done before. She makes a vivid and sympathetic Marie, a woman whom one can believe in and admire. Her sacrifices mean something, and the love she offers is pulsating and passionate.

I cannot imagine a more perfect Napoleon than Charles Boyer. The way he presents the greatness and the weakness, the man of ideals and the ruthless conqueror aflame for personal grandeur, is great.

The stage is held most of the time by the stars, but several exceedingly good supporting studies come from a thoroughly competent cast.

Henry Stephenson is fine as Marie's husband, who divorces her when he learns she has been outraged by Napoleon, although she had visited him solely on her country's behalf.

As his sister, who suffers from delusions, Maria Ouspenskaya is outstanding, but I could not wholly believe in Reginald Owen's interpretation of Tallyrand, Napoleon's minister for foreign affairs.

The settings are magnificent and authentic, but, spectacular as some of them are, they are not allowed to swamp the story or the characters; they are kept, as they should be, as subsidiary backgrounds to them.

Practically the only criticism I have to make about this particularly noteworthy production is that the voice of Marie's child, with its piping American accent, is apt to destroy, momentarily, the hitherto unbroken sense of realism.

TRUE CONFESSION

The other day I was bemoaning the flood of "nonsense" comedies with which we have been deluged lately, but I should not have been so sweeping in my condemnation if they had all been as good as this one.

It is the best we have had since *Theodora Goes Wild* and, with all its cleverly nonsensical situations, it does not neglect characterisation nor the human touch.

In fact, its humour is derived from the exaggeration of perfectly plausible happenings.

Carole Lombard, as a young wife of a struggling lawyer, who is given to telling white lies and also to weaving romances about herself and other people, acts brilliantly.

Her aptitude in the gentle art of lying lands her in court, where she is accused of murdering a man who had made advances to her when she went to him to take on a job as secretary.

Actually she never killed him, but, since her husband would not believe her, she agreed for him to conduct her defence on the lines of a "defence of honour" killing.

She is acquitted and starts making a fortune writing her autobiography, while the husband becomes famous overnight.

Finally, he learns that his wife had really not murdered the man, and this upsets his sense of what is right and what is wrong so badly that he nearly leaves her.

However, her persuasive powers, coupled with a white lie or two, prevail in the end.

Fred MacMurray is quite good as the lawyer husband, but apt to be a little heavy for the role.

One of the hits of the piece is John Barrymore's rendering of a slightly demented criminologist who tries to blackmail the heroine by saying that he murdered the man she was supposed to have killed.

It is played in rich comedy vein and reminds us that Barrymore won his first acting laurels as a comedian.

Another excellent piece of acting is given by Porter Hall as the prosecuting attorney, while exceedingly clever little supporting studies are given by Una Merkel as the heroine's girl friend, Edgar Kennedy as a detective, and Lynne Overman as a bar-tender.

Wesley Ruggles' direction is full of bright and penetrating detail touches and the dialogue is extremely well written.

On the Screens Now

***THE EDGE OF THE WORLD

B.I.E.D. British. "A" certificate. Sociological drama. Runs 80 minutes.

The Gray Family

FINLAY CURRIE.....James
NIALL MACGINNIS.....Andrew (his son)
GRANT SUTHERLAND.....The Catechist
CAMPBELL ROBSON.....The Laird
GEORGE SUMMERS.....The Skipper

The Manson Family

JOHN LAURIE.....Peter
BELLE CHRYSTALL.....Ruth (his daughter)
ERIC BERRY.....Robbie (his son)
KITTY KIRWAN.....Jean (their grandmother)

And all the people of the lonely island of Foula, where this story was made.

Story and direction by Michael Powell.

A brilliant study of the lives and hardships of two families living on Hirta, a desolate island in the Shetlands. It is finely conceived, very well characterised and outstanding pictorially. Belonging to the same category of films as *The Man of Arran* it expresses its dramatic content far more forcibly and avoids many of the faults of its predecessor.

Opening with a sort of prologue, the action is rather slow, but when the theme of man's struggle against the forces of nature is developed it becomes impressively holding and blends its basic purpose well with the more romantic element.

The story is set on Hirta, a grim, desolate island in the Shetland group, which has only two families of standing, the Grays and the Mansons. Privation is wearing down the spirits of the community, but Peter, head of the Manson family, is against migration, and so is Andrew, heir of the Gray family. Peter's son Robin is, however, more revolutionary in his views, and he wants to settle down on the mainland.

His courage is questioned by Andrew, and they decide to settle their differences by a race to the top of a cliff. Robin is killed, and the tragedy leads to Peter refusing to permit his daughter, Ruth, to marry Andrew. Peter then leaves the island, but during his absence a child is born to Ruth; and the necessities of life become even more difficult to obtain.

Finally Peter gives his blessing to Ruth and Andrew, but just as all decide to evacuate the island, Peter meets with a fatal accident and dies as he was born—a son of Hirta.

**KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR

United Artists. British. "A" certificate. Romantic drama. Runs 108 minutes.

MARLENE DIETRICH.....Alexandra
ROBERT DONAT.....A. J. Fothergill
IRENE VANBRUGH.....Duchess
HERBERT LOMAS.....Vladimoff
AUSTIN TREVOR.....Colonel Adraxine
BASIL GILL.....Axelstein
DAVID TREE.....Maromin
JOHN CLEMENTS.....Poushkoff
FREDERICK CULLEY.....Stanfield
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....Forrester
DORICE FORDRED.....The Maid
FRANKLIN KELSEY.....Tomsky
LAWRENCE BASCOMB.....Commissar
HAY PETRIE.....Station Master
MILES MALLESON...Drunken Red Commissar
ALAN JEAYES.....White General
LYN HARDING.....Bargee
RAYMOND HUNTLEY.....White Officer

Directed by Jacques Feyder, from the novel by James Hilton. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our Summer Number. Previewed June 19, 1937.

Despite its faults this film which marks Marlene Dietrich's début in a British film is a very good piece of production. It is technically excellent, and the picture it presents of a country torn by revolution is exceptionally good, although one could do with a little less machine-gunning of the prisoners captured by each side.

Marlene Dietrich is finely dignified and wholly sincere as Alexandra; her love-making is made all the more convincing by its restraint.

Robert Donat is seen to very good advantage as the hero; and other well-drawn supporting studies are given by Basil Gill, David Tree and Lawrence Bascomb.

The weakest part of the story is the ending, which is theatrically melodramatic, but otherwise Jacques Feyder's direction is finely kinematic.

c**NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 70 minutes.

WILLIAM BOYD.....Hopalong Cassidy
GEORGE HAYES.....Windy Halliday
RUSSELL HAYDEN.....Lucky Jenkins
STEPHEN MORRIS.....Henry Stoneham
BERNADENE HAYES.....Faro Annie
JOHN RUTHERFORD.....Crowder
LORRAINE RANDALL.....Mary Cassidy
WALTER LONG.....Bull O'Hara
LEE COBB.....Goodwin
AL FERGUSON.....Plunkett
JOHN BEACH.....Clark

Directed by Nate Watt from the story "Cottonwood Gulch," by Clarence E. Mulford.

A very good example of the Hopalong Cassidy series with William Boyd, personable and breezy, as the hero who runs down the murderer of his brother, a crooked sheriff who is a bandit in his spare time.

It is action all the way, and works up to a spirited runaway express climax which contains a first-class thrill.

As the hero's two companions, Russell Hayden is refreshingly boyish and George Hayes amusing without forcing his comedy characterisation.

Stephen Morris is sound as the villain, and the slight feminine interest is provided by Bernadene Hayes.

The settings are picturesque and there are tuneful musical interludes.

**BROADWAY MELODY OF 1938

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 110 minutes.

ROBERT TAYLOR.....Steve Raleigh
ELEANOR POWELL.....Sally Lee
GEORGE MURPHY.....Sonny Bedford
BINNIE BARNES.....Caroline Whipple
BUDDY EBSEN.....Peter Trot
SOPHIE TUCKER.....Alice Clayton
JUDY GARLAND.....Betty Clayton
CHARLES IGOR GORIN.....Nicki Papaloopas
RAYMOND WALBURN.....Herman Whipple
ROBERT BENCHLEY.....Hamilton Brown
WILLIE HOWARD.....Himself
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN.....James K. Blakeley
ROBERT WILDHACK.....The Sneezer
BILLY GILBERT.....George Papaloopas
BARNETT PARKER.....Jerry Jason
HELEN TROY.....Emma Snipe

Directed by Roy Del Ruth, from a story by Jack McGowan and Sid Gibons. Music and lyrics by Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed. Previewed September 25, 1937.

While excellently mounted and containing some bright humour and outstanding tap dancing, there is little in the slight and conventional back-stage story.

The entertainment relies mainly on Eleanor Powell's dancing and a highly amusing "turn" by Robert Wildhack—a lecture on sneezing.

Robert Taylor, as the hero, is not called on to do anything but smile and look pleasant. Robert Benchley, who is also in the cast, is equally badly neglected.

The plot deals with a young stage producer who determines to star an unknown artiste in his production. His backer's wife, jealous of the girl, persuades her husband to refuse to finance it if she is starred. However, the heroine, having bought a racehorse which has been mostly trained in the backyard of her lodgings, wins a big race and backs her show herself. Success and orange blossoms.

Judy Garland, who shows a lot of promise, gives an imitation of Martha Raye—but why?—and also sings

(*Continued on page 22*)

REVIEWS—*Continued*

an old war-time song, "You Made Me Love You," to Clark Gable's photograph, which is better publicity for the star than the actress.

Sophie Tucker, too, gives herself a good boost in a monologue describing the time when Broadway belonged to her.

c**THE GO-GETTER

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Comedy drama. Runs 92 minutes.

GEORGE BRENT.....Bill Austin
ANITA LOUISE.....Margaret Ricks
CHARLES WINNIGER.....Cappy Ricks
JOHN ELDREDGE.....Lloyd Skinner
HENRY O'NEILL.....Commander Tisdale
JOSEPH CREHAN.....Karl Stone
GORDON OLIVER.....Luce
EDDIE ACUFF.....Bob Blair
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Matt Peasley
PIERRE WATKIN.....Browne
HELEN VALKIS.....Skinner's Secretary
HERBERT RAWLINSON.....Lester
HELEN LOWELL.....Mrs. Luce
HARRY BERESFORD.....M. M. Barker
MINERVA URECAL.....Cappy Ricks' Secretary
MARY TREEN.....Mrs. Blair
EDWARD PRICE.....Radio Station Operator
GEORGE HUMBERT.....Tony
ED GARGAN.....Policeman

Directed by Busby Berkeley, from the story by Peter B. Kyne.

Opening on a pseudo-heroic note, this picture soon gets down to earth and follows the fortunes of a pushing salesman in an actionful and hilarious manner. A lot of the incidents are very far fetched, but they do provide amusement of a popular order.

The picture is stolen by Charles Winniger who gives an excellent characterisation as the head of a lumber company who sets his prospective son-in-law a series of tasks in salesmanship before he will let him marry his daughter.

The young man, a self-confessed go-getter who had been invalided home after an airship crash, is quite well played by George Brent, while Anita Louise is natural as the heroine.

The opening airship crash is well shot and convincing, but it is the way that Charles Winniger lays his plans to test out the "go-getter" that provide the best part of the entertainment.

**MIDNIGHT MADONNA

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Mother-love drama. Runs 64 minutes.

WARREN WILLIAM.....Blackie Denbo
MADY CORRELL.....Kay Barrie
KITTY CLANCY.....Penny
EDWARD ELLIS.....Judge Clark
ROBERT BALDWIN.....Vinny Long
JONATHAN HALE.....Stuart Kirkland
RUTH ROBINSON.....Nurse
JOSEPH SAWYER.....Wolfe
JOSEPH CREHAN.....Moe Grinnell
DONALD KIRKE.....Alonzo Hall
NICK COPELAND.....Ed Kerrigan
ALONZO PRICE.....Purdy

Directed by James Flood, Previewed August 14, 1937.

In spite of its conventionalities and incredibilities, this story of a woman who fights her dissolute husband for the custody of her child, with the aid of a light-hearted gambler, has some strong dramatic moments and not a little comedy.

James Flood has kept his plot moving at a good pace and succeeds in holding one's interest in the face of his heroine.

The role of the mother is taken by Mady Correll, an Austrian, who is a successful Broadway actress and she makes a very promising screen debut.

Another newcomer in the picture is Kitty Clancy, an unspoiled four-year-old who is less sophisticated but has all the charm of Shirley Temple.

As the gambler, Warren William is extremely good. It is gratifying to see this somewhat neglected actor getting a break.

**ONE MILE FROM HEAVEN

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Newspaper drama. Runs 68 minutes.

CLAIRE TREVOR.....Lucky ("Tex") Warren
SALLY BLANE.....Barbara Harrison
DOUGLAS FOWLEY.....Jim Tabor
FREDI WASHINGTON.....Flora Jackson
JOAN CAROL.....Sunny
RALF HAROLDE.....Moxie McGrath
JOHN ELDREDGE.....Jerry Harrison
PAUL MCVEY.....Johnny
RAY WALKER.....Mortimer Atlas
RUSSELL HOPTON.....Peter Brindell
CHICK CHANDLER.....Charlie Milford
EDDIE ANDERSON.....Henry Bangs
HOWARD HICKMAN.....Judge Clarke
BILL ROBINSON.....Officer Joe

Directed by Allan Dwan. Based on the original stories of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Robin Harris and Alfred Golden.

All sorts of ingredients, from mother-love drama to eccentric dancing, are included in this picture, which, however, manages to survive its excess of variety and provide quite good entertainment and well-drawn characters.

Claire Trevor scores as a reporter who investigates the facts concerning a child who is claimed by a coloured woman to be hers, and in consequence comes up against gangsters and blackmailers, scores a personal success.

Fredi Washington is very good as the coloured woman, and the cast give sound support.

Bill Robinson supplies the exceedingly clever eccentric dance numbers.

c*WESTBOUND LIMITED

General Film Distributors. American. "U" certificate. Railway melodrama. Runs 66 minutes.

LYLE TALBOT.....Dave Tolliver
POLLY ROWLES.....Janet Martin
HENRY BRANDON.....Joe Forbes
FRANK REICHER.....Pop Martin
HENRY HUNTER.....Howard
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN.....Dispatcher
WM. ROYLE, TOM STEELE, CHARLES MURPHY, MONTE VANDEGRIFT, J. P. MCGOWAN

Directed by Ford Beebe.

Conventional melodrama dealing with a wrongly convicted telegraph operator who saves "the limited" and makes good.

Quick pace and spectacular collision help to put a punch into the all-too-familiar ingredients.

Lyle Talbot is sound as the hero and a good character study comes from Frank Reicher.

As the ingénue, Polly Rowles is quite attractive.

*CRIME IN THE CLOUDS

First National. American. "U" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 59 minutes.

GLENDA FARRELL.....Torchy Blane
BARTON MACLANE.....Steve McBride
GORDON OLIVER.....Lucien (Sonny) Grey
HUGH O'CONNELL.....Hughie Sprague
MARCIA RALSTON.....Ila Sayre
TOM KENNEDY.....Gahagan
JOSEPH KING.....Guy Allister
RAYMOND HATTON.....Maxie
GORDON HART.....Sills
ANDERSON LAWLER.....Torey
HARRY DAVENPORT.....Colonel Higgam
EMMETT VOGAN.....Clifford Vance
GEORGE GUHL.....Desk Sergeant

Directed by Frank MacDonald.

Conventional newspaper murder mystery drama culminating in a spectacular flight round the world.

The leading roles, that of a newspaper reporter and a detective are played by Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane. At the outset of the picture they are about to be married, but a murder case interferes with their plans, and they enter into friendly rivalry in an attempt to discover the murderer.

The opening is rather slow, but things warm up after the preliminaries, and the aerial sequences contain the requisite punch.

*THE LADY ESCAPES

Twentieth Century Fox. American. "A" certificate. Romantic farce. Runs 61 minutes.

GLORIA STUART.....Linda Ryan
MICHAEL WHALEN.....Michael Hilton
GEORGE SANDERS.....Rene Blanchard
CORA WITHERSPOON.....Fanny Worthington
GERALD OLIVER-SMITH.....Reggie Farnworth
JUNE BRING.....Dolores
HOWARD HICKMAN.....Judge
JOSEPH TOZER.....Drake
DON ALVARADO.....Antonio
MAURICE CASS.....Monsieur Cheval
FRANKLIN PANGBORN.....Pierre
TOM ROBERTS.....Uncle George

Directed by Eugene Forde. Based on the novel "My Second Wife" by Eugene Heltai.

Nonsensical plot dealing with the marital upsets of a newly-wed couple—contains some bright moments, but never really achieves much. The cast helps considerably by putting in some good team work and making the most of weak story material.

Gloria Stuart is vivacious as a flighty socialite who marries Michael Whalen—who is also good as a fashionable attorney.

Their bickering provides the bulk of the action, and it is apt to become tiresome.

The usual English silly-ass part is, consistently overacted by Gerald Oliver-Smith.

*BORDER CAFE

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Run 68 minutes.

HARRY CAREY.....Tex
JOHN BEAL.....Keith Whitney
ARMIDA.....Dominga
LEONA ROBERTS.....Mrs. Whitney
J. CARROL NAISH.....Rocky
MARJORIE LORD.....Janet
LEE PATRICK.....Lillie
PAUL FIX.....Dolson
MAX WAGNER.....Shaky
WALTER MILLER.....Evans

Directed by Lew Landers, from a story "In the Mexican Quarter" by Thomas Gill.

An artless but virile gangster melodrama, played out on the Mexican border between ranchers and racketeers. John Beal is quite good as the irresponsible son of an American senator who finds his manhood on a ranch where he helps to round up a gang of crooks, and incidentally win the love of a Mexican girl.

As the rancher who takes the youth under his wing, Harry Carey is convincing and characterful, while Armida makes a lively and attractive heroine.

Incidentally music and dancing are apt to hold up the action in the opening reels, but later rough stuff and cattle rustling keep things going at a hectic pace.

c*BLAZING BARRIERS

Pathe. American. "U" certificate. Reformation melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

FRANK COGHLAN, JUN.....Tommy McGrath
FLORINE MCKINNEY.....Joan Martin
EDWARD ARNOLD, JUN.....Fats Moody
IRENE FRANKLIN.....Fleurette
GUY BATES POST.....Reginald
HERBERT COTHELL.....Sheriff Martin
MILBURN STONE.....Joe Waters
JACK RANDALL.....Arthur Forsythe

Directed by Aubrey Scotto.

Edward Arnold, jun., shows promise, and Frank Coghlan, jun., is convincing as two young toughs who join a training organisation for forest rangers. They learn self respect and eventually do good work in laying a fire raiser by the heels. The former is killed in the course of the struggle, but the other finds romance with the sheriff's daughter.

Florine McKinney looks after the love interest capably.

It is quite good virile stuff with a healthy open-air atmosphere.

c*THE CATTLE THIEF

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Ken Martin
GENEVA MITCHELL.....Alice
WARD BOND.....Ranse
ROGER WILLIAMS.....Hutch
JIM MARCUS.....Cal
SHELDON LEWIS.....Dolson
EDWARD CECIL.....Doc Brawley

Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennet, from a story by G. A. Duffy.

Familiar "dirty work" on a ranch given a slightly new twist by having the hero who clears up the mess posing as a pedlar during the day time and doing his deeds of daring in the night time.

Ken Maynard does all that is required of him in the way of riding, and acts quite well. Ward Bond is a satisfactory villain; and Geneva Mitchell an adequate heroine.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

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c*WESTBOUND LIMITED
c*BLAZING BARRIERS
*CRIME IN THE CLOUDS
*THE LADY ESCAPES
*BORDER CAFE

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:—

Behind the Headlines (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
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WHAT DO YOU THINK ? Letters from our readers

YOUTH AND AGE

Can the Same Player Represent Both ?

IT mystifies me ! In a film centre so well catered for in all types of humanity it is surely possible to do away with the fatuous spectacle of a star being both old and young in the same film ?

I have yet to see a youthful star truly "get away" with the role of aged person. It's been tried often enough, heaven knows, but the camera invariably manifests its inability to lie.

Where a film must show us a character both in youth and advanced years, let the roles be given to two stars sufficiently alike to carry conviction but within range of the players' actual years.

This would ensure that at no time during the film are we in danger of being jolted back to reality by suddenly spotting the youthfulness of our screen grandfather.—*E. Humphreys*, 2/18 *Brougham Street, Lozells, Birmingham*, 19.

[*On the other hand, I refuse to believe that Freddie Bartholomew could ever grow up into Tyrone Power!—"Thinker."*]



The caricature of Ronald Colman is the tenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Star-Worship

● A recent correspondent to PICTUREGOER suggested that hero-worship on the part of the fan destroyed intelligent criticism.

I would go further and state that, owing to the fact that women are in the majority in film audiences, the position held by some of the stars are entirely out of proportion with their true worth.

To me it is preposterous that such performers as Shirley Temple, Robert Taylor, etc., are regarded by so many film-goers as supreme artistes. I do not claim to be any great critic of acting, but I squirm when Robert Taylor, Clark Gable and the like, top the poll in preference to genuine actors of the calibre of Spencer Tracy and Charles Laughton.

This state of affairs is brought about because not one woman in ten is not more appreciative of a screen Adonis with mediocre acting ability, than of a great actor with a face something like a pug's.——*Ernest Wratten*, 20 *Centre Street, Cambridge Heath, E.2, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s*.

Where Is This Star ?

● A short time ago Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer informed us that they had signed up a young man named Michael Brooke. Thanks to an extensive publicity campaign everyone interested in films knows that Michael Brooke is the Earl of Warwick.

We were told of his charming smile, his good looks, and even heard him compared to Ramon Novarro, but we have not yet had a chance of judging for ourselves whether he can act or not.

Should people like him, amateurs at the job, be encouraged to try their hand at acting? Is it fair to those struggling young men and women who, without the advantage of a title, have had to fight hard for a break? It certainly cannot be very encouraging.

The following retort made by Joan Crawford sums up, I should imagine, the point of view of every keen film fan.

Joan, when informed that a well-known tennis player was mentioned as a possible leading man in one of her films, said, "O.K. Put me down as his partner in his next doubles match."

"But Joan," protested the person she was talking to, "You can't play as well as all that."

"Exactly," was Joan's reply.—*Film Fan, Caithness, who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s*. 6*d*.

Responsibility

● Does the current Hollywood slump indicate that people are tiring of an excess of films that have nothing worth while to say ?

I am not a highbrow, and I do not mean that *all* films should be designed to uplift rather than entertain, but I do consider that too many have a harmful instead of a helpful influence on audiences to-day.

We know that producers are not in business for their health, but, at the same time they have a duty to perform which is that of refraining from making pictures likely to have psychologically pernicious effects on the mentalities of the people who see them.

The producer has a responsibility to the public who pay to see his films every bit as important as is that of a mother to the children she hopes will develop into intelligent clear-thinking men and women who are useful members of society. It is in the interests of cultural betterment that he should be conscious of this duty, but—"do producers make good mothers ?"—*G. P. Wheeler*, 603*a High Road, North Finchley, N.*12.

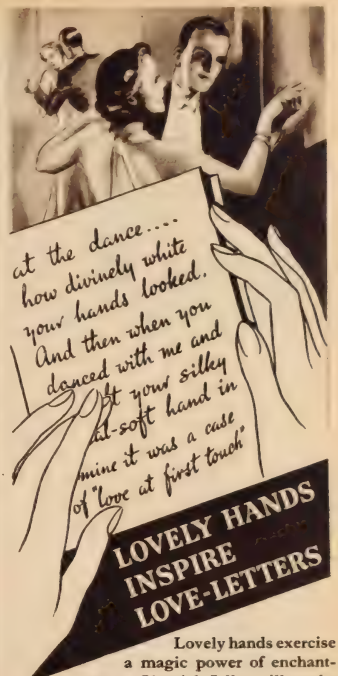
[*The great problem is to determine which pictures have a pernicious effect—and on whom.—"Thinker."*]

Fantasy

● With such an obvious dearth of screen stories, may I suggest that an occasional return to virile fantasy would make a welcome change. I say virile fantasy because those puerile efforts *A Midsummer's Night Dream* and *Babes in Toyland* were lacking in anything that could be called action.

In 1928 *The Thief of Bagdad* was a tremendous success, and I can see no reason why *Arabian Nights* should not be the source for an occasional film of this type. After all they have

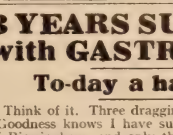
(*Continued on page* 24)



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WHO'S WHO

Helen Mack

● Has the distinction of being a child actress who has made good as an adult. Born in Rock Island, Illinois, on November 13, 1913, Miss Mack began her professional career when seven years old, appearing with Gloria Swanson and H. B. Warner in *Zaza*.

As an infant prodigy she also made successful motion pictures in New York for Famous Players and Cosmopolitan. There followed a break for education at the famous Professional Children's School of New York. She returned to the stage a few years ago and while playing in *The Subway Express* in New York she was spotted by Winfield Sheehan, then head of Fox, who induced her to re-enter films.

Among the pictures in which she has appeared are: *Melody Cruise, Son of Kong, The Late Christopher Bean, College Rhythm, The Lemon-Drop Kid, She, Four Hours to Kill, The Milky Way, Women Are Dangerous, I Promise to Pay, You Can't Buy Luck, The Last Train from Madrid.*

Helen Mack is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, and has red hair and brown eyes.

Aline MacMahon

● One wonders why this fine character actress is seen on the screen so infrequently these days. She is apparently concentrating on stage work after several years during which she built up a brilliant reputation in films.

Aline was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, on May 3, 1899, but moved to Brooklyn with her parents at an early age.

She took a degree at Columbia University and immediately sought work on the stage, making her début in a one-line part in 1924. A varied and chequered career in stock and later in both comedy and drama on Broadway followed.

Among her stage successes were *Once in a Lifetime*. Going to Los Angeles to play her original role in that play, she was discovered by a Hollywood talent scout and given a contract. She scored an instant film success in *Five Star Final* and for a number of years subsequently was one of the pillars of the Warner stock company. Her most recent film appearances have been in: *Ah! Wilderness, Kind Lady* and *For You Alone.*

Aline is 5 ft. 8 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Barton MacLane

● Although he has only recently come to the fore, Barton MacLane has been in films for a number of years. He made his screen bow as long ago as *The Quarterback*, starring Richard Dix, in the silent days. He was at the university at the time and it was his prowess as a football player that got him the engagement. Having sampled films, he decided to stay, but his reputation as an athlete rather than an actor was not very helpful and for a long time he was more or less lost from view in obscure Westerns.

Finally he was given a small part as a heavy in *Black Fury* and was so good in it that the Warner studio put him under contract and decided to build him up. Since then he has appeared with success in a score of films, the latest of which include: *Bullets or Ballots, Ceiling Zero, Smart Blonde, You Only Live Once, God's Country and the Woman, The Prince and the Pauper, San Quentin, Born Reckless, Ever Since Eve, Don't Pull Your Punches.*

MacLane was born in Columbia, South Carolina, on Christmas Day, 1902. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall and has red hair and green eyes.

Barry Mackay

● Barry Mackay was originally intended for the Navy, but decided to make the stage his career and studied at the Royal College of Music. He had his first important stage part in *Rose Marie* at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1925. This was followed by *The Desert Song* and leading parts in a number of revivals at Daly's. Subsequent parts were the lead in *Hold Everything*, and he was teamed with Natalie Hall in *Ball at the Savoy*. The latter association, incidentally, resulted in his marriage to Miss Hall in 1934. Mackay made his screen début in *Evergreen* and his partnership with Miss Matthews was so successful that he was teamed with her again in *Gangway* and in *Sailing Along*, her latest picture. He also scored in *The Great Barrier* and *Glamorous Night*. The actor is 6 ft. tall and has dark hair and brown eyes. You can send him birthday greetings to-day. He was born in London on January 8, 1906.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

practically everything that producers pray for: romance, mystery, spectacle, and above all—freshness.

The screen, with its ease of deception, should be the first to achieve fresh fields. Instead of which it sticks to drawing-rooms; and leaves to the stage, with all its limitations, to give us the unusual.—*Robert Wood*, 30 *Warwick Street, Worthing, Sussex.*

[*All right—look out for "Topper" !—"Thinker."*]

Example

● Humanity is said to owe a debt to films, but I personally owe 5s. per week to James Stewart.

I could not make up my mind how to ask for a rise in wages until I saw *Wife versus Secretary*, in which James Stewart sat in the front of his car and told Jean Harlow how he asked his boss for a rise.

Remember him telling her how he said:

"I have reason to believe that another firm is prepared to pay 25 dollars a week for my services. I should be pleased to hear whether you would be interested in keeping me on at that figure."

He got his rise—and so did I.

May I, through the "Thinker's" columns, express my thanks for his kind assistance.—*Grateful Picturegoer, Manchester.*

[*But don't too many of you try it, or employers will smell a rat.—"Thinker."*]

Cold Hash

● I recently saw the latest Johnny Weissmuller-Maureen O'Sullivan vehicle, *Tarzan Escapes*, and while greatly admiring the daring feats of Tarzan, I was struck by a very noticeable fault. Many of the scenes were exact replicas of those shown in *Trader Horn*, which was also an M.-G.-M. film.

For instance, both pictures showed a scene in which a lion approached a dead animal, while vultures sat in a tree looking on. Again, the party of hunters passed a huge roaring waterfall, and a "shot" was shown of them climbing up a steep slope with the fall in the foreground.

Then there was a scene of giraffes running away, followed by a few ostriches, a herd of alligators sliding into the water from a mud bank and a tribe of natives in war dress racing across a plain.

These similarities spoiled the reality of an unusual film for me. Such slips should not be encouraged, otherwise the public will lose its faith in M.-G.-M.—(*Miss*) *Maureen Osborne* (*aged* 16), 21 *Cliftonville Parade, Belfast, N. Ireland.*

[*One is inclined to wonder where the million dollars went that this film is reputed to have cost.—"Thinker."*]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Marlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

MOORE FAN.—(1) We have no details of a book of *One Night of Love*. (2) Tony Martin sang "Something in the Air" in *Banjo on My Knee*. (3) We published the story of *The King Steps Out* in the Nov. 21, 1936, issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2., for 3d. each, post free.

MUSICAL FAN.—(1) Jeanette MacDonald sang "Les Filles de Cadix" and "Le Regiment de sambre et meuse" at the Court of Napoleon scene in *Maytime*. (2) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are making *The Girl of the Golden West*, and are scheduled for *Sweethearts* together afterwards. Nelson Eddy is also to make *New Moon* and *Balalaika* both with Ilona Massey, and Jeanette MacDonald is to make *Europe* with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. (3) Allan Jones was to appear in *Everybody Sing* (*The Ugly Duckling*), but has objected to his part and is not making a film at the moment.

S. L. (Essex).—Write to Paul Robeson, c o London Film Productions.

VILLAIN FAN (Leyton).—(1) Release dates as follows:—*Souls at Sea*, Feb. 14, 1938; *Dead End*, March 7, 1938; *The Last Gangster*, April 18, 1938; *Confession* and *Double or Nothing*, March 28, 1938; *The Good Earth*, Jan. 3, 1938; *Life of Emile Zola*, Feb. 28, 1938. (2) Basil Rathbone b. June 13, 1892, South Africa; he has black hair and brown eyes, is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, and married (a) Ethel Forman (mar. dis.).; (b) Ouida Bergere. (3) Akim Tamiroff born Bakou, Russia; he has dark hair and eyes, and is married. (4) Humphrey Bogart b. Jan. 23, 1899, New York City; is 5 ft. 10¼ in. tall, weighs 150 lb. and has dark hair and brown eyes; married Helen Menken. (div.). (5) Ward Bond born Denver, Colorado, weighs 205 lb., is 6 ft. 2¼ in. tall and has brown hair and grey eyes. (6) Bradley Page born Seattle, Washington, about 40 years ago, is 5 ft. 11½ in. tall, weighs 155 lb., and has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. (7) Harold Huber born New York City, is now directing pictures. (8) Don Ameche's films include: *Sins of Man; Ramona; Ladies in Love; One in a Million; Love is News; Fifty Roads to Town; You Can't Have Everything; Love Under Fire; In Old Chicago; Happy Ending*. (9) Akim Tamiroff's films since 1934: *The Captain Hates the Sea; The Winning Ticket; Naughty Marietta; Black Fury; Casino de Paree; Paris Love Song; China Seas; The Gay Deception; Big Broadcast of 1936; Two Fisted; Woman Trap, the Story of Louis Pasteur; Desire; Anthony Adverse; The General Died at Dawn; Jungle Princess; Michael Strogoff; Her Husband Lies; King of Gamblers; The Great Gambini; High, Wide and Handsome*. (10) James Stewart films since 1936 include: *Rose Marie; Next Time We Love; Small Town Girl; Speed; Gorgeous Hussy; Wife Versus Secretary; After the Thin Man; Born to Dance; Seventh Heaven; Navy Blue and Gold;* and *Benefits Forgot*.

RUBY S. (Margate).—Melvyn Douglas, b. April 5, 1901, Macon, Georgia, is 6 ft. tall, has brown hair and eyes and is married to Helen Gahagan. His latest films include: *Angel* and *The Four Marys*.

A. B. (London).—No, Jack Haley did not sing himself in *Wake Up and Live*, Buddy Clark sang for him. (2) Ages as follows: Mickey Rooney, b. Sept. 23, 1921; Frankie Darro, jun., b. Dec. 22, 1918; Jackie Cooper, Sept. 15, 1923.

FIREFLY FAN.—(1) Music from *The Firefly* as follows: "Love is Like a Firefly," "He Who Loves and Runs Away," "When A Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart," sung by Jeanette MacDonald; "The Donkey Serenade," sung by Allan Jones; "Giannina Mia" and "Sympathy," duet sung by Allan Jones and Jeanette MacDonald. All this music is published by Chappells.

WONDERING (Hessle).—Jimmy Ellison sang "Good-night, My Lucky Star" in *Twenty-three and a Half Hours Leave*. It is published by Campbell and Connelly. (2) Jimmy Ellison was born, Valier, Montana, 1911; he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 185 lbs., has blue eyes and dark brown hair and is married to Gertrude Durkin. His latest film is *The Barrier*. Write to him c/o Paramount (U.S.A.).

ANNA LOVER (Chester).—Anna May Wong is back in America to make films for Paramount. Her first film is *Daughter of Shanghai*. She was born Jan. 3, 1907, Los Angeles, California, and is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and has black hair and brown eyes.

GABLE FAN.—Clark Gable has not made a film since *Saratoga*. He is scheduled for *Test Pilot* with Spencer Tracy and also *Europe* with Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

BEAU GESTE.—Yes, Paramount have announced a new version of *Beau Geste* with Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Richard Cromwell (the *Bengal Lancer* trio) in the chief roles. Production has not yet started. Gary has just finished *Adventures of Marco Polo* with Sigrid Gurie and is scheduled for *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* with Claudette Colbert and *Granatark* with Merle Oberon. Franchot Tone has recently completed *The Four Marys* with Myrna Loy and is scheduled for *Love is a Headache* with Gladys George and is coming to England to make *And So Victoria* after Christmas for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (British).

STANWYCK ADMIRER. — Yes, Barbara Stanwyck has an adopted son Dion, about six years old. She was married to Frank Fay but they are now separated.

DOROTHY.—(1) Gladys Cooper made her debut on the New York stage at the Booth Theatre on Feb. 13, 1934, in *The Shining Hour*. (2) Edna Best was born Hove, Sussex, and educated at Brighton and then at the Guildhall School of Music.

GLASGOW (S.W.2).—James Stewart, b. May 20 (no year given), Indiana, Pa., he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall and weighs 150 lbs., has light brown hair and grey-green eyes. His films include: *Rose Marie, Next Time We Love Small Town Girl, Speed, Gorgeous Hussy, Wife Versus Secretary, After the Thin Man, Born to Dance, Seventh Heaven, Navy Blue and Gold* and *Benefits Forgot*. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

TYRONE ADMIRER.—Tyrone Power and Loretta Young have appeared together in the following films, *Love is in Love, Café Metropole, Love is News, Second Honeymoon*, and they are scheduled for *Her Masterpiece*. Tyrone was born on May 5, 1914, and has raven black hair and brown eyes; he is not married. Loretta Young was born Jan. 6, 1912, Salt Lake City; real name, Gretchen Young. She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Married Grant Withers (mar. dis.).

J. L. (London).—(1) Latest films and companies: Charles Boyer—*Tovarich*, for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.). Marlene Dietrich—*Angel*, for Paramount (U.S.A.). Robert Montgomery, *Live, Love, and Learn*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). Humphrey Bogart—*Dead End*, for United Artists. Ann Nagel—*Yesterday's Hero*, for Monogram. (2) Patricia Barr took the part of the cavalier in *Cavalier of the Streets*. (3) The late Ross Alexander made his last film, *Ready, Willing, and Able*, for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.).

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

A fan club has been formed for BOBBY BREEN. Write to Jack Robinson, 67 Kemp Street, Oldham Road, Manchester, 4, for full particulars.

• • •

All readers interested in JAMES ELLISON should write to Miss Faith Ferris, P.O. Box 174, North Vassalboro, Maine, U.S.A., for full particulars of his fan club and the many privileges enjoyed by members including signed photographs, informal snapshots of Mr. Ellison, and the club magazine *Jimmy's Journal*, which is published every two months.

• • •

BOBBY HOWES has given permission for a fan club to be formed in his honour. All readers who are interested should write to Miss F. Coulson, Hemo, Homestead Gardens, Hadleigh, Essex, for full particulars.

• • •

The next issue of *Whispers*, the official organ of the ROY FOX FAN CLUB, is now ready and copies have been sent to all members. This interesting little magazine contains details of Roy Fox's future bookings and short articles on Roy and his boys. Write to Wemyess Craigie, 51 Commercial Street, Leith, Edinburgh, 6, for full particulars of this club.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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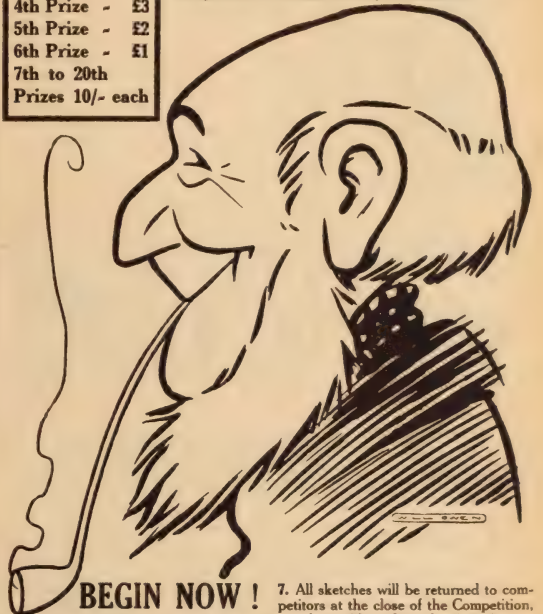
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2. All sketches must be received by January 25, 1938.
3. Only one sketch may be submitted by each competitor.
4. The bottom left-hand corner of envelope should be marked plainly "COMPETITION."
5. Competitor's full name and address must be written on the back of the drawing, with County. Competitors under 16 years must state age on back of their sketch.
6. Sketches must not be drawn on paper larger than 8 ins. high by 6 ins. wide.
7. All sketches will be returned to competitors at the close of the Competition, together with a list of prize-winners. The British and Dominions School of Drawing cannot be held responsible for any sketch which may be lost in the mails or elsewhere.
8. Sketches must be accompanied by a **crossed** postal order value 6d. (sixpence), in return for which each competitor will receive an illustrated book demonstrating the methods of artists in producing drawings. This will be sent with the results of the competition. Please do not send coins.
9. Sketch and postal order **MUST BE SENT IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.** Competitors are particularly requested **NOT** to send their sketch in one envelope and postal order under separate cover.
10. Sketches received insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. All packages should be sealed and bear letter rate of postage (2 oz. for 1½d.).
11. Competitors agree to accept the decision of the Artists of the British and Dominions School of Drawing as final and conclusive.
12. The British and Dominions School of Drawing reserves the right to purchase any sketch submitted. Any sketches purchased will be paid for at the rate of £1-1-0 (one guinea) for each sketch.

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Does not harm fabrics—MUM is harmless to the most delicate material and soothing to the skin.

Use MUM on Sanitary Towels —and be sure you are free from any possible embarrassment.

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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

AT 18 years of age, 40 seems a century ahead, and positive senility anyway. But for many of us life begins again at 40. The children are off-hand; we have learned tolerance and patience, and to take life more easily.

As far as personal appearance is concerned what must be done is to keep an eye on a frilly jaw line, wrinkles, or an increasing hip measurement. These problems settled, we face life as confidently as ever.

Muscles, when they begin to sag, must be encouraged by upward massage and stimulation. It is quite simple to keep a clean jaw line if daily treatment is given and we remember to hold the head erect when walking and sitting.

After bathing the throat and under chin with warm water, dry and spread the skin with a feeding cream. Then begin some simple massage movements. With the lightly clenched fists knead under the chin and the front of the throat. Then place the thumbs together in front of the throat and with the fingertips massage the back of the neck. Let all the movements be upward ones.

Next take hold of the chin with the thumbs and first fingers of both hands. Place the fingers on top and the thumbs underneath. Now move along with firm pinching movements, working outwards towards the ears.

Now return to the under chin. With your knuckles, press upwards into the flesh. Move from the centre of the chin towards the ears.

A reducing cream may be used on a double chin with benefit. It will tighten up the loose flesh and help to brace up the muscles as well. A chin-strap worn during the night is also helpful.

Women of 40 should beware of sinking their heads into a large fur collar. It is comfortable to do so when it is cold, but it isn't wise. It causes the head to poke forward and so emphasises a double chin and it is also likely to develop a dowager's hump at the back of the neck.

Middle-aged spread can be controlled by some not-too-strenuous exercises and suitable corsets. There are all kinds to suit all purposes, or if the figure is truly difficult then corsets to measure may be bought at slightly higher cost than ready-made ones.

Slimming baths twice a week are not only slenderising but invigorating as well. You probably will find that foam bath apparatus is installed at your local public baths. Make inquiries there. The bath may generally be booked by appointment and usually the cost is in the region of 2s. or half a crown. The bath takes 20 minutes and after that it is advisable to rest for half an hour before going out into the open air.

The minute foam bubbles enter every pore, dispersing the waste acids and fat. The effect is much the same as a Turkish bath, but the advantage is that there are no exhausting after effects. This makes the foam bath safe and even beneficial for people with heart trouble and other complaints for whom Turkish baths are unsuitable.

Slimming baths may be taken at home with the aid of special slimming snow. Three tablespoonfuls are used to an ordinary bath. This preparation is quite cheap. A shilling packet will provide four to five baths. This snow is most effective if it is used in conjunction with a camphor reducing massage cream.

At 40 years of age, feet need special attention. There is nothing like a corn or a callous for putting years on your face. In early middle-age most women who have led a strenuous life, borne several children, and brought them up, tend to have a little trouble with their feet. The arches maybe, tend to sag a little, and this in itself is a potent cause of corns and patches of hard skin on the soles of the feet.

You can do much to relieve tired feet with footbaths and similar remedies, but generally speaking, it is wise to pay a regular visit to a chiropodist. If corns and callouses are regularly treated and the falling arches also treated by skilful massage, much can be done to put the feet into comfortable order.

Ankles that swell may be helped by exercise and massage. Cross one leg over the other. Take the ankle between the hands and massage with a firm "wringing" movement. Massage first to the right and then to the left.

Then do an exercise by walking around the room, first for three steps on tip toe, followed by three steps with the heels dropped. Do this for five minutes, alternately raising and dropping the heels.

At night before going to bed, pat in a reducing lotion. This you can make at home by adding two shaved squares of camphor to one pint of surgical spirit. Bottle and leave for 48 hours.

This lotion must not be used near the eyes nor on the bust.

• • •

When you are in doubt or difficulty, send your problem on to me. Write, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope with your letter, to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss I. Hart, 38 Ballina Street, Honor Oak Park, S.E.23, for :—

Smart Blonde
Rain
Good Old Soak
The Dark Angel

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to : Willis Toogood, Lennoxlove, Haddington Scotland, for :—

Show Boat
Steamboat Round the Bend
The Crash
Over She Goes

Miss P. Thompson, Linden House, Clumber Road, W., The Park, Nottingham, for :—

Mama Steps Out
Shall We Dance?
Keep Your Seats, Please
She's Dangerous

Miss D. Mead, 5 Milton Avenue, Harlesden. N.W.10, for :—

The Woman Between
The Bride Walks Out
Reunion
The Bride Comes Home

F. Clarke, 31 Linden Place, Blurton, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent, for :—

The Last Mile
The Road to Glory
One Good Turn
The Road Back

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

1820 A 1938 MESSAGE To Film Fans

OF course, Robert Taylor, Jeanette MacDonald and other famous stars smile at you from your album, but have you their very latest—and best—portraits? "The Picturegoer's" complete list of film stars will enlighten you. There are no fewer than 1,820 stars listed. There are sixteen different postcards of Garbo on the list, dozens, all different, of Shirley. . . . The *very latest* postcards are listed below. Make your selection. Write for free list.

By joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5s. album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a superb De Luxe Album in blue rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. per dozen. Choose your cards from the list given below or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2s. 6d. per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list sent free on request.

SEPIA GLOSSY.—Elisabeth Bergner, Anton Walbrook, Sabu the Elephant Boy, Bill Boyd, Merle Oberon.

COLOURGRAPH.—Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Crawford.

PARTNERS—Sepia Glossy and Colourgraph.—Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon; Fredric March and Janet Gaynor; Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow; Patric Knowles and Olivia de Haviland; Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald; Errol Flynn and Olivia de Haviland.

PARTNERS—Sepia Glossy only.—Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour; Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

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Woman

EVERY THURSDAY 2D.

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Picturegoer

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2d WEEKLY



FIGHT NIGHT in Hollywood

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PLAIN · CORK OR RED TIPS

After the performance, Mercia Swinburne enjoys a quiet game of chess with her husband, George Relph, in their Chelsea flat. We shall be seeing them both in a new play soon.

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● *An Open Letter to CHARLES BOYER*

FRENCH *Lesson for* British ACTORS



Charles Boyer with Greta Garbo in "Marie Walewska." His fine performance makes it the best-balanced Garbo picture for years.

DEAR CHARLES BOYER,

Well, in *Marie Walewska*, you seemed to have shattered the Garbo leading man legend at last.

For years, as you may know, there has been a superstition in the film colony that masculine stars who are rash enough to play opposite the great Greta are, screenically speaking, never the same men again.

Some foundation is claimed for the belief in fact. Ricardo Cortez, Nils Asther, and Gavin Gordon all unaccountably failed to achieve the greatness predicted for them before they loved the Swedish star on the screen and met the so-called "Garbo jinx."

The eclipse of John Gilbert came on the heels of his screen partnership with the Guttural Goddess, while the fame of Charles Bickford faded noticeably after *Anna Christie*.

The career of Ramon Novarro went steadily downhill after *Mata Hari*. Clark Gable and Fredric March survived the hoodoo, but the legend was revived again recently when the stock of Robert Taylor slumped badly in the months following *Camille*.

You have not only emerged successfully from your acting encounter with the screen's most potent feminine personality, but with increased prestige.

It might be as well here, incidentally, to discourage the widely disseminated idea of an "acting battle" on the *Marie Walewska* set.

Garbo herself, we know, has never wanted to hog the limelight. While on the morning after the preview of *Anna Christie* the critics were screaming that Marie Dressler had stolen the picture from her, Greta was sending flowers and congratulations to that actress of beloved memory.

Anna Christie, her first talkie, was a very important picture to the star. Garbo is intelligent enough to appreciate that good performances by other members of the cast help to make good pictures, and that good pictures keep stars on their pedestals.

For your part, with typical Gallic gallantry, you were the first to set at rest the rumours broadcast in Hollywood during the course of production that Garbo, feeling that she was being overshadowed, was demanding retakes to give her part more prominence.

Most of the retakes you disclosed had been of yourself. "I have never met an artist," you said, "so willing to sacrifice herself to a fellow-player."

If *Marie Walewska* was an acting battle, we hope we'll see a lot more of them!

Two-star films should, but don't always, mean two-star performances. The result in this case is the best-balanced Garbo picture since the silent days.

We have, moreover, reason to be grateful to your contribution to the film in at least one other respect. It is so good that it will be the screen Napoleon to end screen Napoleons. For some years to come, at any rate, the comedians will have to concentrate on their ambitions to play Hamlet.

You have scored decisively in a supremely difficult characterisation and, if your performance doesn't go before the committee of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences when the proper time comes, we shall want to know the reason why.

One feature of your greatest talkie triumph to date is that you have allowed it to make no difference to your decision to make at least one picture a year in France.

This policy, we appreciate, is dictated by various motives. As an artist, you feel that permanent residence in Hollywood, with its remoteness from realities and unrelieved atmosphere of film "shop," is bad for an actor.

There is, we know, another factor. You feel a certain amount of responsibility to the native country that started you on the road to success.

Most of our own actors who make good in Hollywood adopt the "There's no place like home when there's nowhere else to go" theme song. When finally they do come crawling back from the barred doors of the Californian studios, they have nothing to offer British films but names that have long since lost any value they may once have possessed.

The Editor

● *All the Gossip*

THE SCREEN'S STELLAR STOCK-TAKING

A LITTLE child shall lead them (only in Hollywood, with a disrespectful bow in the direction of the employees of Twentieth Century-Fox, they quote it a little child shall feed them).

In other words, Miss Shirley Temple, after another year, is still the screen's biggest box-office bet, both in Britain and America.

The Infant It Girl's continued leadership is revealed in the annual investigation made among showmen here and in the States by *The Motion Picture Herald*, one of America's leading film trade papers, into the real ticket-window ranking of the stars. The poll was taken for the last film year; that is, from September 1, 1936, to September 1, 1937.

The British list may cause some surprises. Shirley retained her place as Exhibitors' Pal Number One by a decisive margin. She was followed in this order :—

Clark Gable.....Second
Gracie Fields.....Third
Gary Cooper.....Fourth
George Formby.....Fifth
William Powell.....Sixth
Jeanette MacDonald....Seventh
Robert Taylor.....Eighth
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers .....Ninth
Laurel and Hardy.....Tenth

It will be noticed that there are some mighty names missing. The absence of Jessie Matthews (she dropped from sixth to fourteenth) is probably explained by the fact that illness kept her from the screen during that period. It is probably a commentary on Joan Crawford's recent pictures, however, that she is placed thirty-third. Claudette Colbert, forty-fourth, also had a lean



Meet Danielle Darrieux, the beautiful French star, who is now making her Hollywood bow in "The Rage of Paris." London filmgoers may remember her in "Mayerling."

● How the Stars Really Stand

● A Little Child Shall Lead Them

spell before *I Met Him in Paris*, which was not generally released until November.

● Other interesting features are the phenomenal rise of George Formby, who was nowhere in the 1936 list, and now shares with Gracie Fields the distinction of representing British produced talent in the box-office Upper Ten, as well as heading such matinee idols as William Powell and Robert Taylor. Jeanette MacDonald has shown a big advance, too. She was not in the first 20 in the previous year.

Formby again was second only to Gracie among the top money-spinners in British productions. They are followed by :—

Jessie Matthews.....Third
Will Hay.....Fourth
Jack Buchanan.....Fifth
George Arliss .....Sixth
Charles Laughton } Tom Walls }.....Seventh
Anna Neagle.....Eighth
Jack Hulbert.....Ninth
Paul Robeson.....Tenth

Anna Neagle will, one imagines, rank higher next year, which will, of course, include *Victoria the Great*. Jack Hulbert has slipped from third place to ninth, while Will Hay has risen from eighth to fourth. ◆ ◆ ◆

● Now if you are not tired of lists, here, for the purposes of comparison, is how America ranks the stars :—

Shirley Temple.....First
Clark Gable.....Second
Robert Taylor.....Third
Bing Crosby.....Fourth
William Powell.....Fifth
Jane Withers.....Sixth
Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.....Seventh
Sonja Henie.....Eighth
Gary Cooper.....Ninth
Myrna Loy.....Tenth

Shirley Temple, has, by the way, headed the poll for three years, but the high places of Jane Withers and Sonja Henie may surprise British fans. In both countries Gable is still ahead of Taylor in the battle for the matinee idol championship, but where is the much-boomed Tyrone Power?

Ginger Meets Old Rival

● For the first time in eleven years, Ginger Rogers and Babe Cowart, who were rivals for the first place in the Texas Charleston contest which launched Ginger on a stage career, met recently on the set of Radio's *Having Wonderful Time*.

Making her first visit to Southern California, Miss Cowart was a guest for two days of the girl who defeated her in the dancing contest and who has since become a star in pictures.

Miss Cowart, it was disclosed, is a sister-in-law of Maxine Jennings, also appearing in *Having Wonderful Time*.

New Wallace Reid?

● The M.-G.-M. maharajahs believe that they have found another Wallace Reid in Dennis O'Keefe, who a few months ago was working in the extra ranks. He is like the famous silent star in personality, appearance and manner, and executives declare that he has the best chance for stardom of any prospect since Robert Taylor.

O'Keefe is a protégé of Clark Gable, who has been boosting his stock in the front office ever since he did a bit in *Saratoga*.

He persuaded the studio to give the youngster a chance in *Bad Man of Brimstone*. Now he has the leading male role next to that of Wallace Beery, the star.

Dennis, though comparatively new to films, has a sound stage background. His father was a well-known vaudeville artist.

Biographical Boom Continues

● Biography continues to be popular screen fare. No fewer than thirteen are scheduled at the moment. They include *The Life of Gaby Deslys* and *The Life and Melodies of Victor*

- Rise of George Formby
- Dietrich Dazes Jon Hall

Herbert, both of which will be made by Paramount, which is already completing *The Buccaneer*, based on the life of the pirate Lafitte.

Tyrone Power is scheduled for two at Twentieth Century-Fox: *The Life of Alexander Graham-Bell* (the telephone pioneer) and *Young Disraeli*. Universal hopes to do *The Life of Madame Curie* and Warners have registered the titles: *The Life of J. P. Pulitzer*, *The Life of Gershwin*, *The Life of Haym Salomon* and *Beethoven*.

Fox also has the autobiographical item *The Life of Eddie Cantor*, with the comedian, of course, as star.

Columbia is to do *Special Prosecutor*, based on the life of New York's fighting District Attorney, Thomas E. Bewly.

Marlene Kissed Him

● Jon Hall, Samuel Goldwyn's latest discovery, is still dazed following a shock meeting with Marlene Dietrich.

Recently, Hall, in New York for the showing of his first big film, *The Hurricane*, was dining at a popular restaurant. Marlene was there, and, although the pair had never met before, walked over to the new star, threw her arms around him and kissed him.

"That," she explained, "is for a wonderful performance in your first big picture, Mr. Hall."

But why that formal "Mr. Hall"?

Joan's 900,000 Fan Letters

● Much water has flown under the bridge since the day twelve years ago, when a far-sighted film executive chose Joan Crawford to play a small part in *Pretty Ladies*.

The other day, Miss Crawford, who has just finished *Mannequin*, received her nine-hundred-thousandth fan letter. It came from Clarkesville, Tennessee.

Twelve years ago, Miss Crawford sat in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer commissary just after having completed her part in *Pretty Ladies*, and read and re-read her first fan letter. Since the receipt of that first missive, Joan has kept count of every fan letter she has ever received, including this last one, the 900,000th.

Riddle of Rainer

● What is the mystery of Luise Rainer?

There have been rumours for some time that Luise has not been happy at her home studio. The reason given was the advent on the lot of Rose Stradner, an old stage rival from Vienna.

A few weeks ago Rainer was cast opposite Wallace Beery in *Madelon*. Now she has relinquished the role on account of ill health, and the gossips are recalling that she was reluctant to make the picture and hinting that the illness may be of the well-known diplomatic kind.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

STARS' WAR ON RADIO GOSSIP

THE film colony v. radio war continues. Hollywood celebrities are up in arms against the tactics of radio commentators, who are revealing secrets, alleged to be true, concerning filmdom's favourites.

George Jessel, the noted film actor, who also speaks over the air, is spokesman for the stars. He declares that, if the radio gossipers do not curb their "malicious and slanderous" remarks, they will soon be given swift and just retribution.

Studio executives are having all movie radio broadcasts checked and, if there is any mud-slinging, they plan to make it uncomfortable for the radio commentators.

Constance Bennett has filed suit for £25,000 damages against one broadcaster

There is even talk of prosecution of offenders. The commentators, on their part, declare that Hollywood is a public property depending on publicity for its livelihood.



Future Western star? Richard Arlen, jun., demonstrates his quickness on the draw to his admiring Papa.

Fortune Smiles

● Usually, when a man is accused of a crime, even though he be acquitted, his friends desert him.

Not so with John Montague, "mystery golfer," acquitted of a charge of robbery. Bing Crosby arranged a million-dollar film contract for Montague, and the latest news is that Montague is engaged to Mrs. Esther Plunkett, a wealthy lady who resides in Beverly Hills.

"The mystery man" denies that he is engaged to Mrs. Plunkett, but says that no one can predict the future.

Unhappy Landing

● Sonja Henie, we all believed, was more at ease on skates than the average person was when walking.

However, Sonja, when darting around the ice in a scene for *Happy Landing*, tripped on an obstruction in the ice, struck the back of her head, and suffered a slight concussion.

She will be able to resume work in a few days.

Dog Lover

● Rather than run down a puppy which had fallen in front of the bicycle she was riding from her dressing-room to a studio stage, Lupe Velez swerved the wheel and crashed head-on into a parked automobile. Severe cuts and bruises on her legs were the penalty for her act.

Lupe had just purchased the English bull pup and was transporting it to a set at the Radio studio in a wire basket fastened to the front of the cycle's handle bars. Without warning, the animal jumped from the basket directly in front of the bicycle. It was unhurt in the fall, but would have been seriously injured if the bicycle had run over it.

Held Hostage

● Ray Milland was held hostage for the price of 250 lunches while on location at San Marino.

The company was doing night shooting, and expected to finish shortly before midnight. When it was discovered that they would be delayed, the assistant director hunted up an all-night sandwich stand and arranged for coffee, hot soup, chili, etc., for the troupe.

Alas, when the meal was finished, it was discovered that the director and the business manager had disappeared. The latter was the one who was supposed to pay the bill.

The proprietor of the eating stand said he

(*Continued on page* 6)



Joan Fontaine and Nino Martini, who are teamed in "Music for Madame."

All the Gossip—*Contd.*

would hold Milland at his place until the bill was paid.

Which he did, for half an hour.

Shattered Romance

● Jocelyn Howarth, known on the screen as Constance Worth, has obtained an interlocutory decree of divorce from George Brent. The couple were married in Mexico and, claiming that the laws of that country had not been complied with, Brent sought to secure an annulment, which was denied by the Los Angeles courts.

Miss Worth asked for no alimony, but a property settlement was arranged out of court.

Miss Worth is a native of Australia, and the people of the Antipodes—particularly the journalists—have been waging a bitter battle against Brent, claiming that he was rather ungentlemanly in his attitude towards his bride.

Uncle Sam's Prisoner

● Entering the United States from across the pond is not such an easy matter, as Mary Morris, English stage actress, discovered.

This young lady, who enjoys the simple life, made the trip across the Atlantic on a tramp steamer but, when she arrived in Los Angeles immigration authorities detained her for three hours until the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, to whom she is under contract, sent a messenger with papers establishing her right to land.

Film players from Europe without studio contracts are not welcome in the States.

He's No Tarzan

● Cary Grant has been playing opposite Katharine Hepburn in *Bringing Up Baby*, in which film he and Katie are saddled with the care of a leopard cub.

So it gave the tall actor quite a shock to enter his portable dressing-room and find a leopard reclining upon his couch.

Upon his hurried exit he encountered Miss Hepburn and Charlie Ruggles wearing expressions that gave the hoax away.

It was the stuffed skin of a leopard that at one time probably was a most ferocious animal.

Out of the Rut

● As we know, film stars usually meet the same people practically twenty-four hours a day, and almost all of them are connected with the movie industry, thereby preventing the players from securing a broad outlook on life.

This limited horizon undoubtedly is responsible for the more intelligent stars purchasing homes in New England, thousands of miles away from Hollywood.

Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and other celebrities are among those who would like to meet brilliant folk not identified with the movies.

We have some brilliant minds among our actors, as well as those who have hardly any minds at all, so the idea sounds like a good one.

Racing Enthusiasts

● Racing at the Santa Anita Park is now in full swing, and it is interesting to note that many of the film stars are highly interested in the sport of kings.

Here are a few who own horses which will race at Santa Anita:—Bing Crosby, Barbara Stanwyck, Chico Marx, Joe E. Brown, Al Jolson, Mae West's brother Jack (probably Mae is a silent partner), and numerous producers and directors, whose names mean little to film fans.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

OPERA GOES CRAZY

THINGS are crazier than ever down Islington way, where the Crazy Gang are getting well ahead with *Alf's Button Afloat*, under the able direction of Marcel Varnel.

Believe it or not—but I know you believe everything *I* tell you—Messrs. Gold, Allen, Nervo, Flanagan, Knox, and Naughton have gone operatic!

They have had to learn an aria from *Rigoletto*, and do they make the gantries ring! This is for a concert on board ship, and until you've heard those crazy loons bellowing "Bella figlia del amore" (no, no, Phyllis, that does *not* mean "beautiful figleaf of love") you've no idea of the truth of the line "distance lends enchantment."

Between takes the prop-boys and electricians join in with a spot of home-made syncopation.

Alastair Sim (playing the Genie of the Button) is rather relieved that the Crazy Boys have something to occupy their minds, because it means that Charlie Naughton does a little less target-practice with a pea-shooter from the gantry at Mr. Sim's bald head.

Mr. Naughton is a terror with a pea-shooter.

Beautiful Bud

● His Royal Craziness Bud Flanagan, King of the Crazy Gang through sheer virtue of weight, if not by weight of virtue, and Grand Vizier Jimmy Nervo are marines in this picture; but in one sequence they become female opera singers of the most authentic type. Bud, under the motherly care of the make-up department, becomes a high-powered, buxom soprano with curves which Mae West might envy; while Jimmy Nervo's official rating is "frenzied contralto," in a gown which Mae might consider immodest if she were given to worrying about such things.

I can't see any reason why this shouldn't turn out to be as good a film as the Crazy Gang have yet made—and that's going some.

I'm not always for repetition of a successful teaming, but it does sometimes work.

For example, some time ago Paramount-British made a good little film called *Cavalier of the Streets*, based on a story of Michael Arlen's.

In this, Patrick Barr made a very favourable impression in the title role, and Margaret Vyner played opposite him.

Now these two are together again in *Incident in Shanghai*, the drama which John Paddy Carstairs is directing at Pinewood, and of which he wrote the story.

Topical

● I remember, when I first heard about this production months ago, thinking what a good thing it was to snap right into a topical subject like this, so that by the release date it would still be "headline news."

Then months slid past and for some reason or other the production was postponed; but now it has got under way, and as I write this it seems extremely unlikely that the war in China will have ceased to be in the news when we see it.

Here's the supporting cast, for those of you who insist on full casts being given in these devoted columns: Derek Gorst, Johnny Schofield, Lotus Fragrance, Rita Davies, George Courtney, Frank Tickle, Indira Devi, and Felicity Kirby.

Dare I mention, without bringing the wrath of the studio on my head, that there is a name there which is not wholly familiar to me?

No, it isn't Lotus Fragrance; I met her while she was playing the maidservant in *The Wife of General Ling*. She is Chinese, and as charming as her name.

It's one of the others.

To-morrow Will Do

● Another Paramount-British production, which is under the lamps at Cricklewood (how Paramount-British does get about, to be sure!) is *Murder To-morrow*, which seems a very good day for a murder, if you must have one. Anyway, it's a great deal better than to-day. I always postpone mine.

This one, based on a stage play of that name which I regret to say has hitherto escaped my attention, is being directed by Donovan Pedelty, and Jack Livesey and Gwen Gill have the leading roles, with Francis Roberts, Jonathan Field, Charles Lincoln, and Rex Alderman in support.

Another name there that's new to me, but wild publicity-men wouldn't drag from me which it is.

And yet another Paramount effort is at Sound City, where George King is rapidly nearing completion of *Silvertop*, a film about a little old lady, which looks to me from here suspiciously like a tear-jerker.

Marie Wright plays the title role, and the cast also includes Marjorie Taylor, David Farrar, Brian Buchel, Betty Ann Davies, Brian Herbert, Polly Emery, Fred Sinclair, Vi Kaley, Isobel Scaife, W. E. Holloway, and Arthur Pitts.

(I'll give 'em *casts*, he grumbled bitterly to himself.)

Body Found

● And, having chased Paramount-British half round the British film map, to Pinewood, Cricklewood, and Sound City, we might as well complete the grand tour at Worton Hall, Isleworth, where the Paramount-British film *Special Edition* is being directed by our old friend Redd Davis.

Upon my word, I don't believe I've run into Redd since he completed *Underneath the Arches*, with the hereintoforementioned Flanagan and Allen, at Twickenham. Where y'been, Redd?

This time he has a murder on his hands. On the night of the première performance of a play (what you and me, brought up common, would just call a "first night"), a body is found in the foyer.

And does this baffle the police? And does

a reporter, working on the case, bend his detective powers to a solution of the problem of Ooduit?

Yuseddit, Chief.

Gigantic

● All this sounds rather as if there were nothing being done anywhere except by Messrs. Paramount-British, but far from it. They may be—and are—very active, but they have no monopoly.

In fact, there are no fewer than eight other films in production at the moment, besides the five I have already mentioned.

Just imagine it—thirteen British films on the floor, all at the same time! Stupendous! Colossal!! Mediocre!!!

Seeing that we have, at a rough guess, between sixty and seventy sound-stages available, you can glean some idea of how low British production has fallen; especially as the majority of the films now before the cameras, however high their quality may prove to be, come quite definitely within the "quickie" class.

And several of those companies which *are* operating, unfortunately, seem to want to keep it dark if possible. For instance, British National, who made such a good start a year or two ago with *Turn of the Tide* and have done precious little to follow it up, are engaged at Welwyn on a film called *The Norwich Victims*, but divil a bit of information are they vouchsafing about it. Also they are preparing a film called *The Adventures of Mr. Penny* (so much my spies have discovered) with Richard Goolden in the famous role he created on the air from the B.B.C.

British National's motto seems to be "When you've got a good secret, keep it."

Schoolboys' Week

● You'd have thought, wandering round British studios this week, that film production was child's play—judging by the number of children engaged in it.

At Elstree, when I ambled into Associated British's studio restaurant to peck a crumb or two, I found the whole place a Babel, suggesting lunch-time in a public school with all the masters out of the room.

And that, as a matter of fact, was practically what it was; some dozens of boy actors, all dressed in black jackets and grey striped trousers, were wading solidly into the menu, and the bar was doing a roaring trade in lemonade and cigarettes.

These young fellows were engaged on *Housemaster*, in which Otto Kruger is playing the title-role, with Diana Churchill (do I have to repeat that she is one of the very best of our younger actresses? I trow not) and Rene Ray.

Afterwards I went along to the set, which represented a quadrangle of the school, with boys and masters walking about. This seemed to me to be one of the best pieces of art-direction and construction I've seen for some time, and I doubt very much whether you'll be able to tell that it isn't the real thing when you see it on the screen.

Drummond Again

● Even the fireman approved of it, and let me tell you, these firemen get pretty critical, for they see every set that's put up in their studio. Their job is to haunt the floors and see that nobody smokes; this is for purposes of insurance, and is a very strict rule, which is quite frequently observed.

Wandering over the lawn which covered half the set, under an ancient cypress made cunningly of laths, plaster, canvas, and paint, was Games-Master Michael Shepley, who looked exactly that. He took time off to tell me he is appearing with Henry Edwards in *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back* at the Savoy.

"Tedwards," as you probably know, is playing Drummond, and Shepley plays "Algy," a part which he played years ago with Gerald du Maurier.

Must go and have a look at them, I think.

Sh!

● The other film where schoolboys are being employed, I hear, is *The Norwich Victims* aforesaid. (No, British National didn't tell me this; it's apparently all part of the secret.)

In this instance the boys are not young professional actors as is the case in *Housemaster*; the producer collected seventy youngsters from the Fortescue Orphans' Home at Twickenham, and transported them to distant Welwyn Garden City in a couple of coaches.

It very often saves production-costs to have boy-actors who know the studio-ropes and are accustomed to walking past a camera without glancing surreptitiously into the lens.

But boys are adaptable young animals, and I don't suppose David MacDonald had much difficulty in getting them to "act natural."

Yes, Mr. MacDonald is the director; but that's all part of the secret, so for goodness' sake don't go bruiting it about.

Just Part of Our Service . . .

6 Honiton Close,
Allens Cross,
Northfield,
Birmingham, 31.

Dear Lionel Collier,

Just a few lines of very sincere thanks for helping me to pick out the best films during 1937.

I feel that I have a friend, who has helped me to see films that were worth-while.

I am the Birmingham secretary of the Federated British Film and Stage Association (doubtless you have heard of it) and most people I know are full of praise for your criticisms.

Yours sincerely,
N. Cresswelly.

Jack's Holiday

● One of the most exciting films to have been made in a British studio for some time seems to have been the Wainwright Production *Kate Plus Ten*, with Genevieve Tobin in the title role and Jack Hulbert as the detective who matches his wits against those of Genevieve as the girl-chief of a gang of international swindlers.

They switched from the railway sequences to a scene in a deserted mine, where the £600,000 gold bullion robbery is completed.

This, if you remember, was to be a "holiday" film for Jack Hulbert, as a nice rest and change from his strenuous song-and-dance productions.

The other day I reminded him of this, and he rubbed part of his chin reminiscently and said, "Holiday? Did I say holiday? Well, if you call being showered with gas bombs in a studio, made to crash a giant train through an engine shed—not once but twice, mark you—and being frozen in night air colder than a landlady's heart . . . if you call that a holiday, then you take a holiday and leave me at work, that's all.

"At Limpley Stoke, near Bath," he went on, "we started out at 9 p.m. with a clammy fog and hard frozen grass crunching underfoot, and pedalled along a railway line on an open railway trolley, among other fantastic tricks; and that went on till about 6 a.m.

"Cross your heart and wish to die—do you really call that a holiday?"

No, come to think of it, I don't.



John Loder is back in America to take up a Hollywood contract. Mrs. Loder smiles, but John looks a bit worried. He has to foot the bill. They were snapped in one of New York's swankiest night clubs, and that plate of soup alone cost 7s. 6d.!



"The Housemaster." We never saw our housemaster in this pose, but real life is seldom as good as the films: Otto Kruger in the title role of the screen version of the Ian Hay stage success. The girls are Diana Churchill and Rene Ray.

Continuing

"You'll Know Hollywood"

by Richard Haestier

FRIDAY NIGHT

Last week Richard Haestier dealt with the general characteristics of Hollywood and its inhabitants. In this article he deals with a definite phase of life in the film capital—the regular attendance of most of the stars at the all-in wrestling matches held in a big down-town Los Angeles stadium.

FOR the film folk in Hollywood there are two hobbies—films and fights. It is a safe bet to make that on your first Friday night in the picture-making colony at least half a dozen people you have met will invite you to "go to the fights." And if you are wise you will accept.

In fact, if you are wise you accept most invitations that come to you as a visitor, for two reasons.

One is that stars, directors, producers and everybody in the industry seem to be the most hospitable people in the world and it is easier to accept their enthusiastic kindness than to fight against it.

The other is that if you refuse invitations you are liable to be misunderstood. They think you do not like them, and that is one of the biggest sins you can commit over there.

But in the case of the famous fights there is a third reason why the wise person accepts the invitation. It is because it gives one an opportunity to prove that even film stars are real people, for they nearly all attend the Friday evening all-in wrestling bouts and unconsciously strip themselves of their glamour. You cannot be glamorous while tearing your programme to bits and throwing the pieces in the air with enthusiasm, or shouting, "Slay him! Go on! Kill him! Ooh! Ah! Wow!"

For, believe it or not, that is what they do. There is no restraint, and the more blood that flows, the better they seem to like it.

Really, it is a revelation. In fact, the Friday night fights in Hollywood, as I saw them, seem to be the one time everybody really lets go.

It appears to be the antidote to otherwise perpetual glamour and the only place where what the stars do does not seem to get reported—except in a casual way; a mere record that so-and-so was "glimpsed" at the fights with so-and-so.

And the women seem to throw off their restraint far more easily and much more thoroughly than the men.

These fights are held in the huge stadium "down-town" in Los Angeles. It is an amazing experience to go down there.

Thousands of limousines seem to trek down from Hollywood, and glittering women with their escorts, who, anywhere else within a radius of miles would have to fight their way through mobs of autograph hunters, step out of their cars and join the melée milling round the turnstiles, apparently ignored by the crowds.

And what crowds. They come from miles around, the most cosmopolitan mixture you could imagine. Thugs and pugs in caps and "sweatshirts" dig their elbows into feminine favourites of the screen, and the favourites, manoeuvred by their escorts, squeeze into the throng and thoroughly enjoy themselves doing so. There is never any ill-feeling about it.

A tough looking guy pushes unceremoniously past a movie queen without so much as glancing at her. Occasionally he mutters, "'cuse me, sister, I gotta git in," but not often has he breath enough or any thought save making his seat.

On the night I went I was in the middle of a scrum, wondering whether I should get in with all my clothes still on when someone slapped me on the back and I heard a familiar Cockney voice behind me exclaim, "Blimey: Look oo's 'ere."

I turned round with difficulty and found myself looking at Herbert Mundin, who had recognised me in the crush and took the opportunity to welcome me to Hollywood with a brief Cockney impersonation.

"You must come up and spend the evening with us," he said. "You know my wife" (indicating a tall, charming looking woman by his side).

Before I could do more than beam my pleasure at meeting Mundin, the crowd separated us. But Herbert had time to shout an inquiry: "Where are you staying?" and when I shouted back the hotel he promised to ring—which he did.

I have no idea how many people the stadium holds, but there seemed to be acres of space from one side to the other, and it was packed from floor to ceiling. To the people tucked under the roof the ring must have looked like a pocket handkerchief, and a blue one at that, through the haze of smoke.

When you walk down the gangways a queer crunching sound echoes your footsteps. It is caused by peanut shells, discarded by enthusiastic munchers.

If you are very hungry you buy "hot dogs" as you go in, and after about ten minutes by the ringside in the terrific heat you buy glasses of lemonade—if you are lucky enough to be near the gangway and can reach it. Otherwise, you shout for a glass and somebody else drinks it before it is passed to you.

Hardly the sort of place where you would expect film stars to gather. But they do.

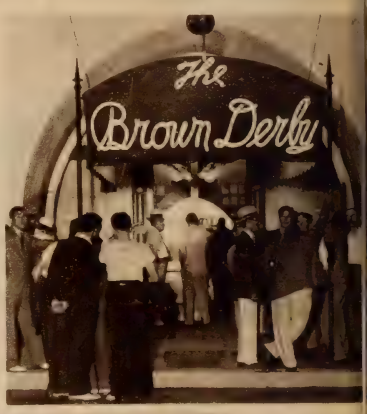
Two of the most enthusiastic fans are Lupe Velez and Mae West. But you can always pick out two or three dozen others—mostly famous, but for just these few hours, ordinary members of the crowd come to enjoy the blood and faked butchery.

Before I went in my companion, who never missed a Friday evening, warned me not to take the wrestling seriously.

"It's all fixed before it starts," he explained. "Almost every move is fixed and before the wrestlers go into the ring it has been arranged which will win and at what point in the match."

It was a good thing, perhaps, that I was warned, for without this knowledge the fights seemed to be bouts of the most revolting butchery. But the worse it got the more the fans cheered and shouted;





Autograph hunters haunt the Brown Derby, one of Hollywood's most popular stellar resorts.



Fredric March and Elizabeth Jenns in a scene from "A Star is Born," which depicts a Friday night scene at the famous stadium.

s FIGHT NIGHT



The Hollywood Olympic Stadium in Los Angeles, where crowded houses are the order of the day all through the year.



One of the most enthusiastic fightgoers is Mae West, who is seen here with her manager, James Timony. Perhaps she learns about men from them!

and the more they shouted the more violent became the contestants.

One of the bouts, to my innocent eyes, looked like murder.

The famous Man Mountain Dean, a huge fellow with a flowing black beard and the figure of Henry VIII, was matched against a giant who looked as if he could have crushed Carnera to pulp.

They got the most terrifying grips on each other and screamed with apparent agony. And while they screamed as though in pain the crowd—feminine stars included—screamed with delight and shouted encouragement to one man or the other to "break his neck," "twist his arm off" and "kill 'im!"

Suddenly Man Mountain Dean let out a terrifying screech. He ran from his opponent a few paces, fell to one knee and screamed again. I thought something terrible had happened to him and perspiration was running from my brow in sheer fright. But the habitués simply yelled.

And in a trice the Man Mountain had been picked up and, by a trick, thrown against the ropes in such a way that his head went through the upper two.

Another hair-raising yell from Dean and then a horrible gasp. His opponent had twisted the ropes, pushed the Man Mountain's hands through them so that they acted as levers and proceeded to twist the ropes more and more so that they choked the victim.

Dean, his body limp, went blue in the face. His opponent was as frenzied as the onlookers. The roof nearly came off with the yelling, and while the butcher hissed his victim gasped for breath.

Suddenly Man Mountain Dean's body sagged and the referee rushed across the ring and pulled the killer away. Dean was released and appeared to fall unconscious on to the canvas. There was silence in the great hall. The referee signalled and two men rushed down the gangway with a stretcher.

Everyone stood up. Man Mountain Dean was lifted from the floor, placed on the stretcher, pushed through the ropes and carried off.

"They've killed him!" I gasped in horror to my companion.

"Bah!" replied my cynical friend. "It's a fake!"

And half an hour later, back in Hollywood, I walked into the famous Brown Derby bar to get an antidote to the shock. There, cleaned up and spruce, without a scratch, was Man Mountain Dean. He had fooled the fans once again and was beginning to enjoy the proceeds of his evening's work.

That is what they call entertainment in Hollywood. It is certainly exciting, if not very edifying.

Incidentally, their sense of sportsmanship seems to be very queer. Everyone, I noticed, shouted for the victor. And if the contestants do not play according to the pre-arranged rules, no one has any sympathy for them.

On this memorable evening when I was in the audience, for instance, a newcomer was making his first appearance in the Los Angeles ring.

Apparently it had been arranged that he should lose the match. But when he got inside the ropes, either his enthusiasm or his prowess got the better of him, for he proceeded to turn the tables on his opponent—who was wrestling according to the rules.

The referee warned him, but he got carried away again. Whereupon the referee walked up to him, hit him a terrific blow on the base of the neck, by the shoulder, with the edge of his hand and felled him. Then he kicked the fellow while he was on the ground, called on the stretcher-bearers and announced the other man the winner.

And the crowd cheered mightily.

When the fights are all over the crowd surges out again into the street. The film stars pick up their cars and drive to the fashionable restaurants to sup and dance and pose for publicity pictures, and the less distinguished drift along the highways and byways of down-town Los Angeles, to eating houses, lodging houses, or whatever their favourite haunt happens to be.

But one and all are flushed and excited. They have had a "kick" out of the evening, and if you can get a "kick" out of anything it is exhilarating and good.

On the face of it, one would think such an event a queer relaxation for a film personality. But examination of the situation leads me to this conclusion.

These stars who entertain you on the screen week after week have to work hard to do so. Life in a studio, under glaring lights, is as artificial as it is tiring. And life outside, always in the public eye, is as boring and inconvenient as it is necessary. Some completely different relaxation must be found.

If I had to lead that life, I, too, would want to shout occasionally to afford myself relief. And these all-in wrestling matches provide a reasonable excuse for opening the safety valve. You can shout your head off without anyone taking any notice because everybody's doing it.

In addition to all of which, it must be very stimulating to go completely natural for a couple of hours.

Even so, a psychologist might find the subject a fascinating one for study and should be able to arrive at some interesting conclusions.

Something which intrigued me more at the time than either the wrestling matches or the fact that a good many women stars attend them, was that the crowd from down-town Los Angeles so completely ignored the mighty ones of the screen in their midst. Why, I wonder?

In practically any other spot where a crowd is gathered something bordering on pandemonium starts as soon as a favourite is spotted. But not at the fights. Working-men out for an evening's "fun," young artisans with their sweethearts, toughs, who normally, I should imagine, turned a dishonest dollar in any easy way they could, all seemed to be completely unconscious of the fact that diamonds and furs draped pretty women at their elbows; women whose personalities fascinate men all over the world. Film stars, as such, simply do not exist, so far as I could see, for all-in wrestling audiences.

NEXT WEEK

Richard Haestier describes the social side of Hollywood life as lived by the stars in the three famous restaurants, the Vendome, the Trocadero and the Brown Derby. He introduces intimate and personal touches, and tells a remarkable story of the strangest man he met in the Mecca of the Movies, as well as giving you a word picture of several famous people off set.

Gregory La Cava is a name to conjure with in films to-day. He is one of the few movie directors with the Midas touch. Here Malcolm Phillips tells you something about the man who made "Stage Door" and some of the inner history of that Hepburn-Rogers picture.



Above: Gregory La Cava explains a scene to Ginger Rogers and Adolph Menjou.

Right: "Throw away those dancing shoes" said a cameraman when Ginger Rogers finished her big emotional scene in "Stage Door."



IT is the "thing" in the film colony these nights to attend the concerts in the Hollywood Bowl. Stokowski and Heifetz draw huge audiences. Lily Pons, by far the greatest singer of all the prima donnas who have come into pictures, set up a record when she sang there the other evening.

For all its recent dizzy ascents in the realms of the highbrow, however, the music that Hollywood still likes best is the merry tinkle of the coins as they roll into box-office cash boxes.

Names make more than news in movieland; they make money. That is why stars are paid £30,000 a picture. Producers sign their cheques cheerfully. If that was the principal worry of film-making they would have fewer grey hairs.

Stars are important, but, as more than one temperamental young lady has discovered, not indispensable. They are like 'buses, there will always be another along in a minute. Provided, moreover, that they have the precious gift of personality, they can be developed quickly. Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power and, more recently, Wayne Morris, jumped into the big money almost overnight.

The other essentials of profitable movies are not so easy to come by. Directors, for instance, cannot be made by a little experience and a lot of ballyhoo. It takes them years to learn their jobs. And after that most of them are merely competent hacks.

Dorothy Arzner the other day assessed the minimum period in which anyone could master the technique of film directing at ten years. And even those with the divine spark have to know the mechanics before they can make good movies.

Any producer would swap half a dozen stars for one director who could be relied upon, given the raw materials in the way of a reasonable script and cast, to turn out good pictures.

There are fewer than you might imagine. Most of Hollywood's directors are successful only with fool-proof scripts and strong supervision.

It cost the British film industry a lot of money to find that out in the last few years. Directors, imported here on the strength of American reputations, have, with one or two exceptions, proved hopeless without the Hollywood machine behind them.

There are probably less than a dozen genuine box-office directors in films to-day. Frank Capra, who has been of greater value to Columbia than the studio's entire star roster, is one of them. "Woody" Van Dyke, of M.-G.-M., is probably another.

Capra's greatest rival, however, as the director with the Midas touch, may very well be Gregory La Cava. If not yet quite the miracle man that Capra has proved himself in the last year or two, La Cava has run him very close.

He has, unlike Capra, not been closely identified with any one style of film. He first attracted notice as a front-rank director in the movingly human *Melody of Life*. Since then he has scored with such widely divergent themes as the whimsical *What Every Woman Knows*, the melodramatic *Gabriel Over the White House*, and the psychologically heavy *Private Worlds*.

His sure flair for comedy in *She Married Her Boss* was well up to the Capra standard, while with *My Man Godfrey* he created a film fashion that is still with us. The majority of these pictures (one might almost say with the exception of *Private Worlds*, hardly a popular subject, all of them) were money spinners.

My Man Godfrey, in addition to starting a vogue, created a £30,000-a-picture star out of Carole Lombard.

My Man Godfrey, moreover, was La Cava's film from start to finish. With Capra's work one always has a suspicion that Robert Riskin was looking over his shoulder. Gregory La Cava is the only director who makes up his pictures as he goes along.

William Powell told me recently how La Cava himself improvised the best of *My Man Godfrey* on the set.

Though extremely thorough in preparation, La Cava is a firm believer in the extemporaneous technique. Lubitsch has every scene worked out to the smallest movement and gesture before he steps on a set. La Cava prefers to start with a general idea of a scene, and work it out on the spot. He usually goes on the set without a line of his dialogue written and often with no notion of how a scene will end. This method, he declares, permits the director and scenarist to adjust the dialogue directly to the people who have to speak it. That explains the spontaneity of much of his work. Yet few directors emerge from the set with more compact, cogent, and polished footage.

Some actors, of course, strongly resent this haphazard method of approach, but they usually come to like it in the end. Powell himself, who studies his lines more carefully than anyone in Hollywood, and is a great stickler for the written script, took violent exception to the La Cava technique in the case of *My Man Godfrey* and flatly refused to work that way.

"Well, we just went along," says La Cava, "for several days, making the best of it. Then we came to a scene for which it just happens we had written lines a week in advance. Bill had been studying them diligently—but when we started to shoot the scene he forgot them altogether! From then on he thought my idea was swell."

Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers readily fell into La Cava's way of doing things in *Stage Door*, also put into shape on the set.

For one thing *Stage Door*, though a hit play, could not be adapted to the screen without considerable alteration. The play deliberately set out to prove, as La Cava puts it, "that Hollywood isn't a combination of Mecca and El Dorado, and that all successful people there are platinum blondes without any talent."

"I'm doing pictures for picture audiences," he adds, "so I had to take a different point of view. "Also I had the problem of making a film with two stars—not one, as was the case in the play. This affected considerably the type of



William Powell, seen with Alice Brady in a scene from "My Man Godfrey," didn't like La Cava's method . . . at first.



Hollywood's MAN GREGORY

By MALCOLM PHILLIPS

La Cava about to rehearse small-part players for "Stage Door." It is just as important, he believes, for a small part to be correctly played as for the star roles to be in the proper hands.

story—which, I must admit, was just a general idea when we started production."

Incidentally, La Cava was the subject of considerable commiseration when Hollywood heard that he had got the assignment. The tempestuous Katharine Hepburn, they pointed out, had never been teamed with another feminine star. And with another redhead, too!

The picture started production to the accompaniment of rumours of verbal fireworks and predictions of physical hair pullings. Hepburn had said that she was glad that Ginger Rogers was to be ingénue in her picture. Hepburn had protested to the front-office about the magnificence of the wardrobe allotted to Ginger Rogers. And so on, and so on.

It may or may not be a tribute to La Cava's tact, but so far, from the expected feud developing, the two girls are to-day the best of friends. Ginger is even allowed on the sacred Hepburn "closed" sets; Ginger on her part has been trying to persuade Katie to give interviews.

"Almost every star I have ever worked with," says La Cava, "has been recommended to me secretly as being extremely difficult to manage. But I have found that so-called temperament is just a higher form of intelligence.

"Screen stars who do not possess the emotional fire sometimes labelled artistic temperament aren't worth their salt. Nice girls as we know the type are rarely good actresses."



It may or may not be a tribute to the director's tact, but Ginger and Katharine Hepburn, expected to fight, finished up the best of friends.

Just as he created a brilliant new comedienne in Carole Lombard with *My Man Godfrey*, La Cava has, with *Stage Door*, given us a new dramatic actress in Ginger Rogers.

He doesn't take any credit for the fact; he is a great admirer of Ginger's talents. "Ginger Rogers," he says, "has everything."

His pet scene in the picture is that in which Ginger, broken-hearted, enters Katharine Hepburn's dressing-room on the opening night of her first play and accuses her of responsibility for the suicide of a friend.

"In this scene," he thinks, "Miss Rogers has proved that she is an actress of great emotional range.

"And never," he adds, "have I heard a finer tribute paid to a performer than was spoken by a cameraman right after Ginger had finished that scene.

"We had all been greatly moved by her performance and there was an uncommon hush over the set. I know that I for one had tears in my eyes.

"Then I heard this cameraman, standing close beside me, speak in a matter-of-fact voice to no one in particular—just sort of thinking out loud. And what he said was simply, 'Throw away those dancing shoes.'"

Gregory La Cava is some years older than Capra—he is 45. He was born in Towanda, Pennsylvania, and his original ambition was to be a great painter. He studied and practised art for fifteen years, before financial reasons forced him into the commercial field.

He was a cartoonist on the *New York Globe* and the *New York Evening World*.

He came into films as an artist, and was one of the pioneers in the animated cartoon field. Among his work was the animation of the early Mutt and Jeff cartoons.

His old profession proved useful, incidentally, during the production of *My Man Godfrey*.

Back in 1930, the director attended a week-end party at Malibu Beach, where a lanky, sad-eyed Russian chap convulsed the guests by giving a burlesque of a gorilla leaping from branch to branch, using the furniture as his forest. Gregory wrote in his notebook, "Mischa Auer, a natural comedian frequently miscast in film tragedies. Use him in comedy some day."

Six years later, when he received the script of *My Man Godfrey*, La Cava recalled the actor's clowning and decided it would fit perfectly into this mad and merry movie. But Auer's film test proved disappointing. What had seemed so funny in the parlour was flat on the screen.

It was then La Cava went back to his old job of cartoon animator. He sent for a pad of white paper and propping it against his knee for an easel, he drew a sequence of 43 comic monkey postures and gyrations.

Then Auer practised each successive bit of business in the sequence of these lightning drawings. His second test was perfect, since by rehearsing from the pencil pictures, he was able to get proper timing and cinema continuity into his actions which previously had been too fast and scattered for the camera to follow.

From miniature cartoons La Cava went on to become a scenarist for Lloyd Hamilton and Jack White. Later he wrote the screen adaptations for the Johnny Hines "Torch" series, and then became a Mack Sennett comedy director, and, like Capra, graduated from slapstick to drama. That varied background probably explains his extraordinary versatility.

Off the set he is one of Hollywood's most expert practical jokers. On it, he has one particular whim. In all his films he has music played at all times between shots to match the mood of every scene.

However, music, unique methods and all, Gregory La Cava is one of filmland's few Directors with the Midas Touch.



Graham Moffat Moore Marriott and Will Hay in a scene from "Oh Mr. Porter."

WILL HAY and CO.

One of the most successful comedy teams in British Studios at the moment is that composed of the three artistes seen above. Wilson D'Arne tells you all about them.

A COMEDY team of great promise has been formed by the casting together of Will Hay, Graham Moffat and Moore Marriott in *Oh! Mr. Porter*, one of the best British broad comedies of recent years.

When Will Hay first appeared on the screen in *The Magistrate* one realised that here at last was a comedian who could adapt himself to the medium of the screen and he fulfilled his promise in *Boys Will be Boys, Where There's a Will, Good Morning, Boys,* and *Windbag the Sailor*.

He has often played with Moore Marriott and Graham Moffat but not in quite the same team spirit that exists in his latest picture, and it is that team spirit that one would like to see carried on through a series of pictures.

It is an exceedingly happy combination, and the humour of Will Hay is enhanced by the clever character study given by that veteran of the screen, Moore Marriott and by the natural acting ability of the ex-page boy, Graham Moffat.

Will Hay has always written his own material, songs, speeches, monologues and dialogue for his sketches but he has not at the moment done this for films. Perhaps he could be inspired to write a scenario which would incorporate his fellow-actors in *Oh, Mr. Porter*.

He was born in Scotland, and spent most of his youth and all of his pocket-money in Manchester. His father was interested in music and acting, and this no doubt gave Will an idea, because he took up engineering. At that time the lathe was mightier than the microphone or camera.

Will's interest in entertaining others, in a very small way at first, was confined to local amateur activity. He would often attend parties and deliver funny monologues or sing comic songs—whichever fitted the mood!

His charity performances for hospitals in and around Manchester won his efforts enviable appreciation. For a little extra pocket-money he occasionally took part in local concert parties and pierrot troupe shows. The whole of Manchester got to know of Will a long time before the news of his ability to "send them into the aisles" with laughter percolated to the ears of theatrical agents.

Then came an offer of an extended tour on the stage. After much deliberation, Will decided to throw his blueprints away and accept his first professional engagement.

For a long time a vaudeville artiste, Will Hay is endeared to that profession, but realises the necessity of keeping, and if possible, progressing with the times—hence his great success in his films.

An artiste, unique in his own line, Will Hay is an individual of extensive worldly experience. His views are sound, his humour uproariously funny, and he is also an intelligent and cultured man.

Moore Marriott is the veteran of them all. He has played more character parts than any other living actor in films. In the days of silent pictures he was known as the "Second Lon Chaney." "Now," says Moore, "I don't give a fiddle about versatility as long as I make people laugh.

"Laughter is one of the rarest qualities in the world to-day, and I'm extremely proud to think that I help in providing it." Briefly that sums up Moore Marriott. He is never so happy as when other people are happy.

He was born in West Drayton, Middlesex, and started life in the entertainment profession at the tender age of five. Grew up in an environment of stage "flats," grease-paint and "props." Many and varied were the stage roles he played until the war came. Off he went to France and returned with the unhappy prospect of starting his stage career all over again.

But Moore Marriott was not daunted. He had done it once, and if needs must he would do it again. And he did. Up and up went his theatrical market price until he became one of our most-sought-after feature players. He appeared in many silent pictures, one of the most notable being *The Monkey's Paw*. When talkies arrived, his talents appeared to be sadly neglected. One of the cleverest character actors in the country, he was never given a good break. Recently he has turned in notable performances in *When Knights were Bold, Accused, Turn of the Tide*.

Then Gainsborough gave him a long term contract and since then he has been featured with Will Hay in several pictures and will shortly be seen in a leading part in Will Fyffe's film, *Owd Bob*.

He has several hobbies, among which gardening, motoring, and reading take precedence. But Moore has a hobby perhaps just a little more important than the rest. He confesses to being an ardent student of human nature. In fact, he attributes his success to his psychological studies of working men.

"They taught me all I know," says he, "and whenever the opportunity occurs I pop down to the 'local' to have a chin-wag with the boys.

"They're all poor, but they're a grand bunch of people and I owe them a great deal for their sincere teaching of the adage: 'Happiness is not always gained by the possession of money."

Moore calls them "real people." And he should know, for without a shadow of doubt he is himself a "real person."

The third of the trio, Graham Moffat, in his tender years used to pass the Shepherd's Bush studios on his way to school. Many times he asserted to his chums: "You see, I'm going to work there one day." They chaffed him about his ambition, but he achieved it even though at first he was only front-door page under the stern jurisdiction of an ex-Grenadier.

He clicked his heels so smartly once for Tom Walls that he clicked for his film debut. Walls had him out of his page-boy's uniform into a surplice and up on the set as a choir-boy in *A Cup of Kindness* almost before he realised what had happened. That was Graham's first appearance before the movie camera.

He didn't have much to do in the film, but what little he did earned him further parts of a larger character. More recently he has been featured with Will Hay in *Where There's a Will, Windbag the Sailor* and *Good Morning, Boys*.

For a few weeks he returned to his page-boy's uniform in *Okay for Sound* with the Crazy Gang! In this he proved an admirable foil for their mad activities. His latest parts have been as the office-boy in Jessie Matthews' film! *Gangway*, Jerry Jerks in *Doctor Syn*. Graham has risen from being a complete nonentity into a household name, and there is no one person more deserving than he. Success has not turned his head; it has rather brought him happiness and stability.

He lives with his mother, father and younger sister in Shepherd's Bush and gets a great kick out of the fact that people stop and point him out in the street. "It's better than being a blooming page," says he.



KAY FRANCIS

Despite an impending (as we go to press) lawsuit against the Messrs. Warner, who market her talent and distinctive brunette beauty, Kay is keeping hard at work at the studio. She has scored a hit in the political satire "First Lady," breaking away at last from the series of novelettish stories she has been given lately, and is now scheduled to do another comedy, "All Rights Reserved."



Max Factor is just as interested to-day in the accentuating of feminine beauty as he was in those years long ago when he prepared the screen grooming for the first lady in this reminiscent collection of pictures, Anita Stewart. Myrna Loy has been selected to represent his skilled handiwork to-day.



Above: Rendezvous of glamorous beauties. A view of one of the luxurious Max Factor salons. To these splendidly appointed rooms come the most widely known women in the world, the ladies of stage and screen, for the make-up which is one of the major items in their capturing of beauty.

"MAKE-UP To-day"

Concluding "Beauty and the Stars," the romance of thirty years of films and film stars as seen through the eyes of Max Factor, the make-up expert.



A triumph of make-up was the preparing of an artificial "shaved" pate for Paul Muni's appearance in "Good Earth." Max Factor made a wig prepared on a rubber-like base of his own compounding. This wig, on its rubberised skull-cap, is what is seen on Muni's head in the picture.



Circle : Even though he is perforce one of Hollywood's busiest personages, Max Factor takes the time necessary for him to be the personal creator of the make-up for which his name is internationally synonymous. Here the veteran artist is shown instructing Margot Grahame on the technical niceties involved in the completion of a personal make-up.

Left: Factor has the greatest collection of stellar autographs in the world. And, as time goes on, more and more stellar personages add their names to the great tribute collection, just as Barbara Stanwyck is doing here. The collection is insured for 15,000 dollars.

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA



While cameramen prepare to take a close-up for "Women Have a Way," Miriam Hopkins arranges her blonde curls.



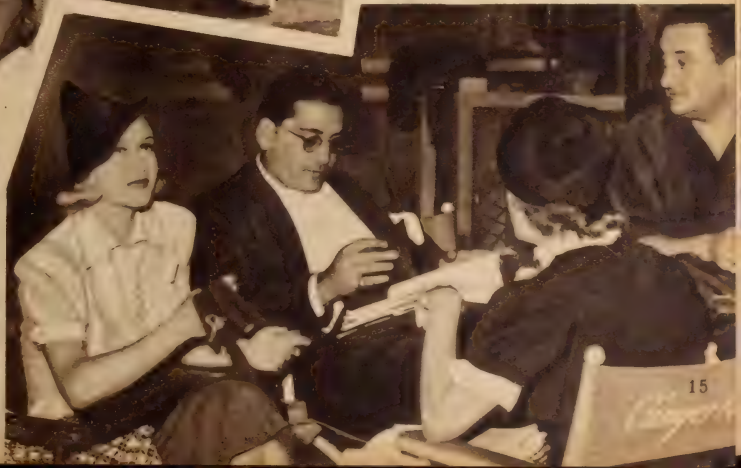
Left: The girl from the flying trapeze. Preston Foster went to the circus the other day and then went behind the scenes to meet the entertainers. He is seen here with one of the trapeze artistes.



Meet Peggy Conklin, the popular stage actress, who appears in "Having Wonderful Time." The candid cameraman snapped her as she arrived in Hollywood to take up the role.



Above: Victor Moore tries his hand at Ann Sothern's knitting while she is busy before the cameras with Gene Raymond in aid of "She's Got That Swing."



Right: Ginger Rogers has exchanged chairs with Dorothy Tree for this dialogue rehearsal with Ernest Pagano, the scenarist, and Edward Santell, the director, of "Having Wonderful Time."

The Adventures of Marc

Samuel Goldwyn's the romances a thirteenth-century Venice to Cathay to brings Gary Coop banner and provid person of Sigrid Norwegian "find." cast includes Georg



A grim struggle between Marco Polo (Gary Cooper) and Ahmed (Basil Rathbone), a scheming Saracen.







The new "mystery star," Sigrid Gurie as Kukachin, who falls in love with the romantic traveller.

(Right) Kukachin and Marco Polo's idyll progresses in Cathay in spite of the machinations of Ahmed, who resents the stranger's presence.

o Polo

ous picture, which traces ventures of the famous er who travelled from se his father's business, k under the Goldwyn ew leading lady in the , the producer's new e Mayo directed and the ner, and Basil Rathbone.



Full chances are given to Gary Cooper to exploit his romantic side. Here he is in a charming love scene with Sigrid Gurie.



While Marco Polo is generally regarded as a romantic traveller, he was also engaged in business. In China he views with some amazement the manufacture of fireworks.



(Right) Basil Rathbone is made to appear as a ruthless villain. His role is practically the only one which is not tinged with a light touch.



) Although the story is sential of the picture, le plays a part and due on has been paid to the truction of the period d the atmosphere.





Lyle Talbot is the man Loretta leaves home—and Tyrone—for. He proves his unworthiness, however, after they are married.

SECOND HONEYMOON

Though they are divorced, Loretta Young and Tyrone Power are still in love with each other—but don't realise it.

Loretta Young and Tyrone Power are teamed again in this triangle romance. Lyle Talbot is the other man in the case, and also in the cast are Claire Trevor and Stuart Erwin.



Left: Loretta versus Lyle. And the winner, judging by the applause, is Loretta. Claire Trevor is in the background.

Above: Silver sequins and white tulle combine to make this gown of diaphanous elegance Loretta Young wears in the picture.

DEAD END

Freely based on the film by Marjory Williams with permission of United Artistes.



THEY call it *Dead End*, in other words *Slum Alley*. It lies off a main street with its skyscrapers and trams. Its pavements give directly on to tenements, a few shops, an Italian lunch bar and a derelict garage. Its other outlet slips down by iron railings and worn stairs, to a wharf and East river.

Recently impressed, by the charm seen at a distance of such a waterfront, commanding a view of steel bridges and passing ferries, some enterprising New Yorker, has chosen it for the site of an hotel. Of glistening concrete, many storeys, a roof garden, and a swimming pool, this hotel's side entrance abuts on *Dead End*.

Every morning, the doorman with brass buttons, sweeps the neat step and is laughed at and mimicked by a gang of youngsters whose homes are the drab tenements where sunlight enters seldom.

For *Dead End* is alive in this respect that it breeds children—the American citizens of tomorrow. As such, Dave Connell who had grown there from boyhood to maturity, being in a contemplative mood, one morning, saw Spit and Dippy and Angel watching 14-year-old Tommy Gordon, gang leader, extracting three cents from Milty, a new member, for initiation money.

A young woman appeared to be holding her own among the melee by the garage where such fights were usually staged. Drina Gordon, Tommy's sister and sole guardian was winsome rather than pretty. Troubles had marred her youthfulness; yet it was by no means vanished.

"Tough kids," she sighed when she had settled the quarrel and sent Milty about his business, but without thinking entirely of whom she was speaking.

"I came to fetch you last night, but you weren't home," Dave said. "I wanted you to meet Kay Burton—the girl staying at the hotel. We went to the Park to listen to the music. I was telling her how swell you were and how hard you worked. . . ."

"Yes; at picketing all day. We're on strike. Didn't I tell you? The boss is calling a meeting this afternoon though. I ain't complainin' for myself. I've only got Tommy to think of. It's folk with big families who need worry." Dave was too ignorant of the ways of women to understand why she disappeared abruptly into the tenement.

Besides, a couple of men who had strolled past to the iron railings and stood looking down at the river with a peculiar quiet intensity, had taken his attention.

"I know you, don't I?" Dave inquired of one. He was not more than thirty, well tailored, wore a diamond ring and a light homburg. There was something unusual about his face, the skin of which appeared to be tightly drawn upwards from the chin to the eyebrows. None the less, the likeness Dave had suspected became a certainty in spite of the interlocutor's emphatic "no."

"Why you're——"

"He said 'no' didn't he?" inquired the man's companion. He too, was young, well-dressed and gave an impression of being difficult to contradict.

"You're Baby Face Martin," Dave insisted.

"My name's Johnson. Get it? Johnson."

"Sure, but mine's Dave Connell. I used to be one of the gang of kids here, Johnson."

"Yeah . . . sure . . . you weren't such a bad kid. Still good at keeping your lips buttoned up?"

"Depends on how you keep your hands buttoned up. Don't worry, I'm not looking for trouble. Had your face fixed up, I see."

"So you've been reading about me in the papers. Hank, go on and try that Brooklyn address, and get something for your nerves while you're there. I'm sending him over to get Francey," Martin continued, as the muscle man moved off. "You remember Francey."

"Your girl when we were kids. Nice one too. She moved away some time ago. You know Martin, you're quite a headliner these days. Ought you to be here?"

"I ain't. I'm out west. I got a yen to see my old lady and Francey. I ain't seen mother in ten years. Not since I left Reform School."

"You've come a long way since then. Killed eight men——" Unluckily Martin detected the sarcasm which Dave tried to keep out of his voice.

"What are you trying to do?" he demanded. "Tell me off, you——"

"No, I guess I'm just jealous because you got away from here."

"Yes. Far away. What's your racket?"

"I'm an architect. I build houses, or I would if I could find any to build. I went to high school and college for six years. I worked hard. . . ."

"An architect! You were always smarter than the other guys, Dave. Maybe it was worth it. You must be hoarding dough."

"It was worth it every time. But as for dough, I've been painting a sign for Pascagli's bar over there. Twenty-five dollars. First pay. I've earned for a long while."

"Six years at college and all you get is tips. That's good! Look at me. Silk shirt, top-notch tweed and as for women——"

"Ever get scared?"

"What of? You can't live for ever. Sometimes I get the jitters and a terrific yen to stay put——"

"But the eight guys won't let you, eh?"

"Don't talk about them, or there are going to be nine. I didn't come here to get told off. I came to see Francey." Dave moved away disquieted. He was glad, having finished sign painting, to be waiting by the river hoping that Kay Burton might slip out of the hotel and join him. "You're late," he said as he saw her dainty and fair in the spring sunlight, coming towards him.

"I, I know—I meant to be . . . you see, I had fun last night. I never knew that there were so many places to go to that didn't cost anything and then I remembered"—she nodded towards the gleaming water.

"That's his boat out there, isn't it, Kay? Do you like that man who can give you all you want?"

"I like him. I was hard up when I met him and tired of being hard up. He's been good to me."

"Looks like they're smartening the boat up to take a trip. Will you go with them?"

"I don't know. He wants me to. He wants to marry me, but I'm not in love with him. I'm frightened of being poor."

"I don't blame you. It is something to be scared of. Look Kay, two draughtsmen from Carter and Block are going on vacation. There might be something for me. I've left some of my drawings with them. I'll 'phone them this afternoon. I don't know why I'm talking like this, but I'm sorry you're going away. . . ."

"Car's ready, Miss Burton," a chauffeur said, touching his cap.

"I may know about the job this afternoon. Will you wait for me?" Dave urged.

"Yes." Stimulated by the promise Dave telephoned. He was waiting for the time to expect an answer, when he came upon Dippy, Spit, Milty and the rest of the gang with Tommy, as usual in the forefront, crowded round Martin at the river stairs. Martin appeared to be giving advice to which the others listened with the attention of satellites.

"We told our rival gang leader when he arranged the fight, no milk bottles, only bare knuckles and sticks," Tommy was saying.

"Listen, kid. When you fight, the idea is to win, no matter how. Use a knife on the tough guys."

"Gee, that ain't fair 'cause we——"

"Pff! Fancy talk. Suppose a kid pulls a knife on you, you pull one on him, like this——"

"I know. Lend me a minute. You flick—this way."

"This way," Martin corrected. "Put that knife down, Tommy," Dave ordered. "Teaching him tricks, Martin? You were always good at that. I don't like you round here; so see your old lady and get out."

Something in Dave's eyes and voice had effect. The gang broke up, Martin disappearing into one of the tenements. An impulse that he had neglected Drina sent Dave to the corner to wait for her return from the strike meeting. She arrived flushed above her patterned frock and clean white collar, and in better spirits than the morning.

Yet after telling Dave of the boss's intention of meeting the strikers half way, depression returned. "If only I could get Tommy out of this place—far enough," she said.

(*Continued on page* 20)

"Listen, kid, when you fight, the idea is to win, no matter how. Use a knife on the tough guys."

DEAD END — *continued*

More than usually ominous cries, sounding from near the hotel entrance, brought Dave and Drina to find Tommy, surrounded by the gang and in the grip of a middle-aged man with spectacles. A boy of about ten whose gentlemanly clothes were horribly torn, and a French governess completed the group.

"He took my watch. He took my watch," the boy of ten was crying.

"I ain't got the watch," Tommy, writhing under the bespectacled man's grip, declared. "I'll get it for you Honest I will, and don't call the cops, mister. I won't touch your boy again. He's always talking to us, he wanted to join the gang, and we do it to all the kids. Please, you're breaking my arm."

"You're hurting him," Drina accused. "Let him go."

"You know this boy?"

"No, I ain't never seen her before," Tommy lied. "Mind your business, lady."

"Where is that policeman?" demanded Tommy's captor. The word was enough. Tommy struggled. Dave saw the flash of a knife. Next moment Tommy, eluding resistance, was streaking away towards the main street, while his captor was staunching blood with a handkerchief.

"What's the matter here?" a policeman, Mulligan by name, enquired, flourishing a truncheon.

"An accident," Dave claimed.

"I wouldn't call it that. One of the hoodlums on the block cut me. I want you to find the boy and arrest him."

"He didn't mean no harm," Drina pleaded. "I don't know him. I never saw him before, but I live round here. The kids are wild, but they don't mean any harm."

"Well, beating my son, tearing his clothes, stealing his watch and stabbing me, all means no harm, does it? My name is Griswold, officer. Judge Griswold's brother. I want that boy found and arrested."

"What good will that do?" Dave asked fiercely.

"Catch him before he can turn into a gangster, perhaps."

Mr. Griswold retired to the hotel. With Dave to back her up, Drina succeeded in baffling Mulligan's enquiries as to the identity of the offender. But when later Dave found Drina in her bed-sitting room, she looked sick with worry.

"No sign of Tommy anywhere, Drina?"

"I've been everywhere. I expect he's hiding by the wharf."

"Don't worry. He'll take care of himself."

"Too well. Where did he learn about knives?"

"He had an expert teacher. I expect one of the gang swopped a knife, or gave it him."

"He's not a bad kid, Dave. Not really bad."

"Baby Face Martin lived on this block. He wasn't a bad kid either. Now he's Public Enemy Number One. But what chance have any of them got in a place like this?"

"It didn't spoil you."

"It didn't make me tough, perhaps, but it's made me a fool. I've spent my life dreaming about tearing down such places and building others for decent people to live in. To-day I realised someone else saw this place. She didn't know I was there, but I saw her waiting for me in the hall and didn't show myself. I know why she went away. And I know why pulling down this place is beyond me. It's like working at bricks and mortar with only one's fingers."

"I know how you feel. I know it's all because of *her*," Drina flared. "You want to pull the place down because it isn't pretty for *her* to look at. Well, go along, get her and forget all this."

Tommy's unheralded appearance choked her utterance. The relief she felt on seeing him could not last long. Tommy's one idea was to leave; Drina's when she realised in a get-away the only if the faintest hope for the future, to go with him. Carrying a suitcase, ten minutes later, she passed Dave in the hall. He called to her, but she was gone.

The spring night felt warm to Dave as he went towards the river, impelled by the feeling that Martin might be about and up to no good. Sure enough, by the hotel, he came upon him talking to a janitor. From their conversation it was clear that he intended kidnapping Mr. Griswold's boy. Indignation in Dave reached saturation point. Naturally, he had no idea of the forces behind the gangster's planning in a crime which was not in his accustomed repertory.

Martin had achieved meeting the two women whom he had come to *Dead End* to see. But the contacts had been distressing. Worse, they had shattered Martin's nerve. His mother, instead of welcoming, had turned on him for bringing her nothing but disgrace. Francey, for whom without marrying her he had once bought a wedding ring at a five-cent store, had gone on the streets. In the sunlight her haggard looks were pitiful; when he had given her twenty dollars, she had asked for another twenty. Disappointment festering in Martin's soul added to his fury as Dave said:

"I thought I told you to get out of here. You made trouble enough. Get out and take your friend, quick. All right. That was your chance. If you don't want it, the cops will. I think they're going to like to know you're in New York."

Anger on both sides was corked down as the doorman, emerging for a breath of air, remarked, "Whew! Hot, ain't it? Say, you ain't seen that kid of Griswold's after, have you? He's going to have quintuplets if he ain't found." He looked up as though to seek inspiration from the couples dancing on the hotel verandah above. "You think, if they didn't have to work, they'd sit quiet and have a nice beer," he commented.

"Yeah." Martin agreed. Dave left him, feeling in the man's nearness something foreboding and unclean which needed distance and fresh air to remove. He went down the steps and was walking along the river wall when he felt a stab in the back and fell headlong into the water. Martin, expert thrower of the knife, had well and truly found his mark.

The cold plunge obliterating the former shock in Dave, enabled him to rally and to swim to the opposite bank of the wharf, on the side near the derelict garage. Up an alleyway, between high brick walls, Martin and Hank were waiting for him. Giving Martin no time to use his gun, Dave fell upon him, laying him out with a clean punch, aware that Hank behind was getting out his gun.

A shot ripped through the darkness, but Dave was still on his feet, struggling with Hank, whose gun he managed to wrench away. Martin was up now, making for the garage, shooting as he went. Climbing an outside ladder, Dave waited by the side of a tall steam generator and shot across the roof at Martin, until every barrel was exhausted. The dying gangster pitched down to the pavement, while a woman's scream rent the air from the opposite tenement—the scream of a woman who saw her son receiving what he had so often given.

By the time Dave joined the crowd below, plain clothes men were in charge. An ambulance was conveying Martin's body to the morgue. Dave, told that he was entitled to an eight hundred dollar reward, was ordered off in the hospital van to have his wound attended to. He came back to find the alley quiet except for the juvenile gang who were roasting potatoes over a bucket fire. He escaped their eager questions and went to meet Kay, looking lovely but sad, at their old trysting place by the water.

"Are you all right?" she asked. "I've been everywhere for you."



Fighting to keep decent was not so bad with the help of the man you loved.

"I'm all right. I was lucky. Your boat's sailing to-night, isn't it?"

"Yes, I thought it best for me to go. I came to your apartment this afternoon, to find out about——"

"I know. I saw you. You wanted to see what my life was like really. I saw what you felt as you stood in the shadows, Kay—the garbage pails, the jarring voices, the kids crying. I don't belong to your world. You don't to mine. I'm glad we found out."

A voice, hailing her from the yacht, about to cast off anchor, eased the parting, but not the lump in Dave's throat, after Kay had gone. Shouts, screams, brought him to the stairhead. Surrounded by the juvenile gang who had left the fire and their roasting potatoes for the latest excitement, was Tommy, kneeling on the top of Spit, forcing something gleaming against his throat.

"Give me that knife," Dave ordered. Under his grip, the knife changed hands. Thrusting Tommy against the wall, while Spit made escape, Dave let fly. Passionately he accused the youngster of letting down a sister who had done her best for him. "I've seen your kind before," Dave told him. "There are thousands of you in the streets. You saw the end of one to-day, or maybe you didn't if you were hiding from the police. But it's all the same. You start with knives and end with guns."

Drina, hatted, panting and carrying her bag, broke up the tirade with, "Why didn't you meet me like I said, Tommy? What's happened?"

"Spit squealed on me. Angel told me and I was going to give Spit the squealer's mark. I wanted to scare him, that's all."

"What is to be the end of this?" Drina's cry, the boy's knowledge of what, himself a fugitive, he had seen lying on a stretcher that afternoon, touched a vital spot.

"Think I'll give myself up, Drina," he said. "I'll tell them I'll never do it again and maybe they'll let me go."

The appearance of Mulligan shouting to the gang to put out the fire which conceivably might damage the wharf, was opportune. Tommy, without hesitation approached Mulligan, gave his name and, acknowledged to the stabbing.

"He didn't mean to do it. He won't again. Let him go," Drina pleaded.

"You can tell that to the Judge, Miss," Mulligan returned. The doorman, called to the scene assisted to hold Tommy and sent for Mr. Griswold. His appearance, with one arm in a sling, Dave secretly hailed with delight. Mr. Griswold, however, was adamant. In his eyes, stabbing was an offence demanding the law and probably reform school for its victim, as punishment.

"The man that got killed to-day came from this street and from reform school," Dave insisted.

"Sorry; there's nothing else I can do."

"Don't worry Drina. I ain't so scared," Tommy said.

"Don't be. I'm coming with you." Tears choked her as Tommy was lead away. T.B. boasting what had happened to a friend of his at reform school, was silenced by Dave, who took Drina's arm.

"We'll get him out," he said. "We'll have the best lawyer in New York. I've got the money. Plenty from the reward."

"I couldn't do that. Take your money and go away with *her*. Get yourself something you want."

"But Drina, it's not what I want. I found out to-day. Remember when you moved here? You were just a kid. I never could think except as always seeing you there."

Light came into the tear-filled eyes. Fighting to keep decent was not so bad with the help of the man you loved.

"Drina . . . Drina. . . ." Tommy called.

Feeling Dave's hand in hers, she answered. "We're coming darling."

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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

EDWARD ARNOLD seems destined to portray those "heroes" of American history who "if stripped of their glamour" stand revealed as big scale financial crooks. In this picture he appears as Jim Fisk who starting as a pedlar, made a fortune in cotton during the Civil War, became more and more ambitious as he grew more successful and finally ruined himself trying to corner gold.

The romantic part of the story is his love for a chorus girl on whom he lavished money and eventually married.

In the end a man he had ruined shoots him which allows for a happy future for his wife who had married him not for love but out of sheer gratitude for all he had done for her.

In spite of the familiarity of the situations it is very good entertainment, excellently staged and generally well acted.

Its big drawback is that it runs to length and would benefit considerably by quite drastic cutting.

Edward Arnold gives a strong character study of the pedlar who pitted his wits against such giants of the period as Cornelius Vanderbilt and was beaten.

His slick business transactions are put over amusingly and there is real drama in his efforts to defy the Government and corner gold.

As his partner Nick Boyd, who falls in love with his friend's wife, Cary Grant is quite good but apt to be somewhat stilted.

Frances Farmer registers a real hit as the chorus girl for whom Jim Fisk puts on a big musical show. She has sincerity and a nice understanding of the psychology of the role of a girl who is accepting everything and giving nothing in return until she sacrifices her love to marry her benefactor.

Donald Meek is excellent as a sanctimonious humbug who is bluffed into taking Fisk into partnership and Jack Oakie provides good human comedy as another of Fisk's partners.

SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

● A witty and piquant comedy adapted from the play by Frederick Jackson and produced by Richard Wainwright. It does not break away to any great extent from stage traditions but the dialogue is amusing, the situations well timed and the acting good.

Rex Harrison, who is one of the best bets for the coming year, gives a polished and intelligent portrayal of a philandering novelist who specialises in other men's wives.

He thoroughly upsets the domestic bliss of two households but in the end leaves the respective heads of the families wiser in the matter of retaining the love of their wives.

A well balanced and provocative study is given by Diana Churchill as Marion Carter whose husband, quite well played by Henry Kendall, is inclined to take her for granted.

The other husband is Romney Brent and once again he provides a very human and natural characterisation.

His wife is played by June Clyde who provides an excellent contrast to Diana Churchill. She is depicted as somewhat scatter-brained and ready to elope with almost anyone to escape the humdrum existence she leads with her husband.

The picture is well set and the action is brisk. As a whole it is one of the best British comedies we have had for some time.

WELLS FARGO

● In attempting to depict the growth of methods of transportation in America from the early gold rush days to the coming of the telegraph, this picture fails to grip the imagination.

It is all too vague and drawn out to hold the attention and it is difficult to fathom where and whence the road transport founded by Wells Fargo is going.

Characterisation is good but when all is said and done the picture resolves itself into a sort of elaborated Western but lacking the necessary punch for that type of entertainment.

Joel McCrea is virile and romantic as the hero who carries out the transport plans devised by the express company and Frances Dee makes an attractive heroine.

She marries him against her mother's wishes and during the Civil War is unwittingly responsible for the attempted ambushing by Confederates, of a wagon of gold being conducted by her husband, she and her mother both being enthusiastic supporters of the South.

Her husband's best friend is killed during the raid and this leads to a separation between husband and wife.

Later, when peace is declared, a reconciliation is effected by the daughter.

As the man who is killed Bob Burns is very good and whilst still retaining his own individual style of comedy manages to give also a sound piece of characterisation.

Two business crooks are excellently played by Porter Hall and Lloyd Nolan while Henry O'Neill is dignified and sincere as Wells, one of the founders of the express company which, starting with post horses gradually develops the pony express and waggon trails to the remote parts of America where pioneers are opening up new ground.

The settings are picturesque and the production planned on a lavish scale.

THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

● There is something sadly lacking in this sequel to *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. It fails in its efforts both to thrill and surprise and one cannot believe wholeheartedly in the characters. It is a pity that the original screen Sir Percy, Leslie Howard, was not available to appear in the lead; his characterisation might have done much towards pulling the somewhat diffuse and scattered threads of the story together.

The plot deals with Chauvelin's attempts to trap Sir Percy by kidnapping his wife, transporting her to Paris and having her condemned to death.

He succeeds in this but Sir Percy, by subtly inflaming the people against Robespierre whose orgy of killing has become nauseating, outwits him and is able to save both his own and his wife's life.

Barry Barnes is not well cast as Sir Percy; he fails to convince as the fop and somehow seems rather out of period as the adventurer. He is not given a great deal of help by the situations he is called upon to appear in nor by the extravagance of his disguises which call mostly for a nose which even Tom Kennedy could tell you was false.

Sophie Stewart has quiet charm as his wife and Margaretta Scott is good as an actress whom Chauvelin used to trap the former.

Francis Lister hardly suggests the cunning and oleaginous Chauvelin; he is too bluff and obvious. Hugh Miller who plays a small role as Robespierre's secretary would have been much more in character.

Actually, the best scenes in the picture are those of the guillotine and the old hags knitting which appeared in the fore-runner to this picture.

On the Screens Now

***EASY LIVING

Paramount. American "A" certificate. Sophisticated farce. Runs 88 minutes.

JEAN ARTHUR ..... Mary Smith
EDWARD ARNOLD ..... J. B. Ball
RAY MILLAND ..... John Ball, jun.
LUIS ALBERNI ..... Louis
MARY NASH ..... Mrs. Ball
FRANKLIN PANGBORN ..... Van Buren
BARLOWE BORLAND ..... Mr. Gurney
WILLIAM DEMAREST ..... Wallace Whistling
ANDREW TOMBES ..... E. F. Hulgar
ESTHER DALE ..... Lillian
HARLAN BRIGGS ..... Office Manager
WILLIAM B. DAVIDSON ..... Mr. Hyde
NORA CECIL ..... Miss Swerf
ROBERT GREIG ..... Butler

Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Based on a story by Vera Caspary. Previewed August 21, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of October 2, 1937.

One of the most hilarious and brightly entertaining pictures of the year. It is a combination of sophistication and slapstick, put over with a wealth of clever dialogue and exceedingly good characterisation.

The plot shows how an improvident woman journalist gets mistaken for the mistress of an exceedingly rich banker. Complications pile up and the banker's home is nearly broken up before the girl realises what is happening.

Romance between the banker's son, who has left home, and the journalist proves the solution of a very piquant mix-up.

Jean Arthur gives a notable performance as the girl in the case, and Edward Arnold throws himself into a purely comedy role with as much enthusiasm and success as he puts into his more dramatic interpretations.

Ray Milland is very good as the son, but one of the hits of the show is Luis Alberni's impersonation of an excitable and scheming hotel proprietor.

Although there is quite a lot of slapstick action, it is kept credible by an ever present human touch.

***A STAR IS BORN

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Back stage drama. Runs 111 minutes.

JANET GAYNOR ..... Esther Blodgett, Vicki Lester
FREDRIC MARCH ..... Norman Maine
ADOLPHE MENJOU ..... Oliver Niles
MAY ROBSON ..... Lettie
ANDY DEVINE ..... Danny McGuire
LIONEL STANDER ..... Libby
ELISABETH JENNS ..... Anita Regis
EDGAR KENNEDY ..... Pop Randall
OWEN MOORE ..... Casey Burke
J. C. NUGENT ..... Theodore Smythe
CLARA BLANDICK ..... Aunt Mattie
A. W. SWEATT ..... Esther's brother
PEGGY WOOD ..... Miss Phillips
ADRIAN ROSELY ..... Harris
ARTHUR HOYT ..... Ward
GUINN WILLIAMS ..... Posture Coach
VINCE BARNETT ..... Otto Friedl
PAUL STANTON ..... Academy Awards Speaker
FRANKLIN PANGBORN ..... Billy Moon

Directed by William A. Wellman, from a story by the director and Robert Carson. Previewed September 25, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of October 30, 1937.

An exceedingly good inside story of Hollywood life which should not be taken too literally, although basically it contains the true heartbreak and tragedy behind the glamour of the film capital.

Director William A. Wellman has given the story—which if too closely analysed is definitely novelettish—conviction and human appeal. His detail work is excellent and his technique polished and fluent.

Janet Gaynor is definitely good as a little country girl who comes to the film capital, catches the eye of a famous screen actor and is made a star overnight.

Up to this point the treatment is light, but, on the marriage of the star and his protegée, tragedy is introduced.

The new find soon outshines her husband, who had led hitherto a debauched life, and he finds himself sinking into a secondary position. Finally, this riles him and he takes to drink again. The remainder of the plot is taken up with the efforts of his devoted wife to help him and his own gradual slide into degradation and final oblivion.

Adolphe Menjou is excellent as a producer with a heart of (almost incredible) gold, and Lionel Stander is brilliant as a publicity man with no heart at all.

There are several satirical touches and the minor roles are all well filled. The settings are varied and include many of Hollywood's more famous stellar resorts.

**THE HIT PARADE

British Lion. American "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 78 minutes.

FRANCES LANGFORD ..... Ruth Allison
PHIL REGAN ..... Pete Garland
LOUISE HENRY ..... Monica Barrett
PERT KELTON ..... Eadie White
EDWARD BROPHY ..... Mulrooney
MAX TERHUNE ..... Rusty Callahan
INEZ COURTNEY ..... Tillie
MONROE OWSLEY ..... Teddy Leeds
PIERRE WATKIN ..... J. B. Hawley
J. FARRELL MACDONALD ..... Sergeant O'Hara
WILLIAM DEMAREST ..... Parole Officer
GEORGE GIVOT ..... Herman

and

CARL HOFF AND THE HIT PARADE ORCHESTRA, DUKE ELLINGTON AND HIS BAND WITH IVIE ANDERSON, EDDY DUCHIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA, MOLASSES "N" JANUARY, OSCAR AND ELMER, TIC TOC GIRLS.

Directed by Gus Meins.

Light entertainment of a very varied character is introduced in this picture, which has the centre of America's radio entertainment as a background.

The star, Frances Langford, is a real discovery and not only sings well, but acts with conviction as an ex-convict who is built up into a radio star.

Phil Regan is youthful and personable as a talent scout who discovers her and Louise Henry scores as a vindictive star.

Max Terhune is a clever mimic and ventriloquist and registers full marks in a leading comedy role.

Presentation is good and, as a whole, the production is a sound example of screen musicals.

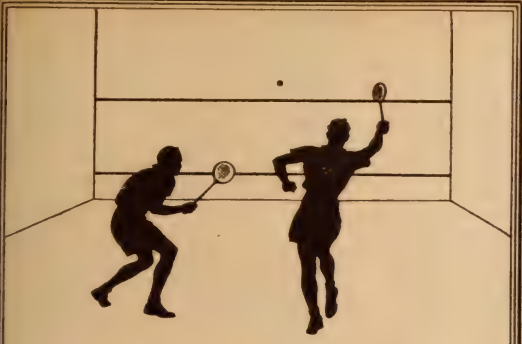
**SUNSET IN VIENNA

Gen. F. D. British. "U" certificate. Romantic war-time drama. Runs 72 minutes.

TULLIO CARMINATI ..... Toni
LILLI PALMER ..... Gelda
JOHN GARRICK ..... Adolph
GERALDINE HISLOP ..... Wanda
DAVINA CRAIG ..... Deaf Lady
HUBERT HARBEN ..... Austrian General
EDGAR DRIVER ..... Toni's Batman
ALICE O'DAY ..... Maddalena
EILEEN MUNRO ..... Superintendent of V.A.D.

Directed by Norman Walker, from a story by Florence Tranter.

(*Continued on page* 24)

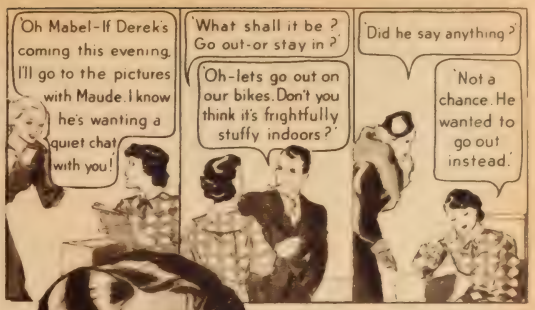


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REVIEWS — *by Lionel Collier — Continued*

Very obvious development in a plot dealing with the love of an Italian officer for the sister of an Austrian, his rival for equestrian honours.

He marries her, but the outbreak of war brings unhappiness, and finally a break when her husband is instrumental in having her brother shot as a spy.

After the war they meet again in Cairo, each having sunk in the social scale; he had become a cheap entertainer and his wife a lady of easy virtue. They are reunited.

In spite of its obviousness, the story is colourful and has plenty of action. Characterisation, too, is good.

Tullio Carminati is effective as the husband and Lilli Palmer quite glamorous as his wife.

John Garrick is not too well cast as her brother. The support generally is good.

**ANOTHER DAWN

First National. American. "A" certificate. Triangle drama. Runs 73 minutes.

KAY FRANCIS	Julia Ashton
IAN HUNTER	Colonel Wister
ERROL FLYNN	Capt. Danny Roark
FRIEDA INESCOURT	Grace Roark
HERBERT MUNDIN	Wilkins
G. P. HUNTLEY, JUN.	Lord Alden
BILLY BEVAN	Hawkins
CLYDE COOK	Sergeant Murphy
RICHARD POWELL	Henderson
KENNETH HUNTER	Sir Chas. Benton
MARY FORBES	Mrs. Benton
EILY MALYON	Mrs. Farnold
CHARLES AUSTIN	Yeoman
JOSEPH TOZER	Butler
BEN WELDEN	Mr. Romkoff
SPENCER TEAKLE	Fromby
DAVID CLYDE	Campbell
CHARLES IRWIN	Kelly
REGINALD SHEFFIELD	Wireless Operator
MARTIN GARRALAGA	Ali
GEORGE REGAS	Ashaben
JACK RICHARDSON	Lang
EDWARD DEW	Glass
R. M. SIMPSON	Lloyd

Directed by William Dieterle.

Rather embarrassingly "pukka sahib" sentiment in a triangle drama set in an outpost of Empire. However, it is exceedingly well staged and the characterisations are generally convincing.

The story deals with Colonel John Wister, commander of an English outpost, who falls in love with Julia, a young American woman, while on leave. She cannot return his love, her capacity to love having died when her aviator fiancé was killed, but John has her respect, and they unite on a platonic basis.

John returns to the post with Julia, and there she is introduced to Captain Danny Roark, John's friend and second in command. The reckless Danny reminds Julia of her late fiancé, and her desire to love is rekindled. Danny reciprocates, but both strive to play the game, according to the rules. John, however, soon learns the truth, and he deliberately goes out in a blaze of glory—he is killed while undertaking a hazardous aerial mission—so that real love can triumph with honour.

Errol Flynn is distinctly good as Danny and Ian Hunter brings a nice sense of sensitivity to his role of Colonel Wister.

Kay Francis is polished and soignée as Julia.

All the supporting cast give good accounts of themselves.

**WAY OUT WEST

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Western burlesque. Runs 64 minutes.

STAN LAUREL	Stanley
OLIVER HARDY	Ollie
SHARON LYNNE	Lola Marcel
JAMES FINLAYSON	Mickey Finn
ROSINA LAWRENCE	Mary Roberts
STANLEY FIELDS	Sheriff
VIVIEN OAKLAND	Sheriff's Wife
THEMSELVES	The Avalon Boys
DINAH	Herself

Directed by James Horne.

Broad, knockabout comedy, which contains gags old and new put over with energy and a good deal of success by that evergreen team of laughter-makers, Laurel and Hardy.

The plot which is a burlesque of the conventional Western, is hardly strong enough for feature length, but the fooling of the stars keeps one quite well amused.

*OLD MOTHER RILEY

Butcher. British. "U" certificate. Broad comedy. Runs 74 minutes.

ARTHUR LUCAN	Old Mother Riley
KITTY MCSHANE	Kitty Riley
BARBARA EVEREST	Mrs. Briggs
PATRICK LUDLOW	Edwin Briggs
J. HUBERT LESLIE	Captain Lawson
EDITH SHARPE	Matilda Lawson
SYD CROSSLEY	Briggs' Butler
CHARLES PATON	Family Solicitor
CHARLES SEWELL	Bishop
EDGAR DRIVER	Bill Jones
DOROTHY VERNON	Aggie Sparks
ZOE WYNN	Kay Stewart
F. B. J. SHARP	Judge
G. H. MULCASTER	Counsel for Defence
CHARLES CARSON	Counsel for Prosecution
BALLIOL AND TILLER	Themselves

Directed by Oswald Mitchell.

Rough, ingenious comedy, with Arthur Lucas putting over a pantomime dame part in typically theatrical spirit.

The story is a thin one, dealing with the adventures of an old matchseller, who is introduced into society in order to conform with an eccentric millionaire's will.

Most of the humour is taken up with the usual social gaucheries.

*A MILLION TO ONE

Butchers. American. "U" certificate. Sporting drama. Runs 69 minutes.

HERMAN BRIX	Johnny Kent, jun.
JOAN FONTAINE	Joan Stevens
REED HOWES	Duke Hale
MONTE BLUE	John Kent, sen.
KENNETH HARLAN	William Stevens
SUZANNE KAAREN	Patricia Stanley
JOE O'BRIWN	Johnny Kent (as a boy)
JOY HEALY	Joan Stevens (as a child)

Directed by Lynn Shores.

Herman Brix is a good athlete, but not so good as an actor. He is cast here as a youth who is trained to win the Decathlon at the Olympic Games and, in spite of efforts of a rival in love to make him drop his training, he does so handsomely.

Joan Fontaine is good as the girl, as is Reed Howes as the athletic rival.

Monte Blue scores as the hero's father, who had once nearly won the event himself.

It is all very novelettish, but the sporting side is well done.

*ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Crazy comedy. Runs 68 minutes.

ROBERT WOOLSEY	Claude Horton
BERT WHEELER	William Hobbs
ESTHER MUIR	Nettie Norton
MARJORIE LORD	Florence Cole
RUSSELL HICKS	George Dilwig
PAUL HARVEY	Mr. Applegate
GEORGE MEEKER	Tony
PATRICIA WILDER	Gertie Green
HALK DAWSON	Sanford
KITTY MCHUGH	Miss Parker
PAT FLAHERTY	Mr. Green
ALEC HARFORD	"Slip Grogan"
EDGAR DEARING	Burly Policeman
HARRY TAYLOR	A Mug
JANE WALSH	Nurse
ALAN BRUCE	Attendant
ANN HOVEY	Maid
DOROTHY VAUGHN	Cook
MAXINE JENNINGS	Miss Meaker

Directed by Edward Cline.

Conventional, crazy comedy punctuated with song and music, dealing with co-partners in a firm of pill manufacturers who fight for the services of a valet. It involves both their families and also an unscrupulous salesman, who tries to swindle them both.

It is typical Wheeler and Woolsey material with quite a bright opening and climax, but a distinct lessening of interest in the middle where the complications pile up.

*SING AS YOU SWING

B.I.E.D. British. "U" certificate. Musical revue. Runs 72 minutes.

CLAUDE DAMPIER	RIO AND SANTOS
EVELYN DALL	ERIC MATURIN
CLAPHAM AND DWYER	THE FOUR MILLS BROTHERS
BILLIE CARLYLE	NAT GONELLA AND HIS GEORGIANS
MANTOVANI AND HIS TIPICA ORCHESTRA	LU ANNE MEREDITH
BRIAN LAWRANCE	BERYL ORDE
CHILTON AND THOMAS	EDWARD ASHLEY
H. F. MALTBY	JIMMY GODDEN
	THE SHERMAN FISHER GIRLS

Directed by Redd Davis.

A film revue; featuring several well-known radio and vaudeville stars. There is a very slight story which binds the turns into some semblance of continuity, but it is really of little account.

Clapham and Dwyer and Claude Dampier make the most of thin material so far as the plot is concerned, and the turns are, on the whole, quite good.

JENNIFER HALE

Fox. British. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 66 minutes.

RÉNÉ RAY	Jennifer
BALLARD BERKELEY	Richard
JOHN LONGDEN	Inspector Merton
PAUL BLAKE	Ives
FRANK BIRCH	Sharman
RICHARD PERRY	Jim Watson
ERNEST SEFTON	Sergeant Owen
PHILIP THOMAS	Liftman
JO MONKHOUSE	Stage Doorman
RAYMOND ELLIS	Ridley
KAYE SEELY	Mr. Jolson
STERLINI	Maître d'Hôtel

Directed by Bernard Mainwaring, from the novel by Rob Eden.

Moderately entertaining story of a chorus girl who is accused of the murder of a manager who had made her unwelcome proposals. It is episodic in treatment, but quite good in police and detective detail.

Réné Ray is fair as Jennifer and John Longden good as a police inspector. The rest of the cast is quite sound.

THE LAST CURTAIN

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 67 minutes.

CAMPBELL GULLAN	Sir Alan Masterville
GRETA GYNT	Julie Rendle
KENNETH DUNCAN	Joe Garsatti
SARA SEAGER	Molly
JOHN WICKHAM	Bob Fenton
W. G. FAY	Milligan
JOSS AMBLER	Ellis
ERIC HALES	Barrington
EVAN JOHN	The Author
A. SINCLAIR	Purcell

Directed by David MacDonald, from a story by Derek B. Mayne.

A West End actor-manager with a Jekyll and Hyde personality is the mainspring of this crook drama, which falls between the two stools of conventional rough stuff and satire. The production, too, lacks slickness and fails to put over what is basically quite an ingenious theme.

Campbell Gullan is good as the double-faced actor-manager and carries the whole weight of the picture on his own shoulders.

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD

Gen. F.D. (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

JOHN WAYNE	Biff Smith
LOUISE LATIMER	Mary Porter
ROBERT MCWADE	Corrigan
THEODORE VON ELTZ	James Clifford
TULLY MARSHALL	Harrison
EMERSON TREACY	Charlie Porter
HARRY ALLEN	Fish McCorkle
LEROY MASON	Padula
GRACE GOODALL	Mrs. Porter
OLAF HYTTEN	Huggins
MONTY VANDEGRIFT	Clancy
LORIN RAKER	Secretary

Directed by Arthur Lubin.

Ingenuous drama, dealing with ruthless rivalry in the transport business. It is all very artless and its high light is a race between a goods train and a convoy of lorries.

John Wayne does his best to disguise the transparency of the plot but without a lot of success. The honours, such as they are, go to Robert McWade.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

***EASY LIVING
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**ANOTHER DAWN
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*ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN
*SING AS YOU SWING
JENNIFER HALE
THE LAST CURTAIN
CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:—

Behind the Headlines (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
Big Business (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Blazing Sixes (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Cafe Metropole (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Call It a Day (4)	...	*Nov.* 13
Captains Courageous (4)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (2)		*Nov.* 20
Devil is Driving, The (2)	...	*Nov.* 20
Edge of the World, The (3)	...	*Jan.* 8
Emperor's Candlesticks, The (2)		*Nov.* 27
Farewell Again (4)	...	*Nov.* 6
Fatal Hour, The (2)	...	*Nov.* 20
Go-Getter, The (2)c	...	*Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3)	...	*Jan.* 1
Hollywood Cowboy (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
Hotel Haywire (2)	...	*Dec.* 11
Jericho (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
King of Gamblers (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
Knight Without Armour (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Love is News (3)	...	*Dec.* 4
Married Before Breakfast (2)	...	*Dec.* 11
Meet the Missus (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
Midnight Madonna (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Mountain Justice (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
North of the Rio Grande (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c	...	*Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Parnell (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
Road Back, The (2)	...	*Nov.* 20
Said O'Reilly to McNab (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
San Quentin (2)	...	*Nov.* 20
Slim (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
Storm in a Teacup (3)	...	*Nov.* 20
Street Singer, The (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
There Goes My Girl (2)	...	*Dec.* 4
Think Fast Mr. Moto (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
Top of the Town (2)	...	*Dec.* 11
Topper (3)	...	*Dec.* 4
Turn Off the Moon (2)	...	*Nov.* 20
Victoria the Great (4)	...	*Dec.* 25
Wake Up and Live (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
Who's Your Lady Friend (2)		*Dec.* 25
Wee Willie Winkie (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Wild Money (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Wings Over Honolulu (2)	...	*Nov.* 13
Woman Chases Man (2)	...	*Nov.* 27



Not All Fairheads are Pretty—but They All Have Glamour

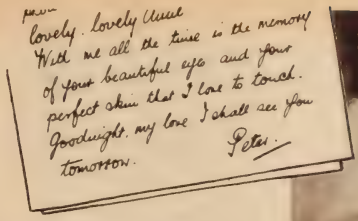
If you are fair or blonde and wish to stay fair, you must try at least once, every fair hair shampoo (soap or soap substitute) that promises you beautiful hair. Then you must use Sta-blond. You will see for yourself why millions of blondes and fairheads have for seventeen years preferred Sta-blond—the world's first and original blond and fair-hair shampoo!

Sta-blond not only makes fair hair gleamy, soft and silky (all shampoos do that), but it does what no other shampoo can even claim to do. *It brings back the true golden beauty of childhood to darkened fair hair,* and *prevents light hair from darkening*—safely, without injurious bleaching or dyeing.

Furthermore, *VitaF*, part of the secret contents of Sta-blond, prevents and stops brittleness and dandruff and rejuvenates the roots. Your "perm" takes better. Try Sta-blond yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it to-day. You will be amazed at the wonderful results.

STAY FAIR WITH

STA-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO



By courtesy of Pathe



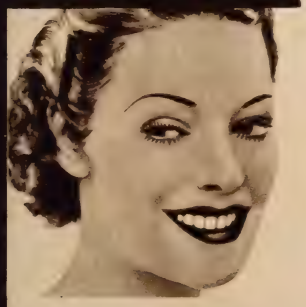
Ask any man what makes him fall for a girl... he may be attracted first by lovely features, beautiful hair or a good figure, but it's the glamour of a perfect complexion that really wins his heart. There's nothing more alluring than a skin that's seductively smooth, kissably soft and gloriously clear—so give your skin all this perfection with Snowfire Cream. See how quickly it banishes blemishes, see how surely your skin becomes prettier each day. Then you will be grateful for the romance it brings. You will use it always.

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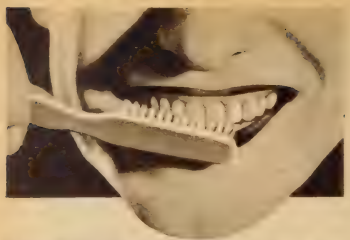
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. . . yet still he keeps on wearing them away

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It is because it is so safe that Dentists recommend Odol.

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Odol

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8d & 1/3

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FOR YOUR THROAT

AND NOW "NUDITY PRUDITY"

A Very Mixed Bag of Replies

THE writer of the "Nudity Crudity" letter, and others who think like him, appear to suffer from nudity *prudity* !

A person who "exposes" his or her body does not of necessity thereby cheapen himself. The trouble is that so many folk think of the human body as being indecent in patches, and do not consider it as a whole.

The face is a part of the body, but only rarely is it thought "indecent" to expose the face in these days, now that enlightened Eastern rulers are forbidding the wearing of the veil !

Your correspondent should not transfer his unnecessary embarrassment to what he sees on the screen. And does he consider his own body indecent?—*T. J. E. Warburton, Arley, 76 Bridge Road, East Molesey, Surrey, who is awarded the second prize of* 10s. 6d.

Optimism

● Mr. H. J. Reynolds, in his letter on "Nudity Crudity" in a recent PICTUREGOER, doubts whether women and girls who form the largest proportion of box-office patrons, are "particularly fond of nude exhibitions on the part of female film stars."

Your doubts are well founded, Mr. Reynolds ! Women are bored by limb displays, as indeed by any form of vulgarity. One star only can draw gurgles of delight from female admirers by appearing in mere wisps of clothing, and her name is Shirley Temple, so it is all rather mild, don't you think ?

But, seriously, we must admit that films are gradually, if *very* gradually waking to the fact that vulgarity isn't popular, clever or even amusing. We may have been given overdoses lately of craziness, but at least it has been clean craziness. We've gone wild with "Theodora," swung "high and low" with Carole Lombard—but it's all been perfectly harmless.

And, by the way, Garbo, Shearer and Francis have not gained success via chiffon "step-ins," and they seem to be amongst the screen's immortals. So all things considered, we *can* feel a little optimistic, Mr. Reynolds !—*Edith Chilman, Dibrugarh Lodge, South Benfleet, Essex, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1s.

Women Don't Notice

● The reason women don't object to nudity is the same one that prevented the "Nudity" letter being written by a woman—we don't notice such things !

When "undress" scenes are shown, we goggle admiringly at the lovely underclothes, or, at the lovelier limbs, but fail to see anything wrong.

But occasionally, we are made aware of something wrong by sniggers and indistinct comments from the male part of the audience, and then we are rendered uncomfortable, but not by what we see on the screen !

Since the male mind is so delicate, perhaps the mothers and sisters of male film fans should make a point of doing a little mild censoring before allowing their boys to see certain "nudities" !—*Edwyna, 47 Celyn Road, Blaina, Monmouthshire.*

100 per cent. Entertainment

● I endorse personally every word of Mr. H. J. Reynolds' letter to you re film nudity, but believe nevertheless that this present paltry form of exhibitionism has a market.

True, *Song of Songs* did little to glorify Marlene a few seasons ago, and she, like Claudette Colbert, returned eventually to the feminine charm and comfort of petticoats.

Yet to a huge percentage of the audience, crudity, taking the form of either burlesque Mae West wisecracking, strip tease, or low and double-sided dialogue presents entertainment 100 per cent.

I have sat occasionally through a film and felt reasonably offended at the dialogue, but noted at the same time that others around me are able to laugh and only last night a group of young men immediately in front of my seat were evoking jests and laughs over the latest advertising (mind you) trailer of "Lyons' Ice Cream" and its "good for the figure" slogan.

Like all other "cycles" we can only hope nudity and its like has a very short run.—*Nora M. Vipond-Park, 30 Shelley Road, Prestwich Park, Prestwich, near Manchester.*

(The louts are with us always.—"Thinker.")



The caricature of Greta Garbo (who needs no nudity) is the eleventh of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

For the Male

● In reply to Mr. Reynold's letter on "Nudity Crudity."

Surely your correspondent *must* know that "leg shows," feminine undress, and glamorous girls are screened in order to attract the ever-susceptible male. Evidently the film producers realise this and that is their reason for so many films containing scenes to which Mr. Reynolds objects.

I cannot imagine *any* woman or girl going to the cinema in order to see either males or females expose themselves in an indecent manner.

If there were sufficient men of the same unfavourable opinion as regards "screen-undress," surely they could do as much to prevent it, as women patrons are reputed to do, to make or mar a *male* star's career.

I am hoping that my fellow picturegoer has

(Continued on page 28)

This year's KISSES



You want this year's kisses to be tender and passionate kisses. Kisses from the man you love, as he takes you in his arms, first gently and then passionately, crushing you in his strong embrace.

This year's kisses can be like that—if you give your lips the magic allure of the Stars of Hollywood—by using their lipstick—the wonderful Kissproof *Automatic* Lipstick, but costing only a shilling. From all Chemists and Department Stores.

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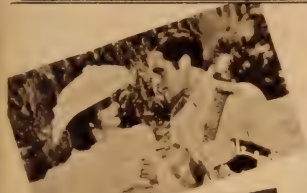
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drene *is in three sizes—6d., 1/6 and 2/6 at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Woolworths, etc.* ★ *Send name and address and 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing to Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., (Dept. P.1. 18, Queen's Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and you will receive a trial bottle of* **drene** *—enough for at least two very thorough shampoos.*

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THE MARVELLOUS NEW SHAMPOO ★ IT'S LIQUID ★ IT'S SOAPLESS

WHO'S WHO

Fred MacMurray

● Tootled his way into talkies on a saxophone.

Now there are a lot of people who don't like the saxophone. Among them was Fred's father, which is perhaps not unnatural as he was a well-known concert violinist.

Fred started playing the instrument in his college days, merely for his own amusement. He was one of the star athletes of Carroll College (Wis.), and his original ambition was to be an athletic coach. However, there was a crash in the family finances and he had to earn some money at once.

His musical hobby stood him in good stead and he got a job as a saxophonist in an orchestra. Shortly afterwards he went to Hollywood. He played for a time in the band at the Warner's Theatre and spent his spare time trying to get extra work in the studios. Nobody would look at him; he recently confessed that his total film earnings in that period amounted to the equivalent of 7s. 6d.

Discouraged about film work, he joined the California Collegians, a comedy stage band which eventually landed on Broadway. Subsequently he was cast in the New York stage version of *Roberta* and caught the eye of a Paramount talent scout, and was sent to Hollywood with a contract.

His first important role was in *The Gilded Lily* with Claudette Colbert, and since then the saxophone player Hollywood had previously cold-shouldered has been probably the busiest leading man in the business. His films have included *Hands Across the Table, The Bride Comes Home, 13 Hours by Air, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, The Princess Comes Across, The Texas Rangers, Champagne Waltz, Maid of Salem, Swing High, Swing Low, Exclusive,* and his latest, *True Confession.*

MacMurray was born at Kankakee, Illinois, on August 30, 1909. He is one of the tallest stars on the screen—6 ft. 3 in. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

Noel Madison

● Though he has made his name playing American gangsters, and was actually born in New York, Noel Madison was educated in London and had his first stage experience here. He started in a seaside concert party and thereafter went through the acting mill in touring companies. Believe it or not, he understudied Jack Buchanan, played in drama and scored his first London success in a Charlot Revue. Subsequently he toured in Australia, South Africa and America.

He made his screen debut in *Sinner's Holiday* (he was spotted for the films while appearing in a play in Hollywood) and soon after made his name in *Little Caesar.* Subsequently he played racketeers in a score of gangster films.

Hollywood pictures include *Murder at Glen Athole, House of Fate, Champagne Charlie, Our Relations* and *Man of the People.*

Recently he has been working in England. He appeared with Jessie Matthews in *Gangway* and the association proved so successful that he was cast with the British star again in *Sailing Along.*

Noel Madison is the son of Maurice Moscovitch, the famous actor. He celebrates his birthday on April 27. He is 5 ft. 10½ in. tall, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Mary Maguire

● Australia has given several stars to the screen. Hollywood thinks that it has another in this girl from "down under." Mary was born in Brisbane, where her father owns a hotel. She was educated at a local convent and went straight from the classroom to the screen studio. Her debut was made in the Australian-produced *Heritage* in 1934.

She subsequently appeared in *The Flying Doctor,* and so impressed Miles Malleson, the British actor-director who travelled to Australia to make the film, that he sang her praises so loudly that he was heard, clear across the Pacific, in Hollywood. He persuaded Jack Warner to give her a test and the result was a £100-a-week contract.

So far, in addition to *The Flying Doctor,* she has been seen in *That Man's Here Again* and *Confession.*

Mary is 21 years old, 5 ft. 2 in. tall, and a brunette.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

more supporters of his opinion than the number of "gay" films leads us to believe.—*(Miss) N. Lovatt, 66 Harley Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.*

Peepshow Pandering

● I was interested to read Mr. Reynolds' letter about "Nudity Crudity."

I always feel very uncomfortable indeed at the "coy" undress scenes of the stars, and I always wonder why it is necessary to show an actress changing from one frock to another.

Whenever this happens or we see the star in her bath (artistically covered by soap-suds as Irene Dunne was recently), there at once issues a series of derisive cat-calls and nasty laughter from groups of boys to whom this kind of scene seems to be meat and drink.

It's the same kind of thing that happens when boys look through the penny peep-shows at the seaside—perhaps they laugh to cover their embarrassment—but at any rate, it lowers cinematic art to a vulgar pandering to sensationalism at its worst.

To make a star reveal her form instead of her acting is not only bad taste—but bad box-office. —*"Feminine Cinemagoer," London, W.1.*

Where is It?

● *Re* Mr. Reynolds' letter on "Nudity Crudity," the writer is perfectly right; it is very degrading to members of the female sex to see such exhibitions.

Again, it is perfectly true to say that the artiste herself is cheapening herself by perpetrating this so-called art.

I must contradict him, however, in his most vital statement about seeing these exhibitions in films. They have not been seen in films, not by me, anyway.

If Mr. Reynolds could put me right on this point I would be indebted to him. The only film I have seen with any suggestion of nudity in it is *Four Frightened People,* and that was supposedly unintentional and not an exhibition of this abhorent art.—*(Miss) C. Flanagan, 199 Woodthorpe Road, Woodthorpe East, Sheffield 2.*

A Matter of Degree

● In the "naughty nineties" the world was shocked because chorus girls dared show an ankle.

A little later when tights became the vogue a second shock was received, but when shorts and brassières appeared it was thought that such brazen performances could not go on.

But in each case the audience became accustomed to and did not comment much upon it.

Now that "strip tease" nudity has appeared I think that it, in its turn, will soon become "another of those acts."—*Albert E. Ager, 91 London Road, Plaistow, E.13.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

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It's just *the* thing for a grand week-end—this week's lovely issue of "WOMAN" NOW ON SALE! There's a thrill on every big page . . . and entertainment galore!

ROMANTIC FICTION—"Ah, Perfect Love," a gay new romance about a perfect man and a girl that wasn't! . . . also a colourful serial and a provocative story—"No Whispered Kiss."

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● Everyone likes sketching and you may easily win the big First Prize or one of many other Cash Prizes by copying the simple sketch provided. Full details will be forwarded to you if you write to British and Dominions School of Drawing, Ltd., 21 Greycoat Galleries, Greycoat Place, London, S.W.1.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

MARIE LOUISE (Huddersfield).—(1) We published a centre-spread of *Wings of the Morning* in the Oct. 3, 1936, issue, and the story of the film in the June 19, 1937, issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (2) Burgess Meredith b. Cleveland, Ohio. Latest film, *Don't Forget to Remember*, with Ann Sothern. (3) Leif Erickson b. Oct. 27, 1914, married Frances Farmer. (4) Wayne Morris b. Feb. 17, 1914, Los Angeles. He is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 190 lb., and has blue eyes and brown hair. (5) Henry Fonda b. May 16, 1905, Grand Island, Nebraska. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 170 lb., and has black hair and blue eyes. Married (a) Margaret Sullavan (mar. dis.), (b) Frances Brokeaw. (6) Anita Louise b. 1916, New York. She is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 106 lb., and has fair hair and blue eyes.

NELSON EDDY CRAZY (Sheffield).—(1) Nelson Eddy b. June 29 1901, Providence, Rhode Island. He has blue eyes and blond hair, is 6 ft. tall, and weighs 175 lb. He is not married. (2) Jeanette MacDonald b. June 18, 1907, Philadelphia, U.S.A., is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 120 lb., and has reddish hair and blue-green eyes; married Gene Raymond. (3) Nelson Eddy made his film debut in *Dancing Lady* and also made *Student Tour* before *Naughty Marietta*. At the moment he is making *The Girl of the Golden West* with Jeanette MacDonald, and they are scheduled for *Sweethearts* together shortly.

P. B. (Essex).—Tullio Carminati b. Sept. 21, 1895, Zara, Dalmatia, his full name is Count Tullio Carminati di Bramilla. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

REGULAR READER.—Louis Hayward b. Mar. 19, 1909, is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes. Has not made a film since *The Woman Between*. (2) Paul Muni b. Sept. 22, 1897, Vienna, real name Muni Weisenfreund. He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has dark brown hair and eyes; is married to Bella Finkle. (3) Yes, Miriam Hopkins recently married Anatole Litvak.

FILM CRAZY DORIS (Bradford).—(1) Madeleine Carroll born Feb. 26, 1906, West Bromwich, she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has blond hair and blue eyes, married Capt. Philip Astley. (2) Ronald Colman born Feb. 9, 1891, Richmond, Surrey, he is 6 ft. tall, has black hair and brown eyes, weighs 160 lb., married Thelma Raye (sep.). (3) Annabella born Paris, blond hair and blue eyes. (4) Rosalind Russell born June 4 (no year given), Waterbury, Connecticut, she has dark hair and eyes. (5) Miriam Hopkins born Oct. 18, 1902, Georgia, U.S.A., she is 5 ft. tall, weighs 100 lb. and has golden hair and blue eyes, married (a) Brandon Peters (mar. dis.), (b) Austin Parker (mar. dis.), (c) Anatole Litvak. (6) Kay Francis born Jan. 13, 1906, Oklahoma City, is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 112 lb. and has black hair and grey eyes, married Kenneth McKenna (mar. dis.). (7) Joan Crawford born March 23, 1906, San Antonio, Texas, she is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 110 lb. has reddish hair and dark brown eyes, married (a) Douglas Fairbanks jun. (mar. dis.), (b) Franchot Tone. (8) Barbara Stanwyck born July 16, 1907, Brooklyn, New York, she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has auburn hair and dark blue eyes, married Frank Fay (sep.). (9) Anita Louise born 1916, New York, is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 106 lb. and has fair hair and blue eyes. (10) Anne Shirley born 1919, New York City, married John Payne. (11) Sonja Henie born Oslo, April 8, 1913, not married. (12) Sally Eilers born Dec. 11, 1908, New York City, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, has light brown hair and brown eyes, weighs 110 lb., married (a) Hoot Gibson (mar. d.). (b) Harry Joe Brown.

IVY LOVER.—Clara Bow was born July 29, 1905, Brooklyn, New York, is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall and has red hair and brown eyes, married Rex Bell and has a son. Yes, it is correct that she is interested in a café recently opened in Hollywood. We have no definite details of her future films but it is possible that she may make some in the near future.

G. K. (Leeds).—You are quite correct; the piece of music played in *Camille* by Greta Garbo and continued by Henry Daniell was "Invitation to the Waltz" by Weber.

P. C. (Dungannon).—(1) Deanna Durbin b. Dec. 4, 1922, Winnipeg, Canada; she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 100 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair. She is American born of English descent. Her latest film is 100 *Men and a Girl* and she is making *Mad About Music*. Write to her c/o Universal Studios, (U.S.A.). (2) Clark Gable b. Feb. 1, 1901, Cadiz, Ohio; he is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 190 lb. and has brown hair and grey eyes, married (a) Josephine Dillon (mar. dis.), (b) Rhea Langham, (sep.). He is scheduled to make *Test Pilot* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.). (3) Annabella born Paris, she has blond hair and blue eyes. Is now in America to make films for Twentieth Century-Fox Studios.

P. E. N. (Folkestone).—Jean Arthur took the part of Mary Gordon and Virginia Bruce that of Florence Welford in *Young Eagles*, which was released Feb. 23, 1931. (2) Miriam Hopkins took the part of Lily and Edward Everett Horton that of Francis in *Trouble in Paradise*. (2) Centre-spreads as follows: *Caravan*—Nov. 17, 1934; *Paddy the Next Best Thing*—Oct. 21, 1933; and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*—Oct. 27, 1934.

ANONYMOUS.—You do not have to buy a dozen photographs from the Postcard Salon at one time, but you can buy as many as you wish for 3d. each photograph.

SPY.—George Sanders played opposite Dolores del Rio in *Lancer Spy*. He was born July 3, 1906, St. Petersburg, Russia; is 6 ft. tall and has fair hair and grey eyes. He is scheduled for *Shanghai Deadline*, also with Dolores del Rio. Write to him c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.).

G. F. (Leyton).—Write to Ginger Rogers' c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.) where she is making *Having a Wonderful Time* with Douglas Fairbanks, jun. Deanna Durbin making *Mad About Music*, and John King, *Merry-Go-Round of* 1938 for Universal Studios (U.S.A.).

REGULAR FAN (Southend).—Dick Baldwin took the part of Robert Haines in *Life Begins in College*. He was born 27 years ago, St. Louis, Missouri, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 165 lb. and has dark hair and brown eyes, is at present appearing in *Love and Hisses* with Simone Simon for Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.).

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE FEDERATED BRITISH FILM AND STAGE ASSOCIATION held their first dance of the season at the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, W., on Thursday, Dec. 9, when a very delightful evening was spent. Harry Blake and his Band provided the very enjoyable musical programme, and one of the most popular items on the programme was the exhibition dances by M. Santos Casani and his graceful partner. M. Casani also very kindly judged the waltz competition, and awarded as one of the prizes for this, three free lessons at his School of Dancing. The various studios were well represented by many of their executives and among the famous people present were Gibb McLaughlin, Rommilly Lunge, Robert Cochrane, Rene Ray, Carthrow Martin and Hollywood's talent scout at present in London. Many lovely prizes were presented to the Association by various firms, including Max Factor, Innoxa, etc., for the novel competitions and spot prize dances. Everyone voted it to be the jolliest dance they had ever attended. The next film ball takes place in March. Further events already planned are a big dinner during this month, a "Ridotto" on St. Valentine's Day, the film ball in March and another private film show in April. For full particulars of this go-ahead club write to the Secretary, 32, Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

• • •

THE NEIL HAMILTON FAN CLUB extends hearty New Year greetings to all admirers of this player and invite them to join in a special New Year offer. Until the end of January, the membership fee to the club will be reduced to 1s., which means that new members will receive a 10 in. by 8 in. signed photograph of Neil Hamilton entirely free. Please mail all inquiries to Miss Betty Breakwell, 165 Horseley Fields, Wolverhampton.

• • •

THE ROBERT FLEMYNG FAN CLUB are holding a dance at 17 Lancaster Gate, W.2, on January 29, from 7.30 to 12 p.m. Tickets including light refreshment are 1s. 6d. each, obtainable from Joan Spilling, 138 Park Road, Chiswick, W.4. Miss Flora Robson and her niece will be the chief guests of the evening with Robert Flemyng. Admission is by ticket only.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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Edit. Offices: Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.

Advt. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2. *Telephone:* Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southernwood, Rand, London.

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.

LEAVE IT TO ANNE—

HERE we are on the evergreen subject of slimming—not by diet, because quite rightly many have objections to dieting in the winter—but by other means.

"Other means" are mainly suitable for the reduction of local superfluous flesh, ankles that are too massive, hips that have spread, and tummies that are redundant.

A list of these methods would include slimming baths, reducing soaps, reducing lotion and cream, exercise and daily massage. Perseverance and a combination of these methods will generally be successful in breaking down some of the unwanted fatty tissues.

If you want to work wonders in a really short time, it is best to put yourself in the hands of an expert masseuse. But, if you haven't the money to spend on this, you can get satisfactory though somewhat slower results with a good rubber roller. Any large chemist or stores will be able to show you a selection of rollers at varying prices.

In conjunction with the roller may be used a reducing lotion which you can make yourself at home by adding two finely shaved squares of camphor to one pint of surgical spirit. Bottle, and leave for 48 hours. Use by dabbing on two or three times a day. But, not on the face, please, nor on the bust. It is suitable for all other reduction.

Before you use your roller spread talcum powder on the skin to act as a lubricant. Then give five minutes' rolling both night and morning. By the way, you must not use a roller on the breasts.

If you really cannot afford a roller, you can make a home-made patter, which is good for ankles and upper arms, with a shoe tree. You require the kind you get at the 6d. stores, with a wooden toe and heel and a springy metal band in the centre. Cover the toe part with a piece of chamois leather. Then pat. The springy centre will make your patting most effective.

Here also is an exercise which will help to reduce fat hips. It combines exercise with massage and so helps to break down fatty tissue.

Stand upright. Hands at sides, palms open against the bare flesh of the legs. Bend to the right. Slide the right hand down the right hip as far as it will go.

Return to erect position, while sliding the right hand up the hip and the left hand down the left hip as far as it will go. With practice you can do this very quickly, keeping the hands firmly pressed against the flesh and sliding briskly. The friction thus set up is very helpful as a means to slimming.

An obtrusive tummy worries many women. In many cases it comes from faulty posture, and a straightening up of the back, and a conscious lifting of the waist will do much to put the tummy where it belongs.

A very good external remedy is to take a bath with one of the advertised brands of slimming salts. Then give massage of the offending part with a friction glove soaked in toilet eau de Cologne.

The reducing effects of the salts will be heightened by the rubbing away of the acid and fatty wastes, with a final stimulation by the eau de Cologne. If you give this treatment follow it up by an exercise!

Lie flat on the floor with the knees bent and the feet on the floor. Twist and roll over the knees to the right until they touch the floor. Repeat the rolling in the other direction till knees touch the floor at the left. When this exercise is done correctly the rolling takes place from the waist only, the upper part of the body remaining flat upon the floor.

Another way of getting noticeable results is to take a course of foam baths. Nowadays, most public baths have installed the necessary apparatus for producing these baths. You will find that the price charged averages 2s. to 2s. 6d. You spend 20 minutes in a bath completely submerged (except for your head) in a reducing foam. The minute foam bubbles enter every pore of the skin, dispersing the waste acids and fats. The effect is similar to that produced by a Turkish bath, but there are no exhausting after effects, and foam baths are permissible when Turkish baths would be forbidden for health reason. They are also good for rheumatism and kindred ailments.

• • •

THERE is not much sense in worrying when I may be able to help you. Send your query, with a stamped addressed envelope, or a postage coupon if you live abroad or in the Dominions, and address it to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for :—

Doorway to Hell
Someone at the Door
Funny Face
Laughter in Hell

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to :

Miss R. Cullen, Field Gate House, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, for :—

Should a Doctor Tell
Personal Maid's Secret
Oh No, Doctor
Strictly Confidential

I. Cogan, 34-36 Sauchiehall St., Glasgow, for :—

A Day at the Races
Gambling Lady
The Road Back
Fury

Miss Cynthia F. Lenmow, Pentre, Meadway, Heswall, Ches., for :—

Love Before Breakfast
Let's Get Married
Married Before Breakfast
Modern Madness

Joan Endacott (aged 16), 46 Edgecumbe Park Road, Peverell, Plymouth, for :—

Suicide Club
They Gave Him a Gun
The Man Who Changed His Mind
It's a Grand Old World

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

Society's choice



Lady Helena Fitzwilliam . . . says

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Henna Brillantine in 3 grades, "NATURAL," "RED," "BLONDE"

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Also "CAMOMILE" Brillantine for Fair Hair.

FOR WHITE HAIR *ask for* EVAN WILLIAMS "Huile Bleu" (Blue Brillantine)

EVAN WILLIAMS BRILLANTINE

Nerves in a Terrible State

WOMAN WHO FELT "FIT FOR NOTHING."

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"The turning point came when I started taking Dr. Williams pink pills. I soon began to feel stronger; I got up in the morning feeling fresh and was able to do a hard day's work without feeling tired. My appetite returned, my nerves grew steady and I could sleep soundly. Now my health is completely restored."

Time after time Dr. Williams brand pink pills have proved their wonderful efficacy in cases of nervous breakdown, anæmia, indigestion, lassitude and weakness. The reason is this: these pills actually create new, rich blood, which strengthens and revitalises the whole system. All nervy, run-down men and women should try these pills now; 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.—All who are nervous and run-down should read the booklet *Nature's Warnings*, sent free to all who write to M.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.



NOSES.—The best scientific Nose Machines in the world. Remedy ugly noses of all kinds. Worn during sleep. Stamped envelope for full particulars.

RED NOSES.—Medically approved treatment absolutely cures red noses, 4/6, post free. Foreign 1/6 extra.

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THANKS TO "WOMAN'S FAIR" EXPERT *Beauty* ADVICE

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Here are some of the many enthralling features—THREE long complete stories . . . TWO pages of delightful lingerie ideas, including a most exciting pattern offer. "**I Cheated Myself**" is a wife's candid confession told by **Olive Wadsley**—there's a smart Cardigan and a Viennese jumper to knit—advice on how to walk properly—THREE blouses to make—a double-spread of exciting new fashion secrets—and a host of other splendid features. **Don't miss this lovely February issue of "Woman's Fair"—it's out on Friday, January 14th—Order your copy TO-DAY—price 6d. everywhere.**

WOMAN'S FAIR

The Journal of Beauty

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Picturegoer

The Screen Popular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



The Strangest MAN in Hollywood

Tyrone POWER & Loretta YOUNG

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Every woman—married or unmarried—should read C. Gordon Glover's remarkable, frank and intimate open letter to "bachelor" girls in this week's superb issue of "Woman"—NOW ON SALE. This is no letter of flattery. He praises—it's true—but he also criticises—he warns you of follies—tells you of men to trust, and those to avoid—gives you vital, helpful, sincere advice on appearance, clothes, personality, entertaining, food and home. And this is but *one* of the thrills that await you in this week's magnificent issue of "Woman"—NOW ON SALE—its 40 big pages are packed with brilliant fiction and "up-to-the-minute" news and features. Get *your* copy AT ONCE—2d. everywhere.



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Don't let your attraction be spoiled by a 'made-up' look . . give your cheeks becoming and natural colour with Snowfire Blush Cream. It's the new way to colour cheeks — you'll never go back to the old way once you've tried it! Snowfire Blush Cream goes on so easily and evenly. It can't coarsen your skin. And it stays on much longer. There are three wonderfully natural shades — Blonde, Brunette and Tangerine.

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● AN OPEN LETTER to EXHIBITORS

THIS SHODDY SHOWMANSHIP MUST Go

GENTLEMEN,

We hope that the recent example of the London County Council in announcing new regulations to prevent the victimisation of kinemagoers by such shabby devices as exhibiting "Standing Room Only" boards in reference to parts of the house that are actually vacant, in order to induce patrons to buy higher-priced seats will be widely followed by other licensing authorities. London, we have excellent reason to know, has no monopoly of the kinema "Seats Full" ramp.

The proposal is particularly gratifying to us, personally. We have over a long period led the campaign against this and similar sharp practices that are nothing more than survivals of the shoddy showmanship of the penny arcade in which the kinema had its birth.

Year in and year out, particularly, we have attacked the "Standing Room Only" scandal and its sister evil, the "hidden" queue.

On each occasion we have done so our office has been flooded with letters from exhibitors calling plaintively upon high heaven to witness the wickedness of such a suggestion. Only the charge that feature films are cut in surburban and provincial halls has ever called forth such demonstrations of outraged virtue on behalf of the trade.

The exhibitors' case, in London at any rate, has not been able to stand the most cursory investigation and we have no reason to believe that it would fare better elsewhere.

Before the L.C.C. decision was arrived at Mr. A. Reginald Stamp, Chairman of the Entertainments Committee, conducted a semi-official inquiry and "satisfied himself by personal experience that some complaints were justified."

The most unfortunate aspect is that the reform should have had to be brought about by the intervention of authority.

The only alternative to increased interference by bodies like the L.C.C. is for you exhibitors to put your own house in order.

The seats racket is, perhaps, one of the worst offences against the public that pays the piper so handsomely, but filmgoers have other grievances.

Please do not be misled by the fact that, journalistically, PICTUREGOER has been a voice crying in the wilderness about these complaints for years.

The grouses of filmgoers are very rarely aired elsewhere, either because other papers lack the courage to tackle the sometimes big interests involved or because most film-writers do their film-going in the luxury of private theatres.

Some of them are admittedly minor grievances. They are none the less irritating for that and they are likely to hurt the industry in time.

The question of "cut" films is always with us. Though this practice has been consistently denied by exhibitors it has just as consistently been charged by film-goers month after month—certainly far too consistently for the reputation of films.

The suspicion that the scissors have been applied to an important film, though often voiced, is not easy to prove. PICTUREGOER assures its readers, however, that it is prepared to investigate, wherever practicable, any responsible allegation of "short-weight" showmanship of this kind.

Another long-standing grievance of the regular fan, who, after all, provides the film business with its daily bread (and large helpings of caviare as well), is the question of Sunday programmes.

Far too many exhibitors take advantage of the probability that they can fill their two "houses" on a Sunday evening no matter what they exhibit. They screen celluloid junk that, apart from doing films, as a whole, no good, does not provide value-for-money entertainment for a great many people whose Sunday night off is the only opportunity they have for going to the pictures.

We appreciate, too, that operators are as much entitled to their evening out as the next man. But the relief operators should be just as competent. The projection of some of the pictures we have seen even in the big suburban supers on a Sunday is like an amateur show in the village hall.

It is too much, we suppose, to hope after all these years that exhibitors will do something about shouldering their obvious duty in the matter of controlling the recognised picture pests who infest all kinemas and frequently ruin the enjoyment of the majority with their incessant chatter and feeble witticisms and the more serious menaces, with Lothario complexes, who regard the kinema as a happy hunting ground with no close season.

The trouble is that certain exhibitors appear to be content to put up a star name on the marquee and their feet on the office desk and call it a day—or rather call it showmanship. To put it bluntly, many picture theatres are badly run.

In far too many kinemas the supervision of the staff is hopelessly lax. In others, its members are encouraged in conduct that, to say the least of it, does not make for the contentment of the patron.

We bow to no one in our respect and sympathy for the kinema usherette, a frequently over-worked unit in a fantastic system, which, at the other end, provides her more fortunate, but frequently not more intelligent, sister with ridiculous riches to dissipate in the expensive and spectacular form of lunacy that is Hollywood's social life.

Nevertheless, she should not be permitted to forgather with her colleagues in the theatre during business hours for the purpose of exchanging, within earshot of the audience, romantic confidences and other topics dear to the heart of the feminine young. However interesting either may be, it is difficult, if not impossible, to follow the tangled love lives of Greta Garbo and, say, Suzie Smith at the same time.

Cigarette, sweet and soft drink sellers can perform a valuable service in the kinema, but they should not be allowed (or should the word be "encouraged"?) to shout their wares in opposition to the voices on the screen as is done in many theatres.

Then, either by design, or through sheer inefficiency the quite simple process of showing kinemagoers to their seats is often apparently undertaken by the attendants on the principle of causing the greatest possible inconvenience to the greatest possible number.

These, you may say, are petty complaints, but in the aggregate they spell a whole lot of bad will for the kinema that is likely to prove expensive in the long run.

If a manager does not know that these things happen in his house, he doesn't know his job.

If he knowingly permits them he ought to be fired for lack of elementary consideration of the comfort of his customers.



Margaret Sullavan (with Reginald Owen) as a kinema usherette in "The Good Fairy." We admire the usherette, but she should be seen and not heard.

The Editor

● *All the Gossip*

GARBO WANTS TO

IT is becoming increasingly probable that Garbo's next will be a comedy after all. It has been known for some time that Greta is anxious to take a rest from heavy drama and have a fling at something light (it would not be something entirely new to her, of course; her early Swedish film appearances were in slapstick). Now the charm of her comedy scenes in *Camille* has led her bosses to the view that her talents in this direction have not been exploited enough.

The star is particularly enthusiastic over one script—a satire set in Russia and Paris.

Finding stories for Garbo is one of Metro's biggest headaches. The difficulty of finding modern plots important enough for an actress of her magnitude has resulted in the series of period pictures taken from the classics and history with which she has been chiefly concerned in recent years. Incidentally, I am still convinced that if *Joan of Arc* is to be done on the screen at all, Garbo must do it.

The star herself suggested *Marie Walewska* as she did *Queen Christina*.

Some idea of the difficulty of finding suitable Garbo material is conveyed in the fact that out of approximately 40,000 stories, treatments, ideas, plays and other items read annually by the M.G.M. story department, at least 100 are read directly with Garbo in view.

Before *Marie Walewska* was filmed nearly ninety other ideas were considered.

Hair on Their Chests

● Now that he is back in the old home town, Hollywood is waiting anxiously to see if Robert Taylor will make good his boast to reveal to the eyes of a waiting world that he is a real "he-man with hair on his chest."

The threatened exposure of the manly Taylor bosom is at the same time, however, causing some perturbation among the other leading male stars.

Hollywood has long set considerable store on the theory of hirsute chest protection as the acid test of masculinity.

R. J. Minney, the writer, recounts that this possession is regarded as so important that on one occasion when, dragged ashore by life savers after nearly drowning in the Pacific, his first recollections were of a ribald voice demanding "Throw him back, he hasn't any hair on his chest." There is even a firm in Hollywood that supplies chest "toupees" to actors called upon to play tough-guy roles.

Nevertheless, researches by some resourceful and tireless soul have revealed that few of the acknowledged Hollywood he-men have much to boast about in this regard.

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Clark Gable, it is true, has a growth of such luxuriance that a delicately-minded feminine member of the PICTUREGOER staff blushingly suggested that the art of the art department be called in to disguise it when we recently decided to publish a picture of the star in bathing trunks.

That, perhaps, does not prove anything. Some years ago Clark was mentioned for the "Tarzan" role, subsequently awarded to Johnny Weismuller. Director W. S. Van Dyke decided that he didn't strip well enough! Weissmuller himself, incidentally, would fail to qualify for the he-man title if he had to rely solely on the chest adornment definition. So probably would such quite indisputably masculine stars as Errol Flynn, Victor McLaglen and, let me whisper it, Buck Jones.

On the other hand, some of the finest exhibits are owned by Roland Young, who on the screen hardly specialises in the portrayal of the primeval male, Woolsey, of Wheeler and Woolsey, Stan Laurel, and Dick Powell, the crooner.

And in case you're interested and to keep the balance right, we are able to disclose that Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and Fred MacMurray can satisfy the most exacting demands of the Give-Us-He-Men-With-Hairy-Chests brigade.

◆ ◆ ◆

Bob Taylor's return from England, incidentally, was, in contrast to his departure from America, stage-managed with loving care. Howard Strickling himself, head of publicity and exploitation, was dispatched to meet the boat and guide the star's footsteps and utterances from the time the gangways were lowered.

Mr. Strickling even, it is understood, personally looked under the bed every night to ensure that no girl was lurking there (a "slip" that occurred when he left the States and which is now generally conceded to have been a publicity stunt).

In the meanwhile, the studio, as I predicted it would some weeks ago, has embarked on a change of policy in regard to the star's screen stories.

He is now to be cast in a series of rugged roles which, it is hoped, will kill the "Pretty Boy Taylor" legend for ever.

Gene Has Some Fun

● Talking of he-men, an amusing story is going the rounds about Gene Autry. You sophisticated city cinemagoers may give a superior sniff at the name of Mr. Autry (his Western epics are never shown in the West End), but at the small-town box-offices, both here and in America, he's a bigger draw than Gable. Rival producers have been known to weep when they have seen the "grosses" earned by his pictures. Darryl Zanuck the other day offered over £100,000 for his contract—and the offer was laughed at.

Lately, however, Gene has felt a little hurt that the film colony itself fails to recognise one of its most important citizens in the street (shades of Tom Mix, whose spectacular eccentricities were the talk of Hollywood during his entire reign as King of Horse Opera). He mentioned his grievance to his studio, who suggested that he should go out more and get known. They arranged to take him to "the fights" that very night.

As the cowboy star stepped out of his car, a group of small boys suddenly recognised him and gathered round for autographs.

He was still signing books when his guide urged him to hurry as the programme had started.

"You just go on in and I'll meet you here afterwards," Gene replied. "I'm getting a bigger kick out of this than I ever would out of a fight."

A prophet had found honour in his own country at last.

The Spanking of Colbert

● The spanking of Claudette Colbert in the course of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* was not accomplished without difficulties. Curiously enough, they were not caused by Claudette who, being on the receiving end, might be considered to be entitled to protest, but by Gary Cooper, who had to administer the chastisement.

Mr. Cooper, indeed, refused point blank



Joan Bennett and Alan Marshall share this intimate scene in "I Met My Love Again." Joan's real love in the picture is Henry Fonda.

HAVE HER FLING

- Expected to Do Comedy Next
- Hollywood's Harassed He-Men
- Hair-on-Chest Controversy
- The Chastisement of Claudette
- Fred-Astaire Eleanor Powell War

to go through with the scene, and could be moved by no arguments from Ernst Lubitsch and the studio front office.

It was only when Miss Colbert herself joined the officials in urging strict adherence to the script that the actor relented.

Cooper's aversion to manhandling the "weaker" sex, even in the name of art, dates back to the time when he struck the jaw of Madeleine Carroll in *The General Died at Dawn*, and then was rewarded for his reluctant efforts by a flood of fan letters calling him a bully!

In *Souls at Sea* he was supposed to slap Frances Dee, but declined to do so, stalking off the set until the script had been rewritten.

In the latest instance, however, Cooper was won over to spanking Miss Colbert only after she agreed to answer all critical fan letters resulting from the act, personally assuring the writers that she had insisted upon the chastisement!

Filmland's Latest Feuds

● The latest film feud is that between dancing rivals Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire. The trouble is a drum dance. Fred claims he originated it. Eleanor says she did.

They both dance their own versions of it in their new pictures. Eleanor, by the way, has been elected to Hollywood's Hall of Fame. At the premiere of *Rosalie* the other night, she was invited to place her hand and footprints in the Chinese Theatre forecourt.

The battle between Powell and Astaire is quite a mild affair compared to the strained relationship between the Chinese extras on the *Charlie Chan* set and the Japanese extras on the *Mr. Moto* set at Twentieth Century-Fox.

And Hollywood is wondering why Ernst Lubitsch who, of course, handled the star in *Angel* so firmly declined to direct Marlene Dietrich in *French Without Tears*. Mitchell Leisen also turned down the assignment.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

CAROLE LOMBARD for "SCARLETT O'HARA"?

IN many well-informed quarters the impression persists that Clark Gable has the inside track for the coveted role of "Rhett Butler" in *Gone With the Wind*.

But it is also possible, according to Hollywood gossip, that Gable may not care to play the role unless Carole Lombard portrays "Scarlett O'Hara," heroine in the same film.

So far, Norma Shearer, Bette Davis, and Paulette Goddard have been the favourites among those in the running for the role. Carole, incidentally, was recently borrowed by Warners from Paramount. Then the fun began. The studio thought that they were merely adding a star to their roster for one picture.

The blonde actress, however, arrived with her stand-in, her hairdresser, her wardrobe girl, head cameraman and maid.

His Lordship Wins

● The Earl of Warwick, who has lost his suit against M.G.M., who dropped him from the pay roll without using him in a picture, won first prize at a "ragamuffin" party given by Bert Lahr, the film comedian, a recent recruit from the New York stage.

All the guests had to come in rags, so the costume shops did a thriving business. Venturesome souls visited the Los Angeles river bank and purchased the apparel of tramps, a bright idea if one overlooks the sanitary dangers.

His lordship is far more particular about his wearing apparel than the average Hollywood actor, so it is surprising that he won the title of "the worst dressed man."

A Clever Idea

● Humphrey Bogart will soon start construction work on the first movie auto camp for tourists. Cabins will be authentic movie sets purchased from various studios and made habitable. Guests may put on make-up if they desire, and a 16-mm. film of their visit will be made as a souvenir to take home with them.

Chaffing a Star

● When Jeanette MacDonald walked into her portable dressing-room on *The Girl of the Golden West* sound stage for the first time, she thought she had entered a zoo by mistake!

Within, a black mule stood contently. On her lounge, a half-grown deer was reclining. Sitting in her chair was her own wire-haired terrier, and scampering back and forth on the top of her dressing-table was Squeeks, Hollywood's only trained squirrel.

All the animals, except the dog, were to appear with Jeanette in her first scene, and they were placed in the dressing-room to surprise the actress. They did!.

Fading Dignity

● If the movies continue to sign up famous opera singers, and place them in typical Hollywood films, the stateliness of the great vocalists will soon be a thing of the past.

A month or so ago, a noted musician bitterly decried the action of the movie moguls in casting Lily Pons as a "female Tarzan"! At that time the film had not been completed.

Now that the picture *Hitting a New High* has been seen in Hollywood, there is considerable outcry against the Radio studio over its handling of the star in this respect.

What Price Beauty?

● Rosalind Russell is rated as one of Hollywood's really beautiful women, but she learned recently that pulchritude does not always pay dividends!



A delightful new study of Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara, however, is having her troubles at the moment (see story in col. 3).

The actress and a girl friend had returned to Hollywood after a long motor trip, and stopped at a drive-in eating place. When the meal was finished, the girls discovered they had no money, and had to leave the car's spare tyre as security.

Later Rosalind redeemed the tyre.

Devoted Father

● Dion Anthony Fay is the adopted son of Frank Fay, actor, but Frank evidently cares for the boy as though he were his own flesh and blood.

Fay claims that Barbara Stanwyck, his ex-wife, who has custody of Dion, has failed to abide by a court order permitting him to see the child at certain intervals.

The actor says he has paid as high as $100 a week to hear the boy say, "Hello, Daddy."

Hollywood Says That—

● Clark Gable breeds carrier pigeons on his ranch in the San Fernando valley.

◆ ◆ ◆

— Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland both want to play Joan of Arc.

(*Continued on page* 6)

All the Gossip—*continued*

— Jane Withers prefers her rag dolls to the more expensive types.

◆ ◆ ◆

— Mae West owns an apartment house among other business interests.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

NOWHERE TO GO

NOWADAYS I feel rather like an admiral in the Swiss Navy—all dressed up and nowhere to go.

Here am I, straining at the leash, wearing the disguise of a studio correspondent, and with my gallant steed pawing impatiently at the floor of his garage—petrol in the tank, aspirins in the side-pocket, and an old dressing-gown over the radiator. . . .

And nary a place to go; well, hardly anywhere. Of course, you can go on visiting the *Over the Moon* set, or the Crazy Gang at Islington—but even these might pall as a daily diet.

Elsewhere a mighty, terrifying silence fills the one-time sound stages, save where a stray carpenter, maddened by the uncanny stillness, utters an eldritch shriek and begins banging an empty tank with a sledge-hammer. . . .

In short, my friends, British film-production is not quite what it once was and what, I hope, it will be again before long.

I hope.

Fetching

● Speaking of *Over the Moon*, I was talking to Louis Borell on the set and reminiscing with him about the first film of his which was shown in London—a Dutch effort called *The Crosspatch* (I won't attempt to reproduce its Dutch title), in which appeared, in the role of a girl mistaken for an ex-lion-tamer, a very fetching young person named Dolly Mollinger.

I understand Dolly is quite a film celebrity on the Continent, though as far as my phenomenal memory serves me, I have never seen her in any other films. That one, by the way, was served up for my delectation by the Film Society one Sunday afternoon, and as far as I know has never been released here, so it's probable that the fetching Miss Mollinger will be quite a new personality to you, too.

And you are likely to see her before long, for Borell tells me she is over here and about to play in a film, though details were not forthcoming at the moment.

Well, my feelings about this are a bit mixed; I am always glad to see new faces and new personalities in the studios, because to be brutally frank I get sick to death of seeing the same old lovelies and the same old brawnies, however lovely and brawny they may be.

Hard Lines

● But on the other hand, there are so many of our own people unable to find anything to do that it hardly seems the inspired moment to bring over fresh blood. I know plenty of young people who at the beginning of last year were really coming into the limelight as juveniles, and actually laying the foundations of a career for themselves, and now have not been in front of a camera for seven or eight months.

Hard, that. In fact, if it were not that the theatre is enjoying a period of prosperity, there would not have been enough work even for our stars to do. So it's just as well for the acting profession that practically all our film stars and featured players are stage-actors as well—and live so handy to the theatres.

In a go-slow period in Hollywood a few years ago, the players were unable to dash over to Broadway as a makeshift, so had to live on their own fat until things picked up again.

Of course, the people most seriously hit by the slump are the extras. Very few people live by crowd-work alone, but a good many hundreds depend upon it to supplement their meagre incomes derived from other activities, and the majority of these have had to pull in their belts pretty tightly in recent months.

Much in Little

● The fact of the matter is that the only production-units working at anything like full pressure are the ones that turn out four- and five-reel Quota films at little cost; and their budget does not allow for large crowds.

Chorines, too, are going to feel the pinch if a contraption I came across the other day ever comes into general use.

It's a new development of mirror photography, known as the "Multiscene" system, whereby a handful of dancing girls can be made to look like a Busby Berkeley chorus, and a couple of dozen extras may be swollen into as vast a crowd as ever swelled a Hollywood payroll.

You know when you go to your tailor (or your dressmaker, madam), and you stand surrounded entirely by mirrors, so that your slightest and most ungainly movement is faithfully and inexorably multiplied by hundreds, and the shine of your last-year's elbows flashes like the lights of Broadway?

Well, the principle, I gather, is something like that.

So far, actually, I have seen only one example of this new manifestation of modern magic, and that was in the trailer for *The Great Ziegfeld*.

This trailer was made at the tiny Highbury Studios, and what looked like an enormous concourse of chorines was actually four girls and a few specially-trained mirrors. I'm told they could have done it with one girl, but just so that she wouldn't be lonely at lunchtime, I suppose, they used four.

Economical

● They also took a mass display of physical training, which was done with only one girl, a pair of shorts, and a sweater. Picture the saving!

So let me impress upon you, Mildred, if you have been toying with the idea of going into the film studios as an extra or a chorine, give it up right now, this instant, and accept that well-paid job in the Civil Service instead. At any rate, you needn't be afraid of the Big Bad Multiscene there.

Meanwhile, Fox-British are forging ahead with their Quota product, which continues to be reasonably entertaining, which is more than I can say for all Quota product.

They celebrated the New Year down at Wembley by re-christening some of their recent product. For example, *Agony Column*, in which Bernard Mainwaring directed Evelyn Ankers, Edward Ashley, Frank Birch, and Leslie Harcourt, has had its tag changed to *The Villiers Diamond*, and *The Shakespeare Murders*, which Manning Haynes directed, and which was completed just before Christmas, has also chewed off its label and been re-named *The Claydon Treasure Mystery*.

Well, I hold there is only one excuse for swopping titles round, once the films are completed, and that is the discovery of a better one; and as in my opinion each of these changes is for the worse, I can't for the life of me see why Messrs. Fox-British couldn't have thought of some other way of celebrating the New Year.

Mislaid

● I have been vouchsafed an inkling of the plot of *The Claydon Treasure Mystery*, and I don't see why they shouldn't just as well have called it *The Stolen Gasometer*.

It's concerned with a Lady Caroline Marsh, whose brother has mislaid his librarian, just as we less Manored folk might lose an umbrella.

Carrie calls in a young engineer named Kerrigan to solve the crime, if crime it truly be. Why an engineer? Sh! He's really a writer of detective fiction, who writes under a pseudonym.



Toby Wing, Tully Marshall, Walter Byron, and Stuart Erwin in "Mr. Boggs Steps Out."



Recognise these feet ? Next to Chaplin's they are the most famous in films. Yes, you're right, they belong to Fred Astaire.

When he turns up at the Manor, the police suspect him of having committed a murder, and before he can say "I never!," a furder murther—excuse me, further murder—is perpetrated.

Between them, Carrie and Kerrie crack a few jokes and solve the mystery, and Kerrigan gets the girl.

What, you didn't know there was a girl? Why, yes, by a great stroke of luck Caroline happens to have a niece; if it hadn't been for her there would have been no love-interest (or, alternatively, heart-appeal).

It's wonderful the way things work out for the film-producers.

I may appear to be a little jocular about this production, but Fox-British can take it; the fact remains that Wembley has turned out profit-taking product as consistently as any other British studio for the past year, and they can afford to be joshed a little about it.

I Stagger

● By the way, more light has broken on the horizon. Following the staggering decision of Phoenix Films in the last tottering days of the Old Year to let the public into the secret of their activities, British National Pictures have now similarly staggered us.

In point of fact, they have sent me particulars of their latest production, *The Norwich Victims*, which David MacDonald (a dynamic Scot with Hollywood training and a faculty for getting on with the job) recently directed at Welwyn.

Now, any film with a Williams in it—either Emlyn or Hugh—will get my money, every time; they are both dark and mystic Welsh actors, with the knack of getting the last ounce of effect out of a character or a situation.

Hitherto, however, we haven't had the chance to see them both for the same one-and-threepence. Now they are sharing the starring honours, and with them are Lesley Brook, Sara Seegar, Marius Goring, Christine Silver, Jack Vivian, Ann Wilton, and Clive Morton.

The matron of a big old college at Norwich wins a 750,000-franc sweepstake in a Paris lottery (which is, in my opinion, a very generous figure, seeing the low state of the British Film Industry at the moment), and promptly expires; but not, as one might expect, from astonishment.

Give Us Ber-ludd !

● She is, in fact, murdered, and so are other people, for one murder does not seem to satisfy us picture-goers these days; we must have a halocaust.

There is another important player in the cast, but he's the dirty dog who does the murders, and just in case the police should hear about it, Messrs. British National are not disclosing his identity until the picture is screened.

They even inform me that he goes about the studio in a heavy disguise—presumably so that my spies won't spot him; which, when you come to think of it, is a generous compliment to the efficiency of my spy system.

But, however efficient that system may be, it doesn't seem able to spot very much activity ahead in the immediate future; and as to the present, the total number of films in production stands at five—about the lowest in the history of our studios, at any rate since there have been five floors to make them on.

Look Out !

● Let's have a cursory glance at things to come.

At Denham we have been promised a talkie version of *The Four Feathers*, the long-delayed *Bicycle for Two*, and the still-longer-delayed *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Even the almost immemorial *Conquest of the Air* is to have a few concluding sequences added to it. At this rate I'm beginning to expect a resurrection of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, complete with rhymed couplets.

Herbert Wilcox Productions are still going to make *Nippy*.

Dita Parlo, who put up a very clever and moving performance in *Mademoiselle Docteur*, is to star in another for Max Schach, a comedy-drama called *Asphalt* (*please*, Mildred, don't call that "ashfelt"), which is all about a lady of the pavements who falls in love with the policeman who arrests her. And is he immune? I trow not!

Then there is *John Halifax, Gentleman*, which George King is to make on a large scale for Paramount-British at Sound City, and I am pleased to see he is giving John Warwick, the Australian actor, his first big film break in it.

With John will be Nancy Burne, Brian Buchel, D. J. Williams, Ralph Michael, Elsie Wagstaffe, and George Thirlwell.

And as this is one of the best-selling books ever written, I hope—though it doesn't always follow—that it will be at least a very well-selling film.

Goodness knows, we need 'em, as never before.



Lili Damita visits hubby Errol Flynn on the "Adventures of Robin Hood" set.

WHAT a *Character!*

HOW often have you said to yourself, as some minor player came on to the screen and riveted your attention from the first moment—"What a character! I wonder who he is?"

All too frequently there is no means of finding out; the cast-list has occupied the screen long enough to be read, but certainly not to be committed to memory. Far too rarely is it repeated at the end of the film, and then usually for too brief a period to enable you to find the player you're interested in—and this frequently coincides with a general standing-up and frenzied hunt for coats, hats, parcels, and exits before the National Anthem freezes the fleeing audience reluctantly in its tracks.

So all you have is the memory of a remarkable character; and when next you see that player on the screen, the probability is he or she is disguised out of recognition . . . is, in fact, some other remarkable character altogether.

Now this is a pity, because many a mediocre film is saved by its character players; and those who follow certain minor players, and enjoy their characterisations, squeeze from their picturegoing an essential enjoyment that others miss.

In fact, this question of character actors so frequently represents the difference between good and poor value for your one-and-threepence that it deserves far more attention than it usually receives from even the regular picturegoer.

What is a character actor? (It's always just as well, I feel, to have some idea what we're talking about.)

Well, the essence of the title lies, I think, in the combination of the words "character" and "actor." It denotes, in fact, one who *acts* a character.

There are plenty of "characters", quaint, villainous, disreputable, charming, on our screens who do not have to *act* the parts they play. They *look* the character—and they never look any other character. In fact, if I were casting practically any film-story I should have at my disposal a whole list of players whose personalities, without any attempt at disguise, would fit into almost any stock-part you could imagine.

But it would be a stock-part; and just as the star-system is cutting its own throat by wearying picturegoers of the same old faces, so the same stereotyped character becomes irksome and boring.

The ideal state of film-production would, in my not-so-humble opinion, be one in which new "types" were used in every film, and handled in such a way that they did not *have* to act, as is done in most Russian films and a few British such as *Man of Aran* and to a lesser degree in *Edge of the World*.

But since we are still apparently far from that ideal, we need players who, of their skill, can and will *create* new types for us; and that is where the character-actor comes into his own.

Hollywood is justly famed for its character players—men and women who would rather go on playing small parts and even "bits" in good pictures than to star in minor ones, and to whose performance we can look forward with keen anticipation and back with lingering enjoyment.

But one great truth about Hollywood is apt to be overlooked; *it has no monopoly*.

In fact, in proportion to the number of films made, Elstree, Denham, Pinewood, Sound City, Welwyn, Walton and the rest of them have at their command as gallant an array of character players as have Hollywood, Burbank, Movietone City, Culver City, Universal City, and all the other little cities of the west.

I should need a complete issue of PICTUREGOER WEEKLY to do justice to these clever people; but I shall have to content myself with picking out a few and leaving you to supply the rest from your own joyous experience.

I may mention that I have struggled long and gamely to reduce the list to a dozen or so, but have been forced to admit the impracticability of getting a gallon into a gill measure, and my dozen has multiplied itself by three at least.

You understand I'm not including character actors who habitually play leading roles, like Gordon Harker, Flora Robson, Edmund Gwenn, or Max Miller, for instance. This article is about the people who can—and often do—etch in a whole character with a few lightning strokes.

Naturally we have to begin with the Daddy of them all, Morton Selten, who turned 78 the week before last, and is going very strong indeed.

Better known on the American stage than on this side up to 1931, he came then into Korda's *Service for Ladies*, and the studios have kept him busy ever since.

Perhaps he reached his most illustrious moment as Lord Burleigh in *Fire Over England*; but contrast that with his judge in *Action for Slander*, and you'll realise how versatile it is possible to be at 78.

He told me once at luncheon that he never saw himself on the screen—"Nor on the stage either, thank God!" he added, reaching for the tabasco sauce.

This is no attempt to place players in any particular order, but as soon as we consider character actors the name of Romney Brent leaps out.

Consider the part of Conrad Veidt's servant in *Under the Red Robe*. Two brilliant character actors had tried to make something of that nebulous part, and had thrown up the sponge. Romney Brent took on the role and made it the only living character in a film full of puppets.

One of the most versatile of our actors is Gus McNaughton. He does a good deal of work in heavy make-up and strange face-fungus, but he also has an uncanny faculty for achieving subtle changes of character by facial expression, gesture, and intonation, without any make-up at all. I hope you saw him as "Tandy", Clive Brook's servant in *Action for Slander*.

That film had a wealth (or what Sam Goldwyn would call a dearth) of good character acting. For instance, Ronald Squire was there, playing one of the hero's friends, and he is one of our most notable stage actors, upon whose shoulders has fallen the mantle of the late and great Charles Hawtrey; and another friend of the hero—and of the picturegoer—was Athole



Wally Patch and Edward Lexy contributed most of the comedy to "Farewell Again."





Above we have Romney Brent and Gus McNaughton, two of the most versatile of our character actors.



On the left is that grand actress Mary Clare as "Mère Coline" in "The Rat."

Hollywood is rich in character actors, but British studios are no less so, declares E. G. COUSINS



"The Daddy of them all, Morton Selten." Here is the veteran actor as Lord Burleigh in "Fire Over England."



"Charming and versatile Athene Seyler." This is how she appeared in "Mill on the Floss."

Stewart, who is the British counterpart of Lewis Stone, and a tower of strength.

Neither of these had really a character part in that film, but they are both brilliant character actors—as is also Frank Cellier, who played the *nouveau-riche* host at the house-party.

Two other notable players were in it, too—Francis L. Sullivan (for once on the side of the angels as the prosecuting K.C., but see him as the villain in *Dinner at the Ritz* and grit your teeth !), and Anthony Holles as the drunken guest who accuses Clive Brook of cheating at cards.

You will see Mr. Holles in film after film, always contributing a perfect "cameo", and never two alike.

Another film rich in character acting was *Farewell Again*; for example, J. H. Roberts played the regimental surgeon; contrast that with his pettifogging solicitor in *Young and Innocent*, and you have a hint of his ability.

Robert Newton, one of the screen's recent recruits, played the orderly-room clerk obsessed with jealousy; if you recognised him in that, having seen him as the Spanish grandee in *Fire Over England*, you're a shrewd spotter.

And speaking of *Fire Over England*, how many recognised in the Spanish gentleman who unwittingly helped the hero to escape that well-known character actor Donald Calthrop, whom we see much too seldom on the screen nowadays?

Perhaps the most remarkable character study in *Farewell Again* was Edward Lexy, whose first film it was, as the quartermaster-sergeant; and the ubiquitous Wally Patch was very much to the fore, too, as the regimental sergeant-major.

Two veteran actors who recently came to the screen, to its enrichment, are Edward Rigby, whose "Old Will the China-mender" is one of the highlights of *Young and Innocent*, and William Dewhurst, whose tragic death cut short a most promising screen career.

Three other veterans deserve more than passing mention here—Horace Hodges, D. J. Williams, and Wilfred Shine (the last two are solicitors in *Over the Moon*) but my space is growing short, and a whole host of others are crowding into my mind—Dino Galvani, probably our cleverest portrayer of Latin types as Arthur Sinclair is of Irish ones, Hay Petrie (you remember his mad station-master in *Knight Without Armour*), Moore Marriott ("Harbottle!"), Felix Aylmer, Roy Emerton, Morris Harvey, Henry Oscar, Charles Carson, Arthur Goullett—the list seems endless.

However, I must find space for three younger ones, each carrying on the tradition of a famous name—Michael Martin-Harvey, Albert Chevalier, and Phil Ray; look out for them.

And now I find I have unchivalrously neglected the ladies.

Well, I am going to content myself with reminding you of a dozen names which will be familiar to you.

There is lovely Helen Haye (you didn't know she could play broad comedy until you saw her in *Cotton Queen*, did you?), Sidney Fairbrother, who has the happy knack of making the audience laugh as soon as she comes on the screen, Amy Veness, whose *forte* is overbearing mothers-in-law, charming and versatile Athene Seyler, whom you will see next in the new Jessie Matthews film *Sailing Along*. . . .

Those brilliant Irish sisters Sara Allgood and Maire O'Neill take a high place—indeed, since her performance in *Storm in a Teacup* Sara seems destined for stardom.

Margaret Yarde, like Amy Veness, is mainly in demand for "Hard Hearted Hannah" parts, but can soften on occasion, and the same may be said of Bertha Belmore.

Muriel George is another who can be relied upon for a sound comedy performance, and yet another is that very fine actress Martita Hunt, who plays leads on the stage (she was magnificent in *Wise To-morrow*) but contents herself with "vignettes" on the screen.

Mabel Twemlow, lately recruited from the stage, is rapidly coming to the fore in "mother" and "duchess" roles; but none of these can claim precedence over that grand actress Mary Clare, whose touch is so deft and sure. Her two latest appearances are in *The Rat* and *The Challenge*.

Well, there they are, and the list is up to forty-four, with many trusties of necessity omitted; and if among the missing is your favourite character player, don't send me a time-bomb through the post. Instead, remember that gallon—and that gill measure !

HITTING the *Night* SPOTS

by RICHARD HAESTIER

Continuing his series of "You'll Know Hollywood," the author takes you on a tour of the restaurants and resorts of the stars in the film capital and introduces you to the strangest man in Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD is a friendly place for a queer reason. Although you may never have been there before, you seem to know everybody. You are not a stranger in a strange land, though no one may speak to you, for people pass you in the streets and you meet them in hotels and restaurants, and they all seem familiar. The explanation, of course, is that if you are a film fan you recognise film actors and actresses everywhere.

A woman passes you in the street down which you are walking for the first time in your life, and an impulse seizes you to raise your hat and exclaim: "Oh, hallo! Fancy meeting you." Then you realise in time that you are in Hollywood, that the woman is Bette Davis and that, although you are familiar with her features through having seen her on the screen so often, she has not the slightest idea of your existence. So you refrain from greeting her just in time and pass on, feeling in a curious way that you have allowed a friend to walk by unacknowledged.

The stars live in and near Hollywood, so one is bound to bump into them all the time and in the most unexpected places. It gives the streets a sociable atmosphere for even the complete stranger.

Fortunately for the stars themselves, the local people not connected with the film industry seem to have become accustomed to living among international celebrities and do not worry them for autographs. There are exceptions, of course, but generally the stars are not bothered except on occasions when they expect to be.

Usually this is at premières, when huge crowds gather outside the cinema where the picture is being shown, and every actor and actress is waylaid while a book is pushed under his or her nose. The stars and everyone else knows this is one of the minor rackets in Hollywood, because the autographs are collected and afterwards sold to the highest bidders. But nothing can be done about it. The collectors are as enthusiastic as they are persistent and their pushing adds to the excitement of the evening.

Other recognised places where it seems to be permissible to haunt the stars, either just to gaze at them in awe and admiration or to extort signatures, is outside the restaurants.

EVEN then the "hunting" is regulated.

At luncheon time, for instance, a screen notability does not go to the Vendome, which is the most popular and fashionable resort for midday cocktails and food, if giving autographs is likely to be a nuisance. Similarly, at night they avoid the Trocadero or the Brown Derby. The business, you see, is organised.

Going into a fashionable restaurant for a meal is a thrill and an adventure for the enthusiastic film fan making an initial visit to the Mecca of the movies.

It seems to be the custom in all American restaurants to pack the tables closely together and to light the rooms dimly, usually with pink-shaded electric candles. The result is that as you sit down to table you rub shoulders with the famous and frequently cannot help overhearing their conversation. Usually it is not very brilliant!

On my first visit to the Vendome, at luncheon time, a beautiful girl wearing a large picture hat came and sat at the next table, not a foot away from me. She was Loretta Young, even more delicately beautiful off the screen than on. She lunched with friends and sipped both a cocktail before her meal and a liqueur after it.

It was a strange feeling, sitting so near Loretta, knowing her so well from her screen appearances, yet realising that she had no idea of my identity or hardly of my existence. It was rather like being the invisible man!

Across the room I caught a large eye quizzing in my direction. Then the head turned, two eyes seemed to stare for a moment, and then the face of Peter Lorre was lit by a friendly grin. I had met him before in England many times, so we nodded to each other, and then Peter got up from the table, left his guest and came across to chat for a moment or two and to invite me to lunch on a later occasion.

Sitting by herself at a side-table, all sufficient in her cold beauty and expensively fashionable clothes, was Joan Bennett. She was obviously waiting for a friend, and in the interval surveyed the room and its occupants in a detached, disinterested way that seemed to invite yet disdain attention.



On his first visit to the Vendome the author met Joan Bennett who seemed both to invite and disdain attention.

Nearby, looking much younger than he does on the screen and remarkably spruce in his appearance, was Wallace Beery, eating heartily and engaged in animated conversation with a man I did not recognise—probably a director.

In the centre of the room, obviously combining business with the necessity to eat, was Darryl Zannuck, head and inspiration of 20th Century-Fox. He had two or three men with him, and they were evidently discussing business, for Zannuck nodded violently, then shook his head, listened, and nodded again. Probably a million-dollar deal was settled over that table.

Down near the door, lunching with an elderly woman, was a tall, graceful, dignified girl in dark, well-cut clothes. Immediately she smiled I knew it was Rosalind Russell, the society girl who studied theology, journalism and horse-riding, decided that there was not enough money in any of them to make work exciting, and literally crashed into the acting profession by persuading a man who was about to put on a



Left: The Vine Street Brown Derby which has a roof and walls of bamboo, and is not to be confused with the other Brown Derby, which is shaped like a bowler hat.



Left : the famous Trocadero where the colony gathers to dance and dine. Below : Caricatures of the famous which adorn the walls of the Vine Street Brown Derby.



road-show that she was the best leading lady he could find. Rosalind at that time had never been on the stage in her life. But she got the job and must have been good, for she played—under a tent in the Adirondacks—for twenty-six consecutive weeks.

To watch her grace and charm, one would never suspect she had that sort of fighting determination to succeed.

Outside the Vendome was the usual lunchtime crowd, and each star who came in and out had to pay ransom in the form of an autograph. But that is part of a film star's life. They all like it, and would be miserable if a day went by with no one pestering with pencil and paper.

The most exclusive evening resort for food is the Trocadero. All the stars gather there at some time or another, and for that reason I dined there one evening. Although it is a "swanky joint," as the Americans would say, I found it was not necessary to dress in either tails or dinner-jacket. That is one of the strange things about Hollywood. If you are invited to any sort of social function and you are a male, you go in the clothes in which you feel most comfortable.

Your choice of dress might be flannel trousers and a "sweat shirt." No one would look strangely or resentfully at you. If you turned up in a dinner-suit your friends might "rib" you by calling on you as the waiter. Ladies, on the other hand, wear the most gorgeous evening-gowns on the slightest provocation. The mixture of comfort and elegance is a bit strange to one not accustomed to the local rules of etiquette.

The first person I saw on entering the Trocadero was Gregory Ratoff. He was waiting in the vestibule, and we chatted for a moment or two.

A few minutes after I had seated myself at a table, Ratoff entered with what appeared to be a cloud on his arm. The cloud turned out to be Marlene Dietrich. She wore no make-up whatever, and a billowy, flimsy, gossamer white evening gown. Ratoff had on a blue lounge suit.

The two sat opposite each other at a small table and dined *tete a tete*.

In the centre of the floor at the Trocadero is a small space which is kept clear, with the floorboards polished, and here the diners dance quietly in a gloomy light between courses. Marlene rose once or twice and moved round slowly, half dreamily, in Gregory Ratoff's arms, and seemed to be oblivious to anyone's presence, even Ratoff's. She looked at no one and spoke to no one. Yet at times she can be vivaciously gay and an animated talker. The mood for quietude must have been upon her. Or perhaps she was tired, for both she and Ratoff disappeared early.

More free and easy for an evening's entertainment for the price of a meal and a bottle of wine is the famous Brown Derby on Vine Street. (There are two Brown Derbys in Hollywood, one being built in the shape of a bowler hat and situated downtown, nearer Los Angeles.)

As I was staying in Vine Street, I frequently went into the Brown Derby which happened to be just across the road.

The place has a bamboo entrance (there are many queer building whims in the film city), the bar has walls and a roof of bamboo, and the restaurant has caricatures of almost every past and present star decorating the walls.

Within the first five minutes one evening, while waiting for my meal to be served, I found I was in the company of Evelyn Laye and Frank Lawton, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, Joe E. Brown and his wife, Wallace Ford, and a couple of dozen equally famous stars.

As I ate, Archie Mayo, the famous director, came in. We recognised each other and he sat down for a few minutes to chat. He had dined already and was looking for a friend. We talked about films—of course—and I discovered he is a great British fan.

Then I was introduced to the strangest man I met in Hollywood or anywhere else. He was good-looking and dapperly dressed. We met because he greeted the man with whom I happened to be dining. And, as is the frequent custom there, he took a seat at the table and began to chat. His conversation, however, was strangely spasmodic. He would lapse into silences, during which he persisted in polishing his finger-nails with a small pad which he kept in his waistcoat-pocket. Certainly he had beautiful hands, and for a time I laboured under the delusion that he was a violinist.

Thinking he was depressed and wishing to be sociable, I asked him to have a drink. To my amazement, he not only refused, but broke into sudden animation and lectured me on the evils of alcohol. He did not mind a man drinking on moral grounds, but he said it was outrageous to harm one's body and constitution by imbibing alcohol. When I asked him to join us in some food as an alternative I discovered that he was a vegetarian for the same reason that he was a strict teetotaller. And I listened to another lecture on the harmful affects of eating flesh meat.

Feeling completely unimpressed and slightly facetious, I asked our strange friend what he did for a hobby if he ate frugally and did not drink. And, with a perfectly serious face, he replied in one word—"Women." Whereupon he pulled a small diary from his pocket and exhibited the christian names and telephone numbers of dozens of women.

He appeared to think there was nothing unusual about his attitude or his conversation.

Eventually he began to polish his beautiful finger-nails again, and finally he got up and walked silently away after a brief "s'long."

"Who was that man?" I asked my friend.

"He's a famous killer," was the reply.

I gasped with astonishment.

"He was at one time a famous gangster," my informant assured me. "Then, when gangster pictures started in Hollywood, one of the studios wanted an expert; so they hired him. He has appeared in lots of gangster films, and knows all there is to know about the game, including the handling of revolvers and sawn-off shot guns."

No wonder this man I had mistaken for a violinist was trying hard to keep his hands clean.

After dinner I went to a première, and subsequently returned to the Brown Derby for a nightcap.

While my friends and I sat chatting, Lionel Atwill came in and joined our party. Finding that I was from London, the film actor recalled the days when he lived in Kensington.

"Motor-cars were then just coming into fashion," he declared. "I remember I bought a car for £200 and felt a terrific dog. I was so proud of it that the first Sunday morning I had it I decided to drive over to Bromley, where my parents lived, and give them a treat.

"Naturally, I could not drive very well, but undaunted I sailed along merrily till I turned into the road in which my parents lived. But then disaster came. I tried to swoop into the kerb and to pull up in style outside the old folks' home. But I had become too confident. I collided with the trunk of a chestnut tree and ripped the mudguards off!"

He laughed heartily at the recollection.

Then, as it always does in Hollywood, sooner or later, the conversation turned to marriage.

Lionel Atwill declared that "marriage is a woman's institution. I ought to know," he added. "I've been married three times. And now my step-son has just married. When he told me he was engaged and introduced me to his future wife, I gave him twenty-five bucks (dollars : about £5) to buy a good dinner after the wedding and loaned him my beach home for his honeymoon. His wife is a nice girl, but I told him that if he wanted to get married he would have to learn about the responsibilities of life. So all he got was the twenty-five bucks."

Presently George Raft came in and chatted for a while; then Bette Davis (wearing an old blue dungaree suit) with her husband; Paul Lukas, who is one of the most charming men you could meet, and dozens of others whose names I do not recollect.

Certainly the place to see the stars is in the restaurants, where they mingle, not as strange though familiar shadows, but as themselves, most of them nice, ordinary people who love to meet fresh friends and to talk about ordinary things so long as you permit the conversation to include—guess what?—Films!

NEXT WEEK

Richard Haestier takes you into the homes of several of the famous stars and discusses their eccentricities and architectural designs.



"Jane Baxter has beauty, talent, and an unusual degree of personal charm."

In Praise of JANE

Has the screen done right by Jane Baxter? Here is an appreciation of one of our most charming actresses.

by Max BREEN

IN the world of the theatre I have a vast number of acquaintances and a few good friends; and one of my more disreputable hobbies is to find out what they think of each other—but I don't publish it; indeed, in many cases I wouldn't dare.

But there are some players whom I never hear criticised behind their backs, and one of these is Jane Baxter.

"Ah, Jane, yes, he's a dear—and *such* a good little actress!"

That general consensus of opinion so fits in with my own view that I think, in my vanity, that it must be yours, too.

As playgoers you may have seen Jane at her best; as picturegoers—no, for a very good reason. She hasn't yet been seen at her best, or anything like her best, on the screen.

And now the class will take Natural History.

In a little town called Brake, near Bremen, Germany, about twenty-eight years ago, lived the British chief engineer of the North German Submarine Cable Works, named Henry Bligh Forde, and his German wife, whose name had been Hedwig von Dieskau, and to them was born a baby girl——

"Yes, yes," you remark impatiently, "and she was Jane Baxter. Come on, get on with it!"

Will the class please not interrupt? She was Feodora Bligh Forde, and there wasn't the slightest idea that she should be Jane Baxter or anything of the kind; none of her forbears had any connection with the stage.

But just as something or someone seems to arrange that I, for instance, should be an interviewer and you a reader of PICTUREGOER, so little Feodora was inscrutably marked down as an actress. At the age of nine months she was brought to England, and in due course (at fifteen) she went to Italia Conti, that famous instructor of youthful talent, with whom she put in a strenuous year learning the "art and mystery" of acting.

She learned it well.

Of course, I don't mean she actually learned her job there; no one can ever do that at a school. The only way you can learn to be an actress is to be an actress, which sounds paradoxical, but will bear inspection.

It is the audience and her fellow-players and the producers and stage-manager and electrician and doorman and call-boy in an actual theatre who together teach a girl her job; and they taught Feodora hers.

She started early; allow me to emphasise this for the benefit of those who regard her as an institution in the theatre.

"People think," she said, smearing her eyeblack ruthlessly into the surrounding scenery (we were in her dressing-room at Wyndham's Theatre just after the matinee), "that because I've been on the stage for fourteen years or so I must be well over a hundred. Do point out that I started at fourteen!"

The way she did start was by having a brother-in-law named Harry Welchman, who gave her a walk-on as a guttersnipe in a play called *Love's Prisoner* at the Adelphi Theatre, in 1923. She had to throw a dead cat at another player, which she enjoyed, and to play marbles, which rather bored her.

While she was at Italia Conti's she played "Phoebe" in *As You Like It* at the Holborn Empire, but managers don't seem to have rushed from all directions with contracts to sign.

Her career may properly be said to have begun, like so many other careers, with *Peter Pan*. In the 1925-26 season she played one of the Indians, and also understudied one of the Lost Boys—"Nibs." And because as a child she was like a character named Jane Baxter in a novel by Booth Tarkington she adopted the name as her own.

In this year 1926 also she had her first audition; the part was that of the tomboy sort of heroine in *Rookery Nook*, and she stood on the stage at the Aldwych with her feet wide apart and tons of swagger, and recited swashbuckling poems till Tom Walls was almost hysterical in the stalls.

She didn't get the role; but for her trouble she was allotted the job of understudying the very quiet, shy-looking, intensely feminine girl who did get it—named Winifred Shotter.

In the following season Jane understudied Dorothy Dickson as "Peter Pan," and played "Mrs. Darling"; and the next year she understudied Jean Forbes-Robertson and actually played "Peter" for a week at the Gaiety.

That led to things. Ian Hay, then, as now, one of our most prolific playwrights, spotted her, and before she was 19 gave her the lead in *A Damsel in Distress*.

After that she played in a long succession of his comedies—*Baa, Baa Blacksheep, The Middle Watch, Leave It to Smith, Mr. Faintheart*, and *The Midshipmaid*, establishing her reputation unassailably in the West End.

Since then she has played a large number of important parts with distinction, including a season at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and culminating in her present performance in *George and Margaret*, which has been running for a year or so and seems likely to go on running till further notice.

But films . . . that's another matter. Her films have not, on the whole, been distinguished.

She made a false start with *Bedrock*. Knowing nothing of the film world, she was persuaded into it, and felt rather flattered. . . . Well, it can't harm her now.

Her next effort was happier—she was in *Bed and Breakfast* for Gaumont-British, and following that she had the interesting experience of playing with Charles Laughton for the same company in *Down River*.

Then came another setback. Eric Hakim made a very bad film indeed under the auspices of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Adolphe Menjou and Margaret Bannerman in the leads. *Two White Arms* it was called. You may remember it . . . Jane does.

After this came *Flat No. 9*, which was truly plenty flat; and then she "got a break" with *The Constant Nymph*, in which she put up a lovely performance as the Sanger sister who elopes with her fat friend "Ike" and has a baby.

That is without doubt the best screen chance she has yet had, and she certainly made the most of it.

There followed *Double Event, Girls Please*, and *Blossom Time*; this last, with Tauber in the lead, is perhaps her most important film, but her role was saccharine.

Then (on the strength of *The Constant Nymph*) Sam Goldwyn took her to Hollywood for *We Live Again*, and RKO gave her a part with Ann Harding in *Enchanted April*; and the nett result of the visit, as she says, was to improve her tennis.

On her return she went into the oddly disappointing *Drake of England* (and played in *The Clairvoyant* simultaneously), *Line Engaged, The Man Behind the Mask, Dusty Ermine*, and now *Second Best Bed*, to which we are looking forward hopefully as an adequate vehicle for her talents.

And high time, too! Here we have an actress with beauty, talent, and an unusual degree of personal charm, which the stage has exploited to the full, whereas for the most part the screen has put her in roles which suggest a bread-and-butter miss or the kind of complacent nit-wittery which is the accepted foil for a star comedian.

I have a feeling that a thing will happen which has happened several times before to people who have been taken to Hollywood and done very little work there.

She will be lured thither again, and this time they will realise the box-office value behind the large lustrous eyes and the funny little twisted smile—and we shall have lost another of our potential money-spinners.

It's easy, of course, to say "Come on, producers, give her a break!" but in this case it should also be an easy (and profitable) thing to do.

NELSON EDDY

This handsome young baritone, whose screen partnership with Jeanette MacDonald has produced some of the biggest movie money-spinners of recent years, has now established himself as a star in his own right. He has a new partner in Eleanor Powell for his latest picture "Rosalie." The MacDonald-Eddy team will, however, resume business in "The Girl of the Golden West"





Bing Crosby joins the constabulary in the picture which is based on an O. Henry story, "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon."



The presence of Beatrice Lillie and Andy Devine promises that there will be plenty of clowning as well as crooning.

DOCTOR *Rhythm*

Bing Crosby's latest picture is notable for the return to the screen of Beatrice Lillie, the brilliant British comedienne, who has not been seen in pictures for some years. Also in the cast are Mary Carlisle, Andy Devine and Louis Armstrong and his orchestra.





Above: Bing, with Mary Carlisle, who plays the ingenue in the film and is said to be Crosby's favourite leading lady.

What's this, yet another comic? Yes, it's our old friend Franklyn Pangborne. And how do you like Miss Lillie's millinery note?

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA



Lady Godiva comes to Hollywood, on the 900th anniversary of the first ride. Peeping Toms, however, were encouraged on this occasion. It was just a publicity stunt for the Carole Lombard—Fredric March comedy "Nothing Sacred." The girl is 19-year-old Dorothy Fargo.



Left: Meet Ann Miller who experts think may even give Ginger Rogers some healthy competition in the dance department at the Radio studio.



Right: Douglas Fairbanks, jun. seems to be having pipe trouble on the "Having Wonderful Time" set. With him is Director Al Santell.



Above: Barbara Read (left) and Joy Hodges discuss whatever it is that young film actresses discuss between scenes for "Merry-Go-Round of 1938."





The director, Howard Hawks, gives the star a lesson target shooting, a sport in which her part demands that she appears efficient. The "baby" of the title is a leopard.

You did not think Katharine Hepburn was domesticated? Well, here's how she filled up a lot of time between shots.



It did not take the star proficient, and in future it watch their st

Behind the Scenes with HEPBURN

Katharine Hepburn follows up *Stage Door* with an undiluted comedy, *Bringing Up Baby*, in which she again appears with Cary Grant. These are some of the first off set pictures of the production to reach this country.



trousers, Katharine Hepburn listens to the sage
Robson, who has a featured role in the picture.





become
ritics to



There is a hint of crazy comedy in this scene in which Cary Grant and Katharine set out to recapture "Baby" who has escaped. Note the equipment.

Left : a cheery off set shot of the star who has really enjoyed making this picture as a contrast to her dramatic interpretations.



Bud Flanagan, seen here with Chesney Allen, is Alf, the Marine who finds the magic button on his uniform.

ALF'S BUTTON *Afloat*

The Crazy Gang are back again, livening things up at the Gainsborough studio both in and between scenes of this new screen version of *Alf's Button*.



Sergeant Wally Patch turns up at an awkward moment. Left to Flanagan, Jimmy Nervo, Charles Naughton, Jimmy Gold, Allen and Knox.



There are few dull moments between scenes—but this race game interlu quite a mild diversion as the Gang's diversions go.



Above: Glennis Lorrimer (with Peter Gawthorne and Agnes Laughlin) is the Gang's leading lady this time.

Right: Alistair Sim plays the Genie of the Lamp who appears when Alf rubs the magic button.





Edward Everett Horton apparently can't take it. Claudette looks anxious about his condition, but Gary Cooper doesn't seem to be worrying.

BLUEBEARD'S *Eighth* WIFE

Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper are co-starred in this more or less crazy comedy, which is directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who claims to have started the cycle with *Design for Living*.



Above : Gary is a multi-millionaire who is paying alimony to seven wives; he wants Claudette to be the eighth.



Left: "What's this thing?" Gary Cooper demands of David Niven, who has the second masculine lead in the picture.



Edward Everett Horton, seen here with Franklyn Pangborne, has to age considerably for his role.



A recent portrait of Phil Regan, who came into pictures from the police force.

A Policeman's LOT—

. . . is sometimes a happy one. Take, for example, the case of Phil Regan, who not so long ago was pounding a beat in New York. He was discovered for the screen by Burns and Allen and is now one of the most popular of the singing stars.

PHIL REGAN is rapidly rising to fame in Hollywood. This tall, dark and handsome singer whose flashing smile and radiant personality has already been seen in a number of pictures in England has been filling theatres in America.

His fan mail is growing, and the other day when Walter Winchell, America's pet columnist, revealed the fact that Phil Regan had been married for twelve years to his girl sweetheart, Jo Dwyer, and there were already four little Regans, Hollywood did not quite know what would happen.

But Phil Regan received 800 telegrams of congratulation and a terrific bunch of fan mail, mostly from girls who said that his marriage didn't make any difference to them, and they hoped that a reasonable proportion of the children were boys with their father's nice smile!

So Phil Regan looks like being one of the first stars to make his film career and domestic life blend successfully.

Phil Regan is of Irish descent. He was born in Brooklyn and started life driving a truck for a living. But like many Americans with a touch of Irish in them it was not long before Phil was wearing the familiar police uniform and walking a beat in Brooklyn.

He married his sweetheart and everything looked pretty good for the Regans. Then Phil did something which makes him stand out from all the other film stars. Single handed, he calmly arrested an armed murderer! For this Phil was relieved of his uniform and was henceforth a detective!

Everyone in the neighbourhood knew and liked the Regans. They said that at the rate Phil was winning promotion it would not be long before he would be wearing a Captain's badge. But then Fate took a hand in the game.

Phil and his wife used to give little parties for their friends and Phil would entertain them with a song, so naturally when the police benefits came along Phil was one of the star performers.

A talent scout from one of New York's biggest Radio stations heard Phil sing—and that was the end of Phil Regan as a policeman. He went on the air in the same programme as Guy Lombardo and Burns and Allen, and only those who study American broadcasts can judge what a big opportunity this was.

Phil made a hit. From the word go he was a success and the New York radio fans were not slow to tell the newspapers and sponsors of the programme that the new singer was very much to their liking. Then Burns and Allen went off to Hollywood and told the picture people all about the new young man who was singing his way to fame in New York!

The picture people were not very impressed. It was one thing to be a star on the radio—and another to be a film star. But Burns and Allen persuaded Phil to try his luck in Hollywood without a contract or engagement.

A few broadcasts and appearances in restaurants soon brought Phil to the notice of the producers. They sat up and took notice. As a result he had many small parts in pictures such as *Café de Paree*, *In Caliente*, *Stars Over Broadway* and *Broadway Hostess*.

And then came his lucky break. His typical Irish personality brought him to the notice of Republic Pictures, a new independent company who had a story called *Laughing Irish Eyes*, which they wanted to make. Phil Regan was offered the starring role and took it. That picture broke records everywhere.

In England alone it established a record gross for an Independent picture. *Laughing Irish Eyes* was put out as a modest picture, and was hardly expected to be more than a second feature, yet it cleaned up—and Phil was established.

Then he made *Happy Go Lucky* for the same company and this brought him a little further along the road to stardom.

About this time Republic Pictures made an important deal with the British Lion Film Company whereby the latter were to distribute all the American company's product in the United Kingdom.

British Lion told Hollywood that if Phil Regan continued to make good pictures he would soon be a star and that his films would have a very wide appeal. So Republic put him on long term contract and his first film under the new arrangement is *The Hit Parade* which is now generally released. This picture is a musical production with a lot of famous American vaudeville attractions, and Phil Regan playing the role of a radio producer. Phil Regan proves in *The Hit Parade* that he can act as well as sing. His leading lady is another famous singer—Frances Langford.

The Hit Parade actually established Phil Regan in America as a film star. Being in direct contrast to other singing stars of the screen in appearance, Regan soon had the fans writing to the studios asking for news of him.

Phil decided he would take a holiday and go back to New York and see his wife. When Phil had decided to take a chance in Hollywood, Mrs. Regan had refused to go with him, saying that she believed a wife and children would be a drawback to him in Hollywood.

Anxiously Mrs. Regan waited for him to come back. It was the supreme test of love for any wife to send her husband 3,000 miles away, especially to Hollywood, where he would meet entirely new people—including some of the most beautiful women in the world. But she had faith in Phil—and her faith was justified. Phil insisted upon her and the children returning with him to Hollywood.

He felt that his career and future was in Hollywood, so back to California went Phil—this time with his family!

Hollywood sat back and looked on with the slightly cynical smile which it bestows upon the small minority of the film colony who can boast a happy marriage. Imagine the surprise of the wiseacres when telegrams and letters poured in to the studio congratulating Phil and affirming their loyalty.

So he started work on his new picture, happy that his wife and family were with him and very pleased at his warm welcome. His new picture is *Manhattan Merry-go-Round*, a lavish musical production in which he stars. At the opening in San Francisco the picture broke all records. Despite the fact that supporting Phil Regan in *Manhattan Merry-go-Round* are some of Hollywood's greatest picture stealers—Leo Carillo, Luis Alberni, James Gleason and Henry Armetta, and two very lovely leading ladies—Ann Dvorak and the exotic opera star, Tamara Geva, from New York, Phil Regan stands out so well that he took all the notices.

The songs which Regan sings in *Manhattan Merry-go-Round* have taken America by storm, particularly "Have You Ever Been in Heaven?" which is breaking records for sheet sales and is being plugged on the air every night.

So Phil Regan is hailed as the screen's new singing star. Now he is well on the road to stardom. Other pictures are being prepared for him and he is now half way through *Outside of Paradise*, another story with an Irish background. Further productions in which he will star will be *The Hit Parade of* 1938, which is designed to follow up the success of the first *Hit Parade*.

There can be no doubt that Hollywood is doing everything possible to bring Phil Regan to the screen as often as possible.

Despite all the ballyhoo which is going on about him Phil Regan remains the smiling modest man that he was before fame caught up with him. He spends his spare time quietly at home with the family and sometimes has a few friends in, and entertains them in just the same style as when they lived in Brooklyn. His interests are reading—but like all the Irish he loves horses and often goes to the race tracks for a day's outing.

When in New York recently Phil had a party—but not for the celebrities—Oh, no! He gave a slap up dinner for all his old friends, policemen, taxi drivers and others he knew when he was just a policeman!



Maria had to face the difficulty of choosing between Frederick and Tony. . . .

Angel

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Paramount.

LOVE of adventure, loneliness, boredom, induced Lady Maria Barker, wife of the eminent Foreign Secretary, present at the League of Nations Conference at Geneva, to visit Paris incognito.

Moreover, having booked a room at a quiet hotel, the same reasons brought her by taxi to the salon of a certain Grand Duchess Anna Dimitrievna, whose distinguished clientele sought entertainment rather than intellectual conversation.

At the age of thirty, Maria bore witness to the truth that beautiful women still exist. To exceptional purity of feature and complexion she added intelligence, poise, and a figure which could carry glamorous clothing without seeming overdressed.

The Grand Duchess' astonishment, on coming upon her guest unexpectedly in the hall, secretly amused Maria, who at once attributed her visit to a friendship between them of six years' standing. Clearly this elderly aristocrat, whose bearing bore traces of her life as professional hostess, did not often receive women of Maria's stamp.

"What are you doing now, my dear?" she inquired, her mind doubtless partly on the roulette table Maria had glimpsed in the next room.

"At the moment I am in Paris. By the way, now I come to think of it, I am not in Paris. Can I trust you, Anna?"

"Entirely." Comforted to a point, Maria was about to attempt an explanation of her elusive state of mind on the subject of her secret stay when the telephone rang.

"Would you like me to go out?" she suggested, having heard Anna say into the transmitter: "Call you back later."

"You're always so understanding," the Grand Duchess acknowledged. Without knowing the geography of the house, Maria opened a door, thinking it to be the one by which she had come in, only to find herself in another room. A man who had been playing the piano rose to receive her. He was slight, fair, with a small moustache, and the appearance of an Englishman, an impression which his speech confirmed as he said: "So kind of you to see me. Captain Buckler sends you his best regards."

"Captain Buckler?"

"You remember Willie Buckler. He always talked so much of you. He told me if you want an amusing time in Paris, go straight to the Grand Duchess; so here I am."

His smile intrigued her. Already the homage of his eyes was paving the way for friendship, but how to make him understand that she was not the type of woman which presumably he had come to meet?

"Do sit down," she said. "You want an amusing time. Now, what can I suggest? First of all, you would like to see the Louvre Museum?"

"The what?"

"One of the most interesting picture galleries in the world. . . . You don't care much for pictures. . . . Well, then, the Eiffel Tower. . . . Notre Dame. . . ."

"I'm sorry; not interested, madame. No, I've found through life that the days take care of themselves. It's the evenings that are so difficult."

"How stupid of me. You want me to arrange a party for you. A nice, large party."

"Not too large."

"Six . . . no . . . four . . . two?"

"Two is the best suggestion. You know Buckler is completely off his head. He described you as hard as nails, much older and beginning to spread."

Recognising this fairly apt description of the Grand Duchess, Maria schooled herself to say gravely: "How unkind of him. I hope you don't think the picture is true of me."

"If he'd said one of the loveliest women in the world, I'd have recognised you anywhere. Please dine with me to-night."

"I'm engaged."

"Madame, have you ever been at the mercy of loneliness in a strange city?"

"Often. It made me cry."

"Then, that's what I shall do." Maria rose.

"The Café Danube."

"A quarter to nine," she smiled and closed the door behind her. If between that time and the present, Maria had opportunity to doubt the wisdom of her challenge to romance, between nine o'clock and ten-thirty was no cause for her to regret it.

"You must be very successful with women. Nobody could order such a delicious dinner who wasn't," she said at the *glace en surprise* stage.

"I wonder if I am a success with you. Here we are facing dessert and know nothing about each other. You won't tell me your name or even let me tell you mine."

"Oh, dear! Didn't we settle all that at the soup—and again at the salad? Why spoil such a perfect evening with names. Whatever yours was, I know it wouldn't suit you. Besides I know all about you—grey eyes, brown hair, a charming smile and great attraction. Everything else is unimportant?"

"You're married."

"Back to the soup and the salad. Why be so curious?"

"Jealous. Just terribly jealous."

"I thought we were going to have an amusing evening, and now it's become serious."

"Desperately. Who are you? I must know." Alas for the challenge to romance! This man was too quick to pick it up and run his rapier through her armour of make-believe. But though she let him kiss her, experience strangely unnerving and sweet, she kept her incognito.

"You're an angel. That's what I shall call you—Angel," he said.

In the park where they wandered under the stars, she confessed her inability to say a final "Goodbye."

"Give me time," she implored. "A week at least. Wait for me at the Grand Duchess' on Wednesday at five. If I come, I won't ask any questions. I'll go wherever you ask me."

"And if you don't come?"

"Forgive me then. Never look for me. Forget that I existed. Swear it. Promise that you'll do that for me."

"If I did, it would be a promise I couldn't keep. I don't care who, or what, you are. All I know is, I love you and I'll never let you go out of my life — never." A violet seller passed with her basket at a little distance. While her unknown admirer was buying a bunch, Maria hurried away into the darkness.

She reached the Elizabethan manor near London, which had been in the Barker family for over a century, and was justly famed for its wood carvings, some hours before Sir Frederick's return. From newspaper placards she gathered he had scored a personal success at the Conference. Dear Frederick, so devoted to his country's cause, as a husband so courteous, faithful and unexciting! Yet a need such as she had never felt for his companionship, since he was not back by bedtime, suggested that she should occupy the bed in his room rather than her own. He must have come in and decided to complete the exchange, for she heard his footsteps and later saw him come in from the communicating room.

"Darling, I didn't want to wake you. You were sleeping so peacefully. I hadn't the heart to disturb you," he explained. Cruel that the telegram which Graham, Frederick's personal secretary, had, not without concealed astonishment, handed into her at the dressing-room door, should spoil everything! She was obliged to mention it. Frederick read it, looked upset and, murmuring "Jugoslavia" as answer to her query as to the seat of the trouble, was quite ready to retire again into solitude.

Maria, prepared by some hours of sleeplessness to think her marriage was a failure, received a mild shock at breakfast. Wilton the perfect (but not ostentatiously so) butler,

(*Continued on page* 22)

ANGEL—*continued from page 21*

brought in with the coffee an announcement of his engagement to a Miss Emma Macgillicuddy.

"Begging your pardon, sir," he observed, on being duly congratulated. "It was you, sir, and you, milady, whom I cited as an example of how beautiful marriage can be, who induced Miss Macgillicuddy to believe in the institution."

"Did you hear that?" Maria said awed, when Wilton had gone.

"Perhaps we should stage a rousing quarrel, so that we shan't feel quite so responsible," Frederick suggested.

"A lovely idea."

"But what shall we quarrel about?"

"Well, I might say I'm a neglected wife."

"No, darling. I'm afraid we couldn't quarrel about that—because I should agree with you." They tried jealousy as a basis for disagreement, but it was obvious that Frederick believed no more in the fictitious "other woman" whom he created for himself than in Maria's declaration that she was already packed to fly to a lover. "We might just as well face it. We're a hopelessly happy married couple," he declared. A sudden, definite wish to conform to this ideal, kept Maria away from the thought of Paris. But when, at a race meeting, at the end of her field glasses, she saw the face of a man in a grey topper, who had once called her "Angel," she went hot and cold. Pleading a headache, she succeeded in getting Frederick to order the chauffeur to drive her home.

Considering the threat of her unknown partner of romance, and the fact that he had followed her to England, Maria ought not to have been astonished at hearing of him again. She was dressing for the opera, to which she looked forward with pleasure, but Frederick who had promised to escort her, with loathing, when he came in with apologies on being reminded that he was late.

"Sorry dear, but after lunch I ran into an old wartime friend—Pootchie, otherwise Tony Halton. We both knew the same little French dressmaker in Paris—Paulette Fouchardiere. Quite a fellow this Halton. By the way, did you ever hear of a Grand Duchess Anna Dimitrievna, a Russian emigrée, living in Paris?"

"I believe so—why?"

"Well, Halton has gone completely mad over a woman that he calls Angel, he met at her house. He's really a very decent fellow—lived four years in India, did fine government work there, has a splendid career ahead of him. I hope he doesn't lose his head completely.

From all I can gather, the type he'd meet at the Grand Duchess'——"

"Oh! It's probably only an adventure."

Why must her hands touch and retouch the bright, fair hair, already brushed to an artless, gleaming perfection? Why must she hear the throb of her heart at hearing Frederick say behind her:

"Not at all . . . not with him. Why, that man's been looking all over Paris for this woman. No one can talk him out of finding her." On these words, Maria's emotional life was built up until Frederick's announcement that he was bringing Halton in to lunch, drove her down to earth. To ensure there should be no seductiveness about her clothes, she chose a plain dark two-piece, relieved by a white jabot.

Nervousness gave her added poise as Wilton ushered her into the drawing-room, where the two men were having cocktails. She wanted to keep the conversation on an impersonal level—this man in a well-cut suit, with the fair moustache, was beyond doubt her companion of an evening. Frederick, however, declared that he and Mr. Halton had been disagreeing on the subject of love. Maria, afraid to meet the grey eyes, turned upon her gravely, but without a trace of recognition, switched the talk to the future.

"You're staying in England for a while, Mr. Halton?"

"No—he's going back to Paris," Frederick supplied.

"Well, Lady Barker, I may have to change my plans."

"That's interesting, old man. How did it happen?"

"To-day, as a matter of fact. I may have to stay here a little longer."

Swiftly she seized on one of Frederick's half-made plans as a straw for the drowning.

"How fortunate for you to be here at the best part of the year. There's so much going on," Maria said. "Wimbledon next week. Oh! I'm afraid we shall miss the matches. Frederick has promised to take me for a little trip. Did you make up your mind where you wanted to go, darling?"

"Well, I've several very interesting ideas."

"I'm dying to hear them. Shall we go in to lunch?"

Following coffee, Maria relaxed so far as to play the piano, though she ignored Tony's hint for her to reproduce the love song a composer had rendered for them on the violin at the Café Danube.

While she was playing a waltz, she didn't notice that Frederick, having received a telegram, had left the room until Tony said: "Hullo, Angel."

"I beg your pardon. What do you mean, Mr. Halton?"

"It seems incredible, that I should find you here in this house—his wife. It's like a dream."

"I still don't understand you, Mr. Halton. Are you confusing me with another woman?"



"You're not Angel. You have the same skin, the same eyes, the same lips, but you don't talk like her."

"I'm not. There can't possibly be two of you."

"I'm afraid there must be. I haven't been in Paris for the last six months. It must be a terrific coincidence. The lady with whom you had your adventure——"

"Wasn't it more than that? At least, I thought so."

"Perhaps the lady thought so, too. But it's impossible for me to read the mind of a woman I never saw or heard of."

"You're not Angel. You have the same skin, the same eyes, the same lips, but you don't talk like her. Forgive me for the error."

"Naturally. You know, Mr. Halton, I think this resemblance will always create embarrassment between us. It's unfortunate, but for my own comfort and peace—certainly for yours—don't you think you might find some excuse not to come here any more?"

"You must be very happy, Lady Barker. You have a lovely home. You're the wife of a charming and famous man."

"I *am* very happy." He had gone over to the piano and seemed as if about to break into the love melody, when his eyes met hers and he closed the lid abruptly. "Don't be afraid," he breathed. "I won't play it. I shall never play it. I hope I never hear it again."

"Thank you. I told you in Paris never to look for me. The whole thing is forgotten."

"And I told you I'd never let you go out of my life."

"I'll fight with every weapon I have if you try to destroy my home."

"Then why did you come to Paris? Why did you leave me for London? It doesn't make sense."

"None; but isn't that the woman's privilege?"

"Have you ever been in love?"

"Not with you. I said you had grey eyes, brown hair, a charming smile and great attraction. You still have. That's why I want you to go. Please go." His eyes were still upon her, his arms ready to enfold her, his lips ready to meet hers. The words "Maria . . . angel . . . angel," broke from them. She rang the bell, told Wilton to find Sir Frederick. "I'm afraid Mr. Halton has to leave," she said when he came.

"Must you really go, Halton? I didn't expect to be gone so long. How about another drink?" Frederick pressed successfully. Soon they were on dangerous conversational ground again. Maria, intoxicated in spite of herself at Tony's attitude of no refusal, paid him back for staying, by referring to the Paris episode, and even inquiring for a description of Angel's appearance. Deliberately looking away from her as they sat at different ends of the sofa, Tony rose to the occasion by painting Angel's hair as dark and her eyes brown.

Taking advantage of Sir Frederick's being called to the telephone, he blew into the air the card-house of a polite readiness to leave by saying, *sotto voce*: "I'm going to Paris. I'll be in Paris by next Wednesday."

"It'll be useless."

"If there's a chance, one chance in a million, I'll be waiting for you at the Grand Duchess'."

"You'll only be torturing yourself."

"I'll be there at five; no—hours before." At the moment of Tony's departure, no one could have been more certain than Maria, of failure to keep the rendezvous. Yet within half an hour she was scheming to achieve it. Instead of the trip they had planned, to the idea of which Maria had clung desperately, Frederick decided it was imperative for him to go to Geneva. Robbed of her only chance of keeping afloat, Maria let herself sink. Why shouldn't Frederick take her in the specially chartered 'plane to Paris, and pick her up on his return? He agreed. At 5.30 on the following Wednesday, Maria arrived at the Grand Duchess'. She was shown by a butler into a reception room. A man was waiting on the far side of the table. Instantly she saw that it was Frederick.

"Hullo, Maria. Strange place to meet you, isn't it?"

"Rather strange. May I ask what you are doing here?"

"Curiosity. You see the lady known as Angel caught my imagination. I wanted to see her."

"You mean you actually missed a conference in Geneva!"

"Merely to find out if Angel is a brunette, or a blonde."

"As a matter of fact, she is a blonde. Mr. Halton's description varies. Once he told me she had fair hair and blue eyes and a slight foreign accent."

"Sounds like a description of you."

"Doesn't it? It disturbed my vanity to think there should be another woman so like me, so I came to find out."

"Maria, I know from the airport bookings, that you came to Paris by 'plane last Wednesday. How many times have you been here before? What kind of life are you leading? To think that my wife, whom I trusted, whom I was proud of, could come to a place like this."

"Frederick, you're getting nervous—you're jealous. Do I really interest you as much as Jugoslavia?" The obvious fact that she did gave her more joy than she could possibly have imagined it would, an hour ago. "You *are* Angel," he challenged. "Why should I be. Haven't I a lovely home, everything I want?" Her wits worked fast. In the next room, Tony might conceivably be waiting. Towards the next room, Frederick was moving, declaring that if she weren't Angel, he must look for her. He left in spite of her entreaties.

Within a moment the door again opened, and revealed Tony.

"I understand Frederick's here," he said.

"He's in the other room; maybe gone. I don't know. Anyway it's all over. Silly, how upsetting a little thing like saying 'Good-bye' to one's husband can be, isn't it?" She knew that he read the truth through the tears in her eyes, as he picked up her fallen fur and held it out for her. She was drawing it round her neck when Frederick was back again. "Hullo, Tony," he said naturally. "You know the story you told me about Angel interested me so much that I couldn't resist coming here. Now I've met her; and you see, Maria, in the last few minutes I've thought about our marriage more than in all the years we've been together. All I know is, the train leaves for Vienna at 10.30 if you decide to meet me at the station."

Vienna—not Geneva. Aware of no more completely satisfying homage than that expressed by the substitution of one town for another, Maria gratefully took her husband's hand and walked with him down the long corridor into the street.

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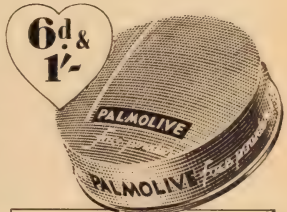
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REVIEWS by Lionel Collier

***KID GALAHAD

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Boxing melodrama. Runs 102 minutes.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON.....Nick Donati
BETTE DAVIS.....Fluff
HUMPHREY BOGART.....Turkey Morgan
WAYNE MORRIS
Ward Guisemberry (Kid Galahad)
JANE BRYAN.....Marie
HARRY CAREY.....Silver Jackson
WILLIAM HAADE.....Chuck McGraw
SOLEDAD JIMINEZ.....Mrs. Donati
JOE CUNNINGHAM.....Joe Taylor
BEN WELDEN.....Buzz Barett
JOSEPH CREHAN.....Brady
VEDA ANN BORG.....The Redhead
FRANK FAYLEN.....Barney
HARLAND TUCKER.....Gunman
BOB EVANS.....Sam
HANK HANKINSON.....Burke
BOB NESTELL.....O'Brien
JACK KRANZ.....Denbaugh
GEORGE BLAKE.....Referee

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Previewed, July 15, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, appeared in our issue of August 28, 1937.

This is the best boxing picture we have had in years, and it introduces a new potential star in Wayne Morris who is the "Galahad" of the title.

He has naturalness and a directness which is most pleasing.

But the mainstays of the production are Edward G. Robinson as Donati, a boxing manager, and Bette Davis as his girl friend who frequently saves him from making a fool of himself but leaves him when she discovers she has fallen in love with his new "champion" find, a bell hop who does not reciprocate her affection. Actually, the Kid falls in love with his manager's sister, Marie, which causes trouble in the camp because the promotor had determined at all costs to keep his sister away from the boxing fraternity.

However, by this time Kid Galahad is nearly due to a championship fight. Forgetting his hatred of the rival manager who had double-crossed him, Donati concentrates on "ruining" the Kid because he had made love to his sister.

He forces an early fight and gives the Kid the worst possible advice in tactics. He is appealed to by his sister and his girl friend and manages to turn the tide of battle in favour of his protégé.

This incenses the crook manager of the rival boxer who, on Donati's advice, had bet heavily on his own man, and he shoots him.

Humphrey Bogart is inevitably "bumped off" and just as inevitably gives a well characterised study of the crook manager.

As Donati's sister, Jane Bryan is sensitive and appealingly unsophisticated.

**ACTION FOR SLANDER

United Artists. British. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 83 minutes.

CLIVE BROOK.....Major George Daviot
ANN TODD.....Ann Daviot
MARGARETTA SCOTT.....Josie Bradford
ARTHUR MARGETSON.....Captain Bradford
RONALD SQUIRE.....Charles Cinderford
ATHOLE STEWART.....Lord Pontefract
PERCY MARMONT.....Cowlatt
FRANK COLLIER.....Sir Bernard Roper
ANTHONY HOLLES.....Grant
KATE CUTLER.....The Dowager
ENID STAMP-TAYLOR.....Jenny
MORTON SELTON.....Judge Trotter
FRANCIS SULLIVAN.....Sir Quinton Jessops
FELIX AYLMER.....Sir Eustace Cunninghame
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....Clerk of Court
GUS MCNAUGHTON.....Tandy
ALBERT WHELAN.....Roper's Butler
ALAN JEAYES.....Colonel

Directed by Tim Whelan from the novel by Mary Borden. Previewed, September 25, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, appeared in our issue of October 9, 1937

Tim Whelan has directed this human drama very well and has brought out all the dramatic highlights most effectively.

Mary Borden's novel from which the picture has been adapted deals with a distinguished officer who is accused of cheating at cards by a man with whose wife he is infatuated. To save scandal he brings no case, and finds his acquaintances cold-shouldering him. When practically on the verge of suicide, his wife, who had left him, comes back and urges him to face his accusers. And so, with the help of a clever barrister, he re-establishes his honour.

Clive Brook looks the part of the distinguished officer, but he is inclined to play it in too gloomy and grim a manner.

Ann Todd is a very sympathetic heroine and contrasts admirably with Margaretta Scott who puts a good deal of conviction into her vamp part.

All the rest of the cast give first rate performances and the picture generally is notable for team work.

One of the production's outstanding features is the court scene which is brilliantly handled.

**HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Pioneer melodrama with music. Runs 110 minutes.

IRENE DUNNE.....Sally Watterson
RANDOLPH SCOTT.....Peter Cortlandt
DOROTHY LAMOUR.....Molly
ELIZABETH PATTERSON....Grandma Cortlandt
RAYMOND WALBURN.....Doc. Watterson
CHARLES BICKFORD.....Red Scanlon
AKIM TAMIROFF.....Joe Varese
BEN BLUE.....Zeke
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Mac.
ALAN HALE.....Mr. Brennan
IRVING PICHEL.....Mr. Stark
STANLEY ANDREWS.....Lem Moulton
JAMES BURKE.....Stackpole
ROGER IMHOF.....Bowers
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Mr. Bippincott
FURNELL PRATT.....Col. Blake
EDWARD GARGAN.....Foreman

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian from the story by Oscar Hammerstein II.

This is a queer animal—neither fish, nor flesh nor good red herring, but if Director Rouben Mamoulian's idea was to provide something for everybody he has certainly succeeded. He even has the usually prim Irene Dunne singing in the bath tub, if that unusual spectacle is your idea of a big night.

The film is part pioneering "epic", part musical, part romance, part circus life and part spectacle, with a wildly hilarious slapstick climax in which the obliging and versatile Miss Dunne brings an entire circus troupe, including the elephants, to the rescue of the oil pioneer hero when he is menaced by a gang of toughs engaged by the "big business" interests who are trying to prevent the completion of the pipe line which is to establish the new industry.

In its individual phases the film is interesting and entertaining, though the mixture as a whole is incongruous and though Mamoulian shows all his usual flair for pictorial composition his crowd scenes are so stagily "stylised" that one finds oneself sometimes looking for significance that isn't there.

Randolph Scott, however, is in good form as the idealistic, but purposeful, young man who sees the future of oil and carries through his plans against the opposition of powerful vested interests. Irene Dunne acts and sings charmingly as usual as a travelling medicine show girl who marries him, but it is in keeping with the spirit of the film that she should be asked to show Dorothy Lamour (also excellent, incidentally), how to put over a Blues song number.

Alan Hale is a bit too heavy as the "heavy", but excellent support is contributed by Elizabeth Patterson, Raymond Walburn, and Charles Bickford. The music is one of the best features of a film that is difficult to classify.

**YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Musical extravaganza. Runs 99 minutes.

ALICE FAYE.....Judith Poe Wells
RITZ BROTHERS.....Themselves
DON AMECHE.....George Macrae
CHARLES WINNIGER.....Sam Gordon
LOUISE HOVICK.....Lulu Riley
RUBINOFF.....Himself
TONY MARTIN.....Bobby Walker
ARTHUR TREACHER.....Bevins
PHYLLIS BROOKS.....Evelyn Moore
TIP, TAP AND TOE.....Speciality
LOUIS PRIMA.....Orchestra Leader
TYLER BROOKE.....Hotel Clerk
GEORGE HUMBERT.....Romano
JED PROUTY.....Mr. Whiteman
WALLY VERNON.....Jerry
ROBERT MURPHY....Alderman Barney Callhan
DOROTHY CHRISTY.....Blonde
PAUL MCVEY.....Tom
CLARA BLANDICK.....Lady Shopper

Directed by Norman Taurog. Previewed, October 23, 1937.

You get nearly everything in this carefree musical romance; broad fooling, dancing, songs and tuneful music, and you should find yourself well entertained.

Alice Faye is great as a would-be serious playwright who falls in love with a successful musical comedy writer and producer, equally attractively played by Don Ameche.

The latter has a song or two to sing, and discloses the fact that he has a pleasing voice. He used to sing over the radio once upon a time.

The crazy element is exceptionally well looked after by the Ritz Brothers, while in more serious vein there is some fine violin playing by Rubinoff.

Two excellent little character studies are given by Charles Winniger as a producer and Arthur Treacher as a valet.

The whole thing exudes an atmosphere of cheerfulness, and while the story is naturally held up by spectacle and songs you do not lose interest in the characters.

*NAVY BLUES

British Lion. American. "U" certificate. Spy Comedy-drama. Runs 70 minutes.

RICHARD PURCELL.....Rusty
MARY BRIAN.....Doris
WARREN HYMER.....Biff
JOSEPH SAWYER.....Chips
EDWARD WOODS.....Everett (Julian)
HORACE MACMAHON.....Gateleg
CHESTER CLUTE.....Wayne
LUCILLE GLEASON.....Mrs. Wayne
RUTH FALLOWS.....Goldie
ALONZO PRICE.....Dr. Crowley

Directed by Ralph Staubb.

Somewhat incredible story of a young sailor who, to win the heart of a frumpish librarian who turns out to be really beautiful, poses as an intelligence officer and rounds up a foreign spy.

Dick Purcell makes the most of his artificial role and Mary Brian does a graceful transformation scene from dowdiness to beauty.

Edward Woods is good as the villain and Warren Hymer wise-cracks effectively at times.

*BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

B.I.E.D. (Joe Rock Production). British. "U" certificate. Broad farce. Runs 74 minutes.

LESLIE FULLER.....Bill Jenkins
NELLIE WALLACE.....Bertha Luff
GRETA WOXHOLT.....Roberta
GEORGIE HARRIS.....Roscoe
JUDY KELLY.....Thelma
D. J. WILLIAMS.....George Luff
TONI BRUCE.....Mrs. Jenkins
CONSTANCE GODRIDGE.....Ernestine
SYBIL ALLEN.....Edwina
SYD CROSSLEY.....Nolan
SYD COURTENAY.....Rookum
OLIVETTE.....Dancer

Directed by Gilbert Pratt from a story by Evelyn Barrie.

Knockabout fooling and broad music-hall humour are the order of the day in this farce which deals with a man who is to inherit a legacy if he leads a strictly moral and sober life. Wine and women prove grievous temptations but he wins through only to find that the legacy is a chimpanzee!

Leslie Fuller is boisterously comic as the hero and Nellie Wallace is her familiar self as a woman who takes it upon her to see that he keeps to the letter of the will.

Inebriated dance by Leslie Fuller and display of flannel underwear by Nellie Wallace provide biggest laughs.

*STUDIO ROMANCE

First National. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 63 minutes.

DONALD WOODS.....Steve Stewart
FRED LAWRENCE.....Raymond Crane
JOSEPH CREHAN.....A. J. Lambert
DAVID CARLYLE.....Bert Smith
MARY TREEN.....Janet Morris
HELEN VALKIS.....Ruth
FRANK FAYLEN.....Master of Ceremonies
MARY DOYLE.....Miss Grant
JEANNE MADDEN.....Mary Brannigan / Doris Pearce
ROSALIND MARQUIS.....Bernice Fox
CHARLES HALTON.....M. B. Carter
TEDDY HART.....Moe Jerome
AL HERMAN.....Jack Scholl
JOHN HARRON.....Charlie
JOHN PEARSON.....Jed Hudkins
HARRY FOX.....Robert Donnolly

Directed by William Clemens. Music and lyrics by M. K. Jerome and Jack Scholl

Jeanne Madden, a newcomer, makes a promising debut in this familiar back-screen story. She appears as a "find" who falls in love with her leading man and wins him through the sacrifices of the talent scout who discovered her and loves her himself.

Donald Woods plays the latter role quite well and Fred Lawrence is true to type as the screen star.

The staging is good as are the musical interludes.

The Hollywood settings strike an authentic note and the atmosphere generally is convincing.

c*REPORTED MISSING

General Film Distributors. American. "U" certificate. Aerial melodrama. Runs 63 minutes.

WILLIAM GARGAN.....Steve Browning
JEAN ROGERS.....Jean Clayton
DICK PURCELL.....Paul Wayne
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Ab. Steele
MICHAEL FITZMAURICE.....Jack Clayton
JOSEPH SAWYER.....Brad Martin
BILLY WAYNE.....Duffy
ROBERT SPENCER.....Bill Evans

Directed by Milton Carruth.

Story of a mystery wrecker who terrorises an airline. The aerial thrills are good, and even if the story takes a bit of swallowing it carries a popular type of thrill.

William Gargan has the necessary virility for the role of Steve, an inventor who eventually tracks down the man who has been robbing passengers and sending aircraft to their doom.

Jean Rogers supplies the necessary feminine appeal adequately.

*BORN RECKLESS

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.

ROCHELLE HUDSON.....Sybil Roberts
BRIAN DONLEVY.....Bob ("Hurry") Kane
BARTON MACLANE.....Jim Barnes
ROBERT KENT.....Lee Martin
HARRY CAREY.....Dad Martin
PAULINE MOORE.....Dorothy Collins
CHICK CHANDLER.....Windy Bowman
WILLIAM PAWLEY.....Mac
FRANCIS MCDONALD.....Louie
GEORGE WOOLCOTT.....Danny Horton
JOSEPH CREHAN.....District Attorney

Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. Based on a story by Jack Andrews.

Hectic gangster plot which develops rather too obviously to be wholly successful; it relies mainly on the rough-house situations, which are well staged.

The story deals once again with a taxi-cab war with Brian Donlevy as a two-fisted chauffeur who

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

***KID GALAHAD
**ACTION FOR SLANDER
**HIGH WIDE AND HANDSOME
**YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING
*NAVY BLUES
*BOYS WILL BE GIRLS
*STUDIO ROMANCE
c*REPORTED MISSING
*BORN RECKLESS
*MAKE-UP
*YESTERDAY'S HERO
*BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

What the asterisks mean—
**** An outstanding feature.*
*** Very good.*
** Good.*
* Average entertainment.*
c Also suitable for children.

ights against a crook protection ssociation; he is certainly virile nough.

Rochelle Hudson is a graceful eroine and Barton MacLane a onvincing villain.

*MAKE-UP

I.B.F.D. British. "U" certificate. Circus melodrama. Runs 70 minutes.

Nils Asther	Bux
June Clyde	Joy
Judy Kelly	Marion Hutton
Kenneth Duncan	Lorenzo
John Thornbull	Karo
Lawrence Anderson	Goro
Johnnie Schofield	Publicity Man
Lawrence Grossmith	Major Sir Edward Hutton
Norma Varden	Hostess
Bombardier "Billy" Wells	Ringmaster
Iel Craigie	Tania
Roddy Hughes	Mr. Greenswater
Chapman's Circus	Karo's Circus

Directed by Alfred Zeisler from the novel "Bux" by Hans Possendorf.

Triangle drama played out against a circus background. The story s rather thin and pedestrian in levelopment but the atmosphere is olourful and varied.

Nils Asther is sound enough as Bux, a surgeon who gives up his profession to become a circus clown nd June Clyde is adequate as Joy, his charge by adoption who loves him.

As a society woman with whom Bux becomes infatuated, Judy Kelly is quite good, while Kenneth Duncan is frankly villainous as a ion tamer who covets Joy.

It is all rather artless but the love lement is quite appealing.

*YESTERDAY'S HERO

Talbot. American. "U" certificate. Small-town melodrama. Runs 62 minutes.

Mickey Rooney	Shockey
Anne Nagel	Mary
Frank Shields	Jack
Edward Pawley	Carter
William Gould	Mr. Matthews
Bradley Metcalf	Roger
Doris Rankin	Millicent
Helena Grant	Vilma Rose
Harry Hayden	Mr. Townsend
Cecil Weston	Miss Geeter
Dorothy Vaughan	Mrs. Hodges
Claude Philgy	Mrs. Townsend

Directed by William Nigh.

Mickey Rooney puts up a good performance in this simple tory which relies for its main effect n juvenile sentiment.

He is cast as the son of a shell-shocked war veteran who has taken to drink and his environment breeds in him an inferiority complex from which he is rescued by the schoolmistress.

Later, his father is killed while driving a truck during a strike and the boy finds a permanent home with the schoolmistress and her new husband, the son of the truck owner.

Anne Nagel is quite charming as the heroine and Frank Shields, the famous tennis player, is fair as the hero.

*BETWEEN TWO WOMEN

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Hospital drama. Runs 84 minutes.

Franchot Tone	Allan Meighan
Maureen O'Sullivan	Claire Donahue
Virginia Bruce	Patricia Sloan
Leonard Penn	Tony Woolcott
Cliff Edwards	Snoopy
Janet Beecher	Miss Pringle
Charley Grapewin	Dr. Webster
Helen Troy	Sally
Grace Ford	Nurse Howley
June Clayworth	Eleanor
Edward Norris	Dr. Barili
Anthony Nace	Tom Donahue
Hugh Marlowe	Priest

Directed by George B. Seitz.

Sob-stuff drama with a hospital background which is a wholly novelettish and conventional example of its type. Its operating theatre thrills tend to be morbid, and neither characterisation nor development are very convincing.

Franchot Tone does the best he can with the part of a hospital surgeon who has trouble with his society wife, but finally he finds true love with a nurse, who is adequately played by Maureen O'Sullivan.

Virginia Bruce is sound as the wife and the support works valiantly under difficulties.

Settings and technical qualities are very good.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Another Dawn (2)	... ...	*Jan.* 15
Big Business (2)	... ...	*Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2)	... ...	*Jan.* 1
Blazing Sixes (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Cafe Metropole (2)	... ...	*Jan.* 1
Call It a Day (4)	... ...	*Nov.* 13
Captains Courageous (4)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Charlie Chan at the Olympics (2)		*Nov.* 20
Devil is Driving, The (2)	...	*Nov.* 20
Easy Living (3)	... ...	*Jan.* 15
Edge of the World, The (3)	...	*Jan.* 8
Emperor's Candlesticks, The (2)		*Nov.* 27
Fatal Hour, The (2)	... ...	*Nov.* 20
Go-Getter, The (2)c	... ...	*Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3)	... ...	*Jan.* 1
Hit Parade, The (2)	... ...	*Jan.* 15
Hollywood Cowboy (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
Hotel Haywire (2)	... ...	*Dec.* 11
Knight Without Armour (2)	...	*Jan.* 15
Love is News (3)	... ...	*Dec.* 4
Married Before Breakfast (2)	...	*Dec.* 11
Meet the Missus (2)	... ...	*Nov.* 27
Midnight Madonna (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Mountain Justice (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
North of the Rio Grande (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c	... ...	*Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Road Back, The (2)	... ...	*Nov.* 20
Said O'Reilly to McNab (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
San Quentin (2)	... ...	*Nov.* 20
Slim (2)	... ...	*Dec.* 18
Star is Born, A (3)	... ...	*Jan.* 15
Storm In a Teacup (3)	...	*Nov.* 20
Sunset in Vienna, (3)	...	*Jan.* 15
There Goes My Girl (2)	...	*Dec.* 4
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
Top of the Town (2)	... ...	*Dec.* 11
Topper (3)	... ...	*Dec.* 4
Turn Off the Moon (2)	...	*Nov.* 20
Victoria the Great (4)	...	*Dec.* 25
Way Out West (2)	... ...	*Jan.* 15
Who's Your Lady Friend? (2)		*Dec.* 25
Wee Willie Winkie (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Wild Money (2)	... ...	*Jan.* 1
Woman Chases Man (2)	...	*Nov.* 27

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WHAT PRODUCERS SHOULD DO

A Reader Gives Them Their Instructions

HOLLYWOOD producers never use their imagination, so I'm going to do it for them. Here are some New Year resolutions they are well advised to adopt.

I would ask them to resolve to :—

(1) Abandon the old plot formulae and abolish "typing."

(2) Give imaginative directors like Frank Capra, Fritz Lang and Lewis Milestone a free rein to their creative abilities.

(3) Put out a drag net for film comedians because there is certainly none in Hollywood at present.

(4) Give Robert Young a close-up in a heroine's arms. He's been a debonair cad far too long.

(5) Stop Bill Powell drinking himself to death because he's been reduced to a sleuth.

(6) Make Katherine Hepburn toe the line and have her voice trained and—

(7) Give Garbo a gold medal and send her home so that we can treasure the memory of a great actress, instead of seeing her gradually decline.—(*Miss*) *W. Taggart*, 47 *Whitworth Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, 6.

(*Now, producers, go ahead and prosper!—"Thinker."*)



The caricature of Adolphe Menjou is the twelfth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo

Memories

● 1938 is here, and I am able to look back at 1937 and remember many things

Jean Harlow is gone. But I remember her innocently exclaiming: "Why, that's arson!" when Bill Powell coyly admits being bigamously married in *Libelled Lady*.

I remember that terrifying moment just before the charge of the Light Brigade.

I remember Chico's face when he confesses his love for Diane.

I remember Charles Winninger in *Show Boat*.

I remember Nora watching the dead, with the coffin full of ammunition, in *The Plough and Stars*.

I remember Elizabeth of England opening her arms to a weeping girl, and bidding her "Cry here!"

I remember Juliet sobbing, "Fiend angelical!" when told of Tybalt's death at Romeo's hands.

I remember Armand begging Camille not to leave him when she lies dying.

I remember the awful moment when Jean Arthur sees the Indians peeping in the cabin window.

I remember Sonja Henie coming out into the Olympic arena, the incarnation of grace and speed.

I remember Walter Brennan's "contraption" in *Banjo*.

And I hope 1938 is going to give me memories as good, if not better!—*Rosemary, Monmouthshire, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

There has lately been a recurrence of the practice of sending in copies (sometimes slightly disguised) of letters which have previously appeared in other periodicals.

It should hardly be necessary to point out that such a practice may render the offender liable to action for infringement of copyright.

It's your opinions I want—not other people's warmed up!

"The Thinker."

Frightful Cad, What!

● We may have yawned at many Hollywood films in 1937, but what of it? They're still stupendous, glamorous, crazy, rococo, *fin de siècle*—I mean really jolly, what! Six dozen orchids, Miss Whifflebotham; same address as before.

We may have enjoyed many British films in 1937, but what of it? We mustn't cheer our studios on—they might forget their Awful Past—or someone might. Besides, it isn't cricket to pat a British back. Miss Whifflebotham! Renew our order for brickbats.

We may have artistes—good ones—but what of it? To talk about them simply Is Not Done. Miss Whifflebotham! Take a letter to that cad who interviewed Flora Robson, when he might have been publicising some Middle West Glamour Girl. He can't do that there here.

What! You want the afternoon off? To see Will Hay? Ahem! Any M.P.s looking? Any distributors? No one? Let's go.—(*Miss*) *H. I. Donelan, Cheddon House, Cheddon Fitzpaine, Taunton, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

The Last Straw

● Leslie Howard's much-advertised restraint reminds me of the fable of the man who was training his horse by degrees to live entirely without food, and had just got it down to one straw a day when it died

Mr. Howard is equally sparing of his gifts. He has reduced facial expression to a starvation minimum, and I daily expect his fans' waning loyalty to expire altogether

I admire real restraint as we see it in such

WHO'S WHO

Eliot Makeham

● Was born in London on December 22, 1882. Early developed ambitions to be an actor, but, his parents disapproving of the theatre as a career, he studied law instead.

He took all his examinations, too, but a month after completing his studies he defied opposition and went on the stage. He made his bow at Chesterfield in 1910, and he appeared in London in the same year.

A period with the Manchester Repertory Company followed and then came the War and enlistment.

It interrupted his stage activities only until 1917, when he organised the "Rouge et Noir" Concert Party, which was afterwards to become famous under the name of "Splinters."

In the 'twenties he established himself on the West End stage and in the last few years he has been one of the most popular character actors in British films.

In the past twelve months he has been seen in *The Mill on the Floss, Dark Journey, Head Over Heels, Farewell Again, Take My Tip, Storm in a Teacup, Racing Romance, Our Island Nation.*

Gina Malo

● Was born in Ohio on June 1, 1909, and her real name is Janet Flynn. She was educated at a convent in Cincinatti and played crowd parts in films during her college days.

Soon afterwards she left America for France, where she acted in the Paris Municipal Theatre and adopted that distinctive professional name. She was spotted by an American theatrical agent who took her back to New York as a "French star." She replaced Lili Damita in a Broadway musical, *Sons of Guns* (made into a film a little while ago with Joe E. Brown and Joan Blondell, and made a name on the New York stage before coming to London in 1931 to appear in *Viktoria and Her Hussar.*

Gina made her screen debut in *Good-night Vienna*, with Jack Buchanan, and has been working steadily in British films ever since. Later pictures include *Where There's a Will, Southern Roses, All In, It's a Grand Old World, The Gang Show* and *Over She Goes.*

The actress is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, and has dark hair and blue eyes. She is, in private life, Mrs. Romney Brent.

Fredric March

● Is a native of Wisconsin. He was born in Racine on August 31, 1897, and was christened Frederick Ernest McIntyre (the surname was Bickel). He was educated at the University of Wisconsin and won a scholarship offered by the National City Bank of New York. He joined the staff and worked in the bank for nearly a year. A change in the presidency, however, presaged a change in the scholarship plan and Fredric embarked on a stage career.

His first theatrical job was with Belasco as third assistant stage manager, and he was subsequently given a small part. Most of his theatrical training was gained in stock companies in Denver and Newark. It was during this period that he met and married Florence Eldridge.

Later he appeared on the New York stage in *The Lawbreaker, Puppets* and *The Half-Caste.*

March went to Los Angeles in 1928 to appear in *The Royal Family of Broadway.* The film colony flocked to see the play and it was inevitable that the handsome and gifted young actor should be signed for the talkies. *The Dummy* was his initial film and soon after came his first big screen success in the talkie version of *The Royal Family of Broadway.* He won the Academy Award of 1932 for *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* and other notable films in which he has appeared are *Design for Living, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, The Dark Angel, Antony Adverse, Les Miserables, Mary of Scotland, Anna Karenina* and *A Star Is Born.* He has just completed *The Buccaneer.*

Fredric March is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes.

Margo

● Maria Margarita Guadalupe Castilla Bolado, to give her her full name, was born in Mexico City 21 years ago. She started dancing at the age of six and later studied in Europe under some of the greatest teachers of the day.

Returning to the New World she took the famous advice and went west. For a year she danced at Agua Caliente. Then she secured an engagement at the Coconut Grove in Hollywood, one of the most popular playgrounds of the stars. In the several years that she was there she received a number of movie offers, but, anxious to pursue her career as a dancer, she rejected them all.

After her engagement at the Grove terminated she went to New York. One day she paid a chance visit to the Long Island Studio where Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the writers, were engaged in an experiment in the field of film production called *Crime Without Passion.* They offered her an important role and she accepted subject to her being allowed to carry on with her work as a dancer in the evening. Margo was an immediate success in the film and decided to embark seriously on films as a life work. She scored again in *Robin Hood of El Dorado* and established her potentialities as a dramatic actress in *Winterset* and *Lost Horizon.*

Margo is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes. She was one of last year's Hollywood brides, the lucky man being Francis Lederer.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

acting as Gary Cooper's; but a lifeless impassivity is not restraint, it is just the last straw.—*Elizabeth Fletcher, Flat* 4, 205 *Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs.*

(*And now 'ware brickbats from the Howard fans!*—"*Thinker.*")

Debunking Dictators

● There are more important things to worry about to-day than the manner in which kissing is conducted, and I consider that the screen would do a great service by debunking modern politics.

I would like to see a film debunking the statesmen who declare for peace, yet constantly prepare for war; debunking the world leaders (Heaven help the world!) who cry out for "space for their teeming millions"—and encourage their peoples to have large families; debunking the Dictators who send compulsory volunteers from the arms of their sweethearts and from their hearths and homes to fight *and die* in wars which are not their concern; debunking the Dictators who fill the young people with an exaggerated and swollen-headed "patriotism," so that they are eager to fight anywhere, any time; and exposing the vanity of the Dictators—but not forgetting their *good* qualities.

Such a film is timely.—*T. J. E. Warburton, "Arley," 76 Bridge Road, East Molesey, Surrey.*

(*I can see such a film and its sponsors being badly cold-shouldered in certain Continental countries!*—"*Thinker.*")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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LET GEORGE DO IT!

PICTURE FAN.—George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Loretta Young, Robert Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Arthur Byron, Helen Westley, Reginald Owen, Florence Arliss, Alan Mowbray and Holmes Herbert took the chief roles in *The House of Rothschild*. (2) Yes, *The Girl of the Golden West* is in production at the moment. (3) Music from *The Firefly* (released Feb. 21, 1938), as follows: "Love is Like a Firefly"; "He Who Loves and Runs Away" and "When A Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart," sung by Jeanette MacDonald; "The Donkey Serenade," sung by Allan Jones; and "Giannina Mia" and "Sympathy," sung by Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones together.

QUERY.—Yes, Joel McCrea was scheduled for *Hurricane*, but he asked to be released from the film and Jon Hall, a newcomer to films, played the leading role opposite Dorothy Lamour.

LADY BLAKENEY LOVER (Kent).—Yes Merle Oberon is still under contract to Sam Goldwyn and is scheduled to make *Graustark*, for him with Gary Cooper, on her return to America. She has just finished *Over the Moon* with Rex Harrison for London Films. She was born Feb. 19, 1911, Tasmania, is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, and has brown hair and eyes.

SKATING FAN (Glasgow).—Sonja Henie was born Oslo, April 8, 1913, and she made her film début in *One in a Million*. Since then she has appeared in *Thin Ice*, *Lovely to Look At*, and *Happy Landing*. Write to her c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.).

S. A. H. (London).—Robert Williams, whom you saw in *Platinum Blonde*, died of heart failure some time ago.

D. AND A. (Yorks.).—(1) Desmond Tester, b. Feb. 17, 1919; has red hair and freckles. Films since *Tudor Rose* include *The Beloved Vagabond*, *Sabotage*, and *Non Stop New York*. (2) Nova Pilbeam, b. Nov. 13, 1919, Wimbledon, England, she has light brown hair and blue eyes, latest film *Young and Innocent*. (3) Robert Taylor, b. Filley, Nebraska, Aug. 5, 1911, he has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He has now returned to America and you can write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn Mayer (U.S.A.).

V. C. (Bucks).—John King, b. Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 1909, he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 180 lb. and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. His latest film is *Merry Go Round of* 1938 for Universal Studios.

LANE FAN (Enfield).—Yes, Rosemary, Lola and Priscilla Lane are sisters. Rosemary and Lola are at present appearing in *Hollywood Hotel* together. Rosemary was b. Indianola, Iowa, April 4, 1916. Lola was b. May 21, 1909, Indianola, Iowa; she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, has blonde hair and violet eyes, married Lew Ayres (mar. dis.). Write to them both c/o Warner Bros. (U.S.A.).

GOOD MEMORY (Belfast).—Yes, Robert Taylor did appear in a picture with the late Will Rogers. The title was *Handy Andy*, and it was released in 1934.

CHEEKY (Bradford).—Alexander D'Arcy takes the part of the music teacher in *The Awful Truth*. He was b. Cairo, Egypt, Aug. 10, 1908. He was educated in Switzerland and is at present appearing in *I Married An Artist*.

R. H. W. (Yorks).—The three outlaws in *The Texas Rangers* were played by Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, and Lloyd Nolan.

J. R. S. (Essex).—Barbara Stanwyck is not, at the moment, scheduled for any more films with Robert Taylor. Her latest film is *Breakfast for Two* with Herbert Marshall, and she is scheduled for *Distant Fields*, *Giant Swing* and *Condemned Woman*. Write to her c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.). (2) Latest films and companies: Constance Bennett—*Tufnell Park*, *We Live* with Brian Aherne for Hal Roach Studios (U.S.A.); Loretta Young—*Second Honeymoon* with Tyrone Power for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.); Janet Gaynor—*A Star is Born* with Fredric March for Selznick International (U.S.A.). (3) Chief players in *The Walking Dead* included: Boris Karloff, Ricardo Cortez, Edmund Gwenn, Marguerite Churchill, Warren Hull and Barton MacLane.

A. M. G.—We published a centrespread of *Queen Christina* in the Feb. 17, 1934 issue of this magazine but we have not published the story of the film. The supplement of this film published in the Sept. 1, 1934 issue is out of print. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

S. A. (Ramsey).—Yes, Peter Dawson was in a film with "The Crazy Gang" entitled *O'Kay for Sound*.

AURITOR (India).—(1) Myrna Loy, b. Aug. 2, 1905, Helena, Montana, she is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 100 lb. and has red hair and green eyes. Her real name is Williams and she is married to Arthur Hornblow, jun. Her latest film is *Man Proof* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). (2) Loretta Young, b. Jan. 6, 1912, Salt Lake City, real name Gretchen Young, she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, married to Grant Withers (mar. dis.). Her latest film is *Second Honeymoon* and she is scheduled for *Her Masterpiece* and *The Rage of Paris*. Write to her c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.). (3) Marlene Dietrich, b. Dec. 27, 1906, Berlin, she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall has red-gold hair and blue eyes, married Rudolf Sieber and has a daughter, Maria. Her latest film is *Angel* for Paramount (U.S.A.).

ROBERT TAYLOR FAN (Bridstow).—(1) The book that Robert Taylor gave to Greta Garbo in *Camille* was "Manon Lescout." (2) Release dates of *A Yank at Oxford* and *Marie Walewska* are not yet fixed.

D. C. (Dorset).—Tex Ritter, b. Jan. 12, 1907, Murvaul, Texas, his real name is Woodward Maurice Ritter, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 170 lb. and has brown hair and blue eyes, his films include: *Song of the Gringo*, *Headling for the Rio Grande*, *Arizona Days*, *The Old Corral*, *Trouble in Texas*, *Riders of the Rockies*. Write to him c/o Grand National (U.S.A.).

FAIRBANKS FAN (Highams Park).—Douglas Fairbanks, jun. played "Waltz in E Major" by Moskowsky on the violin in *Jump for Glory*. The music is published by Bosworth and Co., 8 Heddon Street, W.1.

FILM FANNY.—(1) Sterling Holloway took the part of Duprez in *The Woman Between*. (2) Music in *The Woman Between* includes: "Etude (Opus 740-31)" by Gemey, and "Destiny Waltz."

WONDERING (Salford).—We published a centrespread of *China Seas* in the Sept. 21, 1935 issue and the story of the film Dec. 28, 1935. Supplement of *Reckless* published in the Oct. 12, 1935. (1) The book written on the late Jean Harlow is published by Constables, of Orange Street, W.C.2.

REGINA (London).—Rex Harrison, b. 1908, Huyton, Cheshire, he has dark hair, is over 6 ft. tall and is married and has one son. Latest film *Over the Moon* with Merle Oberon for London Film Productions. (2) Tyrone Power, b. May 5, 1914, he has raven black hair and brown eyes, is not married. Latest film *Second Honeymoon*, and he is scheduled for *Her Masterpiece*, *The Rise of Disraeli* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. (3) Photographs of Tyrone Power are obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE HENRY DANIELL CLUB is now being organised and all those interested in this actor should write to the President, Miss Freda Wakeling, 123 Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.7. Membership privileges will include a personally autographed photograph and Club News.

* * *

Will all readers please note that Leonard Williams, the secretary of the Welsh Branch of the INTERNATIONAL FAN CLUBS, has changed his address to 29 Jubilee Road, Bridgend, Glamorganshire.

* * *

Miss Vera Riddle, the secretary of the INTERNATIONAL ROBERT TAYLOR FAN CLUB, has changed her address to 192 Stonefield Terrace, Hastings, Sussex. Will all readers who are interested in this star write for full particulars to Miss Riddle.

Miss Jarvis, of 20 Rosalie Street, Brookfields, Birmingham, has had to give up the idea of a fan club for Sonja Henie and has started THE FILM STARS FANS FRIENDLY ASSOCIATION. All readers of this magazine are invited to join this club. A club news will be published monthly and photographs will be supplied to members of their favourite film star.

* * *

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 348 (New Series) Vol. 7. January 22, 1938.

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Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

DO you try to make the most of your eyes, or do you leave them strictly alone and hope for the best?

Eyes, in these days of strain, glaring lights, fogs, and dust, need a regular routine just as much as teeth do. You probably will be very distressed when you discover your first crowsfeet, and you may not stop to think as you smear them with an anti-wrinkle preparation, that a few eye-baths, and a little regular exercises with the eyes themselves would have prevented the lines which are the visible sign of eyestrain.

Equip your bathroom cabinet with a bottle of good eye-lotion and a couple of eyebaths. I say "couple" deliberately, for to be strictly hygienic you need one for each eye. Buy them in two distinct colours so that they never get mixed.

Rinse them out before use and to make them quite safe boil them up after use. This may seem a lot of trouble, but eye infections are very easily conveyed. A slight trouble in one eye is communicated to the other by the use of the same eye-bath.

Eyelash cosmetic worn during the day must be carefully removed before going to bed. This should be done before the eyes are given their eyebath. After the eyebath dab dry, and if you have wrinkles or crowsfeet, smear on a herbal eye tissue oil.

Apply this with very gentle fingertips, from the outer corners to the inside corner near the nose. If it is convenient to take a bath at this point do so, for the steam from the hot water will greatly help the work of the tissue oil.

Most girls are ambitious to have really long lashes. It is seldom that the long lashes of childhood persist into adult life, without some encouragement in the way of an eyelash grower. There are many excellent preparations for encouraging the growth of the lashes.

Or, if you feel like the bother you may make one for yourself by mixing vaseline and castor oil in the proportions of one part oil to two parts vaseline. If these ingredients are warmed they will mix the more readily, and afterwards they should be kept in a clean covered pot.

Apply a little to the lashes each night before going to bed. You can apply it on a camel-hair brush—a separate one for each eye, or on two previously sharpened match sticks, which are burnt after use. This mixture is absolutely harmless to the eyes themselves. If you can't be bothered to mix them, then brush a little castor oil alone along the eyelashes. The oil darkens the lashes as well as improves the growth.

If your eyes are perfectly strong and you do not wear glasses, you can use a modern eyelash cosmetic with confidence. If you are inclined to have red and easily irritated lids, it is better to do without eye make-up, however pure and good the preparation may be. You can get a very good effect by brushing on a trace of vaseline instead.

The modern cream mascara is a favourite nowadays, because no water is needed in its application. It is merely squeezed out of the tube on to an eyelash brush and applied straight to the lashes. It is supplied in black and brown.

A few eye exercises not only strengthen the muscles of the eyes but brighten the eyes as well.

Look straight ahead. Turn your gaze to the ceiling, then back again straight in front. Now down to the floor, and back again to the original direction. Roll your eyes to the right. Then roll them to the left. Back again to the object in front of you.

Another exercise is to fix your gaze on a fairly large object six or eight feet away from you and let your gaze travel slowly around its outlines.

If you are going to a party and would like your eyes to appear bright and sparkling there are some harmless drops which may be placed one in the inside corner of each eye. These drops cost 5s. 6d., and will last quite a long time.

There are some well-known herbs which greatly add to the brightness and clearness of the eyes if they are used regularly for treatment. They have been used from time immemorial for this purpose. A lotion containing such herbs as Hydrastis, Canadensis, Euphrasia (the popular name is Eyebright) both brighten and strengthen the eyes.

This preparation may be used in liquid form for bathing or similar herbs are used in the popular bandalettes which are sold for the treatment of tired eyes.

Here is another tip for strengthening and improving the eyes which may be practised in any spare moment. Close your eyes and lightly place the palms of the hands over the closed lids. Do not use any pressure. All light should be excluded.

Keep your eyes covered thus until you have a dead black surface. When you first do this you may see red, black and white or grey—anything but dead black. Keep at it until you do see absolute blackness.

Audrey.—This is a form of rheumatism. There is no simple remedy. Why not see your doctor? You could take a harmless reducing food. Send a stamped addressed envelope for further particulars.

◆ ◆ ◆

I shall be happy to help you solve your problem. Send your letter, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope to ANNE, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss A. Seeaz, 2 Leicester Road, Wansted, Essex, for :—

Strike Me Pink
The Walking Dead
That Man's Here Again
Never Say Die

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to :—

Miss M. Robson, 17 Oxford Street, Grangetown, Sunderland, Co. Durham, for :—

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Miss Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilledale, Durham City, for :—

Nine Till Six
The Girl Said No
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Reginald J. Olsen, 22 Bentinck Street, Birkenhead, Ches., for :—

Girl Overboard
Captain's Orders
The Fleet's In
To Oblige a Lady

Miss E. Rowlands, 21 Tillingbourne Gardens, Finchley, N.13, for :—

Easy Money
His Lucky Day
Counterfeit
Just My Luck

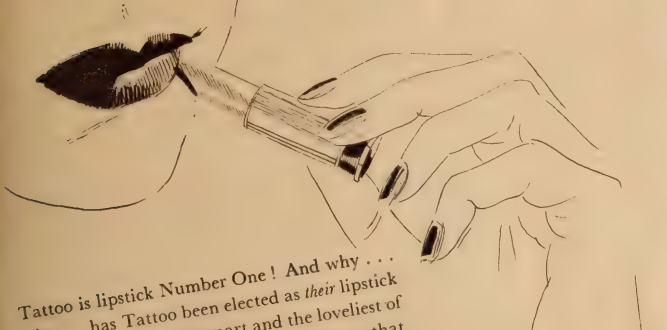
As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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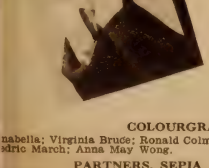
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7 ROBERT TAYLORS *come to town!*



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Picturegoer

The Screen's Most [illegible] Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Hollywood's TRICK HOUSES

MERLE OBERON



'10 minutes to wait—so Mine's a Minor!'

says June Clyde



Waiting for the boat train to come in— Miss June Clyde snapped with a De Reszke Minor at Victoria Station. She is now in Hollywood but expected back here soon to play in a new picture. Probably her greatest recent film success was in 'Aren't Men Beasts.'

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Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

● *AN OPEN LETTER TO CHARLES RUGGLES*

On Good ACTORS who are Poor STARS

DEAR CHARLIE RUGGLES,

It is good to see you back in *Exclusive*, in a good, sound supporting character role that gives you a chance to remind us that you were a good actor before you became typed as one of the leading talkie exponents of triumphant masculine timidity.

We were beginning to think that stardom in a series of "programme" pictures that were becoming progressively poorer was leading you to oblivion.

You must know as much about the dangers and defects of the Hollywood "typing" system as anyone in the business. You scored your first screen hit as a drunken reporter in *Gentlemen of the Press* (what a vintage picture that was for talent, incidentally), and for years afterwards, whenever we spotted your name on the cast list, we knew that it wouldn't be long before you tottered on the screen to regale us with an interlude of bibulous comedy; and more often than not we found ourselves writing that Charlie Ruggles had stolen another scene.

You might, we have no doubt, have been doing it yet. Other screen artistes have got away with far less amusing routines for even longer.

However, you managed to shake off the shackles, or throw away the bottle, and develop the character along the new lines, in your own words, "of the timid little man apologetically giggling his way to success."

It was diverting at first, but if the character was a new and less circumscribed type, it was still a type.

Its limitations were palpably exposed when the studio subsequently elevated it to stardom, with the unfortunate result to which we have previously referred.

There is a moral in this, not only for you, but for other artists and nearly all the leading producers. We hope that you will pass on the message.

This is not the first time that a first-rate supporting player has been reduced to the rank of a second-rate star, and it is certainly not the last.

The plain fact of the matter is that under existing conditions the ability to get away with an "act" for the complete footage of a picture is the exclusive prerogative of the glamour girls and boys, whose striking personalities, sex appeal, or manly beauty are exploited only in stories chosen with loving care and given the finest possible production and direction.

Even then it is being found increasingly necessary to give the public two or more stars in each major picture.

It stands to reason that the character actor, lacking spectacular qualities of personality or charm, must be doomed unless handled with even more lavish care.

So far, however, it has been impossible to convince producers, anxious to cash in on the popularity of a player whose appearance in supporting roles is showing a reaction in the fan mail department, that a comedy "type" that is vastly amusing in small doses can become unutterably boring when stretched out for seven thousand feet or so.

We see it happening constantly. Zasu Pitts was probably the most popular actress on the screen until she was starred in a series of indifferent comedies, and now we hardly see Zasu any more.

Arthur Treacher's "gentleman's gentleman" number saved a number of films from being a total loss, but it failed to stand up under the weight of stardom in the *Jeeves* pictures.

Darryl Zanuck, of Twentieth Century-Fox, makes very few mistakes, but most good judges are agreed that he made one in promoting the Ritz Brothers to stardom and requiring them to "carry" *Life Begins in College*, which strains their own entertainment resources to say nothing of the endurance of filmgoers, most of whom like the mad brothers in small quantities, to the limit.

Finally, we hope that for you *Exclusive* will be the forerunner of many other good roles that will give you an opportunity for real characterisation. Good featured players are more precious than gold—and far more durable than indifferent stars.

The Editor



Charlie Ruggles with Frances Farmer and Fred MacMurray in "Exclusive."

● *All the Gossip*

FILMS FACE A GLAMOUR "FAMINE"



Who's the great lover? This is just to remind you (and him) that Mickey Rooney is now old enough to have a "past": the juvenile actor was going in for this Gable stuff at the age of five.

AFTER an absence of something like eighteen months, Norma Shearer is back in the studio playing the title role in *Marie Antoinette*.

The long search for an actor to play the role of Louis XVI has ended in the choice of Robert Morley, while Tyrone Power has been borrowed from Darryl Zanuck to fill the part of Count Fersen, the hero of the one great romance in the life of the ill-fated queen.

Robert Morley is well known on the London stage, but so far as I know has not been seen on the screen. He was scheduled to appear in *Under the Red Robe*, but the arrangements broke down somehow and the part was eventually taken by Romney Brent.

Gladys George is to be Madame Du Barry in the film, and Maureen O'Sullivan, who scored one of her biggest successes with Miss Shearer in the *Barretts of Wimpole Street*, will have the second feminine lead as the Countess de Lamballe.

◆ ◆ ◆

The film world is eagerly watching to see how the "Screen's First Lady" will fare under the guidance of Hunt Stromberg as producer. Actually, the film will be the last to carry the influence of Irving Thalberg.

First work on the picture began as far back as 1934. Thalberg supervised the compilation of material for the movie, and the costume tests in the following year, when the film had to be postponed on account of Norma's temporary retirement to have a baby. He, in fact, directed all the early preparation for the picture.

It was he who blue-pencilled Marie Antoinette's most often quoted, but probably apocryphal, utterance, "Let them eat cake," from the script.

Another historical incident that will *not* appear in the film is Marie's arrival at the French border, when, according to custom she was stripped of her Austrian clothes in the presence of members of the Court and dressed in French garb.

Times have changed. A few years ago no Shearer film was complete without at least one undressing scene.

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The screen colony's interest in Norma's future, however, is something more than mere personal curiosity. It needs its Shearers more now than ever before.

The painful truth is that Hollywood is suffering from an acute shortage of feminine glamour. That is the real reason behind the desperate wholesale importations from Europe during the last few months.

Most of the big screen finds of the last year or two have been in the hero department. Such feminine players who have come to the front have been musical comedy players like Alice Faye, talented, but not particularly glamorous; *ingénues* like Olivia de Havilland; or comediennes like Joan Davis. Even Luise Rainer, one of Hollywood's great white hopes, has, though given unusual opportunities, demonstrated little more than potential talent and a certain conscientiously kittenish charm. Of the home talent only Bette Davis, who, fine actress though she is, is no *femme fatale*, has gone on to bigger and better things.

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In the meanwhile the existing glamour queens have been steadily losing prestige. Some of the topmost thrones of Talkietown are tottering. It is no secret that the name of Greta Garbo, despite brilliant performances in her last two pictures, *Camille* and *Marie Walewska*, has lost some of its magic at the box-office, particularly in America. The Hollywood magazines are already starting the anvil chorus, "Garbo is Doomed."

Marlene Dietrich has, it seems, shaken the dust of Hollywood from her dainty tootsies for ever, while it is being quite openly said in film circles that *Mannequin* had better be good or Joan Crawford will be facing a serious crisis in her career.

Joan has been a big star for a long time as stellar life goes, and she hasn't had a really good role since *The Gorgeous Hussy*, which, as a whole, was not everyone's idea of a movie masterpiece. It is significant that her name is conspicuously absent from the lists of best box-office stars of 1937.

Even her best friends would hesitate to claim that Mae West is the force she was. That just about leaves Kay Francis and Claudette Colbert, both of whom showed signs of slipping in the box-office ratings of last year, and Myrna Loy, who will have to watch her step if she is to retain her popularity.

At the risk of being mobbed by Loy fans, I could amost wish that someone would put her back in an Oriental vamp role. At least it would be a change from the colourless characterisations she has given us in her last three or four pictures. Her work in *Parnell* and *Double Wedding* was uninspired. Her latest, *Man-Proof*, is notable only for the fact that in it she contributes the most affected and "hammy" performance I have seen from a front-rank star for years.

More Headaches for Hays

● Uncle Will Hays, who as everybody knows, looks after the moral reputation of Movieville is reported to be the Hollywood chemists' best aspirin customer at the moment.

Stan Laurel's honeymoon comedy created a laugh that went round the world, but the comedian didn't get paid for it, and it is not the sort of publicity that Mr. Hays seeks for his beloved Baghdad of Ballyhoo. One can sympathise a great deal with Mr. Laurel, of course. Life would become intolerable in Hollywood if ex-wives made a practice of turning up at all stars' new honeymoons.

Film comedians are traditionally unfortunate, incidentally, in their domestic affairs. Charlie Chaplin could doubtless tell Stan, who was once his understudy, quite a lot about the high cost of loving, while Oliver Hardy has not been exempt from matrimonial troubles since he achieved fame.

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Then Mr. Hays, it is believed, is trying very hard to formulate a scheme to prevent these child custody law suits between estranged film people. Since he assumed the crown as the screen Czar he has performed miracles in keeping scandal out of the Hollywood divorce courts.

At the first sign of sensational charges and counter-charges his Office intervenes, cools down the principals and sees to it that the subsequent divorce claims are based on nothing more inflammable than the convenient "incompatibility of temperament" or mental cruelty, though in recent years he has even stretched the point as far as drunkenness.

Suits for the custody of the children, actual or adopted, of these movie marriages have set him a new problem. Thirst for legal vengeance against an ex-partner is one thing; it can be controlled by a judicious hint concerning the power of studio boycotts. But the average Hollywood mother, who is, after all, the average mother, threatened with the loss of her darling offspring, is another; even the loss of a screen career is not too great a risk.

That elementary fact of feminine psychology brought about the sensation that rocked Hollywood in the case of Mary Astor and her diary.

There were no diaries and none of the more sensational elements of the Astor affair in the

- Tottering Talkie Thrones
- Search for Colourful Heroines
- Myrna Must Snap out of it
- Another Hollywood Mystery

cent bitter court battle between Barbara tanwyck and Frank Fay over the latter's right o see their adopted son, but I (and I have no oubt Mr. Hays will too) hope that we will hear o more of this unedifying quarrel or, for that natter, that between Ann Harding and Harry lannister.

◆ ◆ ◆

The tragedy of the sudden death of Ted Healy, ioreover, has had an unpleasant sequel. Rumours rere circulated in the film colony that the omedian, celebrating the birth of a son to his rife, formerly Betty Hickman, had become nvolved in a fight in a Hollywood restaurant, eceiving injuries from which he died twenty-four ours later.

The county autopsy physician reported that ruises on Healy's face had nothing to do with is death which, he said, was cased by toxic ephritis and acute alcoholism.

Now Betty Braun, his first wife, is demanding n investigation while the widow, who accepts he finding of the authorities, brands the other roman as a publicity seeker.

No wonder Hays has a headache.

Healy, one of the most open-handed men in ilms, left no money despite the fact that he was arning something like £300 a week over a long eriod. Very few of the film celebrities who knew im attended the funeral service at the Catholic hurch opposite the M.-G.-M. studios, where he rorked.

However, his friends are making arrangements o provide for Mrs. Healy and the baby.

Singing Stars

I have always felt that Frances Day is about the best bet we have on this side for screen nusicals—if she is given the right opportunities. n the recent issue of H.M.V. records, she gives rou a sample of her vocal attainments in a iumber, "Whispers in the Dark," from *Artists and Models* (B.8667).

Other vocal records this month include Nelson Eddy rendering the ever-popular "Smilin' Through" and "A Dream" on D.H.1590; Paul Robeson in "Mood Indigo" and "Solitude" on B.8664, and Derek Oldham singing "For Only You" from *Let's Make a Night of It*, and "Can I Forget You" from *High, Wide and Handsome* on B.8673.

Monte Rey accompanied by the organ sings "My Gipsy Dream Girl" from *The Command Performance*, B.D.464.

On With the Dance

Roy Fox, as usual, contributes some excellent dance numbers which include "The Moon Got in My Eyes" from *Double or Nothing*, and "It's the Natural Thing to Do" from the same production on B.D.5282.

We are not overburdened with waltzes these days, so the same conductor's "Sympathy" is welcome. On the reverse side is "Afraid to Dream" from *You Can't Have Everything* (B.D.5281).

Two numbers from *Fifty-Second Street* are well rendered by Hal Kemp and his Orchestra on B.D.5295. They are "I'd Like to See Samoa of Samoa" and "I Still Love to Kiss You Goodnight." *The Broadway Melody of* 1938 is represented by "Your Broadway and My Broadway," played by Jack Harris and his Orchestra on B.D.5292, and another number from *The Command Performance*, "My Gipsy Dream Girl," is played by Orlando and her Orchestra on B.D.5286.

Finally, an interesting composite record, "Film Hit Parade of 1937" (B.D.465) contains many of the past year's successes.

Short Shots

Myrna Loy has signed a new long-term contract at M.-G.-M., thus disposing of rumours that she intended to move her make-up box over to Paramount, where her husband, Arthur Hornblow, is a producer—Now Errol Flynn's talking of a three months' hunting trip in South Africa—William Powell claims the distinction of being the only Hollywood star who is unable to ride a horse.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.



Beautiful Ilona Massey—one of the most striking of the foreign importations recently signed by Hollywood in its frantic quest to cope with the glamour famine.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

ALICE FAYE'S "LOVE INSURANCE"

ALICE FAYE and her husband, Tony Martin, have drawn up only one rule for marital happiness. They have agreed not to read any motion-picture gossip columns, on the theory that many quarrels which lead to discord have originated from untrue or "half-true" gossip notes.

The newlyweds should think of a few more rules, for many Hollywood marriages have gone on the rocks without aid from the journalists.

Movietown is a difficult place in which to stay married.

Aunty Wins

Miss Millicent Bartholomew, aunt of the famous Freddie, has won sole guardianship of the boy film star, according to a ruling of a Superior Court Judge. A trust company formerly shared guardianship, but Aunt Millicent now has sole control.

Freddie is earning over 100,000 dollars a year, which probably was the reason that the judge ordered the posting of a 100,000-dollar surety bond by Miss Bartholomew.

It is hard to predict, at this writing, whether

(*Continued on page* 6)

All the Gossip—*contd.*

Freddie's parents will again seek to secure control of him. Freddie remarked in court that his father was well able to take care of himself, but desired that his sisters have money for their schooling.

Obliging Tenants

● Neil Hamilton, who has not lived in his Beverly Hills home for several years, has had expensive improvements made on his property by stars who leased the place.

During Garbo's sojourn at the Hamilton mansion she had a fine tennis court built. Jeanette MacDonald, while paying Neil a handsome rental, added a swimming pool. Jack Oakie and his bride recently moved in, and are building costly kennels for their pedigreed dogs. All these changes add value to the Hamilton property.

Music Hath Charms

● The name of Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor, is still being mentioned with that of Greta Garbo.

The stately white-haired musician boarded the Swedish-American liner *Gripsholm*, shortly before it sailed from New York, and was said to have drunk a toast with Garbo in her stateroom.

Stokowski recently secured a divorce from his wife, the former Evangeline Johnson.

Wounded in Battle

● Basil Rathbone, as "Sir Guy of Gisbourne," was leading a band of extras garbed as spearmen in a combat scene for *Robin Hood*.

He stumbled as the "soldiers" were running behind him. A spear-point inflicted a deep gash in his leg, he lost considerable blood, and three stitches had to be made in the wound.

He was absent from the cast for a week.

Stars Under Fire

● Ivan Fox, labour leader, who was recently discharged from his post as secretary-treasurer of the San Francisco Longshoremen's Union, has filed suit against numerous defendants, asking for 5,100,000 dollars damages.

If he gets the amount asked, 5,000,000 dollars is to go to the general fund of the State of California, while he will retain 100,000 dollars for himself because of asserted loss of livelihood.

Fox declares that certain movie personages, named by him as defendants, are Communists. Among the list are Fredric March, Franchot Tone, James Cagney, Lionel Stander, Mary Astor, Jean Muir and Director William Dieterle.

All the movie people declared to be Communists say that Fox's statement is ridiculous.

E. G. COUSINS—
Covers The British Studios—

A SHAW-FIRE PRODUCTION

ABOUT four years ago, as the crow flies, George Bernard Shaw vowed never again to part with the screen rights of any of his plays; and well he might.

Not, mind you, that they were not, and are not, capable of being made into very good screen plays, with the necessary adaptation; but the trouble was chiefly that Mr. Shaw, with his veneration for the spoken word and his sense of the importance of its adherence to the written word, missed the whole point of motion picture production, which consists primarily of the production of pictures in motion, and not a series of oil-paintings.

You might think the producers were at fault in allowing the Sage of Adelphi to influence the screening of his own plays, since he knew as little about the screen as he knows much about the theatre; but if you think that, you reckon without the terrifying personality of the said Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who, with a waggle of his thatched eyebrows and a well-directed epigram, can put to flight the hardest-boiled producer who ever chewed a cigar to tatters.

How They Talked . . .

● Two films were made at Elstree—one of *How He Lied to Her Husband*, which must surely go down to posterity as an all-time record of inappropriate selection for film-subject, and shows, more vividly than any words of mine could, Mr. Shaw's attitude towards the film.

The other was *Arms and the Man*, which I hold is capable of being made into a very fine film, and I hope it will some time. Incidentally, I believe it's the only one of the Sage's plays which ever became a musical-comedy—*The Chocolate Soldier*.

Well, they were both tedious, as I think anyone, seeing Mr. Shaw in the role of director, might have expected.

Now, however, he has turned over a new leaf.

Pygmalion, one of the most entertaining of the plays, is to be filmed by Pascal Productions, Ltd.

And here is the evidence of the venerable author's change of heart: he has declared that (*a*) the script-writer knows more than he does about constructing a scenario, (*b*) the producer knows more than he does about production, and (*c*) the co-directors know more than he does about directing; and so he is going to let them do it.

An Expert

● All this is very astounding and revolutionary and I only hope it isn't a sign that Mr. Shaw is losing his celebrated grip.

Mind you, when you come to examine the personnel of the production, it all seems eminently reasonable.

For example, the script-writer aforesaid is W. P. Lipscomb, who was co-author of the celebrated stage-play and film *Clive of India*, and who has been writing scripts in Hollywood for the past couple of years. Darryl Zanuck described him as "the finest script-man on the coast," and he is also a director (he directed *Colonel Blood* as his last act and deed before going to California), and an actor (he is at present playing Charles II in *Thank You, Mr Pepys*, which he wrote himself).

Well, I'm pleased to be able to tell you that Bill Lipscomb is being given a free hand with the script, which is at least a guarantee that it will be cinematic.

The producer is Gabriel Pascal, who is sufficiently convinced of the importance of this production that he is about to spend the very sizeable sum of £150,000 on it.

That's three-quarters of a million dollars, and Heaven knows how many one-and-threepences it equals, but I should say at a rough guess that it's getting along for two and a half million.

Asquith Back

● This would seem to suggest that Messrs. Shaw and Pascal expect this film to be fairly widely shown in America as well as over here, if they are to get their money back; and I hope it will be.

I must say, I don't see why it shouldn't.

Now for the directors, and I think they'll interest you.

The first is Anthony Asquith, and this is a pleasant end to all the rumours and alarums and excursions as to what his next activities would be. As far as I know, since he directed *Moscow Nights* "Puffin" hasn't been on the active list in any studio. At one time he was regarded as one of the most important of our British directors (that was when he made *A Cottage on Dartmoor* and *Underground*), and I don't see why he shouldn't be again.

His co-director is Leslie Howard who, as faithful PICTUREGOER readers know, has been hankering for a long time after the megaphone end of the production.

In this case, however, he will be at both ends at once (which seems a good way of making both ends meet), for he is starring in the picture as well.

Enter Wendy

● He hasn't played in a British film since *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, which was completed over three years ago, and which, of course, was a terrific success; his last British film before that was *The Lady is Willing*, which simply will not bear thinking about.

Let's hope this one repeats the happy experience of *Pimpernel*.

Wendy Hiller plays opposite him. This name may not mean a great deal to you now, but I think it's likely to in the near future.

She's the Lancashire lass who broke into the headlines with the suddenness of an explosion in a popcorn factory when she played the lead in *Love on the Dole*.

So far she's played in one film, *Lancashire Luck*, which was directed at Pinewood by her husband, Henry Cass, himself a stage director.

I have a feeling that *Lancashire Luck* may be known in the not far distant future as the first film in which the famous Wendy Hiller appeared.



A charming new study of Nova Pilbeam, star of "Young and Innocent," which is due for London presentation to-morrow.



"Pygmalion" Trinity. George Bernard Shaw, Wendy Hiller and Leslie Howard, who are preparing for the £150,000 version of the famous play by G. B. S. Leslie Howard will co-direct with Anthony Asquith.

In addition to Leslie Howard and La Hiller, we have that fine character actor Wilfred Lawson as "Doolittle," Marie Lohr, Joyce Barbour (who is gradually taking her rightful place in pictures) and David Tree.

Wicked Word

● By the way, I suspect there has been a considerable amount of heartburning about the inclusion or omission of the sanguinary word whose use by the fair Eliza Doolittle so shocked London just before the War, when the play was first presented.

Now I understand the British Board of Film Censors have been wheedled, persuaded and cajoled into allowing it to be uttered from the screen. Coo, Mabel, isn't that *awful*. Whatever next!

Anyway, this is definitely a production to look out for, and I am looking to it to provide one of the highlights of 1938.

At present indications, as far as British studios are concerned, that shouldn't be difficult.

Letting Us Know

● Now, following on the astounding news that both Phoenix Films and British National had decided to let us into the dark and deadly secrets of their current productions, a third company, Vogue Films, is giving us the low-down too.

At this rate we shall soon be almost well-informed.

Vogue is the company which has been making the musical film *Kicking the Moon Around* at Pinewood, under the direction of Walter Forde, who, I need hardly remind you, has long since established his right to be included among the half-dozen good British directors of comedy.

Incidentally, when I wrote last week that the extras were having a thin time at the moment, with production at such a low ebb, I overlooked the fact that this production will account for some 3,000 of them—that is to say, some of these will be used over and over again, but the number of guineas paid to crowd-people in the course of the production will be 3,000, which must be a godsend to the massed ranks of extras in these hard times.

Ambitious

● This production, by the way, is estimated to cost £80,000, but if I know anything about musical shows it's likely to slip over its estimated cost by quite a few bob.

It's claimed to be the most ambitious musical film yet attempted by a British company, whereas *Pygmalion* is said to be the most ambitious film yet attempted at Pinewood; so you pays your one-and-threepence and you takes your choice.

Harry Richman is starring in this; I remember him in musical films in the early days of talkies, and he also hit the headlines in two places: (*a*) becoming engaged to Clara Bow, though that romance faded out in its early stages, and (*b*) flying the Atlantic—twice, for good measure.

I understand he has been spending the last few years in cabaret, in which he has made a great reputation for himself beyond the Atlantic.

Meanwhile, Florence Desmond has been making a great reputation for herself on this side, as one of the most uncannily clever impersonators or impersonatresses in captivity; and she is in this cast too.

And so is Evelyn Dall, whom so far I must confess I know chiefly as a disembodied voice, or, as my old tutor would have it, *vox et praeterea nihil*; she's the croon you hear when Ambrose's band plays on the air—if you listen to bands on the air.

Dall and All

● Evelyn's a blonde good-looker who has hitherto figured in films only as a crooner; now she has the third spot in the plot, and she is seizing the chance, and how!

She has a drunk scene which is said to establish her as a new actress find, quite apart from her crooning. Well, much as I loathe seeing women drunk, on or off the screen, I admire a clever piece of acting, and I shall certainly look out for this, Evelyn's first chance to act.

By the way, in case you should wonder why Evelyn has strayed so far from Ambrose and his Band, let me assure you that she hasn't.

They've come along too, for company, and they're all starring in this film together, all one great, big, happy family, except the saxophones, which have no family instinct, being individualists at heart.

By the way, 23-year-old Hal Thompson is in this too, as the juvenile lead; I must confess the name is unfamiliar to me, though I'm told he has played with the Marx Brothers, and also opposite Ginger Rogers in *Girl Crazy*.

On Rollers

● Walter Forde is certainly doing the thing properly; for instance, he has had a special roller-skating floor put down in the studio (it took three hundred men to do it) for a luxurious night-club sequence, featuring a roller-skating ballet of a couple of dozen skaters and an audience of 750 extras.

Of these, I am credibly informed, 400 are



Rare family group. Here is the first photograph of William Powell with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Powell, since the actor achieved film fame.

women dressed in 1938 ensembles; and at first I thought this meant nearly five ensembles each, until I realised that the second figure referred to our happy new year.

You will also have the unique experience of seeing Ambrose and his boys departing from their customary sartorial elegance (glad rags to you, Hilda) and appearing in real rags in a Mayfair hotel sequence in which guests and performers are required to appear in tramps' costume—just another little whim of the idle rich, dear boy.

So lifelike was their appearance that it deceived even that sagacious animal chum, faithful companion of Walter Forde, who so far forgot his studio manners as to throw Chumminess to the four winds, show his teeth, and growl.

He spoiled a take and was ejected ignominiously; but I must admit my sympathies were with my old chum Chum.

A Girl o



A charming new portrait of the subject of this article, with friend.

HOW many film stars can you name, of whom it may fairly be said that they are equally at home in London studios and in Hollywood?

Precious few, I venture to think.

Of course, there are a fairly large number of British girls who are very much at home in Hollywood; Madeleine Carroll, for instance, and Margot Grahame, Heather Angel, Elizabeth Allan . . . you could probably think of several for yourself.

But they are all people who have done infinitely better there than they ever did here; they are certainly at home in Hollywood, but in our studios they are comparative strangers.

I know of only one star of whom you can say that she belongs equally to two film cities, the one untidy city lying spraddled round Los Angeles and the other, similarly spraddled, round London; and that's Merle Oberon.

Perhaps that's because she's cosmopolitan. She was born in Tasmania and educated in India before she had her lucky holiday trip to England, and, as the Peebles man said when he took a day-trip to Edinburgh, "there's nothing like travel for broadening the mind."

It certainly tends to make one adaptable, too; and adaptability is Merle Oberon's long suit.

She is an exception to the general rule about British girls in Hollywood because she had well and truly laid the foundations of a great career here, at Wembley, Elstree, and Denham, under the wing of Alexander Korda, before enlisting under Sam Goldwyn's banner; and although she has had her greatest acting triumphs in Hollywood-made films, it was to Denham that she returned to figure in her first two Technicolor pictures, *The Divorce of Lady X* and *Over the Moon*.

Therefore she seemed to me to be an ideal person to compare the two cities; and accordingly I sought her out on the *Over the Moon* set and hurled questions at her; and every time she attempted to answer, someone would want to consult her about her dresses, or about her make-up, or about her sailing-date, or her dialogue, or whatnot; and that's one peculiarity in which you can't compare the two cities, for in Hollywood stars are hardly ever interviewed on the set; British studios are much kinder to the prowling interviewer.

We took refuge in her portable dressing-room by the side of the set, but we found no refuge there—the villains still pursued her; so if I gave you her remarks verbatim they would be something like this:

"Do sit down and make yourself comfortable. Now, the difference between Hollywood and Denham . . . excuse me. Come in! Oh, Rene, Mr. Rene Hubert, who designed all my lovely frocks, have you met Mr. Breen, who's interviewing me for the PICTUREGOER? Excuse me. . . . Come in! Oh, Mr. So-and-so, do you mind waiting a few minutes? I'm just being interviewed. . . . Excuse me! Come in, if you can get in! Mr. Whoosis, have you met Mr. Breen? Mr. Whoosis does my. . . . Excuse me. . . . Come in!"

"Will you come and rehearse now, please, Miss Oberon?"

So Miss Oberon, scattering profuse apologies, goes. . . .

I went too, and grabbed her whenever the grabbing was good, if brief. So kindly realise that this is a consecutive reconstruction of Merle's remarks, gasped out gallantly between interruptions, rather than a verbatim report, which might send you crackers, as it nearly did me.

"Probably the greatest difference is in the climate," she said, "and that works two ways.

"First, when you get up in the morning in Southern California you feel on top of the world, and ready for anything. The air's crisp, bright, sparkling, whether it's five, six, or seven o'clock. You look forward to your day's work.

"Then later in the day it grows hot—very hot indeed, by English standards; and a baking sound-stage, with a million-or-so candlepower alight on it, is apt to become an inferno, which takes all the mental starch out of you.

"Here it's the opposite; waking up in the morning you feel—or at least I do—that be it ever so humble there's no place like bed; if you get up at all you do it under protest, into a dark, unhappy world.

"But later in the day, especially if it's a grey January day, the cosy warmth of the sound-stage is absolutely appealing, and you pity the poor people who haven't one to work on.

"And that, naturally, brings me to the time you have to get up.

"On the Coast I live at the beach, because I prefer it, and so it serves me right if I have a half-hour's drive to the studios; but most of the people in the film colony live where they can reach the studios in ten minutes or so.

"My London home is in Regent's Park, which is reasonably central, and in the early morning before the traffic becomes dense I can reach Denham in about half an hour; but later on in the day it takes anything up to an hour, and equally long going back at night. That's two hours out of my day, instead of the twenty minutes that most Hollywood folk have to spend in their daily travel.

"Then there's the mental atmosphere—and hat's another thing that cuts both ways.

"In Hollywood everybody is concerned with

TWO CITIES

The bearer of this title is lovely—and British—Merle Oberon, whose claim to it is established in this article

by Max BREEN



films; mind you, I'm talking about the film colony; there must be thousands of dwellers in Hollywood itself to whom motion pictures mean very little beyond the weekly visit to a movie.

"But the Movie Colony, that scattered yet curiously corporate body that works in Hollywood and Culver City and Fox Hills and the San Fernando Valley, is so completely engrossed in its job that it seldom talks about anything else.

"Perhaps that's a little exaggerated, and certainly I think it's growing less marked as more people from the outside world come into the studios; but it's true to say that where several movie-folk are gathered together, whatever their topic of conversation, sooner or later it comes back to films and film-production.

"Now this enthusiasm is infectious; you feel you're being carried along by it like a wave; on the other hand, sitting on the crest of a wave is apt to be exhausting, and it's a good thing to be able to escape entirely from film topics and relax as we do in England."

Merle is too tactful a person to draw invidious comparisons; but aside from that, she always appears to me to be too genuinely fond of both Hollywood and Denham to have much fault to find with either.

Only one criticism she has to level against British film studios, and that is one which has been so often expressed that it has become less a criticism than a tradition—and you know how we hug our traditions!

Preparedness.

"In Hollywood the script, casting, costumes, sets, music, and every other possible thing are fully prepared before a foot of film passes through the cameras; here, for economic or other reasons, it very seldom seems to be; but I'm told we're getting better in that respect."

If only one might hope that were true!

Another difference upon which Merle might have enlarged (only she shied off the subject like a frightened filly) is dialogue.

We ought to be wise to the dangers of dialogue; the world's major studios in the silent days just before the war were at Walton-on-Thames and Twickenham, because we knew then how to convey thought and mood and plot by exploiting *situation*.

But somehow with the coming of sound a battalion of confirmed (or, in some cases, infirm) playwrights moved in, and now we suffer from a plethora of words.

A case in point is Merle's first colour film, *The Divorce of Lady X*, which was beautifully produced, acted, and photographed, and (especially in the opening sequences) almost smothered beneath a mass of conversation, much of it witty, but not belonging by right to the screen at all.

Favourably received as that film was, I have a feeling that Merle's new one, *Over the Moon* (also in Technicolor) will be better.

In the first place, it's a variation of the Cinderella theme, as so many successful films have been (I need only mention *Lady for a Day* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*).

In the second place, it provides Merle with a definite character, instead of being any little Society girl in love; and thirdly, it affords her an opportunity for character acting, in emerging from the heavily-shod and woollen-clad Highland lass to the Society butterfly.

Having discovered Merle's talent for comedy, I hope the producers on both sides of the Atlantic are going to give her more comedy to play; there was a danger at one time—after the success of *These Three*, *The Dark Angel*, and *Beloved Enemy*—that she would become as confirmed a sufferer as Sylvia Sidney; but I hope *The Divorce of Lady X* has stopped all that.

Every kind of rumour has circulated regarding her next four films, but you can discount them all for the moment; all we know for certain is that she will maintain her character of Girl of Two Cities by making two films for Goldwyn in Hollywood and then two for Korda here.

One thing is pretty certain, anyway; there won't be any more attempts, on the lines of *The Man from the Folies Bergere*, to make an exotic vamp of this eminently normal and natural girl.

Her history in this respect is not unlike Myrna Loy's. Because her eyes are slightly almond-shaped, the studios said: "Ah! An Oriental vamp!" just as they did with Myrna.

In one case—*The Battle*, in which, with clever disguise, they transformed her into a Japanese—this was justified; but once is plenty; Merle is at her best when natural.

Would you like to know how she retains her naturalness? It's very interesting.

In spite of her long absence from the screen, due to her motor accident last March (as a result of which *I, Claudius* was abandoned) she has not worried about the possibility of other girls going ahead and leaving her behind. She never does (and, incidentally, they never do leave her behind).

Instead, she competes with her own past performances, and tries to surpass *them*; that's why you don't see any little envy-lines round Merle's eyes and mouth.

"And now, Merle, will you tell me something about your romance with——"

"Wanted on the set, please, Miss Oberon."

Curse it! Foiled again!



"You don't see any little envy-lines round Merle's eyes and mouth."



Above: Merle takes tea "on location," and on the right she studies her script with Rex Harrison.

Below: In a piquant scene from "The Divorce of Lady X," with Laurence Olivier.







Left: Hugh Herbert has a fish pond in his living-room. He is seen searching for the fish! Above: Warren William's home is full of gadgets. Here is the telephone guest announcer at the entrance.

At Home with the STARS

by Richard HAESTIER

Continuing "You'll Know Hollywood," the author takes you round the "trick" houses of the film colony and also introduces you to other interesting stellar residences.

JUST where Hollywood begins and ends geographically is a difficult thing to determine. There are people out there, I suppose, who could tell you the boundaries, but I never could solve the problem. What is known as Hollywood is forty-five miles from north to south! But it takes in Burbank, in the north, where the Warner Brothers' studio is situated, and Beverly Hills (Twentieth-Century-Fox studios) and Culver City, home of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the south, as well as several pieces of Los Angeles. In between are bits of Hollywood proper. That is to say, the residential and shopping district that has grown up round what was originally a farm and was called Hollywood because the owner planted a holly tree at the gates. The farm has disappeared, but the tree has spread its branches enormously.

So when one writes of Hollywood film stars' homes one necessarily considers a huge area.



Dick Powell with his wife, Joan Blondell and their son at home.

Many of the screen's famous personalities live at Bel Air and Beverly Hills, the latter district also being a misnomer, because there are no hills! In fact, one of the local jokes on the visitor is to take him to see the invisible Beverly Hills.

What you do see is a series of magnificent houses, mostly in white stucco, with a suggestion of Spanish influence in their architecture. They are picturesque, impressive, frequently amusing buteminently suited to the climate. You could run through the front walls of most and come out the back without doing much damage, except to the walls, if you had a reasonably heavy car. The reason is that, although they look magnificent they are rather like the houses they build in studios—wooden frames with ornate finishings. The climatic conditions demand lightly built structures, and the ornamental, pseudo Spanish exteriors fit pleasantly into the semi-tropical vegetation of palms, pineapples and similar trees.

White houses, as most of them are, also look very beautiful in the almost perpetual sunshine. They do get fogs in California, but they do not like to talk about them. Anyway, they are not serious, as Londoners know fogs, and they usually confine themselves to the early morning.

If you were to make a tour of some of the film stars' homes you would be practically certain to drive through several orange groves, walnut plantations and olive farms. They stud the whole country for miles, north, south, east and west.

One of the most interesting homes—and it is not one of the white stucco ones—is that owned by Warren William. He lives in the trick house of Hollywood. To reach it you drive through very beautiful country—in the Spring scenting orange blossom nearly all the way, and in the summer seeing the big golden fruit hanging from the trees by the million—out towards Enrico.

When you arrive you come to tall iron gates at which your chauffeur will have to stop. Over the gates, hanging on a boom, is what appears to be a lantern, with a long tassel hanging from its base. If you know about this first trick, you will grab the tassel and pull down the lantern towards you. Then you will find it is not a lantern at all, but a little telephone box. The 'phone comes out on an arm, you lift the receiver and someone at the house knows a visitor is calling, because a bell has rung. Warren William's is certainly the strangest front door bell I have ever seen.

However, when someone in the house answers your call, you have to state who you are and what your business is.

Then, if you are welcome, the gates open mysteriously—someone in the house has touched a button—and you enter the drive. As you get inside the gates they close automatically behind you and you carry on up the winding carriage way to the house.

Those gadgets on the gate were thought up by Warren William, not because he is afraid of kidnappers or intruders, but because he has the mind of an inventor and likes to indulge it, and because he is practical. It is a long way from the front door of his house to the entrance gates and the butler would either have to overexercise answering the bell or a gate-keeper would have to be employed. The novelty thought up by this popular actor obviates either necessity and has the advantage of working admirably night or day.

The house, a fine old red-brick and timbered one stands in its own grounds which are the joy of Mrs. Warren William. She spends nearly all her spare time going round with the gardener tending her pet plants and seeing the rest of the place is properly looked after. One of her most treasured corners contains some queer blooms that look like baby parrots. They are exotically colourful and look gorgeously ornamental by the pond. Mrs. Warren William did tell me the name of them but I have no botanical flair and a shockingly bad memory for botanical names.

It is the house, however that is the actor's hobby—although he will go into the garden if he takes it into his head to build a wall or an extension to the "clubhouse" by the swimming pool.

When not making pictures he is never really happy unless he is doing structural alterations to the house or making some gadget that will be both useful and novel.

His wardrobe and dressing-room, for instance, he built himself. Men are proverbially supposed to be untidy creatures about the house. But not Warren William. He has a place for everything in his large dressing-room, even his walking sticks, collar studs and handkerchiefs. What is more, everything he has in the nature of wearing apparel is card-indexed.

He found that sometimes when at the studio he would want a different suit for scenes to be shot in the afternoon and would have to 'phone his valet for it. And the poor valet would almost invariably arrive at the studio minus some tiny but important thing—such as the dress shirt studs, or plus some little thing that was wrong—such as the wrong pair of socks for a particular suit.

So Warren William not only made a card-index system, but grouped everything that goes with everything else in his wardrobe. Now, if he wants a change of clothes while at the studio he rings his valet and says, "Please bring outfit number seventeen", or whatever the card-index number is and the valet collects everything belonging to "No. 17" and arrives complete and correct!

At the back of Warren William's bed, going behind the bedboard and disappearing into the wall near the ceiling are stairs. When I looked puzzled and asked where they led I was invited to mount them and discover for myself.

I did so and found that I was suddenly at sea. At least, that is what it seemed, for the stairs lead to a glass-domed chart room, full of nautical maps, a sextant, portholes, a helmsman's wheel and all the other gadgets to be found in a chart room.

The explanation is that the actor at one time had a passion to enter the United States Navy. But he did not succeed and as a tribute to his love for the sea he built his chart room and, when the spirit moves him during his spare moments, he mounts to his little cubby hole near the sky and plots imaginary courses through the desert of the Californian night-sky.

One of the biggest surprises I had in this house of wonders was when Mrs. Warren



Spanish architecture is prevalent in Hollywood residences and this view of Una Merkel's modern Californian house gives you a good idea of the general trend of stars' homes.



The dinner service and napery used by Norma Shearer. Yellow and white are the prevailing colours with lace coverings on the honey-coloured wood of the table.

William invited me to take a look at her dressing-room and bathroom. As I poked my head in the door I saw hundreds of myself looking at me! The explanation is the walls and ceiling are covered with mirrors and they go on reflecting interminably!

A pretty tribute to a wife to want to see so many of her, but a room like that would be a bit of a nightmare to me. Mrs. William, however, loves it and is very proud of it.

"When I'm taking a bath," she told me, "I can see hundreds of *me* wherever I look. Isn't that nice and friendly? Usually people are alone in their baths."

She must be a happy soul—in fact, she is; I know it from having spent such a pleasant day with her—but personally I can't stand the sight of myself in the morning. If I took a tub and saw a thousand *me's*, 999 of them would be mocking me, and those mirrored walls would get broken in less than no time.

Warren William has even invented something that prevents his dogs from escaping through the hedges of the estate and getting lost.

It is rather like a plate with a hole in the middle. The dog's head goes through the hole, and when the animal tries to stick his head through the hedge he can get no farther than his neck!

The dogs—wire-haired terriers, full of fun and mischief—seemed quite comfortable in their stiff collars, but they only wear them when going for a romp round the grounds. After they have had their exercise they have a large playroom, which is a converted balcony, and here they can get into any mischief they like, unhindered.

One of the most comic homes in Hollywood is that in which Hugh Herbert lives. It has a lily-pool in the lounge! Really, a pond, full of water, with lilies growing in it and with the lounge carpet going right up to the edges as if it were a lawn.

I could not discover the reason for it, and I strongly suspect that, Hugh Herbert being such a very funny comedian, has thought up the joke to confound visitors. Also, perhaps, to keep them sober. Fancy taking a dive into the lily pool because you thought you had seen only a mirage!

Dick Powell has a beautiful home of the bungalow type near a place called Toluca Lake, quite near the famous Lakeside Golf course. It is surrounded by a high brick wall, which poor Powell had to build because he could get no privacy. Ordinary hedges were torn down by sightseers and autograph hunters, so the brick wall had to hide the beautiful home.

Dick comes from Arkansas and his house is furnished in the traditional Western American style. The furniture is mostly heavy and utilitarian.

In his lounge he even has the old-fashioned plush sofa, armchairs and rocking chair. The suite was a present from his parents, and he looks upon it in the nature of an heirloom.

His bedroom has a large double bed, with a wireless-set let into the headboard. This, I was told, is because he is a student of the radio. In addition to his film work he does much radio broadcasting and he likes to listen to other artistes and keep up to date with his own programmes. So, having little spare time, he listens while he is in bed resting.

Joan Blondell's room is a strictly feminine one. It has delicate, flowered chintz bedcoverings and curtains to match, while the wallpaper is a pretty small flowered pattern.

Dick Powell has a grand idea for entertaining his and Joan Blondell's friends. Frequently Hollywood parties get a little rowdy, and Powell is proud of his home and tidy in his mind. So all his entertaining is done in a large, comfortably furnished barn built in the grounds near the swimming pool. In this barn there is a bar, a large, stone open fireplace, plenty of settees and an old wagon wheel converted into a central candelabra to provide the lighting after sundown.

The floor is of polished wood, the radio is fitted and at any moment if the guests feel like it, they can push back the furniture and dance.

Herbert Mundin has settled in a beautiful home at Beverly Hills. He went to Hollywood about six years ago "on spec", as he told me. He soon began to get plenty of work, but had hardly settled when the slump came and contracts went by the board. But, because he is such a fine trouper, he continued to get as many engagements as he could fulfil, and to-day he is firmly entrenched and extremely popular in the land of the movies.

His home is spacious, quietly restful and decorated with delightful and artistic taste. On the walls of his lounge he has many beautiful tapestries and his dining-room might have been taken as it stands from any home of culture in England.

Mary Pickford had a beautiful white house standing on a hillside looking right across Hollywood to Santa Monica, where her ex-husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, has a beautiful house by the beach. I do not know whether she has continued to live in it since she married Buddy Rogers, but she did so until just before her third marriage I know, although the place was in the market.

It is a beautiful house built in a style reminiscent of the old Southern American aristocrat's home, with an atmosphere of cool gentility. Doug. and Mary lived there for years and when Mary remained there alone she did her weekly broadcasts from one of the rooms, each Tuesday evening, when she kept open house and entertained her many friends in a large addition to the main building designed rather like a hunting lodge, with a bar at one end, many small tables and chairs, a loudspeaker set in the wall over the door—so that guests could hear her broadcast—and with hunting crops, fine animal heads and similar things typifying Doug's love of sport and travel.

Every star's home, of course, has a swimming pool. Most of them are in the garden and all are ornate, beautiful to look at and inviting to swim in. It is about fifteen miles to the nearest beach, and swimming being in the nature of a "luxurious necessity" owing to the climate, these pools are not kept merely for ornaments. They are really used. Dick Powell, for instance, jumps into his every morning immediately he rises from his bed.

Although right on the beach, Doug's bungalow, in common with the others there, also has a swimming pool. It would seem superfluous with the sea right at the garden gate, but film stars must have some privacy when they are relaxing, and they would get little if they took a dip in the sea every time they wanted a swim.

Norma Shearer has a beautiful house also at Santa Monica, practically next door to one where Merle Oberon lives when she is in Hollywood. They are lovely places, over-looking the Pacific, as romantic as they sound. Certainly there are compensations for being public personalities, as film stars have to be.

Many of the stars, particularly the men, live on what are called ranches. They are simply estates in the country and few of them have any cattle on them.

Spencer Tracy breeds polo ponies and keeps a string for his own riding. Victor McLaglen is also a keen horseman and has a wonderful stable. The idol of the moment, Robert Taylor, also lives on a ranch some miles out of town. One of the reasons why he was so anxious to get back there from England—in addition to seeing Barbara Stanwyck—was to inspect the new wing he was having built during his absence.

Incidentally, most of the stars are very generous about their lovely homes. They allow visitors to inspect them as though they were museums, allow them to be photographed and frequently as well as lavishly entertain visitors whether they belong to the industry or not.

NEXT WEEK

Richard Haestier conducts you round the film capital's studios and introduces you to several interesting personalities

They *all* Tell THEIR TROUBLES to *Otto*

Otto Kruger is one of those stars who takes his fan-mail seriously and personally answers all letters sent to him. He has had some amusing experiences in consequence.

by Joan CARTER



Otto Kruger as he appears in "The Housemaster" with Diana Churchill. They tell him their troubles in the films as well as in real life apparently.

THERE is something about Otto Kruger which encourages a friendly sort of fan mail. Fans do not write to this sincere and charming actor who has been filming in *The Housemastér*, and is now in *Star of the Circus* at Elstree, merely for autographs. They tell him their troubles and joys.

Some time ago he received a letter from a young farmer in Wiltshire who was apparently a very bashful wooer. He wrote that, like a knight of old, he wanted to do some valiant deed to win his fair lady.

She had set him the task of getting Otto's autographed picture and if he got it had promised to marry him !

The photograph was duly dispatched and a few weeks later a letter arrived from Wiltshire announcing the engagement of the would-be Sir Lancelot.

Then came tragedy. The photograph was stolen. "And it is all because your film *Glamorous Night* came to our local cinema," wrote the disconsolate lover. "Every girl wanted to get hold of one of your pictures. If you don't send me another my fiancée won't marry me."

A promise of a piece of wedding cake was the result of a second picture being sent to Wiltshire. Otto is still waiting to take the cake.

Otto Kruger must be one of the few stars with a really large mail-bag who personally attends to every letter.

'My secretary, Carl, and I answer every letter," he says. "I enjoy it tremendously. Meeting new people has always been one of my greatest joys and through my fan-mail I can make friends all over the world. Besides I get many a chuckle over them."

One of the strangest letters the star ever received was quite brief. It ran, "Come home at once. All is forgiven. Mother." The letter came from Scotland, a country Otto has never visited.

He wrote back a kindly explanatory letter saying that there seemed to be some misunderstanding, that he was an American citizen and the only Scottish thing about him was an Aberdeen terrier.

But the little old Scots woman was insistent that he was her Ian who had left home years before to make his fortune in America.

When Walter Mycroft brought him over to Britain to appear in *Living Dangerously*, his first Associated British picture, a deputation visited his London hotel from Scotland.

This included a "sister," "mother" and even a boyhood sweetheart who was expecting him to fulfil his promise to marry her !

After Otto had given proofs of his all-American identity and persuaded them that he was not their Ian, the sad little party took a train back to Scotland.

"I often wonder where that Ian is and whether he will ever go back to that old mother of his," Otto says. He is a great sentimentalist and believes that family ties should be the strongest in the world.

Kruger, as a matter of fact, and interest, was born in Toledo, Ohio, than which there is no more American town in the States. His father is still well remembered there as one of the town's most important accountants.

His ancestry is actually Dutch and the actor's family tree also sports the name of "Oom Paul" Kruger, the famous Boer War figure.

Kruger *père* not unnaturally wanted his son to follow in his footsteps in one of the more respectable professions. Engineering was the vocation chosen and Otto was sent to study at the University of Michigan and, later, Columbia.

He might have settled down to the job on leaving college in which case he would probably to-day be a highly respected municipal engineer in his native Toledo. However, he wanted something more exciting and for the next few years he led a roaming outdoor existence, first as a forest ranger and then as a telephone linesman, a dangerous occupation that has frequently been glorified on the screen.

Knocking around, roughing it, meeting and living with all classes of men, it was in those years probably that Otto Kruger developed that inviting sense of personal friendliness which shines through his screen characterisations and inspires film fans to tell him their troubles.

During the War he served in the American navy, then drifted on to the stage where, after a sort time touring "the sticks," he crashed Broadway.

After his recent motor accident on the way to Elstree, Otto received over seven hundred letters from English sympathisers. But mixed with the condolence was a great deal of conscious and unconscious humour.

One man wrote to him saying that if he had used his specially invented bumpers the accident would never have happened.

Another sent an amusing little sketch showing a typical Cockney talking to a driver of a car. The words under it are :

Cockney : Are you the fellow wot crashed into that there film actor Otto Kruger ?

Driver : Yes.

Cockney : Well give us yer autograph. My ole woman makes me sick calling that Kruger fellow 'er dream man.

Otto was turned into a keen pipe collector by his fans. Some time ago a press photographer took pictures of Otto in his Hollywood home. One of the pictures showed him with his antique pipe rack which contained quite a number of pipes but no more than that of any other keen pipe smoker.

When this photograph was published in papers all over the world, the caption to it ran, "Otto Kruger, who is a keen pipe collector, photographed with some of his treasures."

As a result fans from Britain, the United States, Africa and even China, started sending in strange and wonderful specimens to add to his collection.

So, in spite of himself, Otto became a collector of pipes. To-day he has become quite keen and has his study walls lined with racks of pipes.

Some weeks ago Otto received a letter from a young American boy asking for twelve of Otto's autographs. One, he said, was for himself, one for his mother, one for his father and one each for his nine brothers and sisters.

Greatly amused at the request Otto sent him twelve autographed pictures and then received this reply.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Kruger. Now I can exchange your twelve autographs for one of Clark Gable !"

TYRONE POWER

Is one of Hollywood's busiest young men these days. In the last month or so he has become engaged to Janet Gaynor, completed "Second Honeymoon" opposite Loretta Young, and been cast as the screen lover of Norma Shearer, no less, in "Marie Antoinette." However, we managed to catch him spending a day off from the studio with his pet dog, "Pickle."



HAPPY LANDING

Sonja Henie, former Olympic ice-skating queen, is to-day among the biggest box-office stars on the screen. On the completion of the appropriately titled *Happy Landing*, her first picture since her recent European trip, Boss Darryl Zanuck gave her a new contract for three pictures a year at £25,000 a picture. Sonja's descent on Hollywood has been a happy landing, indeed.



The usually staid Jean Hersholt goes gay in this scene for the film, but Fred Astaire is still getting his beauty sleep.





Above: Sonja Henie in one of her spectacular ice-rink numbers. The new film also, however, gives her more opportunity, it is said, to show the fans what she can do as an actress.

Left: The star's new leading man is Don Ameche (with Jean Hersholt), but there are no romance rumours this time. Don happens to be one of Hollywood's happy husbands.



Sonja's name has been linked, in the gossip columns, though, with that of Cesar Romero, seen here with Miss Henie, Ameche and Ethel Merman, the well-known singer.



Above: Joan Crawford with her latest discovery, ex-collar ad. model Alan Curtis, whom she chose for a role in "Mannequin." It is not often, incidentally, that we see so much of the celebrated Crawford chassis these days. Right: Joan snapped in intimate conversation with her new co-star, Spencer Tracy.





Shots WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA



Above: In the meanwhile, Joan's hubby, Franchot Tone, has been playing opposite her studio rival, Myrna Loy, in "Man-Proof." Franchot gets the girl this time, too.

One of the penalties of fame is answering the flood of letters that pour in daily. Here is Dorothy Lamour cheerfully tackling the task with the aid of her secretary.



On Location with GINGER ROGERS



Miss Roge
thing of a
Here she
some of t
the San
Mountain
her photog

Ginger Rogers, making her first solo starring vehicle, *Having Wonderful Time*, a screen adaptation of the Broadway stage hit, has been on location in the San Bernardino Mountains, near Hollywood. "Picturegoer's" cameraman with the unit sends these unusual shots of the star at work and play.

Above: Lee Bowman takes Ginger Rogers for a ride, on a bicycle not built for two, but borrowed from a studio messenger. Lee is said to have a romantic interest in the star, but don't say we said so.

Right: Ginger's leading man in the picture, however, is Douglas Fairbanks, jun., who has now, it seems, definitely resumed his screen career in Hollywood after his British picture production fling.





Right: Now it's Florence Lake who has the camera while Ginger concentrates on the unit's ping-pong table. She plays a very hot game, too.



Left: The star, a great believer in the open air life, took advantage of between-scene moments to get a place in the sun.



Above: Now to work. Ginger and Doug., jun., get down to the business of studying the script in preparation for an important scene.



Sitting opposite her at the sunny window, Jonathan found a complete tonic for a headache.

BREAKFAST for Two

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Radio.

FOR one of New York's brightest bachelors, to wake up at 10 a.m. in evening dress could be counted as an ordinary occurrence. Flowers in hand from last night's club gala could also be in the picture, but a white fox-trimmed wrap, draping the trousered knees, definitely no.

Feeling his aching head, Jonathan Blair addressed his valet, who stood over him with a glass of something effervescing.

"Butch, take that away. I don't want it. Where did I get this?"

"I don't know, sir, unless you won it in a raffle."

"Did I bring anything else home?"

"You didn't bring anything home. I brought you." The young woman who had come into the room, trailing an elaborate white evening frock, gave Jonathan such a start that he forgot his hang-over. "Aren't you the girl who kept playing the red at the Thirteen Club?" he asked, groping for memory.

"Till the police arrived—yes. Now I've done my girl scout deed, can I have my cloak?"

"Stop a minute. So I have to thank you for putting me to bed and tucking me in."

"And it's due to that dog of yours that I stayed. He wouldn't let me go."

"Good old Pee-Wee. He knows what to do with friends. That's his training. Come here, Pee-Wee; give the lady your hoof."

"Will it be breakfast for two, sir?" Butch interposed, having observed that the Great Dane acted under orders.

"Yes, Butch, breakfast for two, and take the lady to the salon. Sitting opposite her at a sunny window, Jonathan found a complete tonic for a headache. He certainly mixed a rather complicated form of prairie oyster, but decided not to drink it. Meanwhile, Butch brought news of a telephone call from the El Salome Club, requesting three hundred and sixty dollars in respect of damage done to a musician's bass violin.

"We must have covered a lot of ground last night," Jonathan opined.

"So you remember that much?" the lady smiled.

"I remember everything. I bet you think I don't remember your name. Well, I don't. But I remember we were up at Pierre's, on the roof, and I said I wanted to pull down a few stars to put in your hair; and then we danced and I said you danced like a moonbeam, and your skin was a challenge to the roses you were wearing."

"They were camellias."

"Camellias. That's right. And I said great things can happen on a night like this. Planets are born. Napoleons are conquered. Women are won. Why, I've even been known to propose to three women in one evening and follow through with Lincoln's Gettysburg address, when I'm in my 'cups. Did I propose to you?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, anyway, I borrowed a lot of sugar from you to pelt at people, you know; or was it for roulette?"

"Just that. Six hundred dollars."

"I'll give you a cheque. Butch, get me my——" Whereupon Butch threw up his arms, shook his head, went through the act of writing, shook his head again, and behaved so pointedly to convey that there was nothing in the bank to meet a cheque, that Jonathan had to misunderstand him and order him to bring the book and a pen.

Butch whereupon went through more pantomime, and ended up by receiving a joram of ink on the mouth from a pen which he had declared empty, on handing it to Jonathan, before the cheque was written. Nevertheless, it *was* written and passed over the table. The fair unknown received it thoughtfully. Next minute she was spreading butter on Jonathan's hand, which he had inadvertently burned on the hot toaster.

"You've had your life-line buttered for you since the day you were born," she said, looking at the palm. "You've been too lucky. You need an awful jolt——"

It appeared, however, that the fair unknown, whether needing it or not, was to receive the jolt. Why Carol Wallace should choose that moment to get past Butch into the next room, Jonathan didn't know. With her arms round his neck, brushing his face with a chenille veil depending from a broad-brimmed off-the-brow hat, she soon explained.

"Johnny, darling. Why didn't you meet me at the train? I bet you're glad I'm back home. Oh" —catching sight of the fox wrap— "you've bought me another fur coat! It's the loveliest thing I've seen in my life, but much too expensive."

The voice, which was supposed to be one of her stage charms, tinkled through the open door as she followed Jonathan into the salon.

"This is Miss Wallace," he announced. "Carol, this is Miss ——" If he thought by this ruse to acquire important knowledge, Jonathan was mistaken. It was perfectly plain that his former companion was lying as she said: "Jennie Jones is the name." Picking up her wrap and quoting that part of the Gettysburg speech in which the President declared all men to be created equal, she swept from the room.

"Nice little number. Who is she?" Carol asked, getting to work on ham and eggs.

"Just a friend of drunken sailors. She piloted me home last night." During the subsequent conversation Carol found Jonathan distrait. He would have been more so had he realised that she was conveying to him the fact that her last performance, involving his financial backing, was a flop.

"But in the next you're going to get every cent of that twenty thousand," she assured.

Jonathan hoped it might be true, and prepared himself for Butch's statement, which later was forthcoming, that money was at an exceedingly low ebb.

"But Mr. Meggs has arrived from your office, sir, with the quarterly stipend," he added soothingly.

Mr. Meggs, a lawyer-like individual, was shown into an apartment too elegant to be called a study. From the moment he opened his mouth to read the report of the board of directors of the Blair Steamship Company it was clear that he was suffering from laryngitis.

"Here's just the thing for you; never fails," Jonathan said, offering him the prairie oyster which Butch had been sent to fetch.

Mr. Meggs swallowed it and became entirely unable to articulate. "You read the report, Butch," Jonathan suggested. While Butch did so, pausing to deliver the punctuation marks, Jonathan alleviated boredom by inquiring of the club over the telephone, although vainly, for the identity of the so-called Jennie Jones. Suddenly his ear caught Butch's words, "Salaries to officers of the company suspended at once," and he turned to Mr. Meggs.

"Let me get this straight. You didn't bring my usual cheque to-day, then?"

Pee-Wee having usurped the lawyer's chair by crowding on the top of both, the answer was an agitated shake of the head. Whereupon the telephone rang.

"I'm at the Yarmouth Hotel with a friend of mine, a Mr. Samuel Ransom," a male voice said. "You were seen leaving the Thirteen Club last night with his niece, Miss Valentine Ransom. We want to know where she is."

"So do I," Jonathan assured, whereupon the caller rang off.

To send Miss Val Ransom roses and, as an afterthought, camellias seemed to Jonathan the only thing to do. Little did he think that his next meeting with Miss Ransom

would make him wish those flowers still at the florist's.

Over his head and without his consent, that afternoon the Blair Steamship Company, which had been owned for over fifty years by Jonathan's family, was sold to an unknown purchaser.

"Where's the chiseller who jockeyed me out of this?" Jonathan demanded on reaching the office.

"Anything I can do for you?" came a feminine voice. There was Val, crisp, businesslike, tantalisingly sure of herself.

"What's the angle?" Jonathan demanded. "Why should you want my company?"

"Well, you didn't seem to want it, and it was too good a business to waste."

"So that's why you played up to me. Got me drunk and took me home to find out things about my finances."

"Not at all, Mr. Blair. It was a legitimate business deal."

"It was not. You manœuvred yourself into the heart of a company based on generations of Blairs. You've stolen a birthright, and you're not going to get away with it."

"Is that a threat?"

"If it's war you want, you're going to get it. I'll smash you against the rocks and take the company back, every timber of it. If you're the type of woman who wants to wear the pants, wear them, trip over them, and break your neck."

He departed for home and the heart-breaking task of saying good-bye to the family servants who, one and all, were sorry to be leaving Butch insisted on being, as Jonathan expressed it, a sap and hanging on to the sinking ship. Perhaps it was as well. Missing his keys a moment later when Butch had retired to the gymnasium to pack, preparatory to his master's leaving the family mansion, Jonathan went at once in search of his valet.

"Butch, what did you do with the——" he began, and swallowed hard, for there was Val, belted, trousered, and looking fit for any fray.

"Can't the new house tenant move in?" she inquired. "I've just seen the servants and asked them to run this place as usual."

"You've left me with nothing but the Blair name," Jonathan accused. "I suppose, if you could have it, you'd take that, too."

"Not in its present condition, thanks." She backed up the statement by a brisk slap to the cheek, which infuriated Jonathan to the point of picking up a boxing glove.

"Too bad you're not a man!" he said savagely.

"Don't let that stop you. I was brought up with six brothers." Nothing loth, they set to. By the time Val had collapsed on the gym floor, with dumbells from the rack above falling gently at her feet, Jonathan and Butch had a black eye apiece. The sound of Carol Wallace calling "Yoo-hoo!" from the hall brought the two men before her.

"Isn't anyone at home?" she piped. "Oh! Johnny, what's happened?"

"To me? Oh, I just bumped into the bed!"

"Must have been twin beds," Carol asserted, looking at Butch. Val, coming from the gym, drawing off her glove, allowed a door-knob to fall out. As became a gentleman, Jonathan said nothing, and Val had the grace to retire.

"What's she doing here?" Carol inquired. "I only came to help you out. I want you to come and stay at my apartment."

She said a great many things before she left, even proposing to marry Jonathan; fact which was discreetly overheard by Butch. This accounted, though Jonathan didn't know it, for a conversation which took place while Butch was selecting which of two white scarves was most fitted for his master to wear as Miss Wallace's escort to the theatre.

"You know everything, Butch. Why did Miss Ransom make me vice-president of the new company this afternoon?" Jonathan inquired.

"Probably she couldn't do without you, sir," Butch returned tactfully. "I think the one with the fringe would be more carefree, sir." Thus Mr. Jonathan Blair escorted Miss Wallace to the theatre and, returning home sober, was able to appear in the steamship office shortly before eleven o'clock.

Val, sitting at the desk, greeted the new vice-president with a peroration, during the delivery of which Jonathan, to show his indifference, tossed a soda-mint tablet in his mouth and swallowed a glassful from the iced-water container. "As a matter of fact," Val continued, "since I may be ordered home at any minute by my father, my uncle being already anxious to go back west and train horses, you may be called upon to assume active managership—and, in time, even the presidency—if you show that——" Val paused for breath and Jonathan took advantage to make a statement.

"By the way, it may interest you to know, Miss Ransom, that I'm marrying Miss Carol Wallace at five o'clock this afternoon."

At the appointed time, guests duly assembled in one of Carol's largest and sunniest rooms overlooking Mainstreet. Bridesmaids headed the bridal procession as it passed downstairs. Jonathan, faultlessly attired in tails, double-breasted waistcoat, and white buttonhole, took his place beside the bride. The Justice of the Peace—a bespectacled man, bald, with heavily lined cheeks—delivered a preliminary address about the similarity of marriage to the home-building of bees and birds.

He was half-way through it when a window-cleaner, descending outside the house on a pulley, started to scrape the window with a palette knife. The discord he thus produced interfered with the J.P.'s address, but it was nothing to the interruption provided by six other cleaners who, descending on pulleys, also added their quota of squeaking.

In vain did Mr. Meggs entreat the intruders to rise aloft and stay aloft. One by one they rose and descended, scraping at every opportunity When at last, with a "Sorry, Toots, we misunderstood you," from the headman, quiet outside was restored the J.P. inquired solemnly if there was anyone present who objected to the marriage.

"I object!" shouted a masculine voice. A tall man, with a lean face, a sombrero, and a superior atmosphere of the turf, advanced towards the group. "That woman," he declared, pointing to Carol, "is the mother of my kids."

"I never saw him in my life!" she gasped. Jonathan, felt himself go down under the tall man's punch. When he came to, Carol had disappeared.

"Miss Wallace is quite hysterical, sir. She's incapable of going on, sir," Butch announced.

"Who was that man, Butch? He couldn't have been her husband."

"I know. I saw him in the office with Miss Ransom, sir. I believe he's her uncle from Texas," Mr. Meggs informed.

"That settles it. There's only one thing to do to Miss Ransom," Jonathan declared. Butch looked thoroughly unhappy. "Oh!—I hope—I did hope—what are you going to do?" he wailed.

"Plenty," was all Jonathan would allow. Next morning, having petitioned Judge Harris on behalf of the Blair Steamship Company for a receivership, Jonathan addressed the company's creditors and His Honour.

He motioned that so long-established a business should not be dependent on feminine caprice. He admitted his own faults and lack of interest in the past. He propounded schemes for the future which should put the company back on its feet. He asked for no additional capital, no salary, no bonuses. He asked for the chance to risk as collateral what interest his grandfather's trust fund allowed him, in the company, for a chance to prove that it took a Blair to run the line.

Having retired into the next room to await the judge's decision, Jonathan confided to Pee-Wee that he felt a worm. Nevertheless, His Honour's mind was quickly made up. The receivership was granted, and Jonathan had the satisfaction of hearing himself pronounced by Butch as the fac-simile of a dageuerrotype of his grand uncle before being knighted. Val's congratulatory remarks, as she came up with her uncle in attendance, were less soothing.

"There's another chance for you as a wedding buster-up," Jonathan told her, eyeing the man from Texas. "I'm marrying Miss Carol Wallace at five this afternoon," and rounded off the sentence by socking Mr. Samuel Ransom on the jaw.

At five the same guests, the same bridesmaids, the same bride and groom foregathered in the same room before the same window. The same Justice of the Peace, not to be done out of his preliminary address, delivered it *pretissimo* "If there is no one present who objects," he went on, almost triumphant, and gave the customary pause. Butch filled it. "I object," he said. Before a swooning justice, he produced a document and handed it to Jonathan.

"I'm sorry, sir, but the night you met Miss Val Ransom at the Thirteenth and the El Sesame Clubs, you married her. There are the documents and the signatures."

"This is bigotry!" Carol moaned.

"Carol, darling. I don't know how it happened."

"Look in your pockets and see if there are any other wives you're married to!" she snarled. Hastily, Jonathan took a taxi to the old home. Meeting various trunks being carried out of the house, he asked for Val, and was told she was in the sitting-room. He found her in a smart two-piece, a becoming hat, and a fur, filling a dress trunk.

"This tops everything," he declared. "Am I never going to be rid of you?"

"Whither thou goest, I go; and that is to Texas on the 5.45. You'll love Texas. Such great open spaces."

"No court will expect me to live with a woman who tricked me into marriage. You know my address." Slamming the door in his turn, Jonathan headed for the hall and ran opportunely into Butch.

"Sir, I hope we're not going to be put in gaol," he lamented, having heard Jonathan's request that they should repair to the best lawyer in town."

"Never mind. Come on, Butch."

"I meant it for the best, sir, when I forged that marriage certificate."

"When you what?" Jonathan demanded.

"When I forged the certificate to keep you from marrying Miss Wallace. You see, sir, I've always, in a manner of speaking, had Miss Ransom's confidence, since the day I found her occupying the bathroom, before I brought in your saline, sir. If you ask me, I think Miss Valentine bought your business and took over the house, and busted up (sorry, sir!) the two weddings for one reason."

"The little brat!" Charging into the bedroom Jonathan seized Val by the shoulders.

"I've thought it over, and you're right. Marriage is for better or worse. I'm not seeing the lawyer."

"I'm not your wife, and never will be."

"Darling, your nerves are overwrought."

"Don't touch me! I'll call the police! I'll scream the house down!"

"Do. Butch is the soul of discretion." He chased her to the table where the two had once breakfasted. Not until she had thrown an iced cake, the jam of which clung affectionately to his face, and hit him accidentally with the door-knob, which had once stiffened her boxing-glove, was she reduced to a state of tears and acquiescence.

"Darling, I haven't hurt you? I didn't mean—I was only keeping it for a souvenir," she sobbed, as he lay low.

"Give him a drop of Scotch," a voice advised, which coming from Jonathan putting on a ventriloquist's act purported to hail from Pee-Wee.

The marriage was duly solemnised at the railway station. Sure of his fee, the Justice of the Peace wisely made sure of his person by cutting the ceremony to a minimum and raising, in token of relief at its conclusion, a pair of hands encased in boxing-gloves.



At five the same guests, the same bridesmaids, the same bride and groom foregathered in the same room. . . .

REVIEWS

by Lionel Collier

ANYBODY who expects to find a battle royal in *Stage Door* for the acting honours between Ginger Rogers and Katharine Hepburn will be disappointed, for one of its chief virtues is consistent team-work. Each artiste gives a splendid show in her own particular role, and the film is, as a whole, quite one of the most convincing and human back-stage stories I have seen.

Most of the action takes place in a theatrical boarding-house, where, to keep up their spirits after the daily round of disappointments, the girls indulge in caustic wisecracks and sometimes horseplay.

Katharine Hepburn plays the role of Terry Randall, daughter of a wealthy father, who is stage-struck and who determines to make good on her own.

Without her knowledge, her father backs a play in which she is to be starred, hoping she will "flop" and give up the idea of a stage career.

On the night of the first performance a young girl, who had longed passionately for the part, commits suicide.

Terry Randall is almost unable to go on, but finally, inspired by the spirit of the dead girl, she gives a wonderful piece of acting.

Katharine Hepburn fits the part admirably. She is downright, matter of fact, determined to get on, and yet underneath her somewhat overbearing manner she conceals a deep sympathy and affection. It is the best thing she has done for a long time, and she even succeeds in making the rather theatrical climax almost convincing.

As her room mate, a wisecracking young dancer who knows the seamy side of the profession, Ginger Rogers is excellent, and anyone who had any doubts that she could not act as well as she can dance will have them quickly dispelled.

It is a vital characterisation in which both actions and voice play their part, and there is never a false move or a false note in it.

Andrea Leeds, who made such a promising debut in *Come and Get It*, lives up to her promise and subscribes a finely sensitive portrayal of the young girl for whom disappointment was too much. It is the one poignant note in the production, and it registers with full effect.

As a philandering producer who is paid by Terry's father to put on a play, Adolphe Menjou is excellent, and each and every member of the theatrical boarding-house is perfectly presented.

It is impossible to go into the details at length, but if you appreciate life presented as it is, you cannot afford to miss this film.

IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

● Leslie Howard comes forth in new guise in this picture as a first-rate straight comedian and, as in *Stand In*, breaks away from the dreamy, philosophical roles which he has hitherto filled so admirably.

Only an actor of the calibre of Leslie Howard could play the part of a "ham" actor with the subtlety and satirical touch which is inherent in the leading character of this supremely entertaining picture.

Basil is the darling of the stalls as well as the gods and, while he falls frequently and heavily for feminine flattery, he always goes back to his leading lady, Joyce, with whom he is as delighted to quarrel as to make love.

The main issue of the story is Basil's entanglement with an infatuated girl whom he promises to disillusion in order to restore her to the arms of her fiancé! The complications are piquant and involved, but in the end he is content to see the young lady safe in the arms of her lover, and himself back with Joyce, and ready to quarrel at any moment.

The character drawing is exceedingly good. Apart from Leslie Howard's performance, which dominates the picture, Bette Davis is brilliant as Joyce, and the two play up to each other admirably.

Olivia de Havilland scores a personal success as the infatuated Maria and Eric Blore is at his best as the actor's faithful valet.

The film opens with the closing scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, with the two leading players muttering vicious asides to each other between the lines, and from then onwards it develops with plenty of action, some verging on slapstick, to its particularly joyous conclusion.

THE DIVORCE OF LADY X

● This same story was made some years ago under the title of *Counsel's Opinion*, with Binnie Barnes and Henry Kendall in the lead, but I must confess that it did not bring back memories of the earlier production.

It is a polished picture, photographed in Technicolor, rich in good dialogue, and well acted; it only errs by being rather drawn-out in parts; the director has on occasions prolonged his sequences beyond the strength of the situations.

The plot is a piquant one, with a barrister imagining that he would be cited as a co-respondent to a girl who had compromised him and with whom he had fallen in love.

Her supposed husband had come to him to obtain a divorce, but eventually he discovers that the girl for whom he was ready to sacrifice his career was not the wife but the daughter of a judge who had let him go on being mistaken out of a sheer sense of mischievousness.

Merle Oberon is delightful as the girl and plays the role with appropriate provocativeness. Laurence Olivier, a little petulant perhaps, is nevertheless good as the barrister.

The acting honours, however, are stolen by Ralph Richardson, who is immense as Lord Mere, the gentleman who seeks divorce from his wife. It is a perfect characterisation of a certain type of military gentleman whose wits are perhaps not quite as sharp as they might be, but who is a good sport.

Morton Selten's portrayal of the judge is another addition to that clever actor's portrait gallery of delightful old gentlemen.

The whole thing is well set and the camera work is very good. A meet of hounds is introduced, one imagines, for the sake of the Technicolor; it is certainly picturesque, if nothing else.

Colour generally is not obtrusive, but at least on one occasion there is suspicion of backcloth.

SMASH AND GRAB

● Modelled on the lines of *The Thin Man*, this British picture lacks much of its prototype's sparkle, but it is without doubt one of the most amusing pictures Jack Buchanan has made, and should delight the star's fans.

He is cast as a private detective who has a weakness for playing with toy trains and, together with his wife, is able, after a couple of murders, to track down a gang of smash-and-grab robbers.

The story, written and directed by Tim Whelan, is in the "crazy" category, and is ingenious in situation and quite bright at times in dialogue.

Jack Buchanan has neither to sing nor to dance, and he puts over his straight comedy role with good effect. Elsie Randolph is fair as his wife.

Sound performances are given by Arthur Margetson as a philandering jeweller and fence; Antony Holles as an Italian barber, one of the gang; and Lawrence Grossmith as the detective's valet, who plays trains with him and also indulges in wrestling.

SOUTH RIDING

● Basically, this adaptation of the late Winifred Holtby's famous novel is a completely novelettish affair—the romance of an impoverished squire who has ruined himself looking after a mad wife with the local schoolmistress, daughter of a drunken working man.

It could have been a really fine film, but the cross section of life in a Yorkshire district has not been sufficiently exploited, and there are too many loose ends and unfinished characterisations.

For instance, we are introduced in the opening to two children: one the daughter of the squire, who shows signs of inheriting her mother's mania, and the other the daughter of a labourer living in a hovel; neither of these are developed to any logical conclusion.

The same thing applies to a socialist member of the council who is used as a catspaw by unscrupulous building speculators to forward a housing scheme in which they will benefit considerably. He is depicted as being consumptive and also as showing a strong partiality to the heroine, but neither of these aspects are followed up.

However, the acting generally is excellent and the Yorkshire countryside settings exceedingly picturesque. The atmosphere, too, is wholly realistic, and scenes in the council chamber where the squire opposes the new housing scheme, suspecting graft, are dramatically sound.

One of the film's worst points is its ending. I hope that before it is generally released it will be cut.

The squire, having been saved from suicide by the schoolmistress, decides to give his estate to the council for the price of the mortgage.

It is resolved to inaugurate the mansion as a new school in honour of George VI's Coronation, and the actual sequence contains, besides the singing of "God Save the King" and camera work is very good. "Land of Hope and Glory," an orgy of flag-wagging. To most British minds such blatant patriotic sentimentalism is distinctly nauseating.

Edna Best gives a finely sensitive portrayal of the schoolmistress, which makes one regret that she is seen so seldom on the screen.

Ralph Richardson is well in character as the squire, though he hardly makes a sufficiently romantic figure.

Edmund Gwenn is excellent as one of the council who is in the crooked building deal, as is Milton Rosmer as his partner.

John Clements strikes a sincere note as the socialist and Marie Lohr is fine as a woman member of the council.

Ann Todd does well in a totally unnecessary flashback which depicts how the lunacy of the squire's wife had developed. It gives an opportunity for a scene of a horse being ridden upstairs, but otherwise is purely padding.

While by no means a Bonita Granville, Glynis Johns is quite good as the squire's emotional daughter, and Joan Elburn is convincing as the child of the poor labourer who has hopes of winning a scholarship.

Supporting characters are all well drawn and the technical qualities are very good.

AMPHITRYON

● Based on a Greek comedy dealing with the amorous life of the gods, this French picture provides excellent sophisticated entertainment of a piquant order.

The Greek settings are picturesque and afford an unusual background for what is in essence a modern marital farce with a touch of fantasy.

Alcmene, virtuous wife of a Theban general, Amphitryon, prays to Jupiter that Thebes may be victorious in the war. Looking down, Jupiter sees her and, finding her fair, decides to visit her.

Once on earth, he assumes the shape of Amphitryon and goes to Alcmene, but gets so drunk that he spends the night in the bathroom. Next day Amphitryon arrives and is surprised at the coldness of his wife's reception.

Then he learns that a man has visited her and goes to his lawyer; Jupiter poses as the lawyer and has him detained by Mercury, who poses as his clerk.

Once again Jupiter visits Alcmene in the guise of the general, but this time he has such a bad cold that she puts him to bed with a hot-water bottle. Meanwhile Juno learns of her husband's adventures and, descending to earth, puts a stop to them.

Henri Garat is brilliant in the triple role of Amphitryon, Jupiter, and Jupiter disguised as Amphitryon. Armand Bernard scores as Mercury.

A most dignified and attractive performance is given by Jeanne Boitel as Alcmene, and Florelle gives a delightful comedy study as the wife of the general's servant whom Mercury seduces.

The design is opera bouffé. Much of the dialogue is in recitative, with musical accompaniment which is both tuneful and effective. The deliberate satirising of the gods makes for rich farcical situations, and the director skates over extremely thin ice with commendable skill and delightful piquancy.

PARADISE FOR TWO

● Jack Hulbert has not appeared to better advantage than in this familiar backstage, romantic musical, set in Paris chiefly because it gives him an opportunity to do a little acting and build up a definite character.

It is bright entertainment dealing with the romance of a rich business

(*Continued on page* 22)

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REVIEWS—*Continued*

man and a chorus girl with whom he falls in love after their names have been linked together by rumour.

He makes love to her, posing as a journalist and secretly backs a show for her. There are the usual misunderstandings and the usual happy ending which brings a cheery show to a satisfactory ending.

Situations are well handled and the direction of Thornton Freeland is brisk and polished.

Patricia Ellis is very good as the heroine and excellent support is given by Arthur Riscoe, Googie Withers, Sydney Fairbrother, and Wylie Watson.

On the Screens Now

**LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT

Associated British Pictures. British "U" certificate. Musical extravaganza. Runs 94 minutes.

BUDDY ROGERS.....Jack Kent
JUNE CLYDE.....Peggy Boydell
CLAIRE LUCE.....Viola Vanders
FRED EMNEY.....Henry Boydell
IRIS HOEY.....Laura Boydell
JACK MELFORD.....Count Castelli
CLAUD ALLISTER.....Monty
STEVE GERAY.....Luigi
ANTHONY HOLLES.....Head Waiter
LAWRENCE ANDERSON.....Harold
ZELMA O'NEAL.....Kitty
BERTHA BELMORE.....Policewoman
DAN DONOVAN.....A Street Singer
OLIVER WAKEFIELD.....A Wedding Guest
SYD WALKER.....Policeman
AFRIQUE.....Impersonations
BRIAN MICHIE.....Compère

Bands:

EDDIE CARROLL, JACK HARRIS, JACK JACKSON, SYDNEY LIPTON, JOE LOSS, RUDY STARITA.

PERCY ATHOS FOLLIES.....Dance Ensembles

Directed by Graham Cutts. Adapted from Henrik N. Ege's Radio Play "The Silver Spoon," by F. McGrew Willis.

It is a pity that neither June Clyde nor Buddy Rogers live up to their reputations in this well-presented musical, for otherwise it is a meritorious production and compares favourably with American pictures of a similar type.

The plot is a slight one, dealing with a young man who becomes a waiter in an hotel in Nice in order to woo the daughter of a wealthy business man, but it serves as a thread on which to hang several excellent turns and numbers from well-known dance bands, all of which are put over with plenty of punch.

The acting laurels go to Fred Emney, who is the keystone of the plot as the business man in question. It is an excellent comedy characterisation.

**EXCLUSIVE

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Newspaper melodrama. Runs 77 minutes.

FRED MACMURRAY.....Ralph Houston
FRANCES FARMER.....Vina Swain
CHARLIE RUGGLES.....Tod Swain
LLOYD NOLAN.....Charles Gillette
FAY HOLDEN.....Mrs. Swain
RALPH MORGAN.....Horace Mitchell
EDWARD H. ROBINS.....Col. Bogardus
HARLAN BRIGGS.....Springer
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Mr. Franklin
HORACE MACMAHON.....Beak McArdle

Directed by Alexander Hall, from a story by John C. Moffitt. Previewed October 30, 1937. Story freely based on this film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of November 13 1937

Frances Farmer scores another success in this somewhat hectic newspaper melodrama, which includes in its compass plenty of good comedy and a thrill or two.

As a reporter who quarrels with her father and fiancé, and works for a crook newspaper proprietor from whose clutches she eventually has to be rescued, she gives a sincere and well-balanced performance.

Fred MacMurray is very good as her fiancé, a city editor, and Charles Ruggles turns in an effective character study as her father, who is killed whilst rescuing her from the crooks.

You could not wish for a more sinister villain than Lloyd Nolan, and Horace MacMahon is great as his dumb bodyguard.

One of the comedy highlights occurs when Ruggles and MacMurray, having drunk deeply, argue as to whether the light goes out in a refrigerator when the door is shut, and finally end up by getting inside and shutting the door to see for themselves.

**GANGWAY

General F. D. British "A" certificate. Spectacular musical comedy. Runs 89 minutes.

JESSIE MATTHEWS.....Pat
BARRY MACKAY.....Bob
NAT PENDLETON.....Smiles
ALASTAIR SIM.....Taggett
OLIVE BLAKENEY.....Nedda Beaumont
NOEL MADISON.....Otterman
PATRICK LUDLOW.....Carl
LIANE ORDEYNE.....Greta
GRAHAM MOFFATT.....Joe
DANNY GREENE.....Shorty
EDMON RYAN.....Red Mike

Directed by Sonnie Hale, from a story by Dwight Taylor. Preview, October 16, 1937.

As a newspaper reporter who gets the job as lady's maid to a temperamental star and then finds herself mixed up with jewel thieves, Jessie Matthews gives one of her sprightliest performances; she sings and dances quite admirably.

The story is a little slow in starting, and it is when the action takes one to America that the real fun gets going, to end in a riotous spectacular climax, complete with gun play.

Nat Pendleton is very good as Smiles, a gangster, and Nedda Beaumont is true to type as the temperamental star.

Barry Mackay is fair and makes the most of a pleasing personality as the hero, and a very amusing supporting study comes from Alastair Sim.

**BIG CITY

M.-G.-M. American "A" certificate. Racketeer melodrama. Runs 79 minutes.

LUISE RAINER.....Anna Benton
SPENCER TRACY.....Joe Benton
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN.....The Mayor
JANET BEECHER.....Sophie Sloane
EDDIE QUILLAN.....Mike Edwards
VICTOR VARCONI.....Paul Roya
OSCAR O'SHEA.....John C. Andrews
HELEN TROY.....Lola Johnson
WILLIAM DEMAREST.....Beecher
JOHN ARLEDGE.....Buddy
IRVING BACON.....Jim Sloane
GUINN WILLIAMS.....Danny Devlin
REGIS TOOMEY.....Fred Hawkins
EDGAR DEERING.....Tom Reilley
PAUL HARVEY.....District Attorney Gilbert
ANDREW J. TOMBES.....Inspector Matthews
CLEM BEVANS.....Grandpa Sloane
GRACE FORD.....Mary Reilley
ALICE WHITE.....Peggy Devlin

Also:

JACK DEMPSEY, JAMES J. JEFFRIES, JIMMY MCLARNIN, MAXIE ROSENBLOOM, JIM THORPE, FRANK WYKOFF, JACKIE FIELDS, MAN MOUNTAIN DEAN, GUS SONNENBERG, GEORGE GODFREY, JOE RIVERS, COTTON WARBURTON, BULL MONTANA, SNOWY BAKER, TASKI HAGIO.

Directed by Frank Borzage, from a play by Norman Krama. Preview, October 23, 1937.

Frank Borzage has a reputation for introducing convincing human touches into his work, and he does so here, in a picture of which the story material is basically sheer "hokum", and helps Spencer Tracy, who, as usual, gives a sincere character delineation, to provide good entertainment.

We have had quite a few films dealing with wars between independent and publicly owned taxi cabs, and here is the tale again, with the addition of a heroine, an alien, who had to be protected from being deported.

The whole thing ends in a slap-up fight, which introduces several famous boxers and wrestlers, and provides a robust and hearty laugh as a curtain.

Luise Rainer overacts as the heroine, and it remains to Spencer Tracy to carry the picture practically on his own shoulders.

**LOVE UNDER FIRE

Twentieth-Century Fox. American "U" certificate. Crazy comedy. Runs 75 minutes.

LORETTA YOUNG.....Myra Cooper
DON AMECHE.....Tracy Egan
BORRAH MINNEVITCH AND HIS GANG THEMSELVES
FRANCES DRAKE.....Pamela Beaumont
WALTER CATLETT.....Tip Conway
JOHN CARRADINE.....Captain Delmar
SIG RUMANN.....General Montero
HAROLD HUBERT.....Lieutenant Chavez
KATHERINE DE MILLE.....Rosa
E. E. CLIVE.....Captain Bowden
DON ALVARADO.....Lieutenant Cabana
GEORGES RENEVANT.....Captain Contreras
CLYDE COOK.....Bert
GEORGE REGAS.....Lieutenant De Vega
CLAUDE KING.....Cunningham
FRANCIS MCDONALD.....Officer
DAVID CLYDE.....McWhirter
EGON BRECHER.....Civilian
JUAN TORENO.....Captain
HOLMES HERBERT.....Darnley
GEORGE HUMBERT.....Porter

Directed by George Marshall, based on a play by Walter Hackett. Preview October 30, 1937

A serious note introduced into this eminently "crazy" comedy rather spoils its effectiveness, for the characters are so developed that they cannot possibly carry the conviction necessary for the dramatic moments.

It would have been better played "straight" altogether; as it is, it provides good, light entertainment and owes a lot to the acting of Don Ameche as a Scotland Yard detective trying to identify a jewel thief in Spain and Loretta Young as the young woman he suspects is the person he wants, but who, of course, proves to be entirely innocent.

The scenes of revolution in Spain are almost satirised, and Borrah Minnevitch and his band are introduced amusingly if incongruously.

A very good performance comes from Harold Hubert as a revolutionary, and Frances Drake is also sound as a mysterious woman who adds to the complications of the plot.

*IT CAN'T LAST FOR EVER

Columbia. American "U" certificate. Radio melodrama. Runs 67 minutes.

RALPH BELLAMY.....Russ Matthews
BETTY FURNESS.....Carol Wilson
ROBERT ARMSTRONG.....Al Tinker
RAYMOND WALBURN.....Dr. Fothergill
THURSTON HALL.....Fulton
ED. PAWLEY.....Cronin
WADE BOTELER.....Capt. Rorty
CHARLES JUDELS.....Mr. Appadelius

and

JACKSON BROTHERS, MORELIA BROTHERS, BARBARA BURBANK, DANDREDGE SISTERS' ARMADA AND LITA, THE BLENDERS.

Directed by Hamilton MacFadden, from a story by Lee Loeb and Harold Buchman.

The main plot in this production deals with the exposure of a professional clairvoyant, but it is so wrapped round with side issues and singing and dancing acts that the issue becomes somewhat obscure.

Newspaper office, radio interludes, and a gangster element all play their part and provide variety of entertainment, even though it is not of very good quality.

Ralph Bellamy makes the most of the thin role of a variety agent who decides to exploit himself as a seer, as does Betty Furness as a reporter.

Robert Armstrong, too, is sound as the seer's partner.

c*CAPTAIN CALAMITY

A.B.F.D. American "U" certificate. South Seas Melodrama. Runs 66 minutes.

GEORGE HUSTON.....Captain Calamity
MARIAN NIXON.....Madge
VINCE BARNETT.....Burp
JUAN TORENA.....Mike
MOVITA.....Annana
CRANE WILBUR.....Dr. Kelkey
GEORGE LEWIS.....Black Pierre
ROY D'ARCY.....Samson
MARGARET IRVING.....Madame Curuen
BARRY NORTON.....Carr
LOUIS NATHEAUX.....Joblin
LLOYD INGRAHAM.....Trader Jim

Directed by John Reinhardt, from a story by Gordon Young.

Photographed in colour, this romantic melodrama of the South Seas, while conventional in design, has sound popular adventure elements and is generally quite efficiently acted. It is a story of mythical buried treasure and the triumph of a young sea captain over wily South Sea traders.

George Huston is virile in the lead and sings lustily when called upon. Marian Nixon makes an attractive heroine and the support do all that is required of them. Settings are picturesque and there is plenty of boisterous comedy to offset the drama.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

**LET'S MAKE A NIGHT OF IT
*EXCLUSIVE
**GANGWAY
**BIG CITY
**LOVE UNDER FIRE
*IT CAN'T LAST FOR EVER
c*CAPTAIN CALAMITY

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:—

Action For Slander (2)	...	*Jan.* 22
Another Dawn (2)	...	*Jan.* 15
Big Business (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Blazing Sixes (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Café Metropole (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Captains Courageous (4)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Easy Living (3)	...	*Jan.* 15
Edge of the World, The (3)	...	*Jan.* 8
Emperor's Candlesticks, The (2)		*Nov.* 27
Go-Getter, The (2)c	...	*Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3)	...	*Jan.* 1
High Wide and Handsome (2)	...	*Jan.* 22
Hit Parade, The (2)	...	*Jan.* 15
Hollywood Cowboy (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
Hotel Haywire (2)	...	*Dec.* 11
Kid Galahad (3)	...	*Jan.* 22
Knight Without Armour (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Love is News (3)	...	*Dec.* 4
Married Before Breakfast (2)	...	*Dec.* 11
Meet the Missus (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
Midnight Madonna (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Mountain Justice (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
North of the Rio Grande (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c	...	*Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Said O'Reilly to McNab (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
Slim (2)	...	*Dec.* 18
Star is Born, A (3)	...	*Jan.* 15
Sunset in Vienna, (3)	...	*Jan.* 15
There Goes My Girl (2)	...	*Dec.* 4
Think Fast, Mr. Moto (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
Top of the Town (2)	...	*Dec.* 11
Topper (3)	...	*Dec.* 4
Victoria the Great (4)	...	*Dec.* 25
Way Out West (2)	...	*Jan.* 15
Who's Your Lady Friend? (2)		*Dec.* 25
Wee Willie Winkie (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Wild Money (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Woman Chases Man (2)	...	*Nov.* 27
You Can't Have Everything (2)		*Jan.* 22

So lovely



are eyes



Mascara is . . . well . . . somewhat a matter of make-up management. But, please madam, realise that when Tattoo presents you with both cake and cream mascara, both have that Tattoo glamour secret. It's in the extreme fineness of grinding—cake or cream, Tattoo goes on with a dream smoothness. Tattoo simply gives you two ways of making even the loveliest longest lashes that little bit longer and lovelier. Eyes are mysteriously shadowed to shine far brighter. Tattoo Mascara doesn't shout its presence . . . one even, smooth, silky "beadless" sweep. Cake or cream Tattoo gives you mascara *plus* glamour! And smartness without smarting!

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Dark-brown BLONDES ... why be Blind?

You Can Now Wash Darkened Blond Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter — Bring Back Its True Golden Beauty!

NEW VITAMIN "F" STA-BLOND — PREVENTS BRITTLENESS — STOPS DANDRUFF

YOU cannot shut your eyes to the fact that natural true *blondes* are most fascinating to both men and women. It's their fair hair that makes them stand out. But when it turns brown and mousey it lets down your whole personality. It then lacks that alluring colourfulness that makes true blondes so lovely—so desirable. Now you can bring back that lovely natural blond colour—but not with ordinary shampoos . . . *NEW STA-BLOND* acts two ways. *First*, it washes all shades of light hair (fair, mousey or brownish) 2 to 4 shades lighter—brings back the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents fair or blond hair from darkening. *Second*, the precious VITAMIN "F"—especially incorporated—not only prevents and stops brittleness, dandruff and "falling out" but rejuvenates the roots—makes hair soft as silk, gives it new sheen and lustre. Your "perm," too, takes better and lasts longer. **Contains no dyes or injurious bleaches.** Try it yourself, or insist that your hairdresser uses it.

WARNING

Wash your hands with any soapless shampoo. Notice how dry and scaly they feel afterwards. That's exactly what these harsh chemical soap-substitute shampoos do to your hair. They dry out all the natural oil from scalp and roots.

A good soapy shampoo like Sta-blond will *not* remove the natural oils. Sta-blond removes only the film of grease which hides the natural lustre.

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A MENU of HAM!

Are Programmes Badly Chosen?

IF one sat down to a four-course luncheon the items on the bill of fare would hardly be likely to read for each course, taking ham as the example :—

Minced Ham
Grilled Ham
Roast Ham
Boiled Ham

Yet if one goes to the pictures, one is constantly having the courses in the bill of fare so closely allied to each other they are hardly distinguishable apart.

One week the local kinema is plunged into the depths of despair with two films dealing with the sorrows of life, whilst the week following the audience are laughing their heads off at the antics of, say, the Marx Brothers and Patsy Kelly; all on the same programme, but in different productions.

Many of the booking managers should have "Variety is the spice of life" written in large letters on their office wall.—(*Mrs.*) *J. E. Robertson*, 80 *Livingstone Road, Hove.*

[*Yet many picturegoers protest against too-variegated programmes, so what is the poor exhibitor to do?*—"*Thinker.*"]



This caricature of Victor McLaglen is the thirteenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Laughter Wanted

● Hollywood's comedians? Ask me where flies go in the winter-time! Just glance at the present-day assortment.

The fruity-voiced W. C. Fields is the best since Chaplin, but ill-health has made him quit the screen for some time.

Of the rest, the only ones who can get a laugh out of me are our quaint, accented friends, Leo Carrillo and Mischa Auer, wisely retained in the ranks of the featured players, and greatly profiting thereby.

The very similar Marx Brothers and Ritz Brothers leave me cold with their too-broad slapstick and destructive mania. I think of Harold Lloyd—and sigh! Laurel and Hardy as comedy *relief* are fairly amusing, but as stars in their own right—no, sir!

Eddie Cantor's always hidden by "lovelies," and Wheeler and Woolsey have faded out—that eternal cigar of theirs must have at last burned away.

The time's certainly ripe for a real laughter-maker. He'd walk to the top!—*C. D. Robinson, c/o* 65 *Baret Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,* 6, *who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

Poetry on Celluloid

● In recent years films have discovered the poets. Perhaps it was Ronald Colman who began the cycle in *Cynara*, when he found an alibi for faithlessness in Ernest Dowson's lines "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion."

To-day, heroes in moments of stress take a deep breath and plunge into poetry. Leslie Howard cornered Shakespeare's "This blessed spot . . ." in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, and had an option on Francois Villon in *The Petrified Forest.*

Henley's poem on England turned up as a source of encouragement in the torture chamber scene of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.* Longfellow Deeds, in the person of Gary Cooper, scorned the poet he was named after, and wrote his own.

Knight Without Armour has Robert Donat dodging Reds and Whites in order to pause a moment and quote Browning. Even *Souls At Sea* slips in some verse between fires at sea.

But the star who gives the best recitation of all is a duck. Brickbats and tomatoes cannot stop Donald's masterly rendering of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."—*A. Thomas,* 16 *Heol Madoc, Whitchurch, Cardiff, who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Fiftyish Replies

● I should like to reply to "Fifty" and her comments re sober films and otherwise.

My wife and I are over fifty—but we still have some romance and sentiment in us.

We agree it's nice to see sensible films like *Dodsworth*, but we must think of the romantic ones, the imaginative ones, too. Take *Lost Horizon*; that picture gave us food for thought.

If we continually see practical films without some nice sloppy love scenes, we should get dissatisfied and so would "Fifty."

Anyway, there's always plenty to choose from, so one must go accordingly.—*William Henry James,* 45 *The Grove, Gravesend, Kent.*

Guided

● You were asking for more letters from "Fiftyishes," so here's one.

I am a teacher of music by profession and, incidentally, a widow, who visits a kinema twice a week, finding that the best mode of relaxation and recreation after the labours of the day, and pleasant forgetfulness (for the time being) of past troubles.

For a number of years PICTUREGOER has been my unfailing guide, and if one of the local kinemas is showing a picture to which your critic has given three or four stars, I know that I can anticipate spending a specially enjoyable evening. —*Elsie V. Richardson,* 75 *Rectory Road, Sutton Coldfield, Birmingham.*

[*We aim to please!*—"*Thinker.*"]

Modern Heroes

● A thrill of pride went through my picture-going frame when I read of the Universal camera-man keeping on with his job on board the

(*Continued on page* 26)



NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

ARE SMARTEST FOR YOUR NAILS!

Women of fashion everywhere were quick to adopt the vogue for Cutex "smoky" shades that started on the Continent. You're sure to like them, too, because their soft, vibrant glow is flattering to your fingertips. Ask to see Cutex "Old Rose," "Light Rust," "Rust," "Robin Red." All new shades come in the improved Cutex Polish which applies easier and wears longer without chipping or peeling. Made in Great Britain. 1/6 and 9d.



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HE will long to take you in his arms. He will be thrilled by the exotic glamour of YOUR lips.

You can make all this happen tonight—by giving your lips all the allure of the Hollywood Film Stars. By using their secret—the wonderful Kissproof *Automatic* Lipstick.

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NEW AUTOMATIC *Indelible* LIPSTICK

When you wake with
"MORNING MOUTH"
there's something wrong!

A foul-tasting mouth when you wake in the morning means that your system contains poisonous food waste matter which has no right to be there! "Morning mouth"—along with bad breath and coated tongue—are sure signs of stomach disorder or constipation. You are being *poisoned*, causing bad skin, headaches, loss of vitality, flatulence, depression, rheumatism. Let Feen-a-mint cleanse your system. Let Feen-a-mint give you a clear complexion, bright eyes and "sweet" breath. Feen-a-mint works the way Nature intended—safely and thoroughly—because it mixes with the saliva and is carried *naturally* through the whole digestive system. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist *to-day*—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample, to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. D.1), 143 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.



Thinks she's whitening her teeth . . . *actually she's* wearing them away

Are *you* making her mistake? If the paste or powder you use is at all abrasive, it's likely to wear away that thin film of enamel which is Nature's only protection against decay. And there *are* dentifrices so abrasive that Dentists can tell at a glance what you've been using.

You can quite easily prove whether your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists recognise as the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send the coupon below for a sample tube free). Put them both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present one seems to have the least sign of grittiness, don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

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NOT YOUR TURN FOR A COLD!



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'ASPRO' WILL KEEP YOU COLD-PROOF

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Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

WONDERFUL RECOVERY FROM 'FLU

B.M.S. writes from London, S.W.16.

"I would very much like to express my gratitude for such a wonderful recovery from 'flu. I am feeling very well again now. I was with friends at a party and was taken ill with 'flu. I could not go back to my place until the following morning.

A friend gave me two 'ASPRO' tablets with a cup of hot lemon. He also gave me a small box of tablets and then I was in bed for one day only. I was then able to carry on with my work feeling myself again, thanks to 'ASPRO' tablets, and I shall never be without them."

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W. T. WILKINSON.

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Dear Sir,

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AGNES WATSON (Mrs.).

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COLDS
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IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
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What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

stricken *Panay*, even after the decks were awash.

Camera-men seem to be the Cinderellas of cinema—they do all the work, and get little credit-titling.

Now it seems they are fit to take their place beside the uncounted wireless operators, who keep on in the face of the gravest danger.

I myself, though I could reel off the names of a dozen great directors, and perhaps hundreds of film-acting names, cannot to save my life name more than two camera-men: James Wong (Howe?) and Charles Rosher, and they are remembered only because the first is a Chinaman (Chinese?) and the claim of the second to fame is because of being (*a*) Mary Pickford's ex-cameraman, and (*b*) Joan Marsh's father.

Here's wishing the best of luck to the Universal news-man, who not only "carried on" in the face of great danger, but also cast lustre on his profession!—*"Thumbs Up," Monmouthshire.*

[*Certainly the non-combatant in a war-zone requires a very special kind of courage.—"Thinker."*]

Hush, Please!

● Here's a "Fiftyish"—very—and you've asked for it, "Thinker."

There's a beautiful drawing-room all set in this film. *He* has lured *her* there to tell her the old, old story. It's an embarrassing moment; (according to the script) he doesn't know quite how to start.

So, having a beautiful voice, he goes over to the piano (there's always one of those to help out), sits down, turns to her his love-lit eyes, and softly voices his sentiments thus.

Why, oh, why at this touching moment must we be distracted by the strains of a whole band?

Can't he get through without? And where is that band? In the kitchen?

This sort of thing does not happen on the legitimate stage. There, the band, at this scene, go out and—er—rest.

Now tell me I'm much too, *too* "fiftyish," "Thinker."—*Mrs. Harper, 70 Leslie Road, Forest Fields, Nottingham.*

[*Well, I'm not fifty, but I agree with you.—"Thinker."*]

Competition

● It would be difficult to imagine two feature films occurring in the same week that differ more widely in subject matter, appeal, and treatment, than *Oh, Mr. Porter*, and *The Good Earth*, or a more unique opportunity of observing whether the public prefer serious or light entertainment.

Judging by the record crowds besieging a newly-erected super cinema in this district, it would seem that Mr. Hay's latest contribution to national screen humour is far more welcome than the brilliant M.-G.-M. adaptation of Pearl Buck's novel which, incidentally, has enjoyed the benefits of a much larger advertising campaign.

A smaller cinema immediately opposite (one of the old type, minus the luxury comforts of its modern successor), featured *The Good Earth*, and had a noticeably poor attendance. I am wondering whether this indicates that a weak plot with broad humour plus comfort, is more attractive to the majority than a film of serious importance, finely acted and brilliantly photographed, but seen amid surroundings less opulent.—*Geoffrey P. Wheeler, 603a High Road, North Finchley, N.12.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

Who's Who

Joan Marion

● Tasmania, which claims Merle Oberon as its own, was also the birthplace of Joan Marion Nicholls, to give her her real name.

Joan's father was a mining engineer and he happened to be working in Australia's "Apple Island" at the time.

She was educated in England, however, at a private school at Harrow, and early developed an ambition to become an actress. She was seventeen when she started haunting the agencies. Casting directors told her she was too young, but perseverance eventually won and she secured a role in a stage revival of *Charley's Aunt*. After having toured the British Isles and Canada in this famous comedy and spent a year touring England in *The Silent House*, she arrived in the West End, appearing in several Walter Hackett plays. She then scored a success in *Men in White*.

Joan made her screen début in the screen version of the all-woman play *Nine Till Six*, and had her first big film part in *Out of the Past*. More recently she has done well in *Sensation* and *For Valour*.

The actress has dark hair and grey eyes and is 5 ft. 7 in. tall. She celebrates her birthday on September 27.

Garry Marsh

● This prince of British film villains was born at St. Margaret's-on-Thames on May 21, 1902, and was originally destined for the Navy. Instead, he joined the Army at the outbreak of war—at the age of twelve! He nearly got away with it, too. At any rate he had trained for some months before his real age was discovered.

He then tried his hand at farming, but a burnt hayrick put a summary end to his career as an agriculturist and he found himself back in the school classroom for another year.

At the end of this period he got a part in a music hall sketch which took him touring for three years. Unfortunately, he developed tuberculosis. A friend, hearing of his plight, however, got him a part in an *If Winter Comes* company due to tour Australia. Two years of Australia's sunshine, combined with medical treatment, put him on his feet physically, but left him without any money and he worked his passage home to England.

For half a dozen years or so thereafter he toured the country playing leading roles in most of the successful plays of the day.

Like many theatre people, he was prejudiced against "the pictures," but was eventually persuaded to have a shot at them and started by playing a small part in *Night Birds*. The experience converted him to films and he has been one of the hardest-worked actors in our studios ever since.

Recently he has been seen in *The Man in the Mirror*, *All In*, *It's a Grand Old World*, *The Vicar of Bray*, *The Angelus*, *A Romance in Flanders*, *Leave it to Me* and *Intimate Relations*.

In most of his films he has played villains, but unlike many heavies he has no yearnings to be the noble hero.

Garry is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and brown eyes.

PERFECT PAIR

Do you know the perfect pair of the screen? Barbara Allen and Don Stannard are the two chosen by Gaumont British Instructional for their new series of six health and strength films—four of which are already released and now showing at various centres in Britain.

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Here you will find 28 "points" for health, and you are asked to choose the 12 phrases, the combined effect of which would best help to promote health and fitness. An entry form appears in the "Daily Herald" each day—enter this great competition and your health opinions may win you £2,500!

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I HADN'T realised, you see, how even after the hot sticky summer is over a cinema can make one—well, offend. I use Odo-ro-no of course in the summer, but in winter I'd trusted to the good honest bath to keep me fresh. But—it just doesn't. Perspiration stales and becomes unpleasant so very soon. So now I *always* use Odo-ro-no — and keep fresh all day.

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Perspiration is sure to ruin your clothes, too—one evening in a hot dance-place may spoil a dress completely, unless you use Odo-ro-no. Save your clothes—and save yourself, too.

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LET GEORGE DO IT!

T. B. (Dublin).—Deanna Durbin, b. Dec. 4, 1922, Winnipeg, Canada, she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 100 lb., has blue eyes and brown hair. She is at present making *Mad About Music* for Universal Studios (U.S.A.).

MEG (Stafford).—No, Gordon Elliot did not appear in *Smoke Tree Range*. John Elliott took the part of Jim Cary in that film. (2) No, Basil and Sylvia Sidney are not related to each other. (3) Birthdates and real names (where obtainable) as follows: Leo Carrillo, b. Aug. 6 (no year given); Basil Sydney is about 43 years old; Douglas Fairbanks, jun. (own name), b. Dec. 9, 1907; Robert Donat (own name), b. March 18, 1905; Paul Cavanagh, b. Dec. 8, 1895; John Barrymore (own name), b. Feb. 15, 1882; Rex Harrison, b. 1908; Eddie Cantor, b. Jan. 31, 1893; Errol Flynn (own name), b. June 20, 1909; Sylvia Sidney, b. Aug. 8, 1910; Nova Pilbeam (own name), b. Nov. 13, 1919; Jean Arthur, real name Gladys Green, b. Oct. 17, 1908; Jean Parker, real name Mae Green, b. Aug. 11, 1915; Miriam Hopkins, b. Oct. 18, 1902.

K. H. (Liverpool).—(1) Birthdates and latest films: Gary Cooper, b. May 7, 1901, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*; Robert Taylor, b. Aug. 5, 1911, *A Yank at Oxford*; John Loder, b. Jan. 3, 1898, *Owd Bob*; Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904, *Hollywood Hotel*; Joel McCrea, b. Nov. 5, 1905, *Wells Fargo*; Ray Milland, b. Jan. 3, 1905, *Wise Girl*.

SIX NOTTINGHAM LOVELIES.—Errol Flynn, b. County Antrim, Ireland, June 20, 1909, he has brown hair and eyes and is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, married Lili Damita. His father was a professor of biology at Queen's College, Belfast and Trinity College, Dublin. One of his ancestors was Fletcher Christian who led the mutiny on the Bounty. He was educated in Paris, at St. Paul's School, England and at Trinity College, Dublin. Yes, he is under contract to Warner Bros. (U.S.A.). His photograph is obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen. His scheduled films include: *Sister Act*, with Olivia de Havilland, Margaret Lindsay, Anita Louise and Gloria Dickson, and a film based on the life of the *Rajah of Sarawak*.

ANNABELLA FAN.—We published a centre spread of *Wings of the Morning* in the Oct. 3, 1936, issue and the story of the film in the June 19, 1937, issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept. 6, Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (2) Judy Garland, b. Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 1923, real name Frances Gumm, has brown hair and eyes and is 4 ft. 7 in. tall and weighs 95 lb. at the moment.

WORRIED IRISH.—(1) Alice Faye recently married Tony Martin. She has not been married before. They have appeared together in the following films: *Sing, Baby, Sing*, *You Can't Have Everything*, and *Sally Irene, and Mary*. Write to them both c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. (2) No, Tony Martin did not appear in *Charlie Chan at the Olympics*.

D. H. (S. Shields).—Music in *Maytime*: "Will You Remember," by Romberg; duet, "Les filles de Cadix," "Le Regiment de sembre et Meuse," sung by Jeanette MacDonald; "The Fat Primadonna," sung by Nelson Eddy. *Rose Marie*: "Indian Love Call"; theme from Opera, by Gounod "Juliet's Waltz," by Gounod; "Pardon Me, Madam"; "The Mounties"; "St. Louis Blues"; "Dinah"; "Some of These Days" "Rose Marie I Love You"; "Just For You"; "Three Blind Mice"; Finale, Act 3, "Tosca"; "Tes yeux"; Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice"; "Trees." *Firefly*: "Love is Like a Firefly"; "He Who Loves and Runs Away"; "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart," sung by Jeanette MacDonald; "The Donkey Serenade," sung by Allan Jones; "Giannina Mia" and "Sympathy" duet, sung by Allan Jones and Jeanette MacDonald.

V. E. (Claremont).—George Houston took the part of Leon Alba in *Let's Sing Again*. He was b. Jan., 1900, Hampton, New Jersey. He has brown eyes and thick black hair, weighs 190 lb., and is 6 ft. 2 in. tall; married Leone Sousa. (2) Yes, the cast of *King Solomon's Mines* went on location to Africa when making the film.

J. C. (Sheffield).—You are quite correct, the piece of music played on the piano in *Camille* was "Invitation to the Waltz," by Weber.

A. D. (N.13).—Release dates: *Angel*, April 25, 1938, and *Let's Get Married (Weather or No)*, Jan. 3, 1938.

A. G. B. (London).—Dick Powell, b. Nov. 14, 1904, Pittsburgh; married Joan Blondell. His films since 1936 include *Colleen, Hearts Divided, Stage Struck, Gold-diggers of 1937, On the Avenue, The Singing Marine, Varsity Show, Hollywood Hotel*. (2) Al Jolson b. May 26, 1886, Washington. No film since *The Singing Kid*.

PATTERSON (Norwich).—Music in *Woman of Glamour*, "Waltz Ainta," "Martha," "Morning," "I Live In My Dreams," "Il Trovatore," "Gentleness," "Alley Love Scene," "Elsa Waltz," "Monday Foxtrot," "Venture"; music in *The Sea Spoilers* is all incidental and not published. (2) Elizabeth Allan, b. Skegness not Norwich. (3) Centre spreads, *Captain Blood*, Feb. 22, 1936; *Mata Hari*, April 9, 1932.

MERRILL (Herne Bay).—No, Merle Oberon is not married. You can write to her c/o London Film Productions, where she is making *Over the Moon*. (2) Patricia Ellis, b. 1915; she is American. She has recently made *Paradise For Two* with Jack Hulbert.

DURBIN FAN.—Write to Gerald P. Ellis, Ray Lodge, Sussex Place, Slough, for particulars of the Deanna Durbin Fan Club.

DENISE (Huntingdon).—Jimmy Hanley took the part of Jack Owen in *Cotton Queen*. He was born Oct. 22, 1918, Sutton, Surrey, and has fair hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 11 in. tall. His latest films include: *Landslide, Night Ride* and *The Housemasters*. Write to him c/o Gaumont British Studios.

M. P. (Malta).—(1) Birthdates and latest films: Florence Rice b. Feb. 14, 1911; *Double Wedding, Navy Blue and Gold, Three Men in the Snow*. Anne Shirley, b. 1919; *Stella Dallas*; *Crime*, Eleanor Whitney, b. April 21, 1917; *Thrill of a Lifetime*. (2) Joseph Calleia is to appear in *Marie Antoinette*. (3) Yes, the Talkie Title Tales Competition is open to all readers of this magazine. (4) We have no details of a fan club for Anne Shirley.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

A fan club has recently been formed in honour of VERA LYNN, the charming vocalist singing with Ambrose and His Orchestra. Members of this club are given the latest news about Miss Lynn and details of her latest broadcasts and recordings. With all her admirers write for details to Miss Vera Puckey, 108 Farrant Avenue, Wood Green, London, N.22.

• • •

We have now received details of the GEORGE ELRICK FAN CLUB, which is run by Miss Joan Funnell, Station House, Wandsworth Common, S.W.22, to whom all interested readers should write for full particulars. The Club has its own magazine and by becoming a member of it you can obtain all the latest news about George Elrick.

• • •

THE CHESTER MORRIS CLUB requires still more members. This club recently held its first competition, the first prize, which entitled the lucky winner to membership in the Picturegoer Postcard Club, was won by Miss Kathleen Cull, of Kentish Town, London. A new competition will shortly be announced to members. Readers wishing to join should write for particulars at once to Bradley Dix, 8 Starton Street, off Lindley Road, Bradford, Yorks.

Film fans residing in Slough, Maidenhead, Windsor and surrounding districts are invited to join the UNITED FILM FAN CLUB. Hikes, visits to London theatres and club meetings are arranged, and the club runs a penfriendship section which is open to all members. For full details, write to Gerald Ellis, 5 Central Buildings, High Street, Slough, Bucks.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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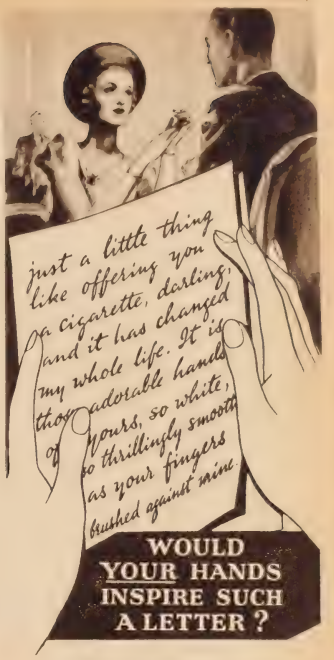
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Next time you buy powder ask to see the lovely 'Air Spun' shades — especially the new Miblonde and Brunat. If you like a bargain ask for the 2/3 size. It gives you twice as much powder as the 1/3 box. From your usual shop or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, London.



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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

LITTLE and often is the best maxim for beauty treatment, by which I mean that it is far more effective to spend 15 minutes a day upon beauty culture, than a couple of hours intensive treatment once a week.

Too many searchers after beauty are apt to think that something expensive out of a pot will perform a miracle. Now, I am not decrying the preparation from the pot—far from it—but whatever it is it must be used with patience and regularity. You do your share of the culture and the good beauty preparations of to-day will do the rest.

Spend fifteen minutes each day—never missing, and you will be surprised at the improved looking individual that will be reflected in your mirror at the end of the month.

If you are not in the habit of careful grooming, what about a professional treatment to begin. Have a good facial, your eyebrows tidied, your nails manicured, and your hair shampooed and set, and carry on from such a promising beginning.

You will need to furnish for yourself a little beauty box to begin.

You need a pair of good tweezers, some cotton wool, some paper tissues, a bottle of complexion milk, a skin tonic and a good feeding cream, as well as a little eyebrow brush and comb.

Having had your eyebrows tidied, don't let them get straggly again. It is better to pull out an untidy hair a day than leave it till there are a number to be extracted. It is painless if done like this, particularly if you have bathed the brows first with warm water, and then dabbed them with a mild antiseptic.

Keep them to the line in which the beauty expert plucked them. Boil up your forceps before use. With thumb and forefinger of left hand pinch up the skin towards the tweezers. With tweezers held in the right hand grip the hair where it enters the skin and pull quickly in the direction in which it grows. This prevents the hair from breaking off short at the skin and so leaving an ugly black dot. After plucking dab on a little calomine lotion.

To groom the brows use the little brush and comb and a wee bit of vaseline

The next operation of your fifteen-minute treatment is to cleanse the skin of face and neck.

Use your complexion milk and apply it on a pad of cotton wool wrung out of cold water. This economises in the use of the milk, for it will not soak into the pad. Then you can briskly pat in some skin tonic.

Follow this with several minutes of soothing massage with a good skin food. For your massage you must use the finger-tips with small upward and outward movements. Let the movements be firm but never so vigorous as to stretch the skin. All movements should be upward in direction for the aim of the massage is to counteract any tendency there may be on the part of the muscles towards sagging.

Pay special attention to the parts where lines are apt to develop, that is, around the eyes, on the forehead, or from nose to mouth. Remove all surplus cream from the face with a paper tissue. If your skin is very dry, omit the skin tonic and dash plenty of cold water over the face after the feeding cream. This is all the astringent a delicate skin needs.

Finger nails need daily attention. If necessary re-shape with an emery board. Push back the cuticles, and renew the varnish when required. If your nails tend to be brittle, it is as well to remove the varnish each night, to give the nails a chance to breathe. Then a nail nourishing cream should be applied to work while one sleeps.

Always during the winter you will give your hands a nightly treatment with hand cream. It also helps the hands if they get a little hand lotion or cream after washing. It keeps the skin from getting that grimed wintry look and also keeps the nails in condition.

Then, please, do finish up your nightly beauty routine by brushing your hair. I know there is a terrible temptation to pat the curls into place and adjust a net or sleeping cap with the least amount of disarrangement to the hair. But believe me, it will not do. Neglect the hair-brush now and you are going to rue it when you are thirty.

Most girls past the adolescent stage tend to suffer from dry hair. Combat this with the hair-brush, and a good rubber-cushioned brush, too.

Inquirer (Liverpool).—Flaky skin on the upper arms may be cured with equal parts of almond meal and powdered pumice. Keep a pot in the bathroom. Whenever you wash, wet a stiff brush, sprinkle on the mixture and scrub the arms. After drying, finish up with a good hand lotion.

◆ ◆ ◆

Tessa (Brighton).—There is a good Snow lotion which may be used as a foundation for camouflaging spots and the scars left by blackheads. It is an antiseptic and also helps on with the good work of healing.

◆ ◆ ◆

M. B. (Haywards Heath).—You can make a skin tonic by mixing two parts each of witch hazel and rosewater, with one part of distilled water. Buy the latter from the chemist.

◆ ◆ ◆

Short (Omahan).—After the age of 21, it is improbable that you will grow any more. When once the bone ends have ossified, further growth is impossible.

◆ ◆ ◆

ANY query you may care to send, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, will bring a quick postal reply. Address your letter to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Willis Toogood, Lennoxlove, Haddington, Scotland, for:—

Big City
Little Fella
Fog
Can You Hear Me, Mother?

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Miss L. Driver, 40 Melbourne Street, Northampton, for:—

Someone at the Door
It's a Cop
Have You Come for Me?
You Said a Mouthful

Miss E. B. Atkinson, 9 Council Houses, Churchover, near Rugby, Warwicks., for:—

Small Town Girl
Stage Struck
Once in a Million
Dreams Come True

Miss J. M. Hanmer, Ebenezer Road, Wynberg, Cape Town, S.A., for

Improper Duchess
Blackmail
Embarrassing Moments
I Promise to Pay

L. Sanderson, c/o 21 Abbey Grove, Wells Road, Nottingham, for

Down the Stretch
Ever Since Eve
Woman Chases Man
The Poor Nut

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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GRETA

Many say this is her most charming Postcard Portrait. It's just arrived!

★ The new cards which arrived at "The Picturegoer" Salon a week ago have won pæans of praise from those who recognise artistry and superb finish. They substantiate "The Picturegoer's" claim of producing the finest postcards of film stars in the world. Have you got the latest free list No. 72?

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By joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5s. album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in blue rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. per dozen. Choose your cards from the list given below or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2s. 6d. per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list sent free.



ALL NEW CARDS—SEPIA GLOSSY

Annabella; Wendy Barrie; Jane Carr; Jean Colin; Marlene Dietrich (3 poses); Ann Dvorak; Douglas Fairbanks, jun.; Greta Garbo (3 poses); Greer Garson; John Gielgud; Josephine Hutchinson; Billy and Bobby Mauch; Doris Nolan; Jean Parker; Florence Rice; James Stewart; Robert Taylor (7 poses); Spencer Tracey; Conrad Veidt; Fay Wray.

PARTNERS, SEPIA AND COLOURED

Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll (2 poses); Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan.

COLOURGRAPH SERIES

Annabella; Virginia Bruce; Ronald Colman; Nelson Eddy; Greta Garbo (2 poses); Fredric March; Anna-May Wong.

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"For years it was misery for me to walk; my legs and insteps would swell, and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle, and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto, and after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful." *Mrs. L——, S——.*

Read What Other Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I have suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved." Etc., etc.

I Simply Must Sit Down

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know It? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered It?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

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Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to retore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health.* Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, but a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Take Elasto For—

Painful and Swollen Veins (Varicose Veins), Bad Leg Eczema, Phlebitis, Heart Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Piles, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis) and all Disorders due to Bad Circulation.

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Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2d. WEEKLY



Dorothy LAMOUR

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NON-LOCAL GIRL Makes GOOD

• An Open Letter to SONJA HENIE



Sonja Henie as she appears in her new picture "Hot and Happy."

DEAR SONJA HENIE,

We suppose that congratulations are in order. With *Lovely to Look At*, which is generally released in this country next week, you have survived the well-known "second picture" hazard that has proved fatal to so many stars who win film fame overnight. We might also include Mr. Darryl Zanuck, who doubtless lost a lot of beauty sleep before he was able to receive the public verdict that *One in a Million* was just not another of those flash-in-the-pan successes, in the felicitations. Few feminine stars in recent years have achieved so much in so little time. With only two pictures behind you, you have already outstripped many of the long established glamour queens and established yourself among the dozen biggest box-office magnets in movies.

What is perhaps even more important, you have succeeded in upsetting a tradition that is nearly as old as pictures. Previously, the people imported into the studios on the strength of fame won in other walks of life than the acting profession have provided the history of Hollywood with one of its most melancholy chapters. Few "non-local" boys in this sense have made good. Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier, Benny Leonard and, more recently, Max Baer and Jack Doyle, brought to the studios amid appropriate fanfares, all did their stuff for the camera without causing the reigning stellar kings and queens any sleepless nights. Johnny Mack Brown and scores of other football and running track celebrities have tried their hands at films in the last few years without causing any sensation. In fact, ex-Olympic champions are two a penny in Hollywood.

And it is almost impossible to heave a roll in a Hollywood restaurant without hitting a waitress who once had her little hour of glory and hope of film stardom as a beauty contest winner.

Nearly all of them failed because they took their own fame (always a fragile commodity) seriously enough to believe the optimistic promises of producers who were really only interested in cashing in on their names while the cashing in was good, and did not bother to do anything about equipping themselves for the needs of screen work.

The most pleasing feature of your success from our point of view is that while you actually came into films as a "stunt" star, you were determined from the outset to take up the screen as a serious career, not merely to "clean up" quickly and make tracks for home.

How seriously you regarded film work we can appreciate from the fact, generally considered a publicity stunt at the time, that when you first arrived in Hollywood, you placed a prohibitive price on your services as a skating act.

To all offers you replied: "If you will build me up as an actress in a specially written story, my price is £6,000. But if you want me to appear in a film with someone else starring and merely wish to show me in my speciality skate-dancing act, my price is £20,000."

And how shrewd a policy it was we can now appreciate by the fact that your new contract calls for three pictures a year at £25,000 a time.

No one will grudge you that personal success. By fitting yourself for the requirements of films and making yourself a real screen asset instead of being content just to coast along on your popularity and skill as an ex-Olympic ice queen, you have earned it—and provided an object lesson for other celebrities from the sports fields to come.

We do not think that even your best friends would claim that you are any Garbo as yet, but at least you have taken pains to improve yourself as an actress, which is a great deal more than can be said for many established screen actresses who have persuaded themselves into the pleasant illusion that they know it all.

The Henie of *Lovely to Look At* certainly is able to rise to the opportunity presented by more "straight" scenes, and is a far more assured and polished performer than the rather limited Henie of *One in a Million*.

In your latest, *Hot and Happy*, we are told that your acting is even less restricted. Carry on the good work.

The Editor

● *All the Gossip*

SEARCHING THE

- 1938 Will Be Re-make Year
- "King of Kings" Again
- Hollywood Manicurist Makes Good
- Chorus Girl Shortage in Studios
- Walt Disney On His Plans



Joan Crawford wears this exotic costume that is reminiscent of her "dancing daughter" days in her new picture, "Mannequin."

THIS is likely to go down to history as re-make year in movies. All the producers are raiding the cinema cemeteries in search of stories that served them well in nights gone by. Many of the films of 1938 will be rehashes of silent successes or those of the early days of sound. Yes they've even got down to disinterring the talkies now.

Metro, for instance, is going to give us another version of *Journey's End*, with Robert Montgomery as Stanhope this time, and *Girl of the Golden West*, which, if we remember rightly, was made with Ann Harding and Harry Bannister some years ago.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy co-star in the new version.

Columbia, incidentally, is re-making another of the Ann Harding successes, *Holiday*. Hollywood is still chuckling over the stories behind its production. Some time ago the astute Harry Cohn, the Columbia chief, made a wholesale purchase for £20,000 of the story material of the old Pathé company.

The Radio studio who owned it, congratulated themselves on having unloaded what it thought was a lot of literary junk, until it discovered that *Holiday* was among them.

Another windfall for Columbia in the package was *The Awful Truth*, which promises to be one of the year's biggest money-spinners.

Despite the consistent failure of revivals of hit silent films to repeat their success, Hollywood continues to persist with them.

Cecil B. de Mille is talking of re-making *King of Kings*. Other scheduled revivals are *Madame Pompadour*, with Ilona Massey in the Dorothy Gish role, *The Sea Wolf*, with Clark Gable succeeding Milton Sills, and *Beau Geste*.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, an early Mary Pickford success and already done once as a talkie with Marion Nixon, was taken down from the shelves, dusted off, and made into a Shirley Temple vehicle.

Twentieth Century-Fox is also doing over *Sally, Irene, and Mary*.

In some cases changed standards of censorship are causing headaches to studio executives. Paramount writers at the moment are struggling with a new script for *The Letter*.

Under the Hays code the lady cannot shoot her husband and escape punishment, as was permitted when Paramount first filmed the story in 1929, with Jeanne Eagels and Herbert Marshall.

The feminine lead will be played by Isa Miranda, the studio's Italian discovery.

Names for the Notebook

● Here's a new name for the notebooks of those of you who like to try their hands at picking the stars of the future:—Marjorie Weaver. Watch for her in *Second Honeymoon*.

Marjorie is one of the few contest-winners to make good in movies. Two years ago she won a competition and a contract at the Warner studio. They sent out a few "leg art" stills of her, gave her a few bits, and then quietly dropped her.

She was about to buy a ticket back to her native Louisville when someone mentioned her name to Darryl Zanuck, who gave her a second chance.

After creating a surprise hit in *Second Honeymoon* she was given a good role in *Sally, Irene and Mary*, and they say at Twentieth Century-Fox that she will almost certainly go on to stardom.

At the same studio they are talking of the bright prospects of Arlene Whalen. Not so long ago Arlene was an unknown Hollywood manicurist. The other day she stepped on to a sound stage as the principal feminine player in *Kidnapped*, the screen version of the R. L. Stephenson classic, with that fine young Scottish gentleman, Warner Baxter, as Alan Breck, and Freddie Bartholomew as David Balfour.

Chorus Girl Shortage

● Hollywood is facing a chorus girl famine, as well as a glamour girl shortage.

Figures supplied by Dance Director Dave Gould show that 500 dancers were married since the first of last year. Out of these only fifty have continued to work in pictures.

"And the sad part is the best-looking girls are the ones who are marrying," Gould complains.

In other years, Gould found that less than a hundred girls married in a single year.

"The lifting of the depression might help the marriage market, but it doesn't help a dance director," he added.

Like Mme. Albertina Rasch, on *Rosalie*, Gould now insists that the girls in *Everybody Sing* sign no-marriage clauses.

"Mickey" As Usual

● My mail bag is being swollen by letters from fans who are afraid that Disney's success with *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* will mean a falling off in the Mickey Mouse and Silly Symphony output. I can reassure picturegoers.

Disney says that he will make only one full-length cartoon every 18 months, a period that will necessitate no rush to meet a release date and no cutting down of his shorts programme.

CINEMA CEMETERIES

Snow White has had "rave" notices in Hollywood, where its only critic seems to be Disney himself, a severe judge of his own work.

The main difficulty, of course, was that while the public could not be critical of the action of animals because no one knows just what a mouse would look like when he smiled, human expressions must be true to life.

Walt learned a lot during the production of the picture. He had not essayed the human figure before, and a certain lack of precision in movement at first annoyed him.

As a result of a device which he built, the standard figures, which in the early part of *Snow White* were drawn but two and a quarter inches tall, were expanded to eighteen inches.

This allowed the animators a greater latitude in developing expressions which must be shown by line and not by shading, and which must rely upon the movement of the features.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

STRANGE CHAPLIN RUMOURS

A RUMOUR is in circulation that Paulette Goddard will seek a divorce from Charlie Chaplin, although neither has admitted that a marriage has taken place. The general opinion is that the couple are husband and wife.

Paulette recently lost her grandmother, Mrs. Mary Levy, who died in Salt Lake City shortly before Christmas.

The young actress's father, J. R. Levy, lives in New York City.

In the meanwhile Mildred Harris, Chaplin's first wife, is appearing in burlesque theatres, hoping thereby to win back her place in the movies. She does an impersonation of Garbo, while a comedian on the same bill is made up to resemble Chaplin. Mildred is now in her thirties.

Frightened Stars

● Carole Lombard's many friends in the film colony are regarding her with wary eyes, while Carole, I feel sure, would like to do something unpleasant to Terry De Lapp, publicity director of the Paramount studio.

Mr. De Lapp spent three hours in conference with Carole, and the next day suffered an attack of chicken-pox, caught from his young son.

The publicity director had suffered a similar illness when he was a child, and thought he was immune.

Carole rushed to her doctor, who cheerily told her that chicken-pox symptoms might develop in three weeks and to try to avoid passing them on to other people.

The studio is holding up work on Carole's scenes, as the executives fear she might send the entire company into quarantine.

Wealthy Worker

● Freddie Bartholomew's weekly allowance of one dollar has caused him to take up carpentry as a hobby.

The young English star has put up a small carpenter's shop in the garage of his home, and is busy making presents for his relatives and friends.

One special construction job in his shop is a large book-case he is building for the studio school.

Other things under construction are a footstool, two tie racks and a lamp stand.

Off To Gaol

● John Timny, the farm boy who was convicted of attempting to extort $1,000 from Marion Davies by writing a threatening letter, was sentenced to four years in prison by Federal Judge Cosgrave.

Several individuals have been sent to gaol for writing threatening letters to stars, but there always seem to be people who believe they can elude the long arm of the Federal Government when they try to "shake down" the movie celebrities.

Honouring A Star

● Erection of a bronze tablet marking the house in which Carole Lombard was born, took place at Fort Wayne, Indiana, recently.

City officials and members of civic organisations gathered at the old frame house at 704 Rockhill Street, to witness the erection of the first inscription ever to mark permanently the birthplace of a screen celebrity.

Carole herself wasn't there. She was in Hollywood.

A New Angle

● Autograph hunters have discovered a new method of contacting stars instead of wearily standing in front of a theatre for hours waiting for the celebrities to come out.

The plan is to write to radio broadcasting stations asking for two tickets to a broadcast. These tickets are given out free, and the broadcasts are heard in former theatrical houses leased by the radio chain.

At a recent broadcast at the former Music Box Theatre in Hollywood, in which Jack Oakie, Sophie Tucker, Stuart Erwin and Judy King appeared, I was able to listen to some of the fans remark how much more comfortable it was to sit in a theatre seat, free of charge, and wait for the stars when the entertainment was over.

Hollywood Says That—

Charlie Ruggles runs a high-class boarding house for dogs.

◆ ◆ ◆

Clark Gable has had 412 babies named after him in the past two years.

◆ ◆ ◆

Luli Desti has purchased a ranch and plans to raise blooded stock.

◆ ◆ ◆

Lionel Stander has bought an interest in a heavyweight prize-fighter.

◆ ◆ ◆

Joan Blondell is in the market for a race horse.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jack Benny's real name was Benny Kubelsky. He had his name legally made Jack Benny.

◆ ◆ ◆

Olivia de Havilland, sad to say, is learning to play the saxophone.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

WE TURN THE CORNER

REJOICE! For the time, I believe, is past when E. G. Cousins could cover the British studios with his best large white cambric handkerchief and then have enough room to tuck in the edges.

The well-known corner, round which we have been bruising our production sides for some weeks, is now, I believe, safely turned. And if I keep on saying "I believe" and crossing my

(*Continued on page* 6)



Jean Gillie snapped with a friend in the grounds of Pinewood Studios. Jean recently completed "Sweet Devil."



A charming new portrait of the Oriental actress, Lotus Fragrance, who appears in "Incident in Shanghai."

All the Gossip—*contd.*

fingers and touching wood, it's because I've seen so many corners turned in the past and so many more corners reached within a few months.

Anyway, the worst is over for the moment; there are actually ten productions in progress in our studios as I pen these breathless lines, and far, far more lined up ahead, so that I expect by the time even this short month is out we shall have quite a rush of production to the floors.

Promises Kept

● Let's take a dekko at the existing activity first, before passing on to a check-up of the promises, which may or may not be fulfilled.

Actually, however, far more promises are kept nowadays than was the case a few years ago, for very good reasons.

First, most films are based, not on originals, but on literary or dramatic property (that is to say, existing novels and plays), which has to be paid for through the nose.

And few companies, having invested their money in a story, can afford *not* to make a film of it; it may be held up for one reason or another, but sooner or later it generally reaches the screen.

Two of the current productions, for instance, were announced a long time ago, and may seem a little like old news by this time, but both were postponed until an auspicious date.

The first is *No Parking*, which was announced about four months ago and has just got under way at Beaconsfield.

This is one of a series of films which Herbert Wilcox is to produce there for release by British Lion. It has Gordon Harker as a cab tout who is mistaken for an international gangster.

Motorists, Beware !

● Richard Hearne was originally to have been with Harker, but the cast now seems to be composed of Irene Ware, Cyril Smith, Frank Stanmore (whose incomparable Cockney studies are long overdue for a return to the screen), Fred Groves, and George Hayes.

Two directors are concerned with this. One is Jack Raymond, who directed Gordon Harker's last effort, *Blondes for Danger*, and who is directing this one. And another director, Carol Reed, wrote the story.

I hope that title, *No Parking*, won't scare motorists away when it's shown outside the cinemas !

Star of the Circus is a spectacular musical which has been hovering about the Associated British studios at Elstree for goodness knows how long and has just decided to settle.

In this Otto Kruger will have an opportunity to prove his versatility, for after being a benign schoolmaster in *Housemaster* for several weeks, he stepped straight into the role of a sinister illusionist.

I hope they let him do a few really good tricks. It always seems to me that the screen has such marvellous facilities for letting a conjuror really rip, and these are very seldom taken advantage of.

Meany

● They certainly give him at least one very nice miracle to perform. This, I should explain, is one of those circus triangles, in which two men performers are in love with the same girl performer (there seems to be an inevitable attraction between spangles and triangles), and this time Kruger's rival for the hand of Yester, the beautiful dancer, is a world-famous tightrope walker.

And just to be mean, the illusionist makes his rival's tightrope vanish into thin air as he is performing !

Gertrude Michael plays Yester, and the tightrope walker is none other than our friend John Clements, who, having come with a loud noise into films as the Komissar who shot himself all for love of Dietrich in *Knight Without Armour*, and darned nearly coughed himself to pieces in *South Riding*, appears to be in films to stay.

When he is not playing in films he runs the Intimate Theatre at Palmers Green, and recently startled the critics by proving that there was a suburban public for *Hamlet*.

MICKEY MOUSE ANNIVERSARY

As a big surprise for all, the complete story in colour-pictures of Walt Disney's £250,000 film "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" will commence in the second anniversary number of "Mickey Mouse Weekly," out on Friday, February 4.

This is a bumper number which will bring a thrill to all readers. In it will be found full details of a wonderful, entirely novel competition with hundreds of cash prizes for children !

In addition, the front cover of this grand parade of Walt Disney's talent shows a complete Mickey Mouse feature—a brilliant innovation which will be hailed with delight everywhere.

"Mickey Mouse Weekly" now enters its third year in a blaze of fun and merriment. Get a copy to-day and see what a big budget of smiles is in its 12 large pages !

Limbering

● Gertrude Michael has been working very hard for this production, for she refused to have a double for her dances, and although she has not done any stage dancing since she was a little girl, she has been busy reminding herself how to do it—and being reminded also by Madame Sokolov, a well-known dancing teacher, who "put her through it" for three weeks before the film went on the floor.

She apparently loosened-up to some purpose, for Madame Sokolov wants her to give up her screen work and concentrate on dancing, but I don't think this idea is likely to appeal to Gertrude. After her first day on the horizontal bars and other forms of torture, she might easily have changed her name to Madame Aikolova.

An important comedy role in this film is taken by an important comedy person—Barbara Blair.

Plucky Barbara

● You may remember reading in the public prints about her, the young Broadway actress who put on her own show, *Take It Easy*, at the Palace Theatre, London.

So far from taking it easy, she worked like a galley-slave to make it a success, even taking it off when the critics were found to be against it and putting it on again with alterations.

The only thing she took easy was her defeat.



An interesting composite photograph of the leading players in "Kicking the Moon Around," at Pinewood, showing Evelyn Dall, Ambrose and his Orchestra and Harry Richman with a bevy of dancing girls.



Jimmy Durante demonstrates the well-known sex appeal : the comedian well among the girls on the " Sally, Irene and Mary " set

which she acknowledged with a charming grace and a cheerful philosophy.

She's the kind of person you like to meet, and I hope she'll make a great success of her part in this; incidentally, she's British now, having recently married her financial backer, who is an Englishman.

This is her film debut, and she plays the part of the illusionist's goofy assistant, opposite Gene Sheldon, a young American comedian.

Gene started his professional career when his father, an illusionist, put on a "sawing through a woman" act in a New York circus. Gene was the "woman."

Joyce Barbour is also in this cast (she's certainly plunging right into film work now), and John Turnbull—who has discarded his police-inspector's uniform for once—Patrick Barr, and Dora Gregory.

Albert de Courville is directing this one.

Fox Strikes Out

● Down at Wembley Park I found Fox-British engaged on their most ambitious production to date—a prisoner-of-war story called *Who Goes Next?*

This is another triangular affair, the angles consisting of Barry K. Barnes, Sophie Stewart, and Jack Hawkins.

Barnes, as you may remember, is the comparatively unknown young actor who played the title-role in *The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel* recently, and this is only his second film.

You will find an article about him, by Max Breen, overleaf, so I won't enlarge further on him here.

Sophie Stewart was his lady wife in *Pimpernel*, and she's his heart-throb in this one too; and Jack Hawkins is the hefty young man who played the detective-hero in the successful Gordon Harker film, *The Frog*.

When I arrived at Wembley, Barnes was in the throes of escaping from a German prison-camp, and I must say director Maurice Elvey had made it all realistic enough for anything. The mud and muck and discomfort and suspense took me back with a jolt more years than I care to remember—and to events I don't care to dwell upon, though I can never resist a good war picture.

Meinhart Maur, Andrew Osborn, Roy Findlay, Elizabeth Nolan, Charles Eaton, Alastair McIntyre, Viola Compton, and Frank Birch are all in the cast. I'm interested in young Osborn, having seen him in a play at the Little Theatre, *Strange Barrier*, in which he gave a first-rate performance last year. This is his first film.

A Change of Kit

● A recent addition to the cast of *Over the Moon*, which is drawing to a close now, is Robert Douglas, who changes from the Alpine garb of 1865, which he wore for his role of Edward Whymper in *The Challenge*, to modern mountain togs for this Merle Oberon picture.

He's one of the people who are so kind in helping Merle to unload her newly assumed riches, and most of his scenes with her are played against a background of Swiss mountain scenery and hotels.

This is only his fourth film, and his first appearance in Technicolor. I have a feeling it'll be his best so far.

I always regard Robert Douglas and his wife as one of the handsomest couples in the world of the theatre. She is lovely little Dorothy Hyson—and incidentally a very good actress.

And now for Laughton—and no whiskers.

In his more famous roles Charles has usually been detected lurking coyly in the shrubbery—a beard for *Henry VIII*, a flowing moustache for *Rembrandt* (which he grew himself, from a seedling), a blond wig for *Ruggles of Red Gap*, a wig and false eyelashes for Captain Bligh in *Mutiny on the Bounty* (and in the nurseries of Kensington those eyebrows are still invoked to frighten children to sleep), mutton-chop whiskers for *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

Unadorned

● Now he is to appear positively unadorned—not only without foliage, but even minus make-up—for his role as a busker in his new film, *St. Martin's Lane*; so you will know at last what your Charles really looks like.

But don't run away with the idea that he usually dresses as he does in the film. It's true his garb in private life is often unorthodox, but he doesn't wear a cheap cloth cap, a bandana neckerchief, a poacher's coat, a navvy's belt and tight-fitting trousers, as he does for this film.

He picked up all this finery in various second-hand stores, and when I saw him thus accoutred and bedizened in the Elstree studios recently, in spite of his lack of make-up I hardly recognised him.

St. Martin's Lane, an original story of London's theatre world specially written by Clemence Dane for Charles Laughton, is being produced by Erich Pommer for Mayflower, and the director is Tim Whelan, who did his best work for Pommer in *Farewell Again*.

Rumbled

● Talking about Laughton and whiskers, he had a sad experience in a hotel in Switzerland, where he was staying for Christmas.

The management asked him to appear as Santa Claus at a children's party in the hotel. "They'll never recognise you in a Father Christmas beard," he was told, and weakly he consented.

But the children were all Laughton fans, and recognised their favourite rather more easily with his face-fungus than they would have without; and with a chorus of "That's not Santa Claus, it's Charles Laughton!" they rushed at him with autograph books.

So perhaps that's why he isn't wearing any disguise in his new film; maybe he hopes you won't recognise him.

And now I'm getting near the end of my allotted space, and unless I'm going to overflow on to page 8 and cause a traffic jam, I'm afraid I shan't be able to tell you about *Lover's Knot*, or *Almost a Honeymoon*, or *John Halifax, Gentleman*, or *Convict 99*—nor about the new products lined up ahead.

However, if you'll overlook it this once and gather round this page next week, I'll strain every nerve to get it all in.

I swear it; which proves that the present state of the British film industry is enough to make a saint swear.

MAY WE KEEP *Please!*

Hollywood snaps up most of our heroes as soon as they are hatched; a new one whom we should like to keep for a change is described in this article

by Max BREEN

WE want heroes!

One of the crying needs of British production in the last few years has been a supply of young men measuring up to the requirements of a romantic star.

The recipe is simple, but apparently too exacting.

He must be young—not more than 30.

He must be good-looking, though an absolute Adonis is not insisted upon, which perhaps is just as well.

He must be tall and reasonably muscular, but athletic and "limber" as well (all-in wrestlers with torsos like wardrobes need not apply).

He must be sympathetic and charming—and since most charm derives from sympathy this is an easy combination.

He must be free from conceit—or at any rate it must not show on the screen. As compared with American audiences we're funny that way.

He must be an actor.

Funny, isn't it, how simple all that sounds? You'd think that among our teeming millions you could pick out by the thousands young men conforming to that simple formula.

Well, perhaps there's one more qualification; and perhaps it's the one that keeps the ranks of recruits thin and extremely select.

He must be so keen on his work, so ambitious, so darned determined to succeed as an actor that nothing will stop him.

We've had a few that seemed to tally at all those points with the ideal—and what's happened to them?

Brian Aherne . . . Errol Flynn . . . Robert Donat . . upon my word I can't think of many more! And of these three, Aherne and Flynn seem irrevocably committed to Hollywood, and, although Bob Donat haunts his native shores with a dogged loyalty that does him credit, our execrable climate lays him open continually to danger from his old enemy, asthma.

So we have to look about us continually for new recruits to fill the meagre ranks; and the latest recruit seems also to be the most promising for many a day. Gentleman name of Barnes.

So far you may know him as the upstart who so far forgot himself as to undertake a role which had previously been played by Leslie Howard—in *The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*.

You wrote in to the PICTUREGOER in your hundreds (I hope you blush to recall it now), complaining about this audacious attempt to foist a new interpreter of the famous character on to an unsuspecting public; but since the film was seen, I must say there has been a marked absence of complaints.

In fact, the general consensus of opinion seems to be that the best thing about the film was that it provided us with a new young he-man star!

So, although this is not perhaps an occasion to hail a triumph of the Scarlet Pimpernel, at least it's a very suitable point at which to sit down quietly for a moment and congratulate ourselves on receiving a new young actor of distinction and promise into our midst.

With which elaborate *alibi* in case, by any chance, that promise fails to mature, let me proceed to a more intimate introduction.

Barry K. Barnes is a Londoner born, having first seen the light of day at Chelsea; but this artistic neighbourhood is not within sound of Bow Bells, so he has no trace of the Cockney.

In fact, his voice is one of his chief assets, being of that sedulously-sought type known as "the international voice"—though really it's just a combination of good Inverness and Clackmannanshire Scots, modified by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art.

His mother was an Inverness woman, and wisely she put her son to school in Scotland—at Dollar Academy, which, for the benefit of the unenlightened, is no indication of the cost of tuition, but a school at the town, or toun, of Dollar.

But the talent that had been born on the banks of Father Thames had to return there.

For a while after leaving school he worked in his father's store-fitting factory and he varied this by driving a lorry.

These activities, however, were only preparatory to his permanent one, which all the time was lying in the patient lap of Fate.

He saw Hugh Wakefield in the West End production of *Storm*, and it sank him. He would be an actor or else.

His parents, conscious perhaps that his talents lay in a direction more romantic than drawing store-fittings and more peripatetic even than lorry-driving, encouraged him; and there followed a spell at the R.A.D.A., where he duly collected a scholarship, a bronze medal and some new slants on acting.

His first professional chance was at the Court Theatre with Charles Laughton in *Paul the First*. Then he went to Hull Repertory for a short season—one of the country's acknowledged cradles of acting talent—and stayed there a year.

He also did a repertory season in Edinburgh, and played a part in *Red Rust* at the Little Theatre in London (where a trapeze-rope broke at rehearsal and let him down with violence, but luckily no bones broken), followed by *The White Assegai* with Godfrey Tearle, which flopped, and *Devonshire Cream* at the Playhouse.

In 1930 he was engaged for *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* with Sir Cedric Hardwicke at the Malvern Festival; and that started something.

On the strength of his performance in *The Barretts* he was engaged to play opposite Margaret Rawlings on a tour of Australia and New Zealand, which occupied more than a year and supplied the young







The new "Pimpernel" and some of the disguises he assumed. (Left) With Andrew Osborn in "Who Goes Next?" (Right) Between shots of "The Pimpernel," Barnes and Anthony Bushell take a cooler on the river at Denham

THIS ONE,



Here are Barry K. Barnes and Sophie Stewart, as "the Blakeneys," discussing their script; and on the left is the subject of this article in private life.

man with very valuable acting experience.

By this time he was becoming a hard-boiled actor; but on the way back to England he was very nearly scrambled, poached, fried, and devilled as well.

For a holiday and a new experience he thought it would be a very good idea to come home on a cargo-ship—a very up-to-date and handsome Norwegian motor-ship called *Taronga*.

There were only half a dozen passengers on board, and Barry had a very pleasant reading, loafing trip as far as Aden. He told me about it over the luncheon-table at the Wembley studios; his manner was dispassionate, not to say nonchalant, but his eye was eloquent; and, indeed it must have been a sticky experience.

"We unloaded cargo at Aden, and left in the small hours of the morning for the Suez Canal; and during the night the cargo in the No. 5 hold aft caught fire—copra, and full of oil.

"The crew yanked a corner of the hatch off, and the stuff blew up and simply dumped the heavy hatch-covers over the side, and we never saw them again. Luckily no one was hurt, beyond one seaman losing most of an eyebrow.

"We had a following wind, and the fire soon spread to the crew's quarters, and ignited the woodwork there. Forty-foot flames were giving us a very useful illumination which we'd rather have been without, and at any moment we expected the flames to spread to the ship's fuel supply-tanks, and then of course we should have gone up and up and up.

"The iron decks got uncomfortably hot; and to add to the excitement, when the hatches blew off the hold, a lot of burning stuff fell on some barrels of tallow that were lashed on the deck with wire hawsers, and they blazed up like Christmas tree candles. Very pretty.

"The Captain put about—so the wind was against the flames and smoke—and made for Perim, which is a small island containing a lighthouse, a wireless-station, and the remnants of a coaling station; but it took us four hours to get there, and, although these were easily the longest four hours I ever spent in my life, I remember every second of them.

"Trouble about a fire at sea is, there's nothing you can *do*. The crew all had their stations, and were behaving with perfect discipline; and all I could do was to pack a suitcase with the things I thought might be most useful; and then I'd stare at it and wonder 'Why should I put in *that* . . . and *that*?' and out they'd come.

"Then I thought I'd better be British and read a book, but that didn't help at all; and all the time Perim seemed to come no nearer.

"We reached it at last, and the ship burned for five days and five nights until she had simply burned herself out.

"I contracted food-poisoning on the island, and had a high fever for a couple of days; and at the end of six days we were taken off by another ship of the fleet and brought to England. I hope to be able to arrange that that shall be my last fire at sea."

Since then he has made a number of stage appearances, including *The Late Christopher Bean* (again with Sir Cedric Hardwicke), the lead opposite Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies in *Flowers of the Forest*—during which he was approached to go to Hollywood, but nothing came of it—and the lead in *The Aunt of England* and *Spring Tide*.

But it was a comedy role in *The Ascent of F6* which brought him into films.

The play was transferred from the Mercury Theatre to the Little in Coronation week, and Arnold Pressburger, a Continental producer who was casting *The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*, spotted him and signed him up; and Alexander Korda put him on long contract.

Since *The Pimpernel* was completed he has played Charles II in the stage play *Thank You, Mr. Pepys* with Edmund Gwenn, but he was obliged to pull out from that, being lent by Alexander Korda to Fox-British for a prisoner-of-war story called *Who Goes Next?*—the most ambitious they have yet done at Wembley.

So he will soon be seen in a romantic costume film and a grim modern drama, and you will be able to make up your minds whether this young actor measures up to the requirements of a star.

And kindly remember it is *you* who have to decide.

Personally I consider he has "the doings" to a marked degree; and I hope Alex Korda will hang on to him like grim death when the inevitable tug-o'-war with Hollywood for his person occurs.

After all, they ought to let us keep just *one*!





A panoramic view of Universal studios, which cover 265 acres of ground.



Right : Shirley Temple at school in a room of the bungalow allotted to the star at the Fox studios. Above : Another room in the dainty suite.



A big feature of the M.-G.-M. studios is the property department, where every conceivable item is card indexed and instantly available.

IT will probably be a surprise to those who have not been to California to learn that most of the famous film studios are not in Hollywood at all.

Warners West Coast studios, for instance, are as I mentioned in a previous article, at Burbank, a good many miles out of town. The addresses of other studios are Beverly Hills and Culver City.

The exceptions, which are really in the few square miles of Hollywood proper, are R.K.O. Radio Pictures, Paramount and Columbia, to name three of the best-known.

Of these I should say that the most interesting, although certainly not the largest, is Columbia, for it is here that you will find Lilian Maseby, the "mother" of the stars. Lilian is a coloured woman who, after many years in service with a Quaker family in Pennsylvania, went to Hollywood as personal maid to Mrs. Frank Borzage and afterwards became matron at the Columbia lot.

Most of the well-known stars, both male and female, have come under the supervision of Lilian's motherly eye at one time or another, and she talks about them not as though they were internationally famous personalities, but as if they were her naughty children.

"George Raft," I remember her telling me. "Well, I guess he's jus' Peck's Bad Boy. He always does the wrong thing, and then he's sure sorry for it quick."

Grace Moore, confesses Lilian, is "difficult."

"Everyone in the studios is afraid of her, 'cos she says dreadful things. But I say to her, 'You really didn't mean that, honey, did yo'?' and she says, 'No, I didn't'—and then things are all right."

Ronald Colman is a "nice gentleman."

"Sometimes, after a hard day's work under the lights, Mr. Colman comes to his dressing-room and I make him lie down and rest. Then I pull the blinds, and he says, 'Lilian, you're marvellous, aren't you?' I don't answer him, but if there are any buttons to be sewn on his clothes, well, I jus' sews 'em on for him."

Among the stars Lilian has looked after are Ina Claire, Mae Allison ("who didn't like Hollywood and returned to New York"); Ann Sothern, Leatrice Joy, Estelle Taylor, and, in fact, all the actors and actresses who have made pictures under the Columbia banner during the past few years.

Lilian looks upon them all as people who need to be taken care of, so she philosophises over them when they are away and mothers them like a hen with a brood of chicks when they are there. Her observations of them at close quarters are interesting.

"Stars," she says, "are temperamental because they have to work so hard. Also, the younger ones see the older ones and think they have to copy them. They copy a bad example very quickly. Many of them, cute children with personalities, and very lovely to look at, leave home too early and have no proper influence to guide them, and with some the big money they earn goes to their heads.

"But," adds Lilian, "they are darlings, all of them, and I like looking after them."

Feminine visitors to the Columbia studios would be interested in Grace Moore's dressing room. It is a flat, complete even to a kitchenette, with an electric oven and a refrigerator.

Her rest room is decorated delicately with the predominating colour of peach covering th divan, floor and windows.

The make-up room is beige, with a velvet bo lined with ermine to hold her dainty shoes an stockings; deep wardrobes full of gowns; a coc tail bar at one end and a wireless set.

Ronald Colman also has a miniature flat a the studios. His rest room is beige and blu and his make-up room a bright blue. In a roo off the make-up room is a needle-bath showe while in his rest room I noticed a number o books, chiefly dealing with art, ranged on th mantelpiece.

All the dressing-rooms at these studios are th acme of comfort. There is psychology in this Columbia has not a large roster of stars. Bu nearly all the biggest stars under contract t other companies are able to make one pictur a year for another producer. Columbia think that if the dressing-rooms are nice, then naturall a star would prefer to work at their studios fo the one extra picture than at a less comfortabl lot.

And it works out that way. No star refuse to work for Columbia when asked, if he is fre to do so.

Another important thing to be found at this outfit is a hospital where every artiste i thoroughly examined before a picture starts.

To satisfy the insurance companies and to prevent loss of money and time through a star going sick in the middle of a picture, a clean bil of health is demanded before shooting begins.

Also at the hospital is a rest room in charge o a doctor and a trained nurse. Here an actor or an actress working hard on a film may retire when not wanted, to get scientific relaxation under medical supervision and obtain ultra-violet ray treatment.

A sense of spaciousness and cleanliness strikes one at the Warners studios. Not that the others are anything but cleanly. But Warners have big avenues between the sound stages—almost streets, complete with shoe-shine boys. The whole studio covers 80 acres, which I thought was a lot after I had trudged round about seventy-nine of them on a broiling hot Californian day.

You meet some interesting people at Burbank. One of the first to say "Hallo" to me on my recent visit was Dick Powell, who was making a picture with his wife, Joan Blondell. Dick's a nice boy, who insisted on having his picture taken with me. I think it was to give him a superiority complex. I looked awful when the photograph was developed—all hot and shiny, while the star had on his studio make-up!

Then I walked into Archie Mayo, who, as I've told you before, is a great fan for everything British, even British pictures.

"Believe me," he declared, "America has the exclusive rights to lousy pictures." Which I thought was a very nice thing to say to a visiting Englishman. Then I saw Kay Francis, who surprised me by the fact that she is really quite a small woman with a dainty figure and a much more charming smile than even her films disclose.

Errol Flynn, Patric Knowles and Nigel Bruce, who are all Warner players, were also on various stages. Flynn is just the same off the screen as he is on; Knowles is a very attractive boy with a smile that makes the girls' hearts beat twice as fast as normal; and Bruce is as British as anyone could be.

Even so, he hates the "ribbing" that British writers give Hollywood, and begged me not to follow a popular but bad example.

"Hollywood," he told me, "is a marvellous place."

I agree with him.

One of the loveliest little persons I met was little Sybil Jason, who does not seem to have





Ginger Rogers is a grown-up version of Shirley Temple—unspoiled and natural.

BEHIND Hollywood's LOCKED DOORS

by Richard Haestier

Continuing "You'll Know Hollywood," the author takes you round the major studios and introduces you to life as it is behind the screen.

been given the breaks in pictures she deserves.

She has a marvellous personality for a child, a beautiful speaking voice and the most wonderful large, mauve eyes. She has a Scotty dog which she takes everywhere with her and her chief boast is that Shirley Temple comes over to play with her sometimes.

"Shirley lets me ride in her motor-car—a real one with an engine, but made to fit Shirley—while I let her play with my doggie."

Pat O'Brien I found studying a set of stills very assiduously. When I asked him what they were he showed me some pictures of his beautiful little daughter.

Probably the biggest studios are those of Universal. They cover 265 acres! In driving round them—you could not possibly walk—one gathers a strange experience. Out on the back lots is a piece of practically every country in the world.

Here you are riding through a piece of Malayan jungle. Suddenly the undergrowth thins and you are driving through a typical old English village, complete with Elizabethan cottages, green hedges, ditches and fields in the distance.

Equally suddenly the scene changes to a street in New York; then you come to a theatre front; pass on to a piece of Switzerland in spring; travel in a moment or two "way down south" to the cotton fields, with a large white mansion in the background, and, before you know what has happened, you find yourself staring at wild animals in a zoo!

You can go round the world in half an hour there.

The reason is that each of these locations, which are "typical" of some spot on the face of the globe, has been built for a picture and allowed to stand because, with a little alteration, it can be used for another film later on. The weather is such that these sets (which are all rough wood supports behind!) can stand for years without coming to much harm. That is one of the many advantages of making films in California, which we cannot enjoy in England.

Twentieth-Century-Fox studios at Beverly Hills—where I spent two delightful days with Shirley Temple—seem like a fair-sized town. There are proper roads with street lighting running through them, and even point duty "cops" to direct the traffic.

Shirley Temple has a small bungalow there, with everything in it built in miniature. It is to this bungalow that she goes between shots to rest, and at certain hours of the day to have her lessons and to play.

The tiny chairs and tables are made to fit her; she has a doll's house almost as big as herself, and, at the back of the bungalow, white rabbits and half a dozen bantam chickens.

The grown-up version of Shirley Temple so far as unspoiled charm and naturalness are concerned, is Ginger Rogers, whom I met at the R.K.O. Radio Studios. Her hobby is dancing (as though she did not get enough of it!), her pets are two mongrel dogs and she drives herself about in a roadster car, refusing to go "high-hat" and have a chauffeur.

Her mother is her manger, and if Ginger shows any signs of being egotistically elated, mother—to use an effective Americanism—"slaps her down."

The place to see most of the very famous stars is at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios at Culver City—where Garbo works, although you will not see her once in a million times. She is so shy that she peeps out of doors and waits till the road is clear and then bolts to the seclusion of the stage or her dressing-room.

Once a something flitted by me, and my guide said: "Did you see who that was?"

"No," I answered. "Who was it?"

"It was Garbo" came the unexpected reply.

I looked round hastily, but the "shadow" had disappeared.

But you can, and probably will see Joan Crawford—one of the most charming, natural girls you could meet; Myrna Loy, pertly pretty and shyly attractive; Lionel Barrymore—just a copy of his screen self; Rosalind Russell, as easy in her manner during a chat as she is pretty; Franchot Tone, who is not very easy to talk to unless he knows you; Freddie Bartholomew, painfully polite, but, withal, a nice little chap who can really act; Luise Rainer, who is probably the greatest actress on the screen to-day, but who has a childlike simplicity about her; and Clark Gable, a man who has roughed it to success and appreciates it now he has it.

They are always busy at Metro, and most of the stars are about, either on the various stages or in the studio restaurant—which, in Hollywood language, is called the commissary.

Remarkably, but properly enough when one thinks about it, a feature of M.-G.-M. studios is the property department.

This is a huge building, where, stacked on several floors, covering acres of space, is everything from genuine antiques to theatres and railway tickets in every language in which they are printed. And every item, even feather dusting brushes, are card indexed and has its proper place.

If you rang M.-G.-M. property department and asked for two speedboat tickets as issued by boatmen on the beach at Brighton, you would probably have them within five minutes.

But you would have to sign for them, return them in good condition (or replace them) and pay for the hire of them.

Of course, you would not get them at all unless you were someone entitled to have them, such as the director or producer of a Metro picture. Then the cost of hire would be debited against your film, because, at the end of the year the property department has to show a profit and loss account, just the same as any other department in the studio.

One could spend hours going round with the property master. He has a large staff working under him and has every conceivable thing under his charge.

I believe if you were to ask for a crocodile, a white monkey or a bed in which some crowned head (not Queen Elizabeth!) slept, he would produce it.

He has furniture and everything that goes with it for practically any period you could mention; costumes of the same sort; old playbills; carts, trains, buttons, uniforms, and even Chinese implements, both agricultural and for torture.

An almost equally interesting department is the florists shop, where they make artificially every flower and leaf in a botanical dictionary. Gardenias, which cannot be differentiated from the real thing, except on the closest inspection—they even smell like gardenias!—are commonplace.

Every well-dressed man in evening clothes in a film has to wear a gardenia, and a real one would wilt under the hot studio lights. For the same reason they make artificial mimosa, roses, chrysanthemums, daisies, magnolias, tulips, and, in fact, almost every flower that blooms. Just to add to the illusion, the flower artists dress their large shop window like the best florists do in any country.

Even the stars, who are accustomed to all this necessary faking, are sometimes fooled by the imitations. They are so good it is frequently impossible to tell them from the real things unless you actually feel them. But the trees are made in the plasterers' shop!

NEXT WEEK

Richard Haestier concludes this series of articles by describing the amazing "side shows" of Hollywood.

Fun on MONDAY

by Helen BRODERICK

Radio's most popular featured comedienne, as well as one of the cleverest, writes you an amusing article about the trials and troubles of moving into a new home.



The artiste is cast as a perfect housewife in her new picture, "Rolling Stones." Above she gives you a demonstration of her skill.

FOR a long time I have wanted to discuss a certain nefarious institution known as Monday.

I'm thoroughly against Monday, and I think something should be done about it. Every Monday at 9 a.m. little Helen pops over to RKO Radio studio to try to be funny for another week. By 10 a.m. I'm supposed to have everyone in stitches. This is supposed to go on, with Victor Moore's help until on Saturday everybody says they can't stand any more.

Now Thursday isn't so bad. The maid is out, which lets me out. And Saturday—well, yes, there's always Sunday.

Things wouldn't be so ironic if RKO hadn't decided to cast me as the perfect housewife in my latest picture, *Rolling Stones*. Helen Broderick, the perfect house-wife! Haw-haw, and a couple more haw-haws.

I just bought a new house. It's a nice, cheery, country house. There's room for a nice flower garden. Gardening is my hobby. So I figure on Sunday to do a little gardening.

Saturday night I leave the studio in high expectations. Saturday is always a lovely day, I'm told. The sun shines, although I'm inside a sound stage and can't see it. But the Chamber of Commerce is satisfied, so why shouldn't I be?

Sunday dawns. Why this particular one, I'll never know, except that there had to be a first Sunday in the new house. And I might as well get up. The birds are singing insistently. I suppose they figure that since they can't sleep, nobody else is going to.

I scamper from my warm bed into the garden, which isn't a garden yet, and start pulling weeds and wondering about a black cloud which is obscuring most of the sky of sunny California.



"On Sunday I scamper from my warm bed, enter the garden which isn't a garden yet, and start pulling up the weeds."

I have a hunch, and my hunch is right. Soon it is raining. But it's about time to expect breakfast, anyway. You know, a nice cosy Sunday breakfast in a nice warm breakfast nook.

I had turned on the heat before I went out. A push of the button does it. Or does it? Anyway, the house is nice and cold. It seems that the boys from the gas company slipped up on the job. Apparently they expected to, because they've left a little sign telling me how to reach them in case anything goes wrong.

So I go to the telephone, and—but, of course, the telephone won't be connected until to-morrow.

There is nothing left to do but build a fire in the fireplace. (Nothing is more ducky than gathering wood in a nice, muddy yard where the landscaping hasn't been started.) And though I've been a good fire builder in my day, I can't make a fire burn with wet wood. But being a comedienne, I laugh gaily and trip into the kitchen to see that the maid is getting breakfast.

Ah, yes! Breakfast. Everything in the kitchen is in its place except the maid. I recall that she has every other Sunday off, and this is one of the every others. And the cupboard is bare.

Unfortunately, life is different from the old stage days when I was trouping around the country. I simply have to eat regularly now.

On go the coat and the goloshes and out to the garage. Hah, fooled you. The car starts and there are no flat tyres.

I manage to get to the village grocery and it is open. Then I find that I've forgotten my purse.

"You remember me," I tell the grocer. "I'm Helen Broderick, the movie comedienne. Please charge it."

"Listen," he says, "There's a lot of people around here who think they're funny. They haven't paid their bills. Make me laugh and I'll give you the store. I've been sad since 1929."

I finally have to give the guy my watch so I can get home with the breakfast. Home—where life is beginning at 40 below.

After getting the pilot light on the range to work—it was out like the furnace, the maid, the telephone, and the fire—I finally eat.

And what a meal! I couldn't pass a cooking school test for salting celery. The eggs are hard, the bacon burned, and the coffee muddy. There is nothing left to do but to get out of that house before I become a tragedienne.

On the way to the automobile I notice that little rivers are washing my front yard into the street. It should have been a boat-house.

After spending the rest of the day driving to furnace repair shops—they are closed, of course—I go to a restaurant for dinner. Because it's late all my favourite entrées are gone. I have to eat steak and that is tough, I think. I couldn't say for sure, because I am pretty tough myself by this time.

When I get home I go to bed to keep warm. There is no hot water to take a bath. Now, I still haven't anything against Sunday. This is, after all, an unusual Sunday. But whatever Sunday is like, Monday is always the same. Here it is 9 a.m., and I've got to be funny. That is, after I call the telephone company, the furnace man, the landscapers, and then make a date with a masseuse to have her work on this tired and aching Broderick body.

Monday? You can have it. I'll take Ash Wednesday.



ERROL FLYNN

With a career as adventurous as many a film story, this British actor has reached stardom within two years and is universally acclaimed as one of the screen's most popular leading men. He is likely to add to this popularity in "Robin Hood." Next week we are publishing pictures from this new production.

COLLEGE Swing

With Gracie Allen, George Burns, Edward Everett Horton and Ben Blue in the cast, there should be plenty of good comedy in this film, which also features Martha Raye and Betty Grable and Jackie Coogan, for whom it is a sort of honeymoon picture. Raoul Walsh is the director.

Left : For 200 years no female member of Gracie Allen's family has ever graduated, but by heroic measures she has got through an examination which enables her to inherit a college.



Above : Edward Everett Horton is one of the college trustees, who faints at the sight of a female. Hence the presence of Bob Burns as his bodyguard.



Bob Hope, seen here with Burns and Horton, has the role of Gracie's manager and general brains trust, but he is unable to prevent her hiring Martha Raye as the college's Inspector of Practical Romance and Ben Blue as chief of gymnastics.

Left : The college principal falls heavily for Horton. A visit to his room and Gracie gets her man.



Our cameraman takes a production shot of "Mad About Music," which features Herbert Marshall, Deanna Durbin and Marcia Mae Jones. An arc lamp is seen on the right.



SHOTS *with our* CANDID CAMERA





Bette Davis appears in period costume as Julie in her new picture "Jezebel." Her leading man is George Brent, with whom she is seen above in a scene during production.

Wayne Morris escorts Priscilla, Lola and Rosemary Lane to the preview of his new picture "Hollywood Hotel." The joke appears to be on the cameraman.

Alice Faye plays Belle Fawcett, cabaret singer and beauty of old Chicago—a role originally intended for Jean Harlow.

Another striking scene of the Chicago fire. Zanuck built a "city" on a Hollywood golf course at a cost of £200,000 to get these sequences.

Thousands of terrified Chicagoans flee to the safety of the lake, as their city and homes go up in flames.

Above: The start of the blaze—caused by the historic Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicking over a lamp in the barn. Mrs. O'Leary is played by Alice Brady.

Right: [illegible] as Jean [illegible] but [illegible] who [illegible] police [illegible]

OLD CHICAGO

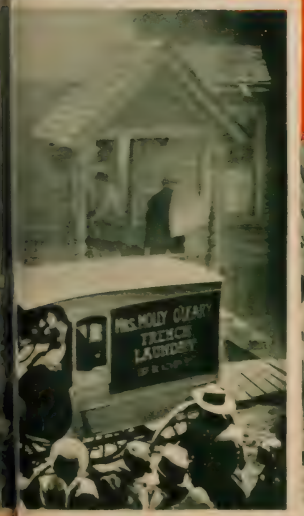
Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche are featured in this £400,000 Darryl Zanuck production, based on the fire that wiped out the famous American city last century. It is Zanuck's most ambitious film to date.



Above: Dion O'Leary (Tyrone Power), a young politician, becomes interested in Belle, particularly when he learns that she controls a block of votes.



Tyrone Power, for once, is not the irreproachable hero. As Dion he works on the fringe of the corrupt political world, and is not too scrupulous in his own methods.



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"As the lady was saying, I was just about to leave," interposed the debt collector.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams, by permission of Paramount.

IN two matters, Helen Bartlett, would-be authoress and very young wife of Kenneth Bartlett, attorney, excelled. She loved her husband wholeheartedly and she was a consummate liar.

Liar is an ugly word. Let the notion be dispelled that anything about Helen was ugly. From the artless long bob to varnished finger tips and slender feet, she was easy to look at. Moreover, her lying, employed as it was chiefly to enlarge her husband's negligible practice, was a joyous overflow of a prolific imagination, rather than the biting untruth calculated to hurt.

Indeed such was her tendency to embroider a situation by talking with her tongue in her cheek (literally the tip of that organ was thrust that way when she was thinking out a good lie) that the simplest of them developed alarming complexes.

Take the fact that owing to depressed finances, she decided to accept a job, for instance. Helen's masterly lying on the subject, resulted in a hectic hour for herself, her bosom friend, Daisy, for Ken and the debt collector who called to collect an unpaid-for typewriter.

Getting Daisy to quit office work in the middle of the afternoon to hear the all-important news, was only achieved after Helen had implied over the telephone that she had swallowed poison.

"I suppose it doesn't mean a thing to you that I pracically have heart trouble from rushing over here," Daisy grumbled good-temperedly, on finding Helen very much alive in a charmingly pleated summer frock. "You taking a job is another of your fairy tales, I suppose."

"No, honest, Daisy. Ken isn't doing well and my stories aren't selling. I'm going to be secretary to an old friend of my father, Mr. Otto Krayler, an insurance broker."

"What will Ken say?"

"Nothing; because he won't know. Now don't leave me, because Ken'll be coming in any minute and you know how lawyers are at asking questions — practising, of course, and——"

Further pleadings were interrupted by the entrance of the debt collector who would have borne off the typewriter there and then, if Helen with eyebrows down and tongue in cheek, hadn't said in a resigned tone. "All right. Go ahead and take it. Why should I worry what happens to you? Maybe my husband won't see you."

"Don't make me laugh. I'm not afraid of your husband."

"Ah! but you don't know what's wrong with him. Why . . . he's insane. No, he's not locked up. Not yet; we're trying to get him away quietly. He's been like that ever since we lost our baby. About a week ago about two o'clock in the morning I saw a light in here and came in to see my husband smiling at that typewriter and patting it and talking baby talk——"

"Patting it?" the remittance man ejaculated. Delighted with her success, Helen embroidered on. "Yes, it's true. It's absolutely heartbreaking, but he really looks on that typewriter as our child. Daisy, don't you remember what he said to us the other morning? 'Do you know I love my baby more than life itself and I'll kill the first person who tries to harm it?'"

Fortune smiled on Helen's statement. In the middle of the sheet occupying the rollers, in typed capitals stood out the title of her latest book, "My Loved One." But even after seeing that, the debt collector declared he'd better leave as soon as possible, and picked up the machine to take with him.

He reached no further than the door. Ken almost bumping into him with a cheery: "Hello there," how's my baby?" caused him to place his burden hurriedly on the sofa.

"I didn't know you had guests," Ken continued.

"This is Daisy's friend," Helen lied bravely. "Mr. McDugal."

"My Loved One," Ken read aloud, adding: "Who on earth put the typewriter on the sofa, Helen?"

"It was so tired," she murmured.

"It was what?"

"As the lady was saying, I was just about to leave," interposed the debt collector, preparing to remove besides himself, only his hat. "Don't go," Ken advised. "I'll be off to mix up a batch of poison." As might have been expected after this opportune remark, Ken reappeared from the kitchen complete with a fully charged shaker, to find the young women alone.

"One day, right in the middle of your lies I'm going to clap on my hat and walk straight out and all the way to China," Ken declared when even Helen failed to keep up the pretence as to Mr. McDugal's identity. In hiding the fact that she had secured a job with Mr. Krayler, however, she was temporarily successful.

Next morning, wearing a patterned two-piece and shady hat, she was shown into her employer's study. The name, given to it by the presiding butler, was Helen decided completely unfitting. Flowers everywhere, comfortable sofas, an ornate writing table, containing no business essentials, suggested relaxation. Mr. Krayler, from the moment of walking in with a gardenia in his buttonhole, rapidly augmented the impression that he required his new secretary for other than secretarial purposes.

By the time he was trying to put his arms round her, the impression was so far confirmed that she screamed and, forgetting her hat and purse, rushed from the house. As usual, when in an awkward corner, Daisy was appealed to for help. As usual she gave it freely and was in fact imparting advice to Helen on the subject of accepting jobs attached to short hours and long salaries, as they neared Krayler's apartment.

"Try the door. Maybe it's unlocked," Daisy broke off as they reached the vestibule. The shriek of a police siren drowned her words. "The car's drawing up here," Daisy informed. "Let's beat it."

Easier said than done. A big man, clean shaven with a large nose and wearing a black trilby, stood in the way of departure.

"Howdy, sisters. What are you doing here?" he inquired. "Just nothing at all? That's fine. Bring 'em inside, boys." Two assistants to Mr. Darsey, detective, gripped Helen and Daisy's arms and escorted them to Mr. Krayler's anteroom. "What are you two whispering about?" Darsey demanded, removing his trilby and mopping an expanse of egg-shaped cranium in the middle of which one lock of hair curled downwards.

"We were just wondering if that's your own hair," Helen said. They proceeded to the study where Helen, going behind a screen, pounced on her hat and purse. "There," she cried. "They're here. I came to get them I tell you—." Suddenly she stopped short, held rigid by the sight of Krayler's dead body on the floor. "Let's get out of here," she cried.

"I wouldn't leave. Let's go back into the other room and talk," Darsey contradicted.

"Don't. You needn't without a lawyer," Daisy advised swiftly. "Get Ken."

"I can't. I don't want him to know I was here," Helen wailed.

"Why did you do it?" Darsey demanded.

"All I did was to run out of here after I'd hit him."

"You hit him, eh? Two fist marks right through the head?"

"Is he shot?" Daisy asked.

"Where did you hide the gun?" Darsey demanded of Helen.

"I didn't have a gun."

"No, of course not. Where's the twelve thousand dollars you took out of that desk? You're going downtown with me to answer."

In Darsey's office, Helen discovered that as far as imagination was concerned, she had met her match. Having concocted a story that Helen had shot Otto Krayler after stealing his money, this ingenuous detective believed in it so thoroughly that he was condemning the victim in advance to a life sentence, until the news was handed in that the cash had been found in a cigar box.

"Makes your story look kind of silly, doesn't it?" Helen said.

"Well, a man can't always be right. He has to make mistakes once in a while."

"Don't feel so bad about it. There'll be another murder, maybe."

"I don't want an easy one," he

snapped. What induced Helen to go one better than Darsey by embarking on a fictitious tale of her own, could not be told, unless her imagination had suffered a rebuff which was tantamount to a challenge. Within five minutes, with tongue well planted in the cheek, she was describing herself as a trusting working girl, pining for companionship of a husband too often and too far from her side.

"I meet Otto at a house-party," her crooning voice went on. "You know what happens. I ask him for help and he laughs at me. I threaten to tell the newspapers, to ruin his business, unless he helps me. He opens a desk drawer, takes out a gun. I reach for it. We scuffle. A shot rings out——"

"Two shots," Darsey corrected.

"Two shots. And Krayler lies dead at my feet."

This story fascinated Darsey so much that he received it as gospel. Furthermore he was roused to positive exuberance when a report was brought in of a gun alleged to have been used in the Krayler murder, being found in the Bartlett apartment with two bullets fired.

"Of course they found it," Helen cried. "The gun belongs to my husband." This gave Darsey a new lead, but by the time Helen had emphatically negatived his theories that a jealous spouse had killed Krayler cold as cucumber, she was being conducted by a grim matron to a cell, to await trial.

"I shot those two bullets over a month ago when I was working on my book in the country. I shot them at a tree," Helen admitted, facing Daisy with wide tragic eyes as the door clanged to.

"Well, we can take them to see the bullets in the tree, can't we?"

"But Daisy, darling—I didn't hit the tree."

Ken's visit occurring shortly, at the onset missed fire. For some minutes he stood looking at Helen, as she complained, like a pall-bearer. Then she realised he was convinced that she had murdered Otto Krayler, and it seemed too bad to disillusion him. Besides what was the use? He explained the fact that she had visited Otto, that she had struggled with him, that the ballistic's expert had identified the fatal bullets as having been fired from her gun, constituted a mile of evidence against her.

"If you enter a regular plea of 'not guilty,' well—we won't talk of what it would mean," he declared. "But if we enter a plea of guilty, well, hasn't a woman a right to protect herself against a brute who——"

"How I'd love to hear you fighting for a woman's life in court," Helen breathed. "This is going to be the case you've always hoped for, the big opportunity to prove you're the finest lawyer in the country. Do you think if you pleaded guilty for me you could win?"

"Fighting for you. Of course. I haven't quite figured it out yet but my defence would be honest and straight to the point. We'll admit that you killed Otto Krayler, but when I tell why you killed him, not a man or woman in that courtroom would dare to condemn you."

"Oh! I can see you there standing, pleading for me—your wife, whose only crime was defending herself against the brutal advances of this human wolf," Helen enlarged, her eyes shining. "In pleading for me, you'll be pleading the case of all womankind. It's wonderful! You'll be sensational!" She kissed him ecstatically.

Commonsense Daisy arriving on the morning of the trial, pinning the muslin cuffs on the simple black frock in which Helen was to play the part of a trusting working girl, was an antidote to sentiment.

"I'm going straight to Ken and tell him you didn't do it," she maintained. "What a mess you're in."

"Listen, Daisy, everything's going to be all right if you stay quiet. If you say anything, Ken won't forgive me for lying and anyway I'll go to gaol for perjury."

"Better than going to the chair—Helen, darling, I didn't mean to scare you."

"You're not scaring me. Besides it's too late to change now. You'd ruin my life. You'd spoil Ken's big chance. You'd put an end to everything."

Without a shadow of doubt, record of the trial of Helen Bartlett for murder in the first degree, deserved to usurp pages devoted to infinitely duller material. Comprehensive records would have mentioned the heat, the fact that members of the public resorted to fanning themselves; that the judge granted the D.A.'s permission to remove his coat. Comprehensive records would have noted the coincidence of the frequently recurring comment of an elderly gentleman in regard to the probable fate of the prisoner, "She'll fry."

This elderly gentleman with fine features, heavy brows and small moustache, who spoke like a veteran actor, during the trial took up more room than he should on a seat next to Daisy. Moreover he enlivened proceedings by blowing up at intervals, toy balloons which he allowed to deflate with a dying squeak. His name was Charley Jasper, and he was more closely connected with the future of Helen, Daisy and Ken than any of them knew, or since their brains were all fully occupied, cared. In fact they took no more notice of him than to glance in his direction when a balloon expired with a peculiarly poignant squeak.

Since the records are necessarily so limited, we must also omit the D.A.'s speech expressing his conviction that Helen Bartlett, shot with intention two bullets through Otto Krayler. We must omit Ken's calling and cross-examination of witness, one Suzanne Baggart, who proved by her inability to take down a single word in shorthand, that as Mr. Krayler's secretary, her occupation had been definitely unsecretarial. Further we must omit the re-enactment which took place in court, of the scene wherein Helen, after evading Otto Krayler's arms, supposititiously shot him.

Eyewitnesses remembered Ken impassioned contention that Helen Bartlett in repulsing the advances of a depraved merchant prince, was acting for womankind; that when the terrible moment came, she faced it, defending that which was womankind's prime heritage—her honour.

Considering these heights of eloquence, it was not surprising that the jury, after a short absence and despite the elderly gentleman's reiteration: "I still bet she fries," returned a verdict of not guilty.

From the moment when the urgent pressman, flashing his light on Helen, said: "Put your arm round her, Mr. Bartlett, please," Ken's success as a coming lawyer was assured. September was spent by the Kenneth Bartletts at their country home on the shore of Lake Martha. There among the pines and in the sloping garden leading to the bathing beach, the only blot on their happiness was Ken's slow awakening to the fact that he wished Otto Krayler were still alive. Forseeing endless complications if Ken were told the truth, Helen guarded her secret, though it wasn't till she had feigned drowning in the lake, and Ken accidentally nearly drowned her, that the quarrel was made up.

The sudden appearance of Charley Jasper when Helen and Daisy were alone in the living-room one evening proved alarming, especially when this three-quarters madman produced from his breast pocket, Otto Krayler's wallet. "I killed him," he announced dramatically. "I, Charles Jasper, committed the perfect crime."

"I'm going to find Ken," Daisy announced, but Helen had no mind to be left.

"Mister Whatever-your-name is," she entreated. "Will you please go away."

"Certainly, after you've purchased the wallet for thirty thousand dollars. Otherwise you're revealed as a perjurer, a common perjurer, and the prison gates shall clang behind you."

"But I haven't got thirty thousand dollars," Helen cried. Half comforted, half tortured, she sought refuge in the arms of Ken who had just come in, wearing a dressing gown over his bath robe.



Out of the house to the landing stage she followed him, as he desperately struggled into his trousers.

"Ken, this is the worst thing you've ever had to hear in your life," she declared, looking up at him. "I know you'll leave me and walk all the way to China or some place, but I don't care what happens. I love you so much."

"What are you talking about?"

"I—I didn't kill Otto Krayler. *He* did. Don't look at me like that, Ken. It seemed I'd have a better chance if I said I did it than if I told the truth—Oh! what's happened to Daisy—she's fainted." Mechanically Helen rubbed her friend's chilly hand. "I know I shouldn't have done it," she went on, "but *he* did and now he's here and wants money."

"Take her outside," Ken ordered, "walk her round. She needs fresh air. I'll look after him."

While Charley calmly helped himself to a grape from the bunch on the fruit bowl, Helen obeyed. By the lakeside Daisy soon recovered, though it was obvious the poor child, not having ocular evidence of the murder, almost believed that Helen was guilty. The pair came back to the living-room to find Charles Jasper gone.

"I think I'll go and lie down," Daisy offered.

"Don't—don't leave me," Helen said hurriedly. "Doesn't that sound silly? Don't leave me alone with my own husband." By this time Ken had made a determined rush for the bedroom, where Helen found him robed as far as pants and hat, while he unbuttoned a shirt ready to put on.

"Jasper's gone," he announced. "He's just as big a liar as you are. He didn't commit the murder. His brother-in-law did—an amateur gangster it appears who got caught and bumped off in a daylight hold-up the day after he shot Otto Krayler."

"Oh! Ken, you're leaving—why?" She followed him, shirt over his bathing dress, trousers and coat in his hands, hat still on his head, and bare legs thrust into sandals, into the living-room.

"Of course I'm leaving," he snapped. "What's left for me? You've made a farce of our lives—you've ridiculed justice—my profession. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury. Helen Bartlett is not Helen Bartlett alone. She is womankind defending the principle which is womankind's prime heritage. Banana oil!"

Out of the house to the landing stage she followed him as he desperately struggled into his trousers. "Go ahead and defend yourself," he shouted, tripping ignominiously. "Think up some more hot ones for your life story and your cockeyed books. I'm going so far away I won't even know what year it is." He paused. She came nearer. "In spite of what I've said I still love you," he broke out—"but I'm darned if I can live a life like ours."

Round to the hollow of the cheek went the tip of the tongue.

"If it's a boy, I'll name it after you," Helen said demurely. He ran, he tripped, he caught her in his arms.

"Helen—why didn't you tell me?"

"I—wanted to surprise you."

"When's it going to be?"

"I—I don't know exactly."

"What did the doctor say?"

"What—oh! The doctor!"

"Helen. This is the last straw. Even that wasn't true."

"Well, it could be." He swung her over his shoulder. "I suppose this is the price of life with a liar," he groaned, "happiness and misery. You never know which you feel. I suppose I'll walk out and come back, and walk out again, as I feel I shall do after to-night. But first I'm going to make one last attempt to teach you not to lie."

As he carried her towards the house, in went the tongue to the cheek. "Ken," she cried in a voice which was both pleased and a trifle awed. "Ken, I think I've told my last one."



MARGARET LOCKWOOD

The young British artiste who got her first break in "Midshipman Easy," and followed it up with an excellent performance in Maurice Chevalier's "The Beloved Vagabond," is now under contract to Gainsborough and will be seen shortly in "Bank Holiday" with John Lodge. She is fulfilling the promise given in her earlier appearances and collecting quite a fair share of the limelight.

REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

FOLLOWING his dramatic triumph in *Marie Walewska* Charles Boyer proves his versatility by an exceptionally fine comedy characterisation in *Tovarich*, an adaptation of the successful stage play which had a long run both on Broadway and in this country.

He shares the honours with Claudette Colbert, who is also brilliant in this cleverly designed comedy which behind its farcical situations contains much that is human and much that is sincere in the matter of first principles.

It differs considerably from the general run of "crazy" comedies both in this respect and because its character drawing is wholly convincing.

Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert appear as the Grand Duke Mikail and his wife, Tatiana, penniless Russian refugees in Paris.

Mikail has a huge sum of money given him by the late Czar in trust in the bank, but neither of them think of touching it.

They are approached to use the money to start a counter-revolution, but, convinced that it would fail, they refuse to do so.

Finally they take jobs as servants to a wealthy banker and his wife who have two grown-up children, a boy and a girl. Here they find happiness in spite of the fact that the mother and daughter cast sheep's eyes at Mikail, and the father and son are mutually attracted to Tatiana, which leads to some complicated situations.

Then at an important dinner party their disguise is penetrated, for they are recognised both by an English guest and by a Soviet Commisar who has come to France to try and negotiate for farm implements for his people.

This particular Commisar had once tortured Mikail to try and obtain the money which again leads to some embarrassing moments.

However, Mikail, having learnt that the French bank will only supply the money in return for oil concessions in Russia, is persuaded by his wife to sign his fortune over to the Commissar, for as the latter points out, the Czar was Russia and it could be put to no better use than to support the people of Russia.

Thereafter they imagine their employment gone, but finally they decide to stay on as servants, and the last we see of them is going out to a distinguished function for Russian emigrees, having carefully put out the dustbin before doing so.

The opening is a little slow, and there is a rather ponderous effort to establish the characters and their situation, but once that is accomplished the plot develops brightly and wittily. It is full of good lines and the handling of farcical situations is polished and original.

Besides the brilliant performances of the stars, clever supporting studies are given by Basil Rathbone as the cultured Commisar, Melville Cooper as the banker, and Isabel Jeans as his wife.

The children are well characterised by Anita Louise and Maurice Murphy.

EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY

● Mae West undulates her contours again in the role of a stage artiste of the 'nineties who apparently supplemented her theatrical earnings by indulging in theft, blackmail, and confidence trickery.

However, she is loved by an upstanding police officer in the person of Edmund Lowe, and finally is instrumental in getting him elected mayor and overthrowing the grafting police chief, played extremely well, incidentally, by Lloyd Nolan.

It is full of the usual Mae Westicisms, and makes its appeal to those who still have visions of buxom Victorian charmers and a leaning towards the type of vulgarity which characterised them.

The period atmosphere is well caught, and the star appears both as a blonde and a brunette—as the latter when, to avoid extradition, she poses as a French actress, though it is difficult to understand how she could deceive anyone since the curves and mannerisms are so unmistakable.

ROSALIE

● A great deal of money must have been lavished on this screen version of one of the late Flo Ziegfeld's most successful musical comedies, for its settings are sumptuous and its crowd scenes vast. It would have been better one would have thought to have expended less money on the trappings and more imagination on the plot.

As it stands it is a disjointed Ruritanian romance interrupted at intervals for songs, dances, and spectacle with Nelson Eddy as a West Point cadet who flies to a small monarchy to woo a beautiful princess who is, unfortunately, betrothed to a charming prince.

However, with the help of a revolution, love finds a way.

Nelson Eddy bursts into song now and again, and Eleanor Powell has some dance routines which she performs with her accustomed skill.

The best thing in the show is Frank Morgan's portrayal of the ineffectual king of the Ruritanian country, in spite of the fact that it is in a vein which has so often been his characteristic since *The Love Affairs of Cellini*.

If it is a spectacle you want, you'll find this picture to your liking in spite of its many shortcomings in other respects.

THE TRIAL OF PORTIA MERRIMAN

● I have rarely seen a more convincing "mother love" story than this rather slowly developed but nevertheless extremely well acted picture. It shows how a woman lawyer who had specialised in criminal cases defends the woman who had shot the father of her child; a husband who had been forced by his father to leave her, taking the baby with him, on the day of their marriage.

I do not propose to go into the intricacies of the plot, because not only are they complicated but also contain a strong element of suspense which should be preserved.

I do, however, particularly want to draw your attention to the excellent performance given by Frieda Inescourt, the young British artiste, as the woman lawyer. It is a finely sensitive piece of work and wholly convincing one. It should mark this artiste—who has been giving consistently good performances—for high screen honours.

Heather Angel gives an emotionally moving performance as the accused woman, and Neil Hamilton, an actor who always seemed to be strangely neglected, is very good indeed as the man who is murdered.

Other especially worth-while studies are given by Walter Abel, prosecuting attorney in love with Portia, Barbara Pepper as a somewhat "tough" baby, and Ruth Donnelly as Portia's friend and secretary.

I MET MY LOVE AGAIN

● There would be very little need to mention this picture featuring Joan Bennett and Henry Fonda, and dealing with a schoolday romance that goes wrong—and, of course, come right in the end—were it not for the performance of Louise Platt.

She plays the role of college girl who falls in love with a professor who had years before been jilted but is now being sought again by a woman who had mistaken passion for love.

She gives an extremely clever characterisation of this young girl whose wealth had accustomed her to get her own way in everything, but who although she protested her love most forcibly, was unable to conceal the shallowness of it when the real test came.

On the Screens Now

**NEW FACES OF 1937

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 97 minutes.

JOE PENNER ..... Seymore
MILTON BERLE ..... Wellington
PARKYAKARKUS ..... Parky
HARRIET HILLIARD ..... Patricia
WILLIAM BRADY ..... Jimmy
JEROME COWAN ..... Robert Hunt
THELMA LEEDS ..... Elaine
LORRAINE KRUEGER ..... Suzy
TOMMY MACK ..... Judge Hugo Straight
BERT GORDON ..... Count Mischa Moody
PATRICIA WILDER ..... Hunt's Secretary
RICHARD LANE ..... Broker
DUDLEY CLEMENTS ..... Stage Manager
WILLIAM CORSON ... Assistant Stage Manager
GEORGE ROSENER ..... Doorman
HARRY BERNARD ..... Bridge Guard
DEWEY ROBINSON ..... Joe Guzzola
HARRY C. BRADLEY ..Count Moody's Secretary

Directed by Leigh Jackson. Screen play by Nat Perrin, Philip G. Epstein, Irv S. Brecher. Adapted by Harold Kusell, Harry Clork and Howard J. Green.

Back-stage musical romance which introduces, as the title suggests, some new talent. There is a lot of "crazy" team work and the vaudeville artistes who appear are definitely versatile.

The whole thing is well produced and, although the tale which holds the turns together is weak, it does not spoil the enjoyment of the neatly conceived skits and song numbers.

The leading laughter makers are Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, and Milton Berle.

c**LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 79 minutes.

SONJA HENIE ..... Lili Heiser
TYRONE POWER ..... Prince Rudolph
ARTHUR TREACHER ..... Nottingham
RAYMOND WALBURN ..... Uncle Dormik
JOAN DAVIS ..... Orchestra Leader
SIG RUMANN ..... Prime Minister
ALAN HALE ..... Baron
LEAH RAY ..... Singer
MELVILLE COOPER ..... Krantz
MAURICE CASS ..... Count
GEORGE GIVOT ..... Alex
GRETA MEYER ..... Martha
EGON BRECHER ..... Janitor
TORBEN MEYER ..... Chauffeur
GEORGE DAVIS ..... Waiter

Directed by Sidney Lanfield. From the play "Der Komet" by Attila Orbok. Previewed November 20, 1937.

Sonja Henie is progressing. This is a really bright entertainment in which the star, besides appearing in an excellent ice ballet up, puts another attractive acting performance.

She plays the role of a skating instructress who falls in love with a prince, engaged on a diplomatic mission, without realising his identity.

Everybody else, however, learns of the affair, and she is courted on all sides so that she may put in a good word to his royal highness.

Finally, she discovers her uncle has arranged for her to marry the prince and she, still loving her supposed journalist friend, refuses.

Things are straightened out, and the instructress learns that her destiny and heart are bound together.

Tyrone Power makes a very acceptable lover and Arthur Treacher is amusing as a valet.

**BLONDE TROUBLE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate.

ELEANORE WHITNEY ..... Edna Baker
JOHNNY DOWNS ..... Fred Stevens
LYNNE OVERMAN ..... Joe Hart
TERRY WALKER ..... Eileen Fletcher
BENNY BAKER ..... Maxie Schwartz
WILLIAM DEMAREST ..... Paul Sears
HELEN FLINT ..... Lucille Sears
EL BRENDEL ..... Window Washer
KITTY MCHUGH ..... Goldie Foster
BARLOWE BORLAND ..... Goebel
JOHN PATTERSON ..... Danny Fox

Directed by George Archainbaud. Story from the play "June Moon," by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman.

In spite of its conventionalities, this story of a "hick" song writer who comes to New York and gets ensnared by a gold-digging blonde, has quite a lot of human touches, and is helped along by some tuneful melodies, bright dialogue, and simplicity in plot development.

Johnny Downs is good as the self-confident youth who is sadly disillusioned, but who eventually pairs off with a pretty girl who has been kept at bay by the blonde. The character is a likeable one.

Eleanore Whitney is pleasing as the heroine, and clever character studies are given by William Demarest as an unsuccessful song writer, Helen Flint as his wife, and Terry Walker as her gold-digging sister.

Acting honours, however, are taken by Lynne Overman, who is great as a publisher who suffers from an embarrassment of mistresses.

**STELLA DALLAS

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 106 minutes.

BARBARA STANWYCK ..... {Stella Martin / Stella Dallas}
JOHN BOLES ..... Stephen Dallas
ANNE SHIRLEY ..... Laurel Dallas
BARBARA O'NEIL ..... Helen
ALAN HALE ..... Ed Munn
MARJORIE MAIN ..... Mrs. Martin
EDMUND ELTON ..... Mr. Martin
GEORGE WALCOTT ..... Charlie Martin
GERTRUDE SHORT ..... Carrie Jenkins
TIM HOLT ..... Richard
NELLA WALKER ..... Mrs. Grosvenor
BRUCE SATTERLEE ..... Con
JIMMY BUTLER ..... Con (grown up)
JACK EGGER ..... Lee
DICKIE JONES ..... John
ANNE SHOEMAKER ..... Miss Phillibrown

Directed by King Vidor. From the novel by Olive Higgins Prouty. Story, freely based on the play by Marjory Williams, appeared in our issue of December 25, 1937.

Unashamedly a "tear-jerker," this re-make of the very popular picture which featured Belle Bennett, is deserving of two stars if only for the strongly emotional performance given by Barbara Stanwyck. In spite of theatricalism and over-emotionalised sequences, she manages to make the role of a woman who sacrifices herself for her daughter a moving and convincing one.

As the man she marries, and whom she leaves when she discovers that

(*Continued on page* 22)

REVIEWS—*Continued*

her lack of culture is standing in her daughter's way. John Boles is quite good, and Barbara O'Neil is sound as the woman with whom he falls in love.

Anne Shirley is delightfully natural as the daughter and Alan Hale shines in support.

The story is full of pictorial clichés and the development is definitely mechanical, but its appeal is directed to and will be appreciated by the sentimental.

c**FORLORN RIVER

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

LARRY CRABBE ..... Nevada
JUNE MARTEL ..... Ina Blaine
HARVEY STEPHENS ..... Les Setter
JOHN PATTERSON ..... Ben Ide
SYD SAYLOR ..... "Weary" Pierce
WILLIAM DUNCAN ..... Blaine
RAPHALE BENNETT ..... Bill Hall
RUTH WARREN ..... Millie Moran
LEW KELLY ..... Sheriff Jim Henry Warner
CHESTER CONKLIN ..... Sheriff Grundy
BARLOWE BORLAND ..... Cashier

Directed by Charles Barton. Story by Zane Grey.

This is very definitely a two-star Western. It has action, spectacle, picturesqueness, quite good characterisation, and puts over conventionalities of its type with plenty of punch.

There are a lot of fights and cattle stampedes are finely photographed; in fact, just the stuff for those who like movement in their pictures.

Larry Crabbe is fine physically as Nevada, who wages a long-drawn-out war with a bank robber who later turns his hand to horse rustling.

This latter role is well played by Harvey Stephens.

Light relief is supplied effectively by Syd Saylor, and the feminine interests are capably looked after by June Martel and Ruth Warren.

**IT'S ALL YOURS

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Romantic farce. Runs 81 minutes.

MADELEINE CARROLL ..... Linda Gray
FRANCIS LEDERER ..... Jimmy Barnes
MISCHA AUER ..... Baron Rene de Montigny
GRACE BRADLEY ..... Constance Marlowe
VICTOR KILIAN ..... City Clerk
GEORGE MCKAY ..... License Clerk
CHARLES WALDRON ..... Alexander Duncan
J. C. NUGENT ..... E. J. Barnes
RICHARD CARLE ..... Judge Reynolds
ARTHUR HOYT ..... Dabney

Directed by Elliott Nugent. From a story by Adelaide Heilbron.

Bright comedy, with original plot and good acting by entire cast. It is at times rather too drawn out, but, as a whole, it provides good, light entertainment.

Francis Lederer is both romantic and eccentric as the hero, a playboy who is cut out of his uncle's will, much to his consternation.

He finally has to become secretary to a girl, Linda, who had inherited the money and who had determined to make a man of him. This role is played by Madeleine Carroll, who gives a vivacious performance; quite the best she has turned in since she went to Hollywood.

Mischa Auer is in great form as a fortune-hunting baron who nearly wins the heiress for himself.

He has one delightful scene with Lederer—a fight, in which, much to the latter's surprise, he knocks him out; he has apparently been a light-weight champion!

There are very bright ironic passages between Linda and the playboy, who had once snubbed her.

*A ROMANCE IN FLANDERS

British Lion. British. "A" certificate. Triangle melodrama. Runs 73 minutes.

PAUL CAVANAGH ..... John Morley
MARCELLE CHANTAL ..... Yvonne Berry
GARRY MARSH ..... Rodd Berry
OLGA LINDO ..... Mme. Vlandermaere
ALISTAIR SIM ..... Col. Wexton
EVELYN ROBERTS ..... Capt. Stanford
P. KYNASTON REEVES ..... Major Burke
ARTHUR HAMBLING ..... Col. Kennedy
DENIER WARREN ..... Bill Johnson
FRANK ATKINSON ..... Joe Stuggins
BOBBIE COMBER ..... Chauffeur
ANDREA MALANDRINOS ..... Mayor
DENISE SYDNEY ..... Muriel
KATHLEEN WESTON ..... Bessie

Directed by Maurice Elvey. Adapted by Harold Simpson from the novel by Mario Fort and Ralph E. Vanloc.

Theatrical but reasonably interesting triangle drama, dealing with the post-war meeting of a sergeant-major, who was acclaimed by his regiment as a hero, with his erstwhile best friend, his rival in love whom he had left in no man's land and whom later he had refused to identify when he was suffering from loss of memory.

The man, now acting as a guide to the battlefields, plans at first to kill him, and the girl who has married the sergeant-major decides to leave her husband, but finally they become reconciled to the idea of living their lives as fate has planned them.

Paul Cavanagh is polished and sensitive as the guide and affords a strong contrast to the bluff portrayal of the sergeant-major, given by Garry Marsh.

Marcelle Chantal is somewhat colourless as the woman in the case.

*BEHIND THE MIKE

General F. D. (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Small town comedy-drama. Runs 68 minutes.

WILLIAM GARGAN ..... George Hayes
JUDITH BARRETT ..... Jane Hariedge
DON WILSON ..... Tiny Martin
STERLING HOLLOWAY ..... Tommy Astor
WILLIAM DAVIDSON ..... Cyrus Whittles
GERALD OLIVER SMITH ..... Robert Ainesley
CHARLES BROKAW ..... Harry Fox
SPENCE CHARTERS ..... Pete Jones
GRADY SUTTON ..... Curly Conway
HARLAN BRIGGS ..... Sheriff
ROY ATWELL ..... Vale
JERRY MANDY ..... First Violinist

Directed by Sidney Salkow. Screen play by Barry Trivers.

William Gargan gives a forceful performance in this story of a radio producer who in trying to put a one-horse small-town wireless station on its feet, unearths a political scandal concerning the boss of the station's powerful rival.

The producer soon makes his presence felt, and ends by marrying his rival's attractive programme announcer.

Small-town atmosphere is well maintained and the characters are quite well drawn. Judith Barrett is a pleasing heroine, and Don Wilson and Sterling Holloway are effective in their respective roles.

*PARADISE ISLE

Pathé. American. "U" certificate. South Seas island romance. Runs 72 minutes.

MOVITA ..... Ila
WARREN HULL ..... Kennedy
GEORGE PILTZ ..... Tono
WILLIAM DAVIDSON ..... Hoener
RUSSELL SIMPSON ..... Baxter
KENNETH HARLAN ..... Johnson
PIERRE WATKIN ..... Dr. Steinmeyer
JOHN ST. POLIS ..... Coxon

Directed by Arthur Greville Collins, from a story by Allan Vaughan Elston.

An authentic atmosphere and picturesque settings are the main assets of this simple romance, dealing with a blind artist who is shipwrecked on a South Seas island and a native girl who nurses him back to health and dives for pearls in order to provide money to pay for an operation which may restore his sight.

Crooks enter into the scheme of things, but their plans are defeated and the romance has a happy ending.

Movita, a native girl, is wholly charming as the heroine, and Warren Hull is restrained and likeable as the artist.

*LONDON BY NIGHT

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 69 minutes.

GEORGE MURPHY ..... Michael Denis
RITA JOHNSON ..... Patricia Herrick
VIRGINIA FIELD ..... Bessie
LEO G. CARROLL ..... Correy
GEORGE ZUCCO ..... Inspector Jefferson
MONTAGU LOVE ..... Sir Arthur Herrick
EDDIE QUILLAN ..... Bill
LEONARD MUDIE ..... Squires
J. M. KERRIGAN ..... Tims
NEIL FITZGERALD ..... Inspector Sleet
HARRY STUBBS ..... Postman
IVAN SAMPSON ..... Burroughs
"CORKY" ..... Jones

Directed by William Thiele, from a play by Will Scott.

Moderate crime drama of a macabre order, dealing with a reporter who, with the help of his dog, runs to earth a murderer and kidnapper who has terrorised the district.

The London atmosphere is quite colourful—if you can call fog colourful—but not very convincing.

The director has introduced some neat touches and stressed the canine element in a popular manner; he has also achieved quite a thrilling climax.

George Murphy is sound as Michael and Rita Johnson fair as the heroine. Eddie Quillan and the dog show to advantage in supporting roles.

*MARRY THE GIRL

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Comedy extravaganza. Runs 69 minutes.

MARY BOLAND ..... Ollie Radway
CAROL HUGHES ..... Virginia Radway
FRANK MCHUGH ..... David Partridge
MISCHA AUER ..... Dimitri
HUGH O'CONNELL ..... Michael Forrester
TOM KENNEDY ..... Jasper
OLIN HOWLAND ..... First Southerner
WILLIAM DAVIDSON ..... Drake
IRVING BACON ..... Happy Elmer
LOUISE STANLEY ..... Partridge's Secretary
HUGH HERBERT ..... John B. Radway
ALLEN JENKINS ..... Specs
ALAN MOWBRAY ..... Dr. Stryker
TEDDY HART ..... Bill
DEWEY ROBINSON ..... Buster
ARTHUR AYLESWORTH ..... Second Southerner
CHARLES JUDELS ..... Andres Victor Antoine Descate
LOUIS MASON ..... Third Southerner
BESS FLOWERS ..... Radway's Secretary

Directed by William McGann.

Crazy fooling in a newspaper office and a sanatorium which, while entirely irresponsible, is made quite amusing by a strong cast of American comedians. There is little or no attempt at character drawing and the plot is thin, but the combined efforts of the cast manage to keep things moving fairly briskly, in spite of the fact that there is rather a spate of dialogue.

*NAVY SPY

A.B.F.D. American. "A" certificate. Spy melodrama. Runs 55 minutes.

CONRAD NAGEL ..... Alan O'Connor
ELEANOR HUNT ..... Bobbie Reynolds
PHIL DUNHAM ..... Dr. Matthews
DON BARCLAY ..... Bertie
HOWARD LANG ..... Barradine
CRAUFORD KENT ..... Captain Leeds
JUDITH ALLEN ..... Anna Novna
JACK DOYLE ..... Lieutenant Don Carrington

Screen play and direction by Crane Wilbur.

Conventional serial-like melodrama, which contains some popular spectacular thrills and a good deal of "rough house".

Conrad Nagel is likeable as the hero, an ace secret-service agent who is sent out on a mission to solve the mystery of the disappearance of the inventor of a vapour fuel, which he does with the help of the American Navy.

Eleanor Hunt is breezily effective as the heroine, his friendly rival in the investigation.

Jack Doyle, the Irish boxer, and his ex-wife, Judith Allen, appear in the film.

WISE GUYS

Fox. British. "A" certificate. Knockabout comedy. Runs 67 minutes.

CHARLIE NAUGHTON ..... Charlie
JIMMY GOLD ..... Jimmy
AUDRENE BRIER ..... Flo
ROBERT NAINBY ..... Uncle Phineas
WALTER ROY ..... Drake
SYDNEY KEITH ..... Eddie
DAVID KEIR ..... Lawyer
PETER POPP ..... Manager

Directed by Harry Langdon. Story by Allsson Booth.

Very indifferent slapstick comedy, which has little rhyme or reason and is generally extremely hackneyed in idea.

Neither Naughton nor Gold is able to get the better of the poor material with which they are supplied.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

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WISE GUYS

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Action For Slander (2) ...	*Jan.* 22
Another Dawn (2)	*Jan.* 15
Big Business (2)	*Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2)	*Jan.* 1
Blazing Sixes (2)c	*Dec.* 25
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2) ...	*Jan.* 8
Café Metropole (2)	*Jan.* 1
Captains Courageous (4)c ...	*Dec.* 25
Easy Living (3)	*Jan.* 15
Edge of the World, The (3) ...	*Jan.* 8
Go-Getter, The (2)c	*Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3)	*Jan.* 1
High Wide and Handsome (2) ...	*Jan.* 22
Hit Parade, The (2)	*Jan.* 15
Hollywood Cowboy (2) ...	*Dec.* 18
Hotel Haywire (2)	*Dec.* 11
Kid Galahad (3)	*Jan.* 22
Knight Without Armour (2) ...	*Jan.* 8
Let's Make a Night of It (2)	*Jan.* 29
Love is News (3)	*Dec.* 4
Married Before Breakfast (2) ...	*Dec.* 11
Midnight Madonna (2) ...	*Jan.* 8
North of the Rio Grande (2) ...	*Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c	*Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2) ...	*Jan.* 8
Said O'Reilly to McNab (2) ...	*Dec.* 18
Slim (2)	*Dec.* 18
Star is Born, A (3)	*Jan.* 15
Sunset in Vienna, (3) ...	*Jan.* 15
There Goes My Girl (2) ...	*Dec.* 4
Top of the Town (2)	*Dec.* 11
Topper (3)	*Dec.* 4
Victoria the Great (4)	*Dec.* 25
Way Out West (2)	*Jan.* 15
Who's Your Lady Friend? (2) ...	*Dec.* 25
Wee Willie Winkie (2)c ...	*Dec.* 25
Wild Money (2)	*Jan.* 1
You Can't Have Everything (2)	*Jan.* 22

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FINGER-tips TO REMEMBER



GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

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THE GREAT UNKISSED

Star Who Misses His Kisses

MAYBE you never knew, maybe you never cared, that Larry Crabbe, one-time swimming champion now turned film star, has never been kissed on the screen, although his profile and torso are two of the principal qualities which lifted him to fame.

It has been Larry's sad fate always to get his man, but rarely to get his woman in the out-door romances in which he plays.

History repeats itself in his latest Zane Grey picture, *Forlorn River*.

For half of the picture it looks as if he will eventually become the husband of the leading girl, June Martel; then just when things seem set the scrip writers introduce a new love interest.

John Patterson and Larry Crabbe remains unkissed when the final fade-out arrives.—*H. Bellfield, 29 Eastfield Grove, Willenhall Road, Wolverhampton.*

[*Are there any others—besides Boris Karloff?*—"*Thinker.*"]



The caricature of Tyrone Power is the fourteenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Each to his Choice

● Many people have aired their views in this page concerning adaptions of famous novels, and most of them have had bricks to throw at the unfortunate producers.

Surely the reason for disappointment lies in the fact that the novelist has to describe his characters and the scenes of his story by words, and not by pictorial scenery, as in a film. The reader, unconsciously, likens that description to some place, or places; and to some person, or persons, of his own experiences.

Therefore, when the producer makes the film, he is presenting the original story, but the actual scenery and characters are the products of his personal experiences and, to his mind, they are just exactly what is required for the story.

Naturally, however, wide divergence of opinion must arise between say, a Northerner and a Southerner, whose contacts are quite different.

A case in point is the controversy at present raging round the proposed production of *Gone With the Wind*, before even a foot of the film has been "shot." Many people have expressed their intention of not seeing the film because the casting planned for the characters does not fit in with their ideas on the subject.—*F. E. Baker, 24 Warriner Gardens, London, S.W.11, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Bogey-Bogey !

● Films dealing with the "occult" are comparatively few. Yet this subject is pregnant with fascinating screen possibilities.

The Clairvoyant, Peter Grimm, and *Peter Ibbetson*, etc., had occult themes, but dealt more or less with what one may describe as its *good* side.

Its more sinister aspects, such as witchcraft and black magic, etc., might be used to more exciting advantage if good stories could be found.

There is certainly ample scope here for imaginative trick photography, weird lighting, mystery, and suspense. Those memorable old German films, *The Golem, Faust,* and *The Student of Prague*, put "magic" on the screen in a thrilling, spectacular and thoroughly convincing way.

A wealth of interesting material of this description exists in the world of fiction.

Why not adapt some of it intelligently to the screen? And it need not be *un*intelligent or naïve, for there is certainly more truth in these things than many people imagine.—*G. P. Wheeler, 603a High Road, North Finchley, N.12, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Come Clean !

● We readers of the PICTUREGOER know the names of your critics, writers, etc., but we don't know what you look like.

Faces are very illuminating, and I suggest a small photograph of Lionel Collier at the head of his criticisms might show why he has a "crush" on Marlene Dietrich and Alice Faye, and why he doesn't enthuse over dear little Shirley Temple !

Have Malcolm Phillips, Phil Lonergan and this guy "Beacon" very long noses with which they ferret out their interesting gossip? And does your humorous Mr. E. G. Cousins possess the jovial comedian's countenance, or is he gloomy, like Ned Sparks?

What of this chap, the "Thinker"? If I could see his picture maybe I'd know better how to land that guinea I'm after !

Put this idea to your editor, "Thinker," old boy, and let's all see what you are all really like. —*R. A. Sidwell, Craigendoran, Lichfield Road, Branston, Staffs.*

[*It would be interesting to hear other readers' views on the matter.*—"*Thinker.*"]

Press Hooligans

● A clever young friend of mine has a flair for journalism. The other day he was offered a promising newspaper-staff job. His parents forced him to decline it. "We've been to the films," they said indignantly, "and we know that journalists are unpleasant hooligans."

It set me wondering. When are our producers going to give us a film about *British* newspaper life? Our Press is the finest in the world, and as a background it would make any film exceptionally interesting.

Such a film would also be a much-needed

(*Continued on page* 26)

SIXPENCE A WEEK

Is that a big price to be SURE of your Hair?



A simple way to keep your hair as you've arranged it—without using any sticky dressing

That's all it costs—sixpence a week at the most—to be sure of your hair every day and all day long. To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it *looks* clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

After you've had your hair shampooed, 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place. When you pay good money for a wave, 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings, it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

It's a pity not to know this little secret that means so much in the way your hair will look. It's *no* trouble. Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'

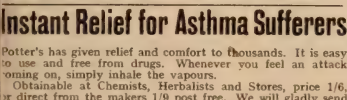
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Instant Relief for Asthma Sufferers

Potter's has given relief and comfort to thousands. It is easy to use and free from drugs. Whenever you feel an attack coming on, simply inhale the vapours.

Obtainable at Chemists, Herbalists and Stores, price 1/6, or direct from the makers 1/9 post free. We will gladly send you an explanatory booklet, "Are you Asthmatic?" post free.

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., 61c, Artillery Lane, LONDON, E.1.



LONG, CURLING EYELASHES

Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone. Adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply—wonderfully effective.

Lashtone

THE SCIENTIFIC LASH TONIC

From Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and all High-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty, send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS (Dept. 1), 75 BAYHAM STREET, N.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.

MEDICAL DREAM REALISED . . .

For generations Doctors all over the World have realised that if it were possible to administer SULPHUR in a form that the body would accept there would be an end to all skin suffering. Now this great page of Medical History has been turned and it has been given to the celebrated German Chemist, Ignatz Mrochem, through a lifetime's research and endeavour to discover the first soluble, assimilable form of Sulphur ever known.

Great German Chemist's Epic



THE INSTITUTE, BRESLAU where the amazing therapeutic effects of Ignatz Mrochem's discovery were tested in co-operation with leading medical specialists of the University.

SKIN DISEASE DISCOVERY



The name of **Jacob Ignatz Mrochem,** *whose photograph is published above, will be linked with one of the greatest discoveries of the twentieth century.*

FACIAL DISFIGUREMENT ENTIRELY CLEARED

"I am very pleased to report that the facial eruptions are almost entirely cleared. They have been a long and tiresome disfigurement, and you can imagine the joy it has given me to watch their rapid disappearance, whilst taking this one and only course of 'Sibsul.'"
—Miss J. L., Scarborough.

NOW CLEAR OF TROUBLE

". . . . I wish to say I found 'Sibsul' very satisfactory, and have now got rid of my skin trouble."—M. P., Perth.

COMPLETELY CURED AFTER EIGHT DAYS

"I am delighted to inform you that after five days' treatment the results were most gratifying and in eight days the whole of the visible disease completely cured. The transformation and complete elimination of the evil was wonderful and astounding and treatment was discontinued. I have recommended the remedy to other people."
—Mrs. E. P., Richmond.

COULD HAVE SAVED POUNDS

"I am glad to report that the treatment completely cleared me of the skin trouble, and you must accept my thanks. I could have saved pounds had I taken advantage of your advert. earlier than I did."—F. R. Aldershot.

Results so spectacular that in many cases there can actually be seen a *DAY BY DAY IMPROVEMENT*

Doctors have always predicted **outstanding results** if genuine *sulphur assimilation* could be achieved—their knowledge and experience have taught them what to expect—but the amazing success of this

FIRST SOLUBLE, ASSIMILABLE SULPHUR TREATMENT

for skin diseases has literally staggered all medical expectation. The effect is so **certain** and the **clearing so swift** that the Chemist-Inventor is confidently able to offer the most emphatic guarantee to all skin sufferers of **all ages and sex,** no matter what their troubles may be. To sufferers who write to-day he undertakes that :—

By FEB. 24 the end of YOUR SKIN TROUBLE shall be in sight or TREATMENT IS FREE

THIS guarantee means exactly what it says—that within fourteen days from now (longer if you delay your reply) you shall have received definite proof that the end of your trouble is **in sight at last,** or all the treatment you have received till then shall cost you nothing. It is made possible by this amazing fact—**that in thousands of cases where every known treatment had been tried without success SIBSUL Brand Assimilable Digestible Sulphur has achieved a lasting clearance, so swift and so complete that even medical men have been astonished.**

Strong words these, to sufferers who have endured their afflictions ceaselessly, and who have tried every reputable specific, with no lasting relief. Yet the facts are there, and the testimony is overwhelming.

Post this **NOW**

If you suffer from :

ECZEMA
PSORIASIS
LEG TROUBLE
NETTLERASH (*Urticaria*)
BARBER'S RASH (*Sycosis*)
IMPETIGO
DERMATITIS, ACNE
PIMPLES AND BOILS

Till now, in the various sulphur preparations known to medical science, and even in the world-famous hot sulphur springs, you have seen but a glimpse of its power.

But now, through the skin and through the blood-stream, this great agent sweeps completely away the **internal disorders** causing skin troubles.

Every question that arises in your mind now is answered clearly and fully in a remarkable 36-page book entitled, "**The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good.**" Its message is as revolutionary as the discovery it describes, and as practical as the results **SIBSUL** has achieved. It contains information of the greatest importance for every skin sufferer, skin hospital and skin specialist. **A Free Copy** of the latest edition to be published in this country will be sent to all who fill in the Application Form below.

--APPLICATION FORM---

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR, LTD.,
Adam House, 60 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs, Please send me, without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet, "*The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good,*" with full details of your guarantee that my skin trouble shall be clearing for good by February 24, 1938.

NAME .....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

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.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose 2d. stamp for postage it will be appreciated, but this is not essential. *Picturegoer,* 5/2/38.

ANÆMIC AND THIN AS A LATH

For the trying years of the 'teens, just when girls sorely need a health-help, Dr. Williams brand pink pills are invaluable. They give new life and vitality to weak, anaemic girls because they actually create new, rich blood—so essential to growing girls. Of all chemists, 1s. 3d. a package (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.—Every girl, and every girl's mother, should read the booklet, *Nature's Warnings,* sent free to all who write to M.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

NAIL BITING

Stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit. No aloes, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1½d. stamp for postage, FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.) 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

★ WOULD YOU LIKE A TUBE OF THIS FAMOUS DENTIFRICE FREE?

There's only one way to keep your teeth good. That is to use a GOOD dentifrice. A dentifrice may wear away the enamel. This never happens when you use Odol. Test it for yourself! Send for Trial Tube now.

POST COUPON AT ONCE!

Odol

FREE SAMPLE. *Post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. P.35), Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Great Britain and N. Ireland.* BLOCK CAPITALS, *please!*

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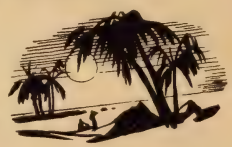
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So lovely — this powder



by TATTOO

To say that Tattoo powder is soft as a tropical breeze is not enough. To say that it is as light as star-dust, as smooth as a rose-petal is to give only the shell, the half-truth of what Tattoo powder really is, and why it's *different* from other powders. Tattoo lasts and lasts almost beyond belief. It gives a new, subtle-soft smoothness, a freshness of satin-skinned youthfulness, a transparent depth which hands a bouquet to your complexion. Tattoo clings—like a soft-textured second skin you wouldn't lose if you could—and you can't.



Tattoo Powder
Nude · Flesh · Brunette · Native
In the smartest-ever chromium box **2/6**
Tattoo Ltd.

New, Beautiful, Healthy Hair Free from Dandruff



Miss D. Bell's hair was falling out very rapidly and was becoming terribly thin. *She had tried several different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued.* ***Then she heard about Kotalko***—*the True Hair Grower. She started using it, and her hair soon stopped falling and coming away on the comb,* ***and a new, beautiful, Healthy Growth developed, free from Dandruff,*** *also her hair, which was going grey, resumed its natural colour.* ***There are many other wonderful cases on record.***

Kotalko is for men's, women's, and children's scalps and hair. For dandruff, weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS.

Never before have you used anything like Kotalko. It frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all poisonous and malodorous pore cloggings; softens the hardening scalp and restores its healthful circulation. **Kotalko** Nourishes and Feeds the Hair Organism, reviving **new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots. Whether your hair is thin, or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—they are wonderful.**

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9 Percy Street (104 DP), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of **KOTALKO** and **KOTALKO SOAP,** with directions for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

corrective to the crude, "sensational" American products which give the general public a vague idea that a journalist is a kind of gangster.

Don't you agree, Mr. Thinker? You are a journalist yourself!—*L. B. Fagot, 173 Cathedral Road, Cardiff, Glam.*

[*Charles Laughton is to play in a film which is expected to give us a fair deal.*—"*Thinker.*"]

Rapid Rise

● I have been reading John Drinkwater's play, *A Man's House*. There is printed, at the back of my copy, the cast for the first performance of the play at the Malvern Festival on July 23, 1934.

Glancing down the cast I came to the character of a Roman Guard, who speaks only sixteen lines during the whole play; and saw, to my astonishment, that this small part was played by none other than—Errol Flynn!—*Arthur Freeman, Monmouthshire.*

[*It's often difficult to believe that the names that are household words to-day were unknown a year or two ago.*—"*Thinker.*"]

Unfanatical Fans

● Much has been said about film-star "worship" and the extraordinary lengths to which film "fans" go in their "worshipping."

But there must be literally millions who feel just warm affection or friendship for film stars.

These people rarely write to their favourites; they content themselves with following every film in which favourites appear. I claim justification for this view, because that is what I feel.

We feel real sorrow when a favourite dies, or suffers loss. When they are foolish, "walking out" of a picture, or divorcing capriciously, we are hurt and ashamed on their behalf.

On the whole, however, we try to allow for these failings, forgiving and forgetting whenever possible; thinking only of the pleasure and entertainment they have given us.—(*Mrs.*) *A. Morgan, 47 Cwmcelyn Road, Blaina, Mon.*

[*I believe the vast majority of "fans" are in this class.*—"*Thinker.*"]

To Storytellers

● To any of the readers of PICTUREGOER who aspire to write film scenarios, my experience will, I think, be of interest.

I have sent out several original film stories to various British studios and this was the result: One story finding favour with a company, they asked me to name my price. I quoted quite a low sum and waited for the cheque.

Six months later the story was returned with a note of regret saying they were unable to use it.

Another company retained a story for *twenty-two months*, replying to my repeated requests for a decision by saying they wanted to use it.

When I pointed out that such a delay without an option fee was unwarranted, the story was returned with a curt note.

Yet on every side one hears requests for better stories!—*Lewis Birkett, 123 Cowick Lane, Exeter, Devon.*

[*The above merely proves our contention that producers do not want original stories from outside sources. Save your stamps.*—"*Thinker.*"]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

WHO'S WHO

Moore Marriott

● His success in the Will Hay comedies has brought this fine actor long overdue recognition as a talkie artist. He was, however, well known and popular in the silent days and must have appeared in as many films as anyone engaged in the British industry to-day.

At one time he specialised in spectacular make-ups and was regarded as a sort of English Lon Chaney.

Moore Marriott was brought up in the tradition of the theatre.

Born at West Drayton, Middlesex, he made his stage bow at the age of five. He was before the public continually until 1914 when the war interrupted a career that had already brought him a considerable measure of success in the West End.

He had to start all over again when he returned from France and it was at this time that he first tried his hand at films.

Between then and 1927 he built up an enviable reputation in the British studios. Among the notable silent films in which he appeared were *The Monkey's Paw, Widdicombe Fair* and *London Love*.

For a while after the coming of sound his talents were neglected but in the last year or two he has come right back into his own.

He has scored in *When Knights Were Bold, Talk of the Devil, Feather Your Nest, The Fatal Hour, Windbag the Sailor, Oh! Mr. Porter, Intimate Relations* and his latest, *Owd Bob*.

Marriott is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has dark hair and blue eyes.

Joan Marsh

● Made her screen debut before she could even walk or talk, appearing at the age of nine months in *Hearts Aflame*.

Joan is the daughter of Charles Rosher, the well-known cameraman who shot some of Mary Pickford's great successes.

Mary, incidentally, gave her child roles in *Daddy Long Legs* and other pictures.

She was born in Porterville, California, and was brought up in Hollywood, where she was educated in public and private schools, continuing her acting in amateur theatricals until graduation, when she returned to films as an adult playing her first ingenue role in *The King of Jazz*.

Later she did well in *All Quiet on the Western Front, Inspiration* and *Dance, Fools, Dance*. Latest pictures: *Champagne for Breakfast, Dancing Feet, Children of Divorce, Hot Water* and *Charlie Chan on Broadway*.

Joan is 5 ft. 2 in. tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

Marian Marsh

● Is no relation to Joan and was born in Trinidad, British West Indies, on October 17, 1913. Her baptismal name, as a matter of fact, was Violet Krauth.

Marian's family took her to America when she was ten.

She attended the famous Hollywood High School, which has produced several famous stars, and entered films via the extra ranks before she was fifteen. She got her first chance in *Whoopee*.

Soon after, her elder sister, who had achieved moderate film success under the name of Jeanne Morgan, interested John Barrymore in her. Barrymore at that time was looking for a leading lady for *Svengali* and he gave Marian the role.

The picture immediately established her popularity, but she was rushed into stardom too soon in *Under Eighteen*, and her career suffered a setback in consequence.

Latest pictures include: *Lady of Secrets, Counterfeit, The Man Who Lived Twice, Come Closer Folks, When's Your Birthday?, The Great Gambini* and *Saturday's Heroes*.

Marian Marsh has blonde hair and grey eyes. She is 5 ft. 2 in. tall.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS AMAMI NIGHT



Of course he does!

AMAMI has been winning sincere praise for over 20 years. No other shampoo has AMAMI's carefully chosen 47 ingredients, scientifically blended to nourish your hair roots, to stimulate and refresh your scalp, and cleanse your hair so that it shines with loveliness. Whether you prefer powder or liquid, see that you get AMAMI. Make every Friday night AMAMI night.

★ ONE OF THESE IS MADE SPECIALLY FOR YOU ★

AMAMI No. 1 for Brunettes. **AMAMI No. 5** for Blondes 3d. & 6d. *The 6d. size contains enough for 2 shampoos.*

AMAMI Special Henna to bring out gleaming tints in auburn hair, redheads and brownettes. 6d.

AMAMI No. 12. Soapless (Powder) in two varieties, for fair and dark hair. 3d. only.

AMAMI LIQUID SOAPLESS SHAMPOO
A lovely clear golden *LIQUID*—can be used on the most delicate scalp. Gives an abundant lather which removes all grease leaving your hair shining, silky, and manageable. TWO generous shampoos from each bottle. Price 6D

Liquid Pine Tar Tonic Shampoo 6d.

AMAMI Shampoos

FREE! Fill in the coupon and post in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Amami Ltd. (Dept. J. 80), 167, High Holborn, W.C.1, for amazing Hair Chart showing how to set your hair to suit your face.

NAME

ADDRESS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour. The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.



SO EASY TO SHAPE YOUR NOSE
Trados Model No. 25 (British Pat.) corrects all ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly and permanently. Only device of precise adjustment. Over 100,000 satisfied users, Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. For years recommended by Physicians.
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HIDE THAT SPOT

JUST a dab with Spot-Stik instantly, safely and completely conceals spots, pimples, moles, blemishes, blackheads, small skin discolorations, burns, black eyes, scars or scratches. Self-consciousness gone! In 3 shades. At Boots and smart toilet counters. In case of difficulty, write to J. Gaw & Co., 65 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

Spot-Stik HIDES BLEMISHES INSTANTLY

How a *brunette* can be lovelier than any *blonde*



One of the loveliest women seen at London's smartest restaurants: Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy

The **LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY**

discovers what a difference the right powder shade makes!

LADY MARY ROSE FITZROY, with her dark-brown hair, dark eyes and fresh skin, is as lovely as any blonde.

"A brunette has to be careful not to use a powder shade that dulls her skin," she explains. "I realised this when I discovered that the Peach shade of Pond's Face Powder made my skin look wonderfully fresh and sparkling. Then I knew that the shade I *had been* using made my skin look grey in comparison. Of course I use Pond's Peach shade always now."

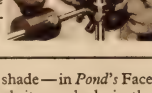
Is YOUR shade wrong?

Many girls are using wrong shades that make their skin look grey—old!

The truth is, it's been almost impossible to find the right shade! For, *until recently, all face powder shades were made without any scientific knowledge of skin colouring.*

But Pond's have had scientists analyse, under the colourscope, the skin of more than 200 lovely girls including beautiful brunettes, glorious blondes, "in-between" with striking beauty, and dazzling Titians. They discovered the hidden tints that give each type its special beauty.

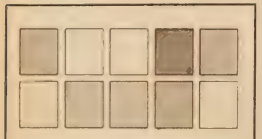
Now Pond's have blended these tints invisibly in their powder shades—each shade to give the lovely colouring of one complexion type.



(Right) *The colourscope revealed* blue *in lovely blonde skin,* green *in lovely brunette skin!*

Try *your* usual shade—in *Pond's* Face Powder. Though it may look, in the box, much like your present powder, it can make a wonderful difference when on your skin, giving you a glamorous beauty you've never yet had.

Pond's Powder clings smoothly all day. Its perfume will delight you. Chemists and stores have Pond's Powder—boxes 1/9, 1/-, 6d.



The shades above show the difference between 10 rachel shades found in one shop. Of these only Pond's Rachel shades contained the hidden tints that make skin lovely.

POND'S face powder

LET GEORGE DO IT!

E. B.—(1) Jean Gillie's films since 1936 include: *Brewsters Millions; His Majesty & Co.; School for Stars; Smith's Wives; While Parents Sleep; It Happened In Paris; This'll Make You Whistle; Girl in the Taxi; The Live Wire.* Alice Faye's films since 1934: *George White's Scandals; When New York Sleeps; She Learned About Sailors; 365 Nights in Hollywood; George White's Scandals* (1935); *Every Night at Eight; Music is Magic; King of Burlesque; Poor Little Rich Girl; Sing, Baby, Sing; Stowaway; On the Avenue; Wake Up and Live; You Can't Have Everything; In Old Chicago; Your Sweetheart; Sally, Irene and Mary.*

FILM FAN (Laindon).—(1) Henry Fonda, b. May 16, 1905, Grand Island, Labaska; he is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 170 lb. and has black hair and blue eyes; married (*a*) Margaret Sullavan (mar. dis.), (*b*) Frances Brokeaw. He is making *Jezebel* with Bette Davis for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.). (2) Walter Huston did not play in *The Big Game.* Philip Huston took the part of Clark in that film. (3) Walter Huston was born April 6, 1883, Toronto; he is 6 ft. tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes and married (*a*) Bayonne Whipple (mar. dis.), (*b*) Ninetta Sunderland. Write to him c/o United Artists Studios (U.S.A.). (4) Yes, photographs of Henry Fonda and Walter Huston can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

J. M. W. (Essex).—(1) Freddie Bartholomew, b. March 28, 1924; he has blue eyes and brown hair. His films since 1936 include: *Professional Soldier, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Devil Takes the Count, Lloyd's of London, Captains Courageous.* (2) We have published art plates of Freddie Bartholomew in the April 4, 1936 issue and the Summer 1937 number of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine St., London, W.C.2, for 3d. each post free. 7d.—special issues. (3) Centre spreads: *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, April 25, 1936, *Lloyd's of London*, May 15, 1937; supplement of *Captains Courageous*, Dec. 11, 1937.

G. H. (Sussex).—(1) Chief players: *Sing and Be Happy*, Anthony Martin, Leah Ray, Joan Davis, Helen Westley, Allan Lane and Dixie Dunbar. *Merry Comes to Town*, Zasu Pitts, Guy Newall, Betty Ann Davies, Stella Arbenina, Bernard Clifton, Margaret Watson and Muriel George. (2) Music from *One Hundred Men and a Girl*, "Alleluja," by Mozart, sung by Deanna Durbin with Leopold Stokowski and Philharmonic Orchestra; "It's Raining Sunbeams" and "A Heart That's Free," sung by Deanna Durbin; selections from "Lohengrin," "Second Hungarian Rhapsody," "La Traviata," and Tschaikowsky's "Fifth Symphony," played by Leopold Stokowski and Philharmonic Orchestra. Music in *Three Smart Girls*, "Il Baccio," "Someone to Care For Me," "My Heart is Singing": all sung by Deanna Durbin.

D. P. (S. Africa).—(1) Juan Torena took the part of Luis Maderos in *A Message to Garcia.* (2) George Houston took the part of Leon Alba and Vivienne Osborne that of Rosa Donelli in *Let's Sing Again.* (2) Write to Greta Garbo, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) and to Vivienne Osborne, c/o Radio (U.S.A.).

PIP (Edmonton).—No, Don Ameche did not take the part of a soldier in *Seventh Heaven*, nor did he play Josephine Hutchinson's son in *The Melody Lingers On.* Will Stanton and Irving Bacon played the young soldiers in *Seventh Heaven* and David Scott took the part of Guido in *The Melody Lingers On.*

PICTUREGOER READER (Widnes).—The cost of postcard size photographs of five actresses from the Picture Postcard Salon would be 1s. 3d.

BARTLETT ADMIRER (Surrey).—Michael Bartlett took the part of Count Anatole de Kereffi in *The Lilac Domino.* He was born Aug. 23, 1901, North Oxford, Massachusetts, is 5 ft. 10½ in. tall, weighs 163lbs. and has blue-grey eyes and black hair. He is to make films for Republic (U.S.A.).

G. A. (Glamorganshire).—Sonja Henie, b. April 8, 1913, write to her and Robert Kent c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.) Sally Eilers, b. Dec. 11, 1908, write to her c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.); Jeanette MacDonald, b. June 18, 1907, write to her Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Gene Autry, b. Sept. 29, 1907, write to him c/o Republic Studios, (U.S.A.).

I. M. (Torquay).—Robert Taylor, b. Filley, Nebraska, Aug. 5, 1911; he is 6 ft. tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A). (2) Tyrone Power, b. May 5, 1914, has raven black hair and brown eyes. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.). Latest films, *Second Honeymoon, In Old Chicago, The Young Disraeli.*

JACKIE.—Jackie Cooper was scheduled for *Junior G Men* for Radio, but he has not made the film and is at present making *Boy of the Streets* for the same company.

M. C. (Cheshire).—Write to the Postcard Salon, address above, for photographs of Tullio Carminati and Otto Kruger, price 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

LEONARD CRAZY (Tonypandy).—Leonard Snelling, who played in *The Gang Show*, was born about 15 years ago in London. He has dark hair and brown eyes and you can write to him c/o Herbert Wilcox Productions (Eng.), where he is under contract.

PICTUREGOER.—Maureen O'Sullivan, b. May 17, 1911, Boyle, Ireland. She is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 114 lb. and has brown hair and blue eyes; married Johnny Farrow. Her latest films include: *A Yank at Oxford* with Robert Taylor; a featured role in *Marie Antoinette* and the lead in *Madelon*, which Luise Rainer had to relinquish on account of her health. Write to her, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

PAT FAN.—Patrick Barr, b. about 28 years ago; he is 6 ft. tall, has fair hair and blue eyes; is not married. Write to him, c/o Paramount (British) Productions.

M. B (Woking).—Gracie Fields is married to Archie Pitt (whose real name is Selinger)

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

THE FEDERATED BRITISH FILM AND STAGE CLUB welcomes new members. The Club, besides its good work for British Films, holds many jolly social activities, which include West End dances, sherry parties at which various famous stars are the guests of honour, social evenings, private film shows, theatre parties, visits to the studios, and many other interesting times. The club has also opened branches in the following towns and prospective members in these districts should communicate with the local secretaries: Portsmouth, Mr. F. Gatrall, 25 Preston Avenue, Milton, Southsea; Birmingham, Mr. N. Cresswell, 6 Honiton Close, Allens Cross, Birmingham; Manchester, Miss J. Joyce, 48 Fairholme Road, Withington, Manchester; Liverpool, Miss E. Sale, 131 Northbrook Street, Princes Park, Liverpool. Branches of the club will be also opened in other large towns shortly and applications are welcomed from those interested in taking on the work of local secretary, which is, of course, an honorary post. They must be willing to give some time to working up the centres and are required to give references. Secretaries are also required in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. All particulars *re* the membership of the club or about the post of local secretary can be obtained from the Secretary, 32 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

• • •

THE FILM STARS INFORMATION AND PHOTOGRAPH CLUB is the new title for the FILM STARS FANS FRIENDLY ASSOCIATION. All inquiries *re* this interesting club should now be addressed to Miss Mary Penrose, 2 Stewart's Yard, Fitzroy Terrace, Heslington Road, York. This club publishes a monthly club news and members are supplied with an autographed photograph of their favourite film star. Parties, outings, and several dances are to be held, and each member receives a pen pal list. Branch secretaries are urgently needed and any person wishing to take over this responsibility is welcomed by Miss Penrose.

• • •

THE RAMON NOVARRO FILM CLUB celebrates the star's birthday on February 6 with a party. New members are welcomed. This club issues a magazine regularly. You can send for a sample copy and a photograph of the star, price 3d., to the Secretary, 43 Chardmore Road, London, N.16.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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Telegrams: Picturegoer, Southernwood, Rand, London.

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BRITISH MANUFACTURE.



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It is not a single drug, but the prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician. Cephos is safe and certain, and does not affect the heart. From all chemists and stores in powder or tablet form, 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose, 2d. each, powder or tablets.

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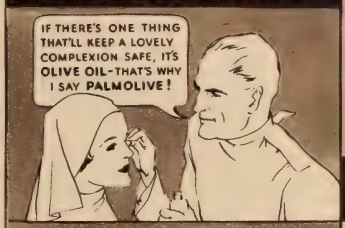


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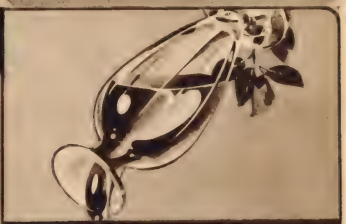
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NAME .....
(*Please print in Capital Letters*)

ADDRESS .....

"*Picturegoer*," 29/1/38. *Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*



THIS PORTRAIT took Film Fans by Storm

IT is just one of forty new cards which were added to "The Picturegoer" Salon's gallery of Postcard Film Favourites a fortnight ago. Three new cards of Marlene, three of Greta, seven of Robert Taylor . . . the choice is large and lovely. Have you got the latest Free List No. 72?

By Joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5s. album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a super De Luxe Album in blue rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2s. 6d. per dozen. Choose your cards from the list given on left below or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2s. 6d. per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list sent free.

5/- ALBUM FREE!

ALL NEW CARDS

SEPIA GLOSSY

Annabella; Wendy Barrie; Jane Carr; Jean Colin; Marlene Dietrich (3 poses); Ann Dvorak; Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr.; Greta Garbo (3 poses); Greer Garson; John Gielgud; Josephine Hutchinson; Billy and Bobby Mauch; Doris Nolan; Jean Parker; Florence Rice; James Stewart; Robert Taylor (7 poses); Spencer Tracy; Conrad Veidt; Fay Wray.

COLOURGRAPH SERIES

Annabella; Virginia Bruce; Ronald Colman; Nelson Eddy; Greta Garbo (2 poses); Fredric March; Anna May Wong.

PARTNERS, SEPIA AND COLOURED

Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll (2 poses); Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan.

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

To "THE PICTUREGOER" Salon,
85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Please enrol me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album *free*. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the Album *de luxe* is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

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Overseas readers should enclose 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if Album *de luxe* is required.

*Cross P.O. /and Co./ and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

Irish Free State customers will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Plc., 5/2/38



What are they doing to Carole Lombard? What do *you* think of her amazing change of style in recent pictures? What's the story behind this star—and why Hollywood has changed Carole Lombard's pictures from the sophisticated and glamorous to one-woman "crazy gang" shows—and with what effect on her public—is told by W. H. Mooring, famous screen writer in the great issue of "Film Weekly," out Friday, February 4th.

Whether you agree with Mooring's vivid dissection of the star's past, present and future or not, you will thrill to this brilliant behind-the-screen article. It's just one of many intimate and exclusive features in "FILM WEEKLY." The National Guide to Films, out on Friday, Feb. 4th, 3d. everywhere.

OUT FRIDAY 3D.

FILM WEEKLY

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

DO you ever take the opportunity to have a day in bed? Impossible, some of you will retort, but is it? There is always Sunday for the business girl, and even the busy housewife is occasionally faced with a day when her husband won't be home until late, and the children can get their dinner at school.

A day in bed can do you a world of good. It need not be an unoccupied day, for coupled with complete relaxation you can also take the opportunity of indulging in some much needed beauty treatments.

Shall we consider your figure first. What about a day on liquid diet to reduce your weight a little. Heavy food taken in bed is unwise, so you will be making a virtue of necessity, and besides improving your figure, you will give your digestion a rest—an excellent plan, anyway.

You can take fruit juice at intervals, and if you feel you really must have a bit at lunch time, take a plate of clear vegetable soup with a rusk or a piece of butterless crispbread.

Make up your mind before the day what you would like to do in the way of beauty treatment. Decide on your treatment and make the necessary purchases and preparations the day before the rest.

There are innumerable packs to be bought for improving the complexion, whether your skin is greasy or dry, sallow or open pored. Some are in cream form, absolutely ready for use. You can spread them lying down in bed, and take them off again in the same way. An old towel spread over the pillow will protect the bed linen.

If you would like to prepare your own pack for a muddy-looking skin, here is the way to do it:

To a teacupful of almond meal add sufficient peroxide of hydrogen to turn it into a thick paste. Then add sufficient rosewater, till the mixture is of an easily-worked creamy consistency.

Have ready a muslin mask with holes cut in it for eyes, nose and mouth. Spread the paste over this. Place a second muslin mask over the paste so it makes a sandwich, then press the whole well over the face. Gently smooth it on so that it follows the contours of the features.

Have ready a soft small towel wrung out of hot water and place this over the mask. When it cools apply another one. Continue in this way for 10 minutes, and after removal rinse the skin with warm water. You will have to do this in the bathroom, of course. But after patting the face dry, go back to bed and spend the next ten minutes or so massaging in a light nourishing cream. Finally remove with paper tissues, and take an encouraging look in the hand mirror, when your face should appear a shade or so lighter. Several of these treatments at weekly intervals should greatly improve a dull skin.

Supposing your skin has suffered from cold winds and is showing ugly red blotches then give it a treatment with zinc and eucalyptus ointment. You may buy this from all chemists. Wash first with lukewarm water, and after drying pat in the ointment. Leave it on for 10 minutes. Then wipe off and rinse with cool water. Repeat the treatment later in the day.

Supposing you are troubled with occasional pimples. Give the skin a concentrated treatment with a lotion made from the white part of a large stick of celery. Cut the celery up finely. Place in a saucepan just covered with water and simmer gently for half an hour. Strain off and to each tablespoonful of liquid add a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor. Bottle and keep tightly corked.

Massage this lotion into the skin at intervals during the day.

A great deal of good may be done to the hands during a day in bed. If you have not already got a good hand lotion or cream in use, try the following:

To two tablespoonfuls of glycerine, add the strained juice of half a lemon and a teaspoonful of eau de Cologne. This is a good hand mixture. The lemon whitens, the glycerine softens and the eau de Cologne gives fine pores that are grime resisting.

Treat the cuticles with a little cuticle cream or some warm olive oil. To keep the sheets from getting messy, you can wear some attractive gloves specially made for the purpose. They are ventilated in an openwork design.

Don't forget your eyes will benefit from a brightening and cleansing treatment as well as the day's rest. If you use herbal bandalettes, this is the time for them, or failing these or a proprietary lotion, make some pads of cotton wool and soak them in cold water to which has been added a few drops of witch hazel. Place them over the closed eyes and relax for twenty minutes.

If you cannot do anything else for your hair, at least you can give it some jolly good brushing—a thing that nowadays is far too often neglected. Start with a finger massage for the scalp. Place the finger tips under the hair. Gently rotate them first in one direction and then in the opposite direction. Move the fingers on a little and repeat. Continue in this way until the entire scalp has been treated.

Then take your previously washed brush, and brush well. Do it upward so that scalp and hair are aerated. And then brush it into position again. When you have done that, pinch in the waves, and find to your surprise that instead of the set being spoiled, the waves are deeper and more natural-looking than before.

◆ ◆ ◆

When you are puzzled, pass it to me. Whatever your query, send it with a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply to ANNE, c/o "The Picturegoer" Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to K. M. Lockett, 118 Hotwell Road, Bristol, 8, for:—

Meet the Duchess
Take My Tip
She's No Lady
I Met Her in Paris

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Miss E. Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilledale, Durham City, for:—

Night After Night
Dark Journey
Wanted
A Shilling for Candles

Miss P. Thomas, Longacre, Nottage, Porthcawl, S. Wales, for:—

They Gave Him a Gun
Splinters in the Air
General Hospital
The Limping Man

Miss Olwen Hugh, 8 Incline Row, Ton Pentre, Rhondda, Glamorgan, for:—

After Office Hours
Escapade
Don't Tell the Wife
I Promise to Pay

Miss Florence Pellow, 19 Kingswood Road, Westward Park, Monton, Eccles, near Manchester, for:—

After the Ball
A Kiss in the Dark
Fury
He Who Gets Slapped

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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50 for 2/6 · 100 for 5/-

'TRU-VAC' TINS (Sealed Air-tight)
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WHY BE A VICTIM OF NERVES?

Start taking these amazing little tablets now—**"Shadphos" Tonic Tablets**—one or two with meals—and in two days' time all trace of Nerves, Neurasthenia, Depression, Brain Fag, Listlessness, Fear of Failure, Irritability, Run-downness, Lack of Concentration, Boredom and general "Fed-upness" will be no more than a bad memory! **"Shadphos" Tonic Tablets** revive your interest in life and make work a real pleasure—they have enabled many a brain worker to get a long-wanted "rise." Very likely they will do the same for **you**! Absolutely harmless and equally good for men or women. Restore your zest and enthusiasm! Banish depression! Surge with new vitality! Start taking this greatest of all mind and nerve tonics **now** and leave your old jaded self behind. Ask for **"Shadphos" brand Tonic Tablets.** A proved remedy. Prices: **1/-** (12), **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100) and **17/-** (300 tablets). **Prescription 470.**

Special book dealing with Nerve Troubles (No. PG. 323), price **2d.** *Post free.*

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All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: **6d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets). In exceptionally painful cases use a **Neuritis Cachet (No. 622A).** Prices: **3/-** (6), and **5/9** (12). The best external application is **"Vapour Rub"—Prescription 913.** Prices: **6d.** and **1/-.**

The Shadforth Booklet on "Neuritis" (No. P.G. 236). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

CHEST COLDS

Stop Coughing all night with the "Shadforth" Chest and Lung Tonic

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Winter Coughs, colds, and chest troubles, in adults, when Asthma and Bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.

When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic. **Shadforth Prescription No. 617.** Price **1/6** and **3/-** per bottle. The 1/6 bottle makes 1 pint and the 3/- bottle makes 2 pints.

The Shadforth Booklet on "How to Cure a Cough" (No. P.G. 203). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

KEEP YOUR ARTERIES YOUNG

Lower Your Blood Pressure and Take a Load Off Your Heart

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio Sclerosis** rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration and makes you feel years younger within 20 days. Get it now. **Prescription No. 1108T.** Prices: **2/6** and **5/6.**

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. P.G. 342). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

CHILBLAINS

Keep the body warm by exercise, friction and clothing. Don't live in hot rooms and get warm by going too near fires. Use any or all of the following—directions with each:—

Chilblain Ointment (No. 581) for unbroken Chilblains, and Chapped Hands or Lips. Price **6d.** and **1/6.**

Chilblain Tablets (No. 586K), for increasing the density of the blood. Price **10d., 1/4** and **2/1.**

Ointment for Broken Chilblains (No. 582). Price **6d.** and **1/6.**

Birch Tar Soap, for washing and stimulating the skin **(No. 930).** Price **1/-.**

The Shadforth Booklet on Chilblains (No. P.G. 325), price **2d.** *Post free.*

ALOPECIA

(Hair Falling Out in Patches)

Here is a Cream which makes hair grow on bald spots (alopecia) if promptly applied. It is an unfailing remedy in Scurf, Scaly Eczema, and Ringworm, and most cases of Psoriasis. Ask for **Alopecia Prescription No. 850.** In jars at **1/9** and **4/-.** The best soap to use in cases of Psoriasis, Hair Trouble, Scurf, and similar skin troubles is **Shadforth Birch Tar Soap (No. 930),** costs **1/-** per tablet. The best internal medicine is Potassium. Take this in the form of **Vi-Salts** (the new Potassium Table-salt) with each meal. Price **6d. Prescription No. 1250.** It nourishes the hair and prevents it going grey.

Consult Health News (No. P.G. 306) for the treatment of Hair Troubles. Price **2d.** *Post free.*

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Brings Relief

HEART DISEASE IS RARE: don't be alarmed because you suffer from palpitation or pain near the heart. If it isn't indigestion it's overstrung nerves. **The Shadforth Heart Tonic (No. 632),** popularly known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts, will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness! Have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/3** (144), **13/-** (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Can be taken alternately with **"Shadphos" Tonic Tablets** with advantage (see above).

The Shadforth Booklet on "Heart Trouble" (No. P.G. 320). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

BLADDER COMFORT

No More Disturbed Nights

Liver, Kidney and Bladder troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Stricture, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding, and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the **Shadforth "Bladder Comforter," Prescription No. 285.** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief. Prices: **1/4** (25), **2/6** (50), **4/6** (100), **13/-** (300).

A special book (No. P.G. 326) on the subject by Mr. Shadforth. Price **2d.** *Post free.*

AN OILY SKIN

especially an oily face, in man or woman, quickly regains and retains its normal healthy appearance by the regular use of **Shadforth's Ox Gall Obesity Soap (Prescription No. 986).** Recommended by specialists everywhere. In Tablets at **1/3** each.

The Shadforth Booklet on "Obesity" (No. P.G. 255). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

FALSE TEETH HOLD FAST

all day long when you sprinkle on Shadforth's Dental Plate Powder **(Prescription No. 994A)**—they fit snugly—comfortably—they cannot slip. Prescribed by world's leading dentists. Price **1/-** and **2/6** per box.

HEAD COLDS

Catarrhal Congestions

An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in **"Shadrinol."** It is packed with a pipette for applying drops in the nose or with a spray for applying to back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat.

Complete with directions. Price **1/3 (with Pipette), 2/6 (with Pipette and Atomizer). Prescription No. 1445XL.** The best internal medicine to supplement the action of **"Shadrinol"** is **Prescription 331 — Catarrh and Cough Pills.** Prices **1/-** and **1/9.**

The Shadforth Booklet (No. P.G. 348) on this subject is supplied post free on request.

PSORIASIS

(1) **Antiseptic (No. 1449),** in tablet form to make bath. Price **1/-, 1/6** and **2/9.**

(2) **Psoriasis Ointment (No. 850).** A stimulating antiseptic. Price **1/9** and **4/-.**

(3) Wash regularly until better with **Birch Tar Soap (No. 930).** Price **1/-.**

(4) Take Potassium internally for a few weeks in the form of **"Vi-Salts"** (the new potassium table salt). **Prescription No. 1250.** Price **6d.**

Special Booklet on Psoriasis (No. P.G. 262). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

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Picturegoer

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● *An Open Letter to BRITISH FILM ACTORS*

We Don't Want "DOUBLE LIFE" STARS



Barry K. Barnes, with Jack Hawkins, being rehearsed by Maurice Elvey, for a scene for "Who Goes Next?" He is to be congratulated on relinquishing a stage part to concentrate on his role in the film.

GENTLEMEN,

We do not share the general horror apparently aroused in film circles by the fact that Messrs. H. M. Tennent, the West End theatre managers, have banned artistes in their productions from undertaking film work at the same time.

The view of Messrs. Tennent in making the decision is that "no player can efficiently perform two jobs, filming all day and appearing on the stage at night." It seems to us to be a perfectly logical and justifiable one, and if it is accepted as such it must be perfectly obvious that it applies equally to an artiste's efficiency in films.

The British industry has been handicapped for far too long by the activities of "spare time" stars from the stage who, apart from a lack of enthusiasm for films amounting almost to contempt, arrive at the studio for the day's work tired and listless after "giving their all" to their art in the theatre the night before.

Although the general attitude among artistes to the screen has improved appreciably in the last few years, there is still too wide a tendency here to regard film work as a remunerative form of "slumming."

The main ambition in films of far too many of our film actors is merely the moment when they can grab their fat pay envelope and rush back to the West End.

If you do not care to take our word for it, perhaps you will take that of one of your colleagues, Mr. Robert Donat, a shrewd observer, who has the highest qualifications for knowing what he is talking about and one, moreover, who has never been accused of being a fanatical admirer of the movie as an art form.

"There is a certain snobbery," Donat wrote recently, "among stage actors where filming is concerned; they look upon it as a rather boring, well-paid joke. Their performances in front of the camera, if also rather boring, are not so much of a joke.

"They give rise to the oft-repeated cry, 'Where are our actors?' Then, too late," the star added, "they discover that they have not gone the right way about it. Instead of acting 'a little less,' they find out that they must act 'a little better.' That is why actors who are successful on both stage and screen are few and far between."

Still less likely to be successful (and therefore of value to British films) is the actor who tries to do both at the same time. British artistes must be made to realise that they cannot serve two masters. If they are going to take film money they must be prepared to give the best that is in them to films.

Some of you, we are glad to see, recognise that obvious responsibility. We take off our hat to Barry K. Barnes, for instance, who recently dropped out of the cast of a West End play in order to concentrate on his picture job in *Who Goes Next?* Even then his action in doing so was sufficiently unusual to be regarded as "news."

Hollywood has not been troubled by this "double life" system for the reason that Broadway, the home of the American theatre, is thousands of miles away, but the Californian film capital would not, we imagine, tolerate it for a moment.

So far from resenting the action of Messrs. Tennent, we applaud it. If every London theatre and studio management would follow their lead it would be one of the best things that ever happened to British films.

It would, among other advantages, help towards forcing our studios to develop their own talent—an absolute necessity if our films are to be established on a firm foundation in the future. At present it is practically impossible to get into films without cast-iron stage credentials because too many of our casting directors are incompetent figureheads who are (quite rightly) afraid to take a chance on their own judgment and because, in any case, we have negligently failed to create the machinery for building up new personalities from the raw material, as Hollywood does.

As a result, most of the young artistes who come into pictures bring with them an often already almost ineradicable theatre technique and all the dreadful conventions of the "precious" modern style of stage acting and diction imparted by some of our dramatic academies.

Of course, these handicaps might be eliminated if the youngsters were given proper screen training immediately on arrival—if we had sufficient people in our studios who know enough about the subject to do it.

The Editor

● *All the Gossip*

HEPBURN HAS A CHANGE OF HEART

● Katie Emerges from the Silence

● Where Carole's Money Goes

● £2,000 a Year for Clothes

● Kissing as a Beauty Aid

● Romeos are Out of Favour

I DON'T know whether it's the influence of her friend Ginger Rogers, who has, ever since they started work together in *Stage Door*, been trying to persuade her to kiss and make up with the journalists, pressure from her employers following the not exactly sensational returns from the Hepburn pictures immediately preceding her latest, or just a voluntary change of heart, but Katie has emerged from the Great Silence.

She has allowed it to be noised abroad, at any rate, that she will receive certain hand-picked pressmen and resume the granting of interviews.

According to the star, she never at any time objected to giving interviews. What she did object to was being misquoted by the Hollywood writers and the fantastic fiction sent out about her by the Hollywood publicists.

Now a specially selected member of the ballyhoo department, in whom she has confidence, has been appointed to handle the Hepburn publicity in future.

So we'll be hearing from Hepburn—maybe.

Lombard's £5,000 Party Bill

● Spare a tear for Carole Lombard, who is "crying poverty" about the £92,000 pay cheque she earned last year. Taxation, she complains, took £35,000 of it and her agents another £9,200.

That still leaves nearly £48,000 for Carole, but out of that, she says, she has only been able to save £12,000



John and Elaine Barrymore, recently both put under contract to Paramount, mark the occasion by posing for "Picturegoer's" cameraman.

Her expenses account for the rest. Her personal and publicity staff cost her £15,000 and her living expenses, £12,000 (that's not so extravagant as you may think; it includes the building of a new house.)

But, personally, while Carole finds it necessary to spend £5,000 a year on entertaining and £2,000 a year to clothe the body beautiful in the balmy climate of California, we think we'll save those tears after all.

In Harlow's Dressing-Room

● Margaret Sullavan, due back in Hollywood after a temporary retirement for a stage season and the visit of the stork, will be the first star to use Jean Harlow's all-white dressing-room suite at Culver City since Jean's death.

Nearly all the M.-G.-M. contract stars have refused the suite. Film people are notoriously superstitious, but not so Helen Troy. Playing the role of a maid, she was sent to the wardrobe department for a costume. "We have a costume Jean Harlow wore in *Riff Raff*," she was told, "but several of the girls have refused to wear it. Afraid of bad luck, I guess."

Helen took the costume. That afternoon she was summoned to the casting department and told she had been selected for her biggest role to date—a part in *Thoroughbreds Don't Care*.

Barbara Pepper, incidentally, struck us as a possible Harlow successor in *The Trial of Portia Merriman*.

Kissing Is Good for You

● The most momentous movie discovery of the month is that kissing is good for the mouth.

The authority for this epic disclosure is Jeanie MacPherson, once a screen glamour girl and now a writer for Cecil B. de Mille. Jeanie was a rival of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in the early days of the screen.

"Kissing," she declares, "gives firmness, loveliness and expression to the lips. It is the same thing as a beauty treatment."

Well, anyway, boys, it's an argument.

But Kisses Take A Cut

● In the meanwhile, love is not what it was on the screen. The embrace which once would have lasted more than a minute must now be all over and done with in 20 seconds or less.

Fred Allen, a film cutter for the past 20 years, for instance, declares that "an overdrawn love scene, instead of thrilling typists and waitresses as it once did, to-day has the effect of appearing highly ludicrous. Its only place



is in a fantastic comedy where it can be utilised to produce laughs.

"The shortening of love scenes in pictures is the result of observing thousands of audiences and noting their unrest when protracted love scenes are presented."

◆ ◆ ◆

"The modern girl to-day has only contempt for Romeos. The gallant lover of the past; the man who would propose on bended knee and mix poetic sentiments with the business at hand has given way to the gasoline lover, a very direct and business-like boy."

Allen contends that straight romance now takes up less than five per cent of current picture stories where formerly half the footage of a picture would deal with the subject itself.

"Instead of becoming the dominant factor in films, pure romance now is a minor necessity, useful only to give purpose to a story," he adds. "During the past year at least ten box-office hits have been made in which the love angle has been reduced to less than 3 per cent. of the whole story—and these pictures have been highly successful."

Crawford Remembered

● Her intimates noticed that Joan Crawford smiled an enigmatic smile when she was informed that Frank Borzage was to direct her in *Mannequin*, which has been showing in the West End.

She scented a mystery, but Joan kept silent until the day they were introduced.

Borzage was naturally familiar with the Crawford features, having seen them on the screen many times, but he felt somehow that



Jack Crosby (no relation to Bing, but dance director of the crooner's new picture, "Doctor Rhythm") rehearses the girls for a big garden fete number.

there was something more personal about his recognition of her as they shook hands.

"I have a curious feeling that we have met somewhere before," said the director.

"We have," replied Joan quietly. Ten years ago you tested me for the role that Janet Gaynor eventually played in *Seventh Heaven*. I was naturally disappointed that you didn't like me. And the studio had told me the day before that they were going to farm me out to play opposite Tom Mix if I didn't get the job with you."

Bing Versus "Bee"

● We'll have to credit Bing Crosby with a sense of humour, after all. Bing was watching the famous British comedienne, Beatrice Lillie, pose for "still" pictures with a seal, on the set of Paramount's *Doctor Rhythm* the other day.

A little house had been constructed for the seal, which stuck its head out whenever the actress proffered a bit of fish.

"I think it's a darling," she said. "Wouldn't it make a cute picture if I got in there with him? Or would he bite?"

"No," drawled Crosby, "but people might talk."

Screen Gets Air-Minded

● Crazy comedy rules the screen to-day, but soon producers intend giving it the air in favour of aviation.

Samuel Goldwyn, thinking as usual in terms of epics, is planning to star Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon and Joel McCrea in *Trans-Atlantic Flight*. Pan-American Airways, the company which in conjunction with Imperial Airways made the recent Atlantic trial flights, are co-operating closely with Goldwyn on the production. Facilities for filming at the company's airports, together with personnel and equipment, will be placed at his disposal.

Other studios are also busy preparing flight films. M.-G.-M. has Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy in *Test Pilot*; Twentieth Century-Fox seek the feminine angle with *Women with Wings*; Paramount has scheduled *Men with Wings*; Warner Brothers are hoping to borrow Gary Cooper for *The Wright Brothers*; and then, of course, there is London Films' long-delayed *Conquest of the Air*, which is now nearly finished.

According to Goldwyn, the reason for Hollywood's flying boom is that it allows producers full scope to operate with one of the screen's oldest and most successful formulas. Says he:

"Western pictures have always been popular because they are dramatic, exciting and moving. What then is an aviation picture but a Western in the air—without horses?"

Short Shots

● Marlene Dietrich seen the other day wearing sandals and with her *heels* painted red—Errol Flynn recommends fencing to the ladies as the perfect method for reducing—W. S. Van Dyke has taken over the direction of Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette* from Sidney Franklin, who is ill—Margaret Lindsay has been holidaying in Mexico—Maria Veronica is the name the Gary Coopers have finally chosen for the new addition to the family—Walt Disney will appear on the screen in *Radio City Revels*—Walt, by the way, has created a new playmate for Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck, Gus the Goose—Douglas Fairbanks, jun., will support Irene Dunne in her next, *Joy of Loving*—"Junior" is keeping busy these days; he has also been signed to make *The Son of Monte Cristo*, role turned down by Robert Donat—Olympe Bradna will be teamed with Fred MacMurray in *Dream of Love*—Ray Milland is to play the central character in the Hollywood version of the Rudyard Kipling story *The Light That Failed*—Val Rosing has had his name changed to Gilbert Russell by M.-G.-M.

Freddie Bartholomew's next will be *Lord Jeff*—Asta, the *Thin Man* dog, is to be starred in his own right in a series of shorts—Georgianna Belzer, half-sister of Loretta Young, makes her screen debut under the name of Ann Royale in *Mad About Music*; name was selected by sisters, Loretta, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young—Ginger Rogers does not think that her legs are good-looking and kills about 50 per cent. of her "stills" on the grounds that they make her underpinnings look "too skinny."

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

STARS IN A GAMBLING RAID

POLICE descended upon The Dunes, a well-known gambling place near Palm Springs which was frequently patronised by Hollywood stars who like their flutter. The gendarmes carted away several truckloads of gaming equipment, but did not arrest any of the stars who were present, and there were quite a few.

As a result of the raid, stars have cancelled reservation, for Palm Springs, seeking other places, less subject to police interference, for their nocturnal activities.

Angry Star

● Constance Bennett has filed suit against Jimmie Fiddler, the radio commentator, for $250,000, damages, as a sequel to a broadcast made by Mr. Fiddler.

Fiddler is not terribly disturbed, and refers everybody to his attorney.

But, if Connie wins, other stars are likely to launch suits, not only on Jimmie, but any commentators who they consider have been too frank.

An Anxious Star

● Adolphe Menjou has applied to Lloyd's of London for $150,000 insurance against "moving terrain" damage to his Los Feliz Heights Estate.

The Elysian Park's restless mountain, featured in the newspapers, worried Menjou, hence the insurance policy.

Three Sisters

● The Lane girls are the champion sisters of Hollywood! I saw Rosemary and Lola in *Hollywood Hotel*, while Priscilla was doing very well in another Warner Opus.

So far as I can recall, they are the only three sisters who are all "clicking" in Hollywood.

Romance Again

● Ruth Chatterton, eternal optimist, although twice married and divorced, is willing to risk another tilt with matrimony!

The attractive stage and screen star, previously married to Ralph Forbes and George Brent, announces that she will wed Carlos Martins, 31-year-old owner of vineyards in Madeira, Portugal.

We all hope that Ruth will find happiness in her third marital venture.

Stars Protest

● A proposed idea to establish "Rawhide Town" near Encino, for the making of western pictures and as a permanent home for movie cowboys has met with protest by stars living in the vicinity.

Those who complain include Al Jolson, Don Ameche, Edward Everett Horton and others famous in the film world.

Stout Fellow

● When John Dillon, noted actor, who entered the movies when D. W. Griffith was directing at Biograph, died, his widow received a telephone call from Lionel Barrymore, who acted for Griffith with Mr. Dillon.

(*Continued on page* 8)

All the Gossip—*contd.*

Lionel Barrymore asked Mrs. Dillon if he could aid her in any way financially, and I believe he did so handsomely.

So you who like Lionel Barrymore's acting on the screen, can also feel that he is not only a reflection on the cinema mirror, but a fine man as well.

Burying The Hatchet

● Wallace Beery denies that he crossed the picket lines at the Brown Derby Cafe during a recent strike, and executives of the Federation of Labour believe him. So now plans to place the actor on the unfair list have been dropped.

A Star's Army

● Fernand Gravet owns the film colony's only collection of tin soldiers, valued at approximately 100,000 dollars.

The French star has a "standing army" of nearly 20,000 of the miniature military figures. They are all of Napoleon and his army, with the various regiments in their special uniforms.

Cost is 5 dollars per figure, on an average, but some of the miniatures run as high as 8 dollars.

A Kangaroo Victory

● Australia was the only foreign country to enter a float in the famous Rose Parade which is held in Pasadena every year. The float did not win a prize, but the beauty of Mary Maguire's three attractive sisters aroused the admiration of everyone.

It might not be a bad idea for British producers to send a few beauties and an attractive float or two to the next Rose Bowl parade.

Hollywood Says That—

Anita Luise started work in pictures at the age of five.

◆ ◆ ◆

Eric Von Stroheim's son is a messenger boy for 20th Century-Fox.

Carole Lombard has been in pictures since she was eleven.

◆ ◆ ◆

Dick Powell takes lessons in the use of chop sticks from his Chinese valet.

◆ ◆ ◆

Henry O'Neill, former sculptor, is making a head of his daughter, Patricia.

◆ ◆ ◆

Joan Blondell has just started reading *Anthony Adverse*.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

ALL ABOARD FOR TRAFALGAR!

THERE are certainly signs, here and there amid the snores and cobwebs, that the studios are awakening out of their winter sleep; and about time!

For instance, as you may have seen in the public prints, Herbert Wilcox has announced that he will shortly launch his new production starring Anna Neagle.

Well, when I say "shortly," I mean on April 13, which is a fairly long shortly as shortlies go, but it's so encouraging to find a man of Herbert Wilcox's experience and knowledge of the situation agreeing with me and my pals that it's worth while making British films at all, that I feel inclined to celebrate a little without worrying too much about the delay.

As a matter of fact, that delay's a most encouraging thing; it suggests that Herbert Wilcox is to devote as much time and effort (not to mention money, that handy stuff) to the research work on this picture as he did to *Victoria the Great*.

No Flaws

● So far not one of the Knockers' Club has managed to pick a real flaw in the historical or other accuracy of that monumental film . . . except that one or two members have suggested, with the air of discoverers, that if London was like that it must have rearranged its topography since.

Which, of course, is just what it has done.

It will also give Mr. Wilcox time to build an adequate *Victory* and divers other ships of the period. (Now don't pretend you didn't know Anna was to play Lady Hamilton, who was Best Friend and Consoler to Lord Nelson.)

I hope he'll build some fine big ships. Practically every sea fight picture we have ever tried to do has been ruined by the inclusion of those table-model galleons, which are dear to the heart of the Special Effects department but not quite so convincing on the screen.

Mind you, it takes a bold producer to stage the Battle of Trafalgar, with production-costs what they are and British film finance so hard to come by; but Herbert Wilcox *is* a bold producer, and moreover the City must come rushing to him with bags of gold after his spectacular success with Victoria.

A Divinity

● Mind if I turn and look back for a minute? I remember *The Divine Lady*.

That was the Lady Hamilton silent picture, and I think perhaps everyone who saw it *does* remember it.

A lady who seemed as near divine as makes no matter played the title-role; her name was Corinne Griffith, and she was one of the loveliest-looking women who ever occupied the centre of the Hollywood stage.

And this, as far as I remember, was the only really important picture in which she ever played, though she was in about a score of other films.

Anna Neagle will not have to compete with her, for the vast majority of picturegoers to-day probably never even heard of Corinne Griffith, though it seems to us elders only yesterday that she was over here, playing at Elstree in the Michael Arlen story *Lily Christine*.

Actually it must be six years or more; well, well! And again, well, well!

A Grand Cast

● There was a grand cast in that early version; Victor Varconi played Lord Nelson, H. B. Warner was Sir William Hamilton (and I don't see why he shouldn't be it again), Ian Keith was the wayward Emma's first love, Captain Hardy was played by Montague Love, and the other names . . . well, the other names wouldn't mean very much to you to-day.

Except one; the part of Mrs. Hart was played by an actress who, alas, is not here to play the same part in the talkie version; her name was Marie Dressler.

The flashback is now over, ladies and gentlemen, and my only excuse for thus indulging the well-known weakness of the veteran is that it gives you a chance to decide who you would like to put in that cast—supposing that Herbert Wilcox would take any notice of you, which, take it from me, he won't.

Colourful

● As I write this they haven't thought of a title for this new version, but it's to be entirely in Technicolor, I'm glad to say, and

Next Week

One of the most popular leading men on the screen to-day is Cary Grant, and next week Max Breen writes an informative article on this star who looks like contesting the Clark Gable crown. In addition to the usual features, PICTUREGOER *also presents an intriguing story about Danielle Darrieux, the French actress who is expected to add a good deal to Hollywood's glamour quota.*



Who did it? Melvyn Douglas and Nat Pendleton discover a slight case of murder in "Arsene Lupin Returns."

the story is to do an interesting thing—trace the lives of the two people most concerned, the blacksmith's daughter and the country clergyman's son, in a kind of parallel until the moment when they meet.

This will be the second colour film whose action takes place against the background of the Napoleonic War; the first (do you remember?) was *Becky Sharp*; but we had precious little warfare in that.

This time we are to have not only Trafalgar but also the Battle of the Nile thrown in for good measure.

The only other member of the cast yet announced is Stuart Robertson, Anna Neagle's baritone brother, who will sing sea-chanties.

Herbert Wilcox is going to direct it personally; I feel this is going to make history, not only for him, but for our studios; keep your eye skinned for it.

A Surprise

● Here's a bit of casting that surprises me rather.

Erich Pommer has been looking for a girl to play opposite Charles Laughton in his new film *St. Martin's Lane*.

The role is that of "Libby," and Libby is a girl who can sing and dance, and who makes a hit in the West End after, I gather, springing up from a humble origin, very much in the nature of Jessie Matthews.

In fact, I had a kind of idea that Pommer and the director of this film, Tim Whelan, might discover a brand-new Jessie Matthews for us; goodness knows we can do with some more like her.

But no. The part has now been cast, and the player chosen is no other than our little friend Vivien Leigh, who has been lent by Alexander Korda for the occasion; in fact it now appears that she was intended for the part all the time, but couldn't be signed up until Korda returned from Hollywood to say "Oke."

Query. In fact, four queries.

(*a*) Can Vivien already sing and dance well enough for the purpose?

(*b*) If not, will she learn both arts specially for this film?

(*c*) Or will a double or doubles be employed for those scenes?

(*d*) Or will the part be re-vamped to fit Vivien?

I'll try and find out and let you know.

Uglification

● I'm looking forward to seeing Laughton as a professional queue entertainer; and I'm sufficiently enamoured of London's theatre world to be keen to see it adequately represented on the screen.

And I don't mind betting you are too; the edge of that mantle of glamour touches us all sooner or later.

Another important film that has just gone into production at Elstree is *Lover's Knot*, which my old friend Paul Stein is directing for Associated British.

After deliberately glamorising Diana Churchill for *Housemaster* (and to my mind she put up a first-rate performance in that), they have just as deliberately de-glamorised her for *Lover's Knot*, in which she plays a Cinderella role.

By way of variation, the Ugly Sisters are represented by a particularly lovely sister, Jean Muir, who plays the popular and pleasure-loving member of the family, while Diana, with her hair scraped back into a bun, and wearing low-heeled shoes and the most unglamorous togs I have ever seen her in, sits home and thinks hard—and does the housekeeping.

Who Gets Him?

● But when it comes to a contest in man-getting, who usually gets her man? Is it the heartless butterfly, or the patient little brown mouse who suddenly emerges from her chrysalis and becomes a star? (That ought to get the week's prize for mixed metaphor.)

Students are allowed four seconds in which to answer this question.

Certainly the man in this case is rather better worth a girl's striving for than most, being rather more of a man than is usual.

So far I haven't met him; every time I've been to the studio he's been somewhere else. But from his portraits and stills I should say he's one of the best male discoveries that British films have made for some time.

His name's Peter Murray-Hill; I'll be telling you more about him later. Remind me next week, will you?



John Howard and Louise Campbell are making quite a name as a team in the "Bulldog Drummond" series. Here they are in the latest, "Bulldog Drummond's Peril."

Gang's All Here

● Diana and Jean have a fluttery mother in this, and Iris Hoey is she, if we must be grammatical. Iris is very good at this kind of thing.

She also has a peppery Brigadier for a father, and Fred Emney, who is on long contract to Associated British, is taking care of that character.

Another member of the family is Athene Seyler, who, I gather, plays a kind of grandmother-cum-fairy-godmother, and I can tell you right now, from here, without looking, and with one hand tied behind me, that she's making a first-class job of it—because she always does.

Judy Kelly is in the cast too, but I'm not quite clear what character she's playing. I hope she's doing a spot of vamping; Judy's an accomplished vamp.

Do I have to mention, by the way, that there's a very strong cast for this film?

No, I thought you'd have guessed.

Watch For It

● I believe *John Halifax, Gentleman*, is going to prove one of the season's most important pictures.

It's not the first costume picture which George King has tackled down at Sound City, for he made *Remember When?* the hilarious bicycling story.

This is one of those productions in which the make-up man works overtime, for the story presents the characters at ages ranging from 22 to 60.

As far as I know it's the first time Nancy Burne has played a part, at least in a film, which necessitated her growing old. So far I've only seen her as an English rosebud, and I must say she's a singularly attractive one.

In this she plays the part of Ursula March, who later becomes Mrs. Halifax; and her spouse is played by John Warwick, whose long-delayed entry into important and important films has been occurring lately.

He's a virile Australian, and from such of his work as I've seen in "quickies" he's earned his chance at something a little better.

Exciting

● There are some pretty exciting incidents in the story, as I remember it (I'm one of the three million or so who are supposed to have read it), and I believe all these highlights are being kept in the film version, with quite a few added for good measure.

For instance, the strike riot scenes in the village of Norton Bury, when the villagers and mill-workers, starving and penniless, find the bank closed; and there are also some exciting sequences in which the Lord of the Manor's coach dashes down the village street and wrecks the invalid chair containing John's crippled friend, Phineas, and when John's blind daughter is trampled to death by horses.

So far this is the most ambitious subject tackled by George King and his enchanting wife, Odette, and, as I think I mentioned above, I shouldn't be at all surprised, from what I've seen in the studio, if it turns out a winner.

"SNOW WHITE" SERIAL

IMMENSE interest has been aroused by the publication in serial-picture form of Walt Disney's great full-length masterpiece "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," now appearing in "Mickey Mouse Weekly," every Friday.

Don't miss this week's episode! You can meet the lovely heroine of this great fairy story, her villainous Step-Mother, the Queen, and her Prince Charming and follow their adventures in every "reel" of "Snow White" as presented in "Mickey Mouse Weekly." Place a regular order with your newsagent TO-DAY.

Hollywood's QUEER

by Richard HAESTIER

Roll up, roll up, ladies and gents to see movieland's monster attractions —everything from strip-tease to Aimee McPherson's Temple.



NO visitor to Hollywood comes away without carrying recollections of what I call the sideshows. There are hundreds of them, and the ones you remember will depend on what sort of person you are. Down in Los Angeles, for instance, strip-tease theatres were popular till they were banned throughout America. Why they were popular I do not know, judging by the audiences which were made up chiefly of middle-aged, apparently happy men and women, who sat phlegmatically either chewing gum or peanuts, stopping only to murmur now and then, "Sey, is that kid an artiste, or is she an artiste?—or some similarly illuminating remark. The poor artistes themselves seemed to take the business rather seriously; something to be done twice nightly in order to be able to undress normally when bedtime came.

On a different plane entirely, and to me extremely attractive, is a locality known as Olvira Street. This is the Mexican quarter and one of the most colourful and picturesque spots you could find—the more so because it is within a stone's throw of a pretty squalid quarter where ominous looking men stand in dark corners and stare at you from the shadows as you pass by.

Olvira Street is really a street, narrow, but with red brick paving across its whole width instead of a roadway with pavements. In the centre of the street, running its whole length, are stalls loaded with all sorts of odd things calculated to attract the visitor's eye.

There are queer sweets, shaped like miniature umbrellas, which I was told were Mexican lollipops; attractive and colourful ornaments, both bizarre and beautiful, made from coloured pieces of horn; rosaries and statues; guitar players, sandal makers who will measure your feet and turn you out a cute pair of beach shoes in about ten minutes; and all sorts of hats, mats, coats, shawls and haircombs.

At the side of the street are open-fronted houses occupied as shops and as you pass by a queer combination of smells attract and repulse you by turn. There are the candle-makers, for instance, who use sweet-smelling wax and who will make you candles of any shape and size while you wait, jabbering away the while in pidgin English with bits of their native Mexican tongue thrown in. Then there are the restaurants where native dishes made chiefly of cayenne pepper are served while street arabs, in coloured straw sombreros sing, dance and play guitars for the dimes you toss at them.

One of the happiest men in the world lives in Olvira Street. He is a young Bohemian artist who sits on a low stool and dreams till someone comes along who wants his caricature drawn. Then Wolo, as he calls himself, rouses, starts drawing with his charcoal and chats about his native Switzerland while he commits an atrocity for which he charges you the small sum of two dollars. Then he rolls up the drawing, you take it away and Wolo relaxes again till the next customer comes.

As a matter of fact he is a good caricaturist and a better artist. He has caricatures of nearly all the well-known people in the world hanging up in his little shop. He also has a sense of humour, for one of the most prominently displayed is a large and very funny drawing of mammouth Man Mountain Dean. He also has caricatures of Queen Mary and the Duke of Windsor, Lloyd George and Hitler.

One could spend a good many interesting hours in Olvira Street even though it is one of the places every visitor to Hollywood is told he "must" see. It is certainly a little bit of Mexico dropped where it does not belong.

The side-show of Hollywood, of course, is Aimee McPherson's world-famous Temple. It is a large place, rather like the Dome, at Brighton. But comparisons cease after the architectural one.

Outside, in huge neon lights Aimee advertises her sermon in a way calculated to raise a smile and bring the people in. On the evening I went there the text was announced as "To-night! Samson's Haircut!"

And inside we actually saw him get his hair cut.

The service was more like a nightmarish revue than anything I had ever seen in a building devoted to religion.



Above: "One monument to culture is the Hollywood Bowl, a great open-air stadium seating 20,000, where fine orchestral music is played by the world's leading musicians. Even Garbo goes to the Bowl."

Left: Aimee McPherson. Her Temple is the "side show" of Hollywood.

The interior is extremely spacious —the more people the more dollars to be gathered at the collection. Up on one side is a beautiful stained glass window depicting Christ. Opposite, and to the right of the platform (used rather like a stage!) were Aimee's choirgirls, known as "angels" and dressed in flowing white robes, with haloes fixed at the backs of their heads.

Immediately in front of the platform, in the orchestra pit, there was a full-sized jazz band. Aimee frequently tells her followers that religion is not meant to make people sad, but happy, so jazz is O.K.

When it is time for the service to begin, Mrs. McPherson makes her entrance from the wings of the stage, robed in a flowing white gown and with her arms full of flowers. She immediately invites all those who have not been there before to stand up, and to each she throws a flower. If there are a lot of first-nighters, several men help her throw the favours.

Occasionally Aimee finds a "personage" in her congregation. She did on this evening—"Our old friend the Police Chief of. . . . Well, well! Glad to have you with us, chief. Give the chief a great big hand!"—and Aimee led the applause while the police chief took his bows.

It should be mentioned that the evangelist has her own broadcasting station in the temple, and all her services are broadcast.

During the first part of the service I thought I must have come on the wrong night; that it was Aimee's Amateur Hour, for she produced a music hall turn. Two boys of about seven and eight respectively, and a girl of about six, all dressed in cowboy garb, were brought on to the stage. The boys had saxophones and the girl an accordion, and they promptly began to give a "hot" jazz number, while Aimee withdrew to the back of the stage to answer a telephone call which came through on the ivory-coloured instrument which everyone could see.

But she was back to the microphone soon enough to lead the applause and to ask the world, "Are those kids cute, or are they cute, folk? I'll say they're cute, and I guess somebody'll sign 'em up all right! Yessir!"

There was an encore, of course. Then there were several hymns with verses like lyrics, written by the evangelist herself, and set to jazz music played by the orchestra.

Finally there came several announcements, and the sermon.

In delivering this the preacher got right down to her audience, referring to Samson as a "strong guy" and to Delilah as a "smart dame." Furthermore, the points of the sermon were illustrated by a series of tableaux. Samson appeared clothed in a leopard skin loin-cloth, leaning against a marble pillar. Unfortunately it was not real marble, for he nearly pushed it over and managed to grab it only just in time.

Another tableau scene was of Samson, with his head on Delilah's lap, while she gave his long hair a pretty close trim with a pair of scissors.

The audience—or congregation; I could not make up my mind which they were—thoroughly enjoyed it and applauded heartily, while Aimee's remarks were constantly interrupted by fervent "allelujahs!"

Once again the service was interrupted, this time for the evangelist to receive a presentation. It was a shield bearing the design of the Four Square Gospel. But not an ordinary shield. No fear. It was the first portable neon sign ever made, and Aimee not only announced the fact over the radio, but informed all and sundry the names of the makers, which she worked in several times.

Then the sign was hung about her neck by a broad blue ribbon and she marched up and down the stage switching it on and off.

After the sermon and the presentation, some more of Aimee's hymns and then an appeal for the collection. The latter was carried out by an army of enthusiastic helpers, who certainly did what they could to make certain that no one missed the opportunity of "giving to the Lord."

The nature of the service had not aroused my religious instincts and I felt justified in allowing

SIDE SHOWS



William Powell and Myrna Loy record their foot-prints in the fore-court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Another of Hollywood's show places.

Below, right: Madge Evans shopping in the picturesque Mexican quarter.

the collection plate to pass. But the collector had met people like me before, apparently, for he knew how to handle the situation.

"Come on, brother, give!" he exclaimed.

I shook my head, whereupon he rattled the plate to draw not only my attention but that of those sitting nearby. Then he repeated in a louder voice: "You've enjoyed it, ain't yer? Give, brother, Give."

But I did not give. All I did was to take away a queer idea about the mentalities of people who attend these gatherings and become victims of mass hysteria to the point of believing everything, even that they are fervently religious.

Sometimes Aimee conducts a "dollar" service, the point of it being that everyone is supposed to give a dollar when the collection is made, and she is always careful to give statistics regarding the number of poor people who have been clothed and fed by the temple authorities.

Aimee McPherson is a strange woman. At moments you are inclined to believe that she is fanatically religious and at others that she is putting on a grand theatrical show. Whichever it is, her temple is always packed, and not only by the lowly.

Yet another side show which is interesting because it is novel is the bar known as—I think—"The Seven Seas."

When you enter this place you find a bar running along one side, with a smart tender in a white monkey jacket. Behind him is a scenic view of a romantic South Seas island, while on a low platform immediately opposite the bar is an orchestra of natives—Hawaiian girls in garlands and straw skirts and men similarly dressed. The men strum haunting rhythms on string instruments and hum, while the girls either rock themselves to and fro or dance.

Meanwhile, customers stand at the bar and drink or sit at small tables.

Suddenly, the half light grows dimmer, there is the noise of a hurricane, and then the sound of heavy rain. It beats on the corrugated and straw roof, and in a moment or two, real water is cascading down behind the bar-tender and blotting out the back-drop island scenery. As suddenly as the rain starts, it stops and the sun comes out again.

The interlude, I take it, is supposed to represent a tropical storm, but no one takes the slightest notice of it. The rain is controlled by the bar-tender, who, when he thinks it is time for another small typhoon, presses a button.

Every fan, of course, has heard of the famous Grauman's Chinese Theatre. This is merely a cinema, constructed to represent Chinese architecture. It is outside Grauman's that film stars try to achieve lasting fame by leaving their footprints or impressions of their hands in wet cement on the pavement. It was a good idea as a novelty, but now the "locals" take such little notice of it that the pay-box is built over some of the impressions made by stars who were famous in their day.

Many people will tell you there is no culture in Hollywood. Do not believe that. The population is truly cosmopolitan and the money that they gather and spend in the Mecca of the Movies buys the finest brains there are in the world. Such a collection of people could not be without culture, although it is equally true that the monetary side of the business collects also those who, it must be admitted, are crude. But I should not say they were in the majority.

One monument to culture is the famous Hollywood Bowl, a great open-air stadium where fine orchestral music is played by the world's leading musicians. Even Garbo goes to the Bowl occasionally.

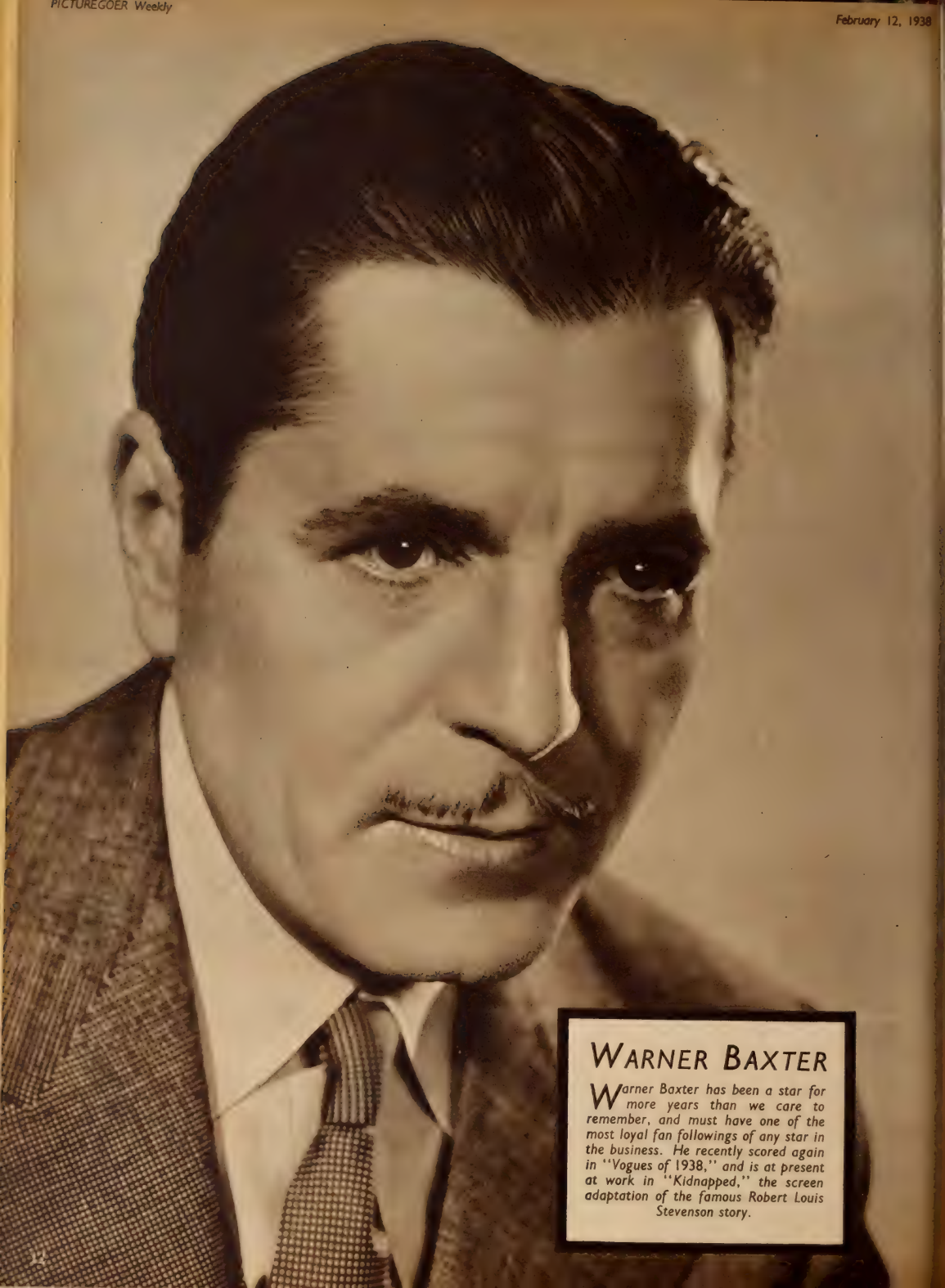
Culture or no, however, no one can deny that there are more beautiful women there to the square mile than in any other spot on earth. If you stop at a "pull-in" café (a place where you drive in, order a meal without getting out of your car and have it brought on a tray which fits on your car door) you will be dazzled by the beauty of the uniformed girl who comes out to serve you.

If you go into any of the shops you will have the same experience, and as you walk through the lobbies of hotels and restaurants you see a surfeit of beauty. All the girls are lovely to look at; all exceedingly well groomed, and all highly intelligent.

It is in these serving girls that you sense rather than see the heartbreak of Hollywood. For nearly all these women rushed to the film centre, determined to crash their way on the screen; to assault Dame Fortune and wrest success from her. But soon after they arrived they discovered that it is impossible to get farther than the outside of the studio gates. Most of them hang on, dress smartly at the expense of their health, and mix, as far as they can, in the places where film executives eat when disengaged from the labours of the studios. Their own hope is that they will be "spotted" and given a screen test. Their chances are about a million to one against. Yet they hang on hopefully. Finally they either borrow or beg the money to go home, or, if they are lucky, get a job in a drugstore, serving soft drinks and sandwiches from morning till night; or in a departmental store. And there they remain.

Except for this aspect, Hollywood, I think, is a lovely place. But never be tempted to go there "on the chance," expecting that your fate will be different from that of thousands of other girls. Don't go there at all except as a visitor, with enough money to pay your way, including your fare home, or unless you have a signed contract that has been handled by a reliable agent.

To sum the place up, I think I should call it a grand experience.



WARNER BAXTER

Warner Baxter has been a star for more years than we care to remember, and must have one of the most loyal fan followings of any star in the business. He recently scored again in "Vogues of 1938," and is at present at work in "Kidnapped," the screen adaptation of the famous Robert Louis Stevenson story.

She Broke a TRADITION

Frances Farmer has a reputation for being "difficult"—but she has rendered Hollywood one valuable service, as here related

by Max BREEN





Frances Farmer is lovely to look at . . . and judging by this glimpse of her in bathing-costume (left) it's a pity she declines to pose for "leg art"!

NO one can possibly accuse me of being prejudiced in favour of Frances Farmer.

She is young, she is talented, she is lovely to look at, her friends say she is delightful to know, and for all I can tell she may be Heaven to kiss.

I shouldn't be a bit surprised.

But I happen to be a fellow who has lived and worked in the theatre, among theatre people, whom I consider to be in some ways the salt of the earth, with the sharp flavour of salt as well as its preserving qualities.

I am no upholder of tradition for its own sake; tradition can be a rank, pernicious weed that coils itself about our life and chokes it.

But it can also be a means of preserving fine qualities; and the chief tradition of the theatre is one which has been its prop and mainstay and proud banner, all in one—the tradition of loyalty to the Theatre.

You wouldn't be a picturegoer if you weren't familiar with that banal, overworked phrase "The show must go on" which has been misused as a pivotal point or tear-duct in a hundred backstage musical weepies.

Yet, in spite of all that, it represents a rare and vital principle which real theatre people (and fortunately that includes an overwhelming majority of workers in the theatre) accept and maintain—the principle of putting the welfare of the theatre before personal considerations.

This spirit has been carried into the film studios, though somehow it has never grown to mean as much there as it does in the theatre; perhaps because there's more time to spend on petty differences of opinion, more money to squander on delays, and no set time for the curtain to go up.

But an actor is an actor, whether he is "walking the boards" or working on the set, and I cannot get it into my head that these people who "throw temperaments" and go high-hat and difficult, walking-out on productions and leaving thousands of pounds of other people's money to be unproductive or to be wasted altogether (to say nothing of their fellow-artistes' efforts and livelihood) are any more admirable in the film studios than in the theatre.

Frances Farmer, justly or unjustly, has gained a reputation for being "difficult"—especially in the often embarrassing but highly necessary matter of publicity.

I don't suppose *any* ambitious rising young actress relishes the idea of posing for "leg-art," as it is quaintly termed, as if she were some half-baked chorus-girl. You can't blame her. But it's all part of the machine which has been slowly and laboriously built up in Hollywood so that little cinema usherettes with ambitions to act may become princesses of the earth and world celebrities, all in the wink of an eyelid.

I wonder if Frances Farmer has forgotten that three years ago she was a little cinema usherette with ambitions to act?

Certainly she has more than mere prettiness; certainly she had more than a mere *desire* to act—she had a burning, implacable ambition and determination, so that every free minute was spent in the local Little Theatre Club, of which she became the moving spirit.

And she had knowledge—partly instinctive, partly gained by painstaking study when other girls were "having fun."

She had such knowledge that she argued her way all through the production of *Come and Get It*, and gained victory after victory over the expert directors and producers and technicians—and proved herself right by being a bigger success in it than any girl can reasonably expect to be when the star part belongs to Edward Arnold.

Some say that gave her swelled head; maybe it's enough to.

In any case, she has a reputation of being a sharp pain in the side to publicity departments, and no friend to film-journalists either.

So now you know why I can fairly claim not to be prejudiced in her favour.

In spite of that, I applaud her heartily, and this is why.

She has broken down a tradition.

Last October Frances asked for, and readily obtained, leave of absence for six months from the Paramount studios, so that she might go and play on the Broadway stage—thereby forfeiting her chance of playing in *Beau Geste*.

Her reason is said to be that she was dissatisfied with parts offered to her recently. Paramount's reason for letting her go need not be inquired into too closely—though I remember the deep sigh of relief that went up on the Radio lot when Katharine Hepburn went to Broadway to play in *The Lake*.

That colossal flop of Katie's started something; it began a tradition—and a thoroughly bad tradition at that.

It started people saying, "It's no use for a movie-star, even with stage experience, to go to Broadway thinking she can act. She just can't, that's all."

This was followed by Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney, and Gloria Dickson all going into stage plays in New York that just opened and shut like an opera-hat.

"Ah! You see!" said the wise ones bitterly. "That proves it! These people were experienced stage players before they ever came into films, and now look! They flopped! Something happens to you in Hollywood. You forget how to act."

And thus another tradition was born.

This, however, was one of those traditions which want slapping down as soon as possible, being based on a lie. Certainly it's true that a good film actress is not necessarily a good stage actress; but it's utterly false to say that she *can't* be.

Anyway, Frances went, and played, and conquered; that is to say, she was a success in a difficult part, and earned much praise from critics who were getting all ready to yell "Yah! Katie!" at her.

And thus a bad young tradition is busted wide open, with Frances standing triumphantly with one neat foot resting on the carcass, and presumably more sure of herself than ever.

Well, the only excuse for a girl being invariably sure she's right is to *be* right—and so far Frances has been.

I'm hoping, however, that when she returns to Hollywood she will have learned something about that fine stage tradition I was talking about.

It won't do her any harm as an actress, and it would certainly rid a lot of minds of the earnest wish to give her just one big, kind, improving, brotherly spank.

NEW! —*these Creams now bring to Women the active* "Skin-Vitamin"



LABORATORY TESTS were conducted for more than three years. They proved the amazing benefits that were received when the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams was used on the skin.

1 First, the tests showed that when the diet lacked the "skin-vitamin," the skin became harsh, scaly, old-looking. The microscope revealed that oil glands were dried up, cells were flattened, the under-tissues were shrunken.



2 Then Pond's Cream, to which the "skin-vitamin" had been added, was used daily for three weeks. With just these applications of Pond's Cream to supply the "skin-vitamin," the skin improved almost magically. It became satiny smooth, clear, healthy.



3 Scientific observation showed that the oil glands were healthy again. The dried-up, flattened skin cells were rounded out. The shrunken tissues were normal once more.



FINALLY women were given Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" to test—women who regularly used creams. They used the new cream faithfully for 4 weeks. Three out of four asked for more. They said: "My skin is so much smoother." "Pores are smaller." "My colour is fresher." "Lines are disappearing."

Exposure is constantly drying the "skin-vitamin" out of your skin. Moreover, too little of this vitamin may be reaching your skin. For though it is in food, the body often uses it up to repair internal tissue. If your complexion shows any sign of deficiency in "skin-vitamin"—if it is at all rough, dull, coarse—then *today* try Pond's Cream with the "skin-vitamin."

FOUR YEARS AGO scientists first noticed that when one certain vitamin was applied to burns or wounds, the skin healed with marvellous quickness.

They found, too, that certain harsh skin conditions were due to lack of this vitamin in the diet.

They discovered why—this vitamin is essential for rebuilding skin tissue. It aids in making skin healthy and beautiful.

Pond's asked a group of leading biologists to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Creams and test the effects. Research work continued for more than 3 years. The astonishing results are told above.

Now Pond's offer you: Pond's Vanishing Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," Pond's Cold Cream containing the "skin-vitamin."

In the same Pond's Creams

Pond's Creams are unchanged except for the new ingredient—not Vitamin F, not Vitamin B, not the sunshine vitamin, not the orange-juice vitamin, not the irradiated vitamin. It is the "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Every jar and tube of Pond's Creams now at chemists and stores contains the "skin-vitamin." The Creams sell at the same prices—in the same jars and tubes. You use them as before. *Today* get Pond's Cream with the "skin-vitamin."

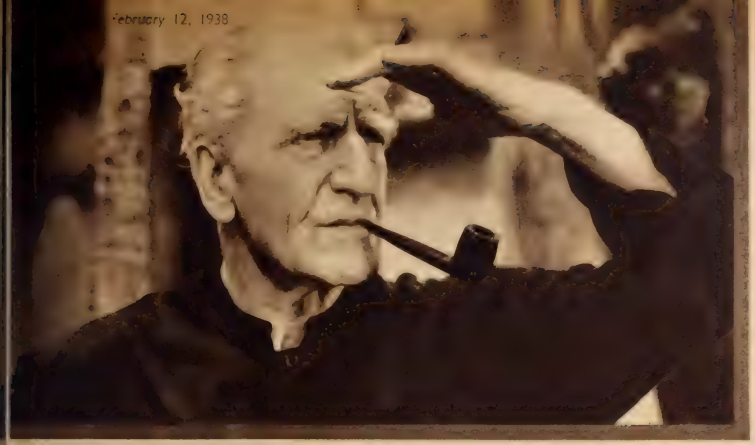
POND'S VANISHING CREAM softens and smooths the skin instantly for powder; nourishes; holds powder on. Use it before powdering. Use it at bed-time. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."

POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses, clears, softens and smooths the skin. Pat it in briskly, to stimulate the under-skin; it fights off blackheads, blemishes; reduces pores; nourishes; smooths out lines. Use it at night, in the morning and to remove powder. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."



Pond's Creams look the same as before. Jars and tubes are unchanged except for a small S.V. on the label indicating that the cream contains the "skin-vitamin."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS *The Active "Skin-Vitamin"*



C. Aubrey Smith as he appears in his latest picture, Samuel Goldwyn's "The Hurricane."

The SCREEN'S G.O.M.

That's C. Aubrey Smith, the best loved and most respected Englishman in Hollywood and at 74 still one of the film city's busiest actors.

FORTY-EIGHT years ago, C. Aubrey Smith "died" in South Africa, a victim of typhoid fever. On July 21 last he celebrated his 74th birthday by being "drowned" for his final film scene of Samuel Goldwyn's *The Hurricane*.

No mere professional death was Smith's South African passing. Duly recorded in the obituary columns of London newspapers, it had all the official trimmings short of actual burial. Reading his own death notices later, while still very light-headed from fever, Smith says they almost convinced him he was a ghost.

"It happened in the winter of 1889-90," the veteran character actor recalls. "I had gone with the All-England cricket team on a tour of South Africa. Johannesburg was a young boom city then, a typical gold rush town. The water supply was contaminated, and almost all of our crowd came down with typhoid.

"Typhoid wasn't enough for me. I had pneumonia and pleurisy along with it. On a Tuesday my case was given up as hopeless. On Friday the president of the Wanderers Club, of which I was a member, issued a call for the band to play at my funeral Sunday. Some way the word got out that I was dead. It was cabled to London and appeared in the newspapers. My own people were notified of my death."

Smith, of course, didn't learn about these details until weeks later when he emerged from the fever coma. By that time the London papers containing accounts of his death had reached Johannesburg.

After his complete recovery, Smith stayed on in Johannesburg for a couple of years, working on the then booming stock exchange.

"I made money—and lost it," he recalls. "I don't imagine I was cut out for business."

Returning to England, he made his professional debut as an actor, and has been with stage and screen ever since.

"I've played everything from Shakespeare to slapstick comedy," he says, "but I don't recall ever having done a death scene on stage or screen. Somewhere along between my cashing-out in Africa and being drowned in *The Hurricane* there must have been a professional death or two. I've done more plays than I can well remember, and some 60 motion pictures. But I've been allowed to live through almost all of them. When my character has actually died in a play or picture, it has happened 'offstage' and been covered with a line of dialogue."

As a matter of strict fact, Smith's drowning in *The Hurricane* is not a death scene. In his role of the priest, Father Paul, he is shown in a half-submerged, doomed church, comforting his flock of South Sea Island natives as huge waves beat down the walls of the edifice. A mightier wave than its predecessors strikes the church and Smith is seen no more.

For a man of seventy-four, Smith is little less than a marvel. Rugged and robust, he is the picture of health and lives up to his looks by playing cricket regularly and working harder than most young actors in Hollywood.

He has no intention of ever retiring from the screen, and says he is enjoying his work as much to-day as he ever did. He took severe physical punishment during the storm scenes of *The Hurricane*, but showed no ill effects from it.

Had motion pictures come into earlier prominence as a medium of entertainment the sterling British actor undoubtedly would have made his cinema debut in his thirties instead of his late forties. Years before he ever faced a movie camera he was an internationally renowned actor.

Even so, he is one of the screen's pioneers. His first film work was done in 1915. During the next 15 years he returned to pictures at intervals. It took talking productions finally to woo him away from the stage, however.

To-day, Smith belongs wholly to the cinema although his love for and loyalty to the stage remain deep and unshaken.

"I'll undoubtedly end my days in Hollywood," he says. "There are two very good reasons. In the first place I am getting splendid opportunities, and keeping very busy. I like the work, the climate, the environment, and the thriving cricket competition we have developed here.

"In the second place, my wife probably wouldn't let me live anywhere else. We have found this the ideal spot for a home."

During his years on the screen, Smith has seen the character actor steadily rise from semi-obscurity to a position of dominant importance in the industry. His own portrayals, those who know their Hollywood will attest, have aided immeasurably in this advancement of the character players' estate. Smith himself takes no such credit.

He does, however, admit that opportunities for character actors are greater to-day than ever before in his long experience.

"In the early days of the films," he recalls, "character players were just necessary evils. The lovely heroine had to have a crabbed old father or a scheming uncle. There must, perforce, be mothers, grandmothers, middle-aged villains, and kindly old men.

"To-day, the character player stands on his own merits, is given roles of outstanding, sometimes stellar, importance. Youth and beauty will, of course, always be dominant in the cinema, where visual appeal counts for so much. One could scarcely expect, for example, the public to be as interested in Father Paul, the aged priest of *The Hurricane*, as in Terangi and Marama, the vital native youths played by Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour.

"But Father Paul is a powerful character, essential to the plot structure. He is, bless him, typical of all that an actor who has spent more than 40 years with the theatre could wish for."

Next to his love for the profession to which he has devoted his life is Smith's passion for cricket.

In his youth, the stalwart veteran was a famous athlete. Those who follow the fortunes of the Hollywood Cricket Club, to which he is president and team captain, will tell you that he must have been very good indeed. He is still a crack player today, leads his team in action each week against clubs which come from as far away as British Columbia.

In his undergraduate days at Cambridge, Smith was captain of the University team. There he was known as "Round-the-corner" Smith, because of his unique style of bowling. Incidentally, in remembrance of that nickname, his Hollywood estate is called "The Round Corner."

After leaving Cambridge, Smith captained the All-England cricket teams which invaded Australia and South Africa. And had there been professional cricket circuits to rival America's major baseball leagues the world might have lost a great actor.

As it was, the call was close. Smith originally had no thought of following an acting career.

Born in London on July 21, 1863, he was educated at Charterhouse School, then entered Cambridge with the intention of becoming a physician.

At Cambridge he got his first taste of theatricals, playing with the University's Amateur Dramatic Club. After his graduation, he also appeared with the Brighton Green Room Club amateur productions. His professional stage debut was made in 1892 on a provincial tour with the Tapping and Cartwright Company.

Smith remained in the provinces two years and in 1895 received his first London chance with Sir John Hare in *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*. Through the years that followed, he appeared with the outstanding stars of England and America, was featured or starred in some 76 plays, including contemporary successes and Shakespearean classics.

He made his first New York appearance in 1903-4 with Forbes Robertson in *The Light That Failed* and *Hamlet*, and subsequently made more than 10 professional trips to America before settling down in Hollywood.

Smith's first picture work was done in New York for the Frohman Amusement Corporation. His films of the 1915 era included *Builder of Bridges* and *The Witching Hour*.

It was in 1930 that the screen definitely claimed the British actor. In the more than 40 pictures he has made since that date are included such memorable productions as *Trader Horn, Morning Glory, Queen Christina, Blonde Bomb-shell, The House of Rothschild, The Scarlet Empress, We Live Again, Bengal Lancers, Clive of India, The Crusades, China Seas, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Romeo and Juliet*.

While establishing himself as a great character actor, C. Aubrey Smith has done one other thing. He has become the most loved and respected Englishman in Hollywood.

Right: Love insurance girl. Phyllis Welch is Harold Lloyd's new leading lady in "Professor, Beware." Lloyd's leading ladies have a habit of getting married on him, so the comedian has had a £1,000 "love insurance" clause written in her contract.



SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA

Left: Red-hot Mama. No. It's not exactly that Suzanne Ridgeway has so much sex-appeal that she has to be kept on ice. The little lady was hot after a strenuous dance rehearsal.





Above: Cycling for symmetry. Eleanor Powell is Dietrich's biggest rival for the loveliest legs championship—and cycling is the exercise she recommends.

Old friends. He-men Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy enjoy a joke on the "Test Pilot" set.



Julie (Joan Bennett) who had impetuously married a playboy, who was killed in Paris, returns with her child to seek out her girlhood's lover.



After many misunderstandings Julie's Aunt (Dame May Whitty) learns that her niece and her former lover Ives (Henry Fonda) have arranged to get married.



Following some clowning amongst his Bohemian friends, Julie's husband Michael (Alan Marshall) is shot in a mock duel.

I Met My Love AGAIN

Walter Wanger's production deals with the love of a college girl for a professor who had been jilted by another girl when he was younger. It ends with his return to his former love. The cast includes Joan Bennett, Henry Fonda, Dame Whitty and Louise Platt.



One of Ives' pupils, Brenda (Louise Platt) falls in love with him and drags him out of his professorial shell.

On the Set with ERROL FLYNN

Errol Flynn falls heir to a role in which Douglas Fairbanks scored one of his greatest successes. Here our cameraman takes you behind the scenes of *Robin Hood* for an intimate glimpse of the picture in production.



Director Michael Curtiz in close conference with Errol Flynn just before the shooting of a crucial scene.

Our candid cameraman caught Montagu Love napping—a delightfully informal between-scenes shot. Love plays the Bishop.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

Right: Here's another dialogue rehearsal, this time with Flynn and Melville Cooper



Errol and Olivia have a final run over their script before facing the cameras.



ic Knowles, not wanted for scenes that day, was taking a bus- 's holiday in the studio visiting Flynn and Director Curtiz.



(Left) "That's how I want it done..." Curtiz gives final instructions before calling "Camera" for a big scene. This striking shot, incidentally, gives some idea of the spectacular settings of the film.

lavil- Maid Our pher re- her rving dia- tor.

PARADISE FOR TWO



Alas ! the rest of the chorus, having listened to the command previously given by the manager to finish with sticks lowered unwittingly exposed her ignorance.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of London Films and United Artistes.

IF Jeanette Dupont, of the *Theatre Comique*, Paris, hadn't owed her dressmaker three hundred francs; if she hadn't hidden in a trunk to avoid the lady when she called with the account, Jeanette wouldn't have been late leaving home for a rehearsal. Moreover, she wouldn't have taken a lift with the chauffeur of a passing car. But the chauffeur, having inadvertently splashed her with mud, was pressing; the car, though Jeanette didn't know it, reflected the taste of its millionaire owner, Rene Martin, and was exceedingly comfortable. A slight collision, avoiding hurt to anyone, was the only *contretemps* on the journey.

Quite unaware of the sensation she was about to create by arriving at the stage door in the cabriolet of one of the richest men in Paris, Jeanette slipped into her practice shorts. The rehearsal was in full swing. Manœuvering herself into position, she picked up the step and came to the finale with her military stick raised in both hands.

Alas ! The rest of the chorus, having listened to the command previously given by manager Jacques to finish with sticks lowered, unwittingly exposed her ignorance. Jeanette, unable to correct her stance, found herself facing an outraged employer.

"You needn't explain; I saw you sneak in," he informed. "I suppose one day you're going to be a great star. Let me tell you something. You'll never be a star, because you must have determination, punctuality and grit, plus talent, none of which you seem to possess. You'll never get out of the chorus."

"Then I must have them all because I am out of the chorus, out of your chorus anyway. Good-bye."

Handing him her stick with a flourish, Jeanette stalked out. By the following morning, she decided to eat humble pie. Wearing a belted black coat, trimmed with a vast white organza bow, her fair hair curling under the brim of a wide off-the-brow hat, and carrying a muff, she presented herself at the door of Jacques office.

Jacques himself, calling to his secretary, Clarence, and a typist to bring telephone book and directory, appeared to be looking for data about someone named Dupont, among the papers which littered the floor. It was his frequent and justifiable complaint that his staff lacked system.

"Don't worry me," he ordered, keeping his back to Jeanette. "Come and see me in an hour's time. Suddenly he saw her and his face became as the noonday sun. "Jeanette," he cried and forthwith ordered secretary and typist from the room.

"I only came to apologise for my behaviour yesterday," she began, failing utterly to connect up with her employer's change of front. "I'm afraid I lost my temper and——"

"And why shouldn't you? I like to see a girl with a bit of spirit."

"Then perhaps you'd forgive me and take me back. I really can dance you know. You've never seen me alone. Look." Concentrating on her step, looking more charming than she dared hope, she never realised that Jacques had left the room until he was back again, flourishing a paper.

"Sign here, please," he smiled.

"But, Mr. Jacques, do you mean I'm back in the show—oh, but I—this is all wrong—you're offering me the leading role—I——"

"I'm going to take a chance. You're going to be a star," he said solemnly, whereupon Jeanette overcame him almost more than she was overcome herself, by fainting. Astonishment piled itself on astonishment for, as she passed the door on the way out, she was buttonholed by a motor salesman who seemed anxious to deliver her a couple of cars without even a cash deposit.

Arriving home, another surprise awaited her in the imposing figure of her dressmaker who, in spite of the state of Jeanette's credit, had filled her room with exclusive underwear and ensembles, without exacting more than a promise of her future patronage.

"Everyone's gone mad," Jeanette sighed to her room mate, Miki. "Madame Bernard has overwhelmed me with all these things. I've just been offered two cars and given a contract. I can't think why."

"No? I suppose the name of Rene Martin means nothing to you."

"Nothing at all. Who is he?"

"Stop being so naïve. Didn't his chauffeur give you a lift the other morning and stop at the stage door to ask if he could speak to you? Well that was quite enough for it to get round the entire theatre that you were secretly engaged to him. In fact, one of the call boys thought you'd been secretly married for years."

"That still doesn't explain why——"

"Don't you see, Rene Martin's enormously rich, makes oodles on the Stock Exchange, and——" Miki's recital was cut short by the appearance of a messenger boy, almost invisible behind a basket of exotic blooms tied with ribands.

"From Mr. Jacques to Miss Dupont," Jeanette echoed his message. "Well, you can take them back to Mr. Jacques and tell him from me that——" But Miki was already installing the gift.

"Listen, Jeanette," she counselled. "You've been telling me for months that if only you had a chance you'd become a star. Well, here's your chance."

"But I thought Jacques believed in me."

"Do you believe in yourself? Do you think you'd be a success? Of course you do. Well, go ahead and be a success."

Which counsel Jeanette prepared to follow, without giving too much thought to the probable reactions of Rene Martin on being presented with Madame Bernard's and the automobile agency's bills. As a matter of fact, few people, of which, however, his elderly secretary, Miss Claire was one, were acquainted with every facet of the many-sided personality of Rene Martin.

As a bachelor, he could claim no wife who knew him best. To his office staff, he was chiefly a very correct young man who, behind his horn-rims, frequently lectured the younger males for paying attentions to women. But to Miss Claire, who sometimes stayed on to assist Rene when working late, was exhibited quite another side.

It was she who when the last typist had departed, touched a button, released a piano hitherto concealed behind a panel in Rene's office and jazzed accompaniments to his tap-dancing; accomplishment which he needed for his forthcoming part in the Stock Exchange Amateur Dramatic production.

Miss Claire, moreover, who must charitably have been supposed to be over sixty, and who affected shirt blouses with high collars, was privileged to see the accounts for Miss Dupont, which caused Rene considerable consternation.

That he decided to see Miss Dupont at the theatre on the subject, and arrived simultaneously with the news reporter, one Paul Duval, whom Jeanette was expecting to interview her in her dressing-room, explains her attitude on hearing a knock. How could Jeanette know that the news reporter, on arrival, had been whisked away by Jacques, who though he could embellish the life story of his latest star by retailing it himself?

Being completely masked by a hair-dryer at the moment of Rene's entrance, Jeanette failed for some moments to see a decidedly good-looking man with a distinctive nose, or to recognise him when she did, for anyone but Paul Duval of the *Evening Sun*.

"I thought, from Mr. Jacques description, that Mr. Duval was an elderly man with a beard, rather hard, you know," she said, having emerged from the hair-dryer and watching Rene struggling desperately to free himself from a wisp of lingerie which had become entangled in his cuff link.

"As a matter of fact, I expected you to be harder and older which, of course, you're not—it's an awfully nice room," he broke off transferring his gaze from one dainty item of furnishing to another.

"I'm glad you like it. Gaiety round one makes for efficiency,

(*Continued on page 22*)

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PARADISE FOR TWO—*Continued*

don't you think. Well, I expect you'll like me to begin at the beginning. I was born on a farm in Bordeaux." He listened, letting her do most of the talking till she said, "that's how I got my chance," suddenly be became quite garrulous.

"Ah! Miss Dupont. Was that through hard work or influence, I mean, did you know anyone with influence—I believe I heard of a Mr. Rene Martin—"

"So you got round to that. I'll be frank. There's nothing, absolutely nothing between myself and Rene Martin. Please don't put anything about him in your article."

A call to the stage, robbed his "Oh, no," of its entire conviction. Jeanette would have made Rene repeat it, but he was hurrying on to the subject of a future meeting.

"We could lunch. I'll send my car for you."

"What?"

"Oh! I was only fooling. Of course, I don't keep a car on what I earn."

"Tea would be better—at the café across the street at four o'clock."

"Marvellous."

Jacques was so pleased with the afternoon's rehearsal, that he asked Jeanette to dine and bring Rene Martin along. Replying that he was out of town, she hurried to keep her appointment. Miki, coming up with a newspaper as Jeanette was about to cross the street, changed her joyous attitude towards the meeting with Paul Duval.

"I like the way you kept your promise," she challenged, handing him a copy of the real Paul Duval's write-up of Jacques data.

"But I didn't write this," Rene objected. I don't know anything about it. Besides, I deal with big stuff—comment on important affairs, political ones, you know. Do sit down. What will you have, brandy, beer, wine? The tea's terrible."

"I like it."

"So do I. Waiter; more tea, please. Well, now, point number one. I noticed yesterday you weren't actually wearing an engagement ring and I wondered whether—"

"If you're asking me whether I'm engaged, I'm not, but you shouldn't ask things in such a roundabout way. To be a success, you must be direct. You'll never get anywhere if you're nervous."

"Well, I haven't done so badly up to now, but naturally, you prefer men of position, men with money and cars."

"No. I like you for what you are."

"Oh! say that again please and then you can tell me just when Rene Martin fell in love with you."

"He did nothing of the sort."

"The man's a fool."

"Rene's extremely intelligent."

"Is he. What's he like?"

She hesitated before describing him as moderately bald and was quite relieved at recognising Rene Martin's chauffeur beckoning her from the seat of a coupé which had drawn up.

"Rene always sends his car for me," she explained. "There it is. Good-bye. I mustn't keep him waiting," and blessed the fact that she had agreed to appear as witness to the slight accident which had occurred when Rene's chauffeur had driven her to the theatre.

"So you got my message. We have to be in court at 5.30. Nice of you to come along," he smiled as he opened the door for her. What Rene thought as she drove away, she could only imagine, little thinking how soon that, in pledging Rene Martin's name, she was to puzzle the fictitious Mr. Duval still further.

Jacques and his creditors were the cause. Coming into the manager's office after the case against Rene's chauffeur had been dismissed, Jeanette saw three men of whose existence previously she had had no notion. They appeared to be pressing Jacques for money.

"This is going to amuse you my dear—don't go away," he entreated with a false laugh. "These gentlemen won't believe that Rene Martin's backing my show and you and I know perfectly well we're having supper with him to-night to arrange details. Isn't that so?"

"Where are you having supper?" snapped one of the creditors. Jacques hummed and hawed and Jeanette hadn't the heart blatantly to contradict him. "At the *Jardin du Bois*," he said, at last. "We shall be there," came the answer from the trio before their departure.

"Jeanette," Jacques pleaded. "You've got to help me, otherwise I'm sunk. The show can't open. If you could get Rene to come along to supper, it would be easier. You must. I'll bring Mike along to fix up a four and we'll have a grand evening."

Convinced of the impossibility of veto-ing the scheme and of the next-door to impossibility of carrying it through, Jeanette, on arrival home, opened the door to see Rene armed with a covered flower basket



. . . He was slipping a ring on her third finger. "Kiss me," he said.

"Paul, you're a naughty boy," she reproved. "I said you were only to spend money on necessary things."

"These are highly necessary," he retorted, whipping off the cover to disclose a heady cauliflower, plump cabbage and juicy beet, flanked by a bottle of milk. "You see, I've been a good boy lately. I sold an article."

"Do you think you could pretend to be Rene Martin," Miki said boldly. "You're very like his photo."

"What! Pretend to be old bald Martin?"

"It would never do," Jeanette objected.

"But I'd love to. What do I have to do?" Inspired by Rene's keenness, Jeanette issued the supper invitation alleging that the real Rene Martin was out of town.

"All you have to do to behave like a millionaire is to talk about yachts and things and smoke a cigar," Miki added.

"It's no good, I'm sure he couldn't look like a millionaire even," Jeanette mourned, whereupon Rene, piqued at being denied the right to appear as himself, struck an attitude and ordered a fictitious James to collect the Rolls and the Bentley and wash the yacht as he himself was off to bed.

Jeanette, secretly impressed, laughingly started to rehearse, with Miki at the piano and was still more pleased when Rene joined in the song, *Love Brings a New Romance*, to find that he had a voice.

That night, wearing one of Madame Bernard's model frocks with matching black cloak, silver-clasped, Jeanette sat on thorns.

Rene, thoroughly enjoying over-doing the millionaire act, would talk of his personal tobacco plantation, make wild promises of backing Jacques' new show and inviting him and the company to rehearse at a country chateau stocked with trout, deer, polo ponies and eagles. Desperate that her hints failed to make him tone down his statements, Jeanette pleaded faintness, succeeding, at least, in getting away from Jacques.

The morning before the evening on which Miss J. Dupont and fifty girls were to appear in "Kiss Me Good-night," Jeanette coming into Jacques' office was almost run down by Rene coming out.

"Hello, Paul, what are you doing here?"

"Getting the story about the show. See you later."

Surprise at his hasty departure was quickly switched to another subject. On arriving in the office, Jeanette saw Jacques and the secretary, Clarence, apparently rehearsing a native war dance, which she was pulled forward to join.

"Rene Martin has given Jacques a cheque for a million francs," Clarence gasped out.

"Didn't he tell you? It's a secret, you blighter," Jacques exploded, taking Clarence's spectacles and dashing them to the floor.

"But Rene Martin couldn't have—" Jeanette began, then as Jacques took the blue-and-white slip out of his pocket, added: "You don't mean to say the man who came out of here just now gave you that?"

"He most certainly did."

"Well, it's no good. He's not Rene Martin."

"You don't know Rene Martin, but you—"

"I'm awfully sorry, Jacques. I was forced into it. You wanted to meet Rene and I had to produce someone. He only did it because I asked him to."

Contritely she made her exit. Whatever she felt, it was too late to repent false promises. Jacques, furious and upset, couldn't break with her now. To-night the show must go on. She got through the first two acts better than she hoped. Four numbers of the third went without a hitch.

"Last change before the rehearsal," she exulted, reaching her dressing room. The dresser slipped the frock over the fair head-silver-spotted white organza with silver-edged ruffles at the shoulders and on the spreading skirts. A basket of flowers caught Jeanette's eye. "From Rene Martin," the card read. "He's in the front, in a box," the dresser said. Hardly knowing whether she was pleased, Jeanette took her call. Coming off stage to retouch her face before the final number, she ran into Miki, bursting with news.

"Jeanette; they're going to arrest Paul. Jacques had two detectives while you were *on* just now. They're getting Paul for forgery. You can get years on Devil's Island for that."

"Hold this," Jeanette cried. Snatching off her shoulder ruffle she ran round to the auditorium, up the stairs and into Rene's box. It was empty. By the time, sick at heart, she reached the stage door, it was closed. She shouted, tugged at the bars, pushed, pulled—in vain. No one heard, in spite of the fact that everyone backstage by now was looking for Miss Dupont.

After what seemed to her at least an hour, her cry of "Let me in" was heard. The door yielded. Clarence faced her.

"Jeanette, where have you been?" No time to answer. Judging by the music, the finale was half over. Who could have taken her place? "Jacques," she cried, rushing up to him in the wings, careless of the identity of her understudy. "You mustn't have Paul arrested. It was my fault he impersonated Rene Martin."

"He *is* Rene Martin. Don't worry about him. That man can dance. He's a wow. For heaven's sake get into position if you don't want him to steal more of your thunder."

Gathering up her long skirts she was hurrying up the stairs leading to the two-tier dais where she was to enter, when she heard Rene behind her.

"You can't come up here. Thanks for helping but don't tell me you're Rene Martin," she warned.

"Sorry. I am Rene Martin and I'm coming." Another moment and, having made her entrance, she heard a round of applause and saw Rene tripped up by one of the uniformed chorus, measuring his length on the dais. He was soon up and in perfect timing descending the stairs opposite her. Reaching the centre dais he came towards her. "Put your arm round my waist," she whispered, "realising that, in spite of being a millionaire, Rene Martin was a born dancer. Now back . . . now the other way. . . . Kiss me."

For a timeless second she was in his arms. Now they were moving in unbroken rhythm towards the footlights. Again his arms went round her. His right hand touched her left. He was slipping a ring on the third finger. "Kiss me," he said. Applause thundered in appreciation of the finale as their lips met.

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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

SAM GOLDWYN presents us with a fine action picture in this adaptation of a romantic story, *The Hurricane*, written by the authors of *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall.

From a spectacular point of view, it is magnificent, but it does not rely solely on spectacle nor does it confine its action to the smashing climax alone. All through there are thrills and excitement, allied to tender romance and a definitely interesting theme which concerns the folly of trying to apply European standards of law to childlike natives.

The native in question, who falls foul of the white man's law, is one Terangi, a South Seas Islander, who hits a Frenchman who had insulted him.

He is condemned to six months' imprisonment, but, having recently been married, he makes several attempts to escape, which gradually increase his original sentence to sixteen years.

Incidentally, all these attempted breakaways provide convincing thrills.

Finally, after serving eight years, Terangi manages to get away from Tahiti, where he is imprisoned, and gets back to his own little island, six hundred miles away, in a small native craft.

He is helped by a priest, but the administrator of the island, a stickler for discipline, determines to deliver him back to justice.

A hurricane hits the island, however, and practically the entire population is wiped out. Terangi manages to save the administrator's wife, as well as his own and his child and then sails away to another island.

The administrator, who had weathered the storm in a schooner, turns a blind eye to the native's flight.

That is a very bare outline of a story that is full of human touches and which holds the interest firmly from the first shot to the last.

Goldwyn's new discovery, Jon Hall, is excellently cast as Terangi and makes the role thoroughly convincing. Dorothy Lamour, too, is good as his wife.

Actually, the acting honours go to Thomas Mitchell as a somewhat inebriated doctor who tries to convince the administrator of his mistake; it is a very clever character study.

Raymond Massey is good as the administrator and Mary Astor sympathetic as his wife.

C. Aubrey Smith gives dignity to the rather over-sentimentalised role of the priest.

John Ford, the director, is to be congratulated on the handling of story detail and spectacle alike, for he has given us first-class entertainment which uses the scope of the screen to the full.

THE AWFUL TRUTH

● What a consummate artiste Irene Dunne is! Here she is in a flimsy matrimonial farce which does not call for a lot of sympathy in the characterisation, but she just makes you feel you are dealing with flesh-and-blood creations and take an interest in their fate.

It is a delightful piece of fooling, which relies more on the handling of individual situations than on the plot as a whole.

Irene Dunne is a wife who, annoyed at her husband's suspicions of infidelity, divorces him and proceeds to try to fall in love with a big he-man from the South who is as nice as he is dumb.

Her husband, capably played by Cary Grant, then proceeds to spend his time trying to get her back, which he at last succeeds in doing in one of the best handled, piquant bedroom scenes I have seen on the screen.

One of the hits of the piece is the performance of Ralph Bellamy as the Southern farmer. It is a rich piece of comedy characterisation, of which I hardly suspected him to be capable. He has certainly struck out in a new vein, which I hope he will explore thoroughly. His wild dance sequence with Irene Dunne—he rather fancies himself as a dancer and proceeds to do a fandango in a highly respectable restaurant—provides one of the biggest laughs of the film.

Alexander D'Arcy, whom you will remember in British films, is the man who is the cause of hubby's suspicions, and he makes them appear quite well founded.

By the way, Asta, the dog of *Thin Man* fame, has found his way into this picture and adds to the gaiety of the proceedings quite considerably.

YOUNG AND INNOCENT

● For the first two-thirds of this picture, Alfred Hitchcock has excelled himself. It is full of clever detail work, intimate and human touches, and most pleasantly set in English countryside surroundings.

Then he proceeds to alter the tone of his picture and becomes rather too melodramatic, and ends by overprolonging the climax, which fizzles out to a somewhat weak ending.

However, despite these faults, it is very good entertainment, and reflects credit not only on Hitchcock, but on Nova Pilbeam and Derrick de Marney.

The latter gives a really brilliant performance as a young man accused of murder who escapes in order to try to find a clue which will clear him of the charge.

The clue in question is a raincoat. The police had decided that the woman had been strangled with the belt from one, and they insist that the coat from which it came is his.

He is helped in his quest—unwittingly at first and later wholeheartedly—by Erica, the daughter of the prison governor, who falls in love with him.

All this questing is treated in a light vein, and is wholly charming and disarming. Eventually they find the coat, which the young man said had been taken from him, in the possession of a tramp, but the belt is missing.

It looks as if the alibi had gone west, but the tramp is persuaded to try to recognise the man who had given it him.

After several adventures, including a novelettish one in which the car in which they are travelling nearly crashes down a disused mine shaft, the matter is cleared up by the dead woman's husband making a confession.

A trite ending to a plot that has its full quota of neat turns and surprises.

Nova Pilbeam is delightful as the heroine. Let us hope that it will not be so long before we see her again.

GRIBOUILLE

● Primarily a character study of a good-hearted, simple man who through a kindly action causes domestic strife, this French picture directed by Roger Le Bon and premiered at the Curzon, London, is also excellent in human detail, rich in comedy, and strong in its dramatic import.

It deals with Camille Morestan, a small shopkeeper, who acts as a juror in a murder case. He is instrumental in swaying the jury to a "Not guilty" verdict. After the trial he gets in touch with the accused, Natalie Roguin, and gives her a job in his shop, passing her off as the daughter of an old friend.

Her presence causes trouble. Finally his son falls in love with her, and his daughter's fiancé tries to seduce her, having discovered her identity. Camille orders her out of the house, and then finds that his son was preparing to go with her, having rifled the safe. In a fit of anger he strikes her down. Later he repents, having realised that, as in the murder trial, it is only circumstantial evidence that made her appear guilty.

The picture opens with an extremely cleverly handled court scene, in which, in spite of the tragic circumstances, comedy plays the biggest part. After the acquittal the drama develops more strongly and the incidents related at the trial (in which Natalie is accused of killing her lover, who had stolen money for her sake) repeat themselves in the shopkeeper's home.

The idea of Natalie's complete innocence in both cases is made apparent, and all the incriminating detail is carefully built up to emphasise this aspect.

Raimu is magnificent as the kindly shopkeeper, and Michele Morgan is most attractive as Natalie. Gilbert Gil is very good as the son, and clever character cameos are given by Jeanne Provost and Jacqueline Pacaud as the daughter and the mother.

On the Screen Now

***SOULS AT SEA

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Period seafaring drama. Runs 91 minutes.

GARY COOPER ..... "Nuggin" Taylor
GEORGE RAFT ..... Powdah
FRANCES DEE ..... Margaret Tarryton
HENRY WILCOXON ..... Lieut. Tarryton
HARRY CAREY ..... Capt. of *William Brown*
OLYMPE BRADNA ..... Babsie
ROBERT CUMMINGS ..... George Martin
PORTER HALL ..... Court Prosecutor
GEORGE ZUCCO ..... Woodley
VIRGINIA WEIDLER ..... Tina
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT ..... Gaston de Bastonet
GILBERT EMERY ..... Capt. Martisel
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD ..... Tina's Father
TULLY MARSHALL ..... Pecora
MONTE BLUE ..... Mate
STANLEY FIELDS ..... Granley

Directed by Henry Hathaway from a story by Ted Lesser. Previewed September 18, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issues of October 16 and 23, 1937.

Robust melodrama and sensitive romance are nicely blended in this actionful story, which provides Gary Cooper with an excellent part and also affords George Raft a definite come-back.

The story deals with the slave trade, and shows how Gary Cooper as a Yankee skipper is employed by the British authorities to help suppress it.

After a wreck, he is accused of having murdered several survivors and is condemned to death.

The film opens with his trial, and the story proper is in the nature of a flash-back in which an English representative tells the real story of the captain's gallant crusade and explains that the people who were drowned were so sacrificed in order that at least some of the survivors could be saved.

The tale is based on actual fact, but it has been considerably rearranged for screening, and not to its dramatic advantage.

Henry Wilcoxon is well cast as an English naval officer in league with the slavers. Frances Dee is attractive and convincing as the heroine, and Olympe Bradna gives a piquant study of a lady's maid who is killed in the wreck.

**DOUBLE WEDDING

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. "Crazy" comedy. Runs 86 minutes.

WILLIAM POWELL ..... Charlie Lodge
MYRNA LOY ..... Margit Agnew
FLORENCE RICE ..... Irene Agnew
JOHN BEAL ..... Waldo Beaver
JESSIE RALPH ..... Mrs. Kensington-Bly
EDGAR KENNEDY ..... Spike
SIDNEY TOLER ..... Keough
MARY GORDON ..... Mrs. Keough
BARRETT PARKER ..... Flint
KATHARINE ALEXANDER ..... Claire Lodge
PRISCILLA LAWSON ..... Felice
BERT ROACH ..... Shrank

Directed by Richard Thorpe. Previewed November 20, 1937.

William Powell gives a bright mercurial performance in this "crazy" comedy.

He plays the role of a Bohemian living in a caravan who woos and wins Myrna Loy, a business-like young woman who prides herself on having mapped out her younger sister's life and marriage for her.

Powell's line of approach is to pretend he is going to marry Myrna's sister, who falls in with the idea because her fiancé is so completely under the former's thumb that he cannot say boo to a goose, far less to a rival in love.

All, of course, ends well, with a double wedding taking place amidst a welter of slapstick in the aforesaid caravan, crowded with Powell's distinctly mixed acquaintances.

The picture's main trouble is its slightness of plot and an overplus of knockabout fooling without sufficient character drawing to hold the interest as much as one could wish in the central figures.

Myrna Loy is inclined to over-emphasise her detached air, but is otherwise good, and sound supporting studies are given by Jessie Ralph as a socialite and Edgar Kennedy as the proprietor of a cheap restaurant.

**DR. SYN

General Film Distributors. British. "A" certificate. Period smuggling drama. Runs 80 minutes.

GEORGE ARLISS ..... Doctor Syn
MARGARET LOCKWOOD ..... Imogene
JOHN LODER ..... Denis
ROY EMERTON ..... Captain Collyer
GRAHAM MOFFATT ..... Jerry Jeff
FREDERICK BURTWELL ..... Nash
GEORGE MERRITT ..... Mipps
ATHOLE STEWART ..... Squire Cobtree
WILSON COLEMAN ..... Doctor Pepper
WALLY PATCH ..... The Bo'sun
MEINHART MAUR ..... The Mulatto
MURIEL GEORGE ..... Mrs. Waggetts

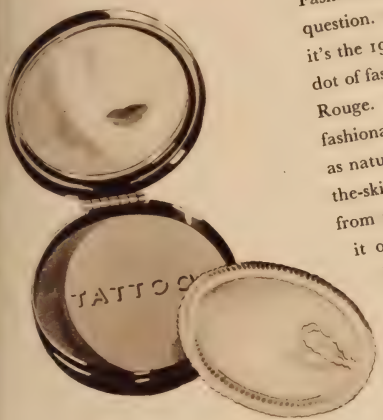
Directed by Roy William Neill. Based on the novel by Russell Thorndike. Previewed November 27, 1937. Story freely based on the film appeared in our issue of January 1, 1938.

George Arliss is hardly suited to the role of a smuggler turned clergyman, but otherwise this period story of smuggling on the Romney Marsh provides good entertainment.

The battle of wits between Dr. Syn and a Revenue officer who finally

(*Continued on page 26*)

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exposes him is intriguingly and not obviously developed, and the little romantic interlude between Syn's daughter (who does not know her parentage) and the squire's son is pleasantly introduced.

The atmosphere in the village, too, is convincingly old-world and the incidental characters well drawn.

The Revenue Officer is well played by Roy Emerton and Graham Moffatt supplies plenty of robust comedy.

c**WILD AND WOOLLY

Twentieth Century-Fox Films. American. "U" certificate. Small town comedy. Runs 62 minutes.

JANE WITHERS.....Arnette Flynn
WALTER BRENNAN.....Gramp Flynn
PAULINE MOORE.....Ruth Morris
CARL "ALFALFA" SWITZER.....Zero
JACK SEARL.....Chaunce Ralston
BERTON CHURCHILL.....Edward Ralston
DOUGLAS FOWLEY.....Blackie Morgan
ROBERT WILCOX.....Frank Bailey
DOUGLAS SCOTT.....Leon Wakefield
LON CHANEY, JUN.....Dutch
FRANK MELTON.....Barton Henshaw
SYD SAYLOR.....Lutz

Directed by Alfred Werker. Original screen play by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton.

A quick action, well characterised little story which gives full scope to the talent of Jane Withers.

It deals with a small town that goes "Wild West" to celebrate its jubilee, a state of affairs that is seized on by some crooks to attempt a bank robbery.

They are rounded up by Flynn, an old pioneer with none too good a reputation, with, of course, the help of his grand-daughter, Jane Withers herself.

Walter Brennan plays the pioneer admirably, and an exceedingly funny and clever juvenile performance is given by Carl Switzer.

**THE SQUEAKER

United Artists. British. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 77 minutes.

EDMUND LOWE.....Barrabel
SEBASTIAN SHAW.....Frank Sutton
ANN TODD.....Carol Stedman
TAMARA DESNI.....Tamara
ROBERT NEWTON.....Larry Grame
ALLAN JEAYES.....Inspector Elford
ALASTAIR SIM.....Joshua Gollie
STEWART ROME.....Superintendent Marshall
MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.....Mrs. Stedman
GORDON MCLEOD.....Mr. Field

Directed by William H. Howard from the play by Edgar Wallace. Pre-viewed November 27, 1937.

While there is a feeling that not quite all the punch and thrill of the Edgar Wallace original is kept in this picture, it is nevertheless a competent, well-acted piece of work,

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference Index*

***SOULS AT SEA
**DR. SYN
c**WILD AND WOOLLY
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c**SUPER SLEUTH
*WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES
*TOUGH TO HANDLE
c*AVENGING WATERS
c*HEADIN' FOR THE RIO GRANDE
*THE MINSTREL BOY
A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.*
*** Very good.*
** Good.*
* Average entertainment.*
c Also suitable for children.

REVIEWS—by Lionel

polished in direction and camera work.

It deals with the rounding up of a mysterious "fence" who is in the habit of handing over to the police any of those crooks who refuse to deal with him at his own price.

Sebastian Shaw plays the title role very effectively and Edmund Lowe is good as an under-cover man who runs him down.

Alastair Sim supplies comedy from none too rich material, and Allan Jeayes as an inspector and Stewart Rome as a superintendent of the Yard are both good.

Ann Todd supplies effective romantic interest, and a touch of glamour is added by Tamara Desni as the girl friend of one of the Squeaker's victims.

**FOOTLOOSE HEIRESS

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 59 minutes.

CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Bruce "Butch" Baeder
ANNE NAGEL.....Linda Pierson
HUGH O'CONNELL.....John C. Allyn
HAL NEIMAN.....Luke Peaneather
WILLIAM EBERHARDT.....Wilbur Frost
ANN SHERIDAN.....Kay Allyn
WILLIAM HOPPER.....Jack Pierson
TEDDY HART.....Charles McCarthy
FRANK ORTH.....Justice Abne Cuttler
LOIS CHEANEY.....Sarah Cuttler

Directed by Williams Clemens.

Quite a piquant, if irresponsible, romance, dealing with the wild-spirited daughter of a big advertising executive who eventually marries the supposed "hobo" engaged by her father to keep her out of mischief.

It is, of course, in the nature of things that the "hobo" turns out to be the son of a wealthy father.

Dialogue and settings are good, and Ann Sheridan gives a delightfully provocative study as the heroine; Craig Reynolds is no less good as the "guardian."

c**SUPER SLEUTH

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Detective comedy. Runs 71 minutes.

JACK OAKIE.....Bill Martin
ANN SOTHERN.....Mary Strand
EDUARDO CIANELLI.....Professor Horman
ALAN BRUCE.....Larry Frank
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Lieut. Garrison
JOAN WOODBURY.....Doris Dunne
BRADLEY PAGE.....Ralph Waring
PAUL GUILFOYLE.....Gibbons
WILLIE BEST.....Warts
WILLIAM CORSON.....Beckett
ALEC CRAIG.....Eddie (Doorman)
RICHARD LANE.....Barker
PAUL HURST.....Motorcycle Cop
GEORGE ROSENER.....Policeman
FRED KELSEY.....Jailer
ROBERT E. O'CONNOR.....Casey
PHILLIP MORRIS.....Sullivan
DICK RUSH.....Grimes

Directed by Ben Stoloff. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Ernest Pagano.

Jack Oakie puts over a really good comedy characterisation on this broad comedy, which has both a touch of satire and a thrill or two.

He is cast as a screen detective who fancies that he can do better than the real police, but who gets a shock when he receives a letter threatening his own life .

However, he decides to take up the case himself, and is only saved in the end by the foresight of his girl friend.

As a homicidal maniac, the author of the letter and, incidentally, the screen detective's friend, Eduardo Cianelli is very good, and Ann Sothern makes an attractive heroine.

c*AVENGING WATERS

Columbia. American. "U" certificate Western melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

KEN MAYNARD.....Ken Morley
BETH MARION.....Mary Mortimer
WARD BOND.....Marve Slater
JOHN ELLIOTT.....Charles Mortimer
ZELLA RUSSELL.....Mrs. Smythe
WALLY WALES.....Slivers

Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennett. Story by Nate Gatzert.

Wide, open spaces and the usual cattle stampede are the main features of this conventional

Collier—continued

Western, which, however, has its full share of action and a thrilling flood climax.

Ken Maynard gives his accustomed dashing performance, and the picture as a whole should appeal particularly to juveniles.

WINE, WOMEN AND HORSES

First National. American. "A" certificate. Marital drama. Runs 64 minutes.

BARTON MCLANE	Jim Turner
ANN SHERIDAN	Valerie
DICK PURCELL	George Mayhew
PEGGY BATES	Marjorie Mayhew
WALTER CASSELL	Pres. Barrow
DOTTIE WILLIAMS	Mrs. Mayhew
KENNETH HARLAN	Bright
EUGENE JACKSON	Eight Ball
HARLEY FOY	Broadway
JAMES ROBBINS	Joe

Directed by Louis King.

Romance of a gambler married to a woman who tries in vain to reform him, and who eventually loses him to another woman who understands his psychology better, has a certain amount of novelty and some quite good human and humorous touches.

There are a number of horse-race sequences which become a little tiring, although they are quite well done.

Barton McLane carries the role of the breezy, big-hearted gambler who eventually trains a horse in his back-yard with aplomb. His performance is the best thing in the picture.

*TOUGH TO HANDLE

Mythe. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 58 minutes.

FRANKIE DARRO	Mike
JANE RICHMOND	Ed
PHYLLIS FRASER	Gloria
LARRY WORTH	Franko
JOHNSTONE WHITE	Reggie
LORRAINE HAYES	Clara
CURT CARUTH	Grandpa
BILL HUNTER	Barney
JACK INGRAM	Spike
LARRY ANDERSON	Bud
STANLEY PRICE	Jake
LEE PHELPS	Editor

Directed by Roy Luby from a story by Peter B. Kyne.

Hearty "rough stuff," with a leavening of romance and some musical interludes, is the keynote of this gangster melodrama, in which Frankie Darro, as a newsboy who is instrumental in bringing his boss to book as a purveyor of counterfeit sweep tickets and a murderer. He takes the acting honours.

As his sister, who is also employed by the crook, Phyllis Fraser is quite good, as is Kane Richmond as her reporter fiancé.

Harry Worth succeeds in being sufficiently villainous without being too obviously so.

*THE MINSTREL BOY

Mythicher. British. "A" certificate. Musical romance. Runs 79 minutes.

KENNETH BUCKLEY	Austin Ravensbourne
PRISCILLE LISLE	Angela Shelley
MARJORIE CHARD	Lady Ravensbourne
FRED CONYNGHAM	Mike Ravensbourne
BASIL LANGTON	Ed Ravensbourne
GRANVILLE DARLING	Pat Ravensbourne
PAT KAVANAGH	Terry Ravensbourne
BILLI BOUCHIER	Dee Dawn
JAN TWEMLOW	Lady Pont
DOROTHY VERNON	The Charwoman
DONALD WALTERS	Another Crooner
VENIA AND BOYER	Speciality Dancers

Directed by Sidney Morgan.

Somewhat naïve romance of a night-club singer who marries society girl who disapproves of his Bohemian ways, and particularly of Radio star who tries to compromise her husband.

It is put over in a straightforward manner and is much stronger on the musical than the dramatic side.

Fred Conyngham sings better than he acts as "Mike—the Minstrel Boy," and Chili Bouchier both vamps and sings effectively well as the radio star.

c*HEADIN' FOR THE RIO GRANDE

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

TEX RITTER	Tex
ELEANORE STEWART	Laura
SYD SAYLOR	Chile
WARNER RICHMOND	Travis
CHARLES KING	Tick
EARL DWIRE	Rand
FORREST TAYLOR	Saunders
WILLIAM DESMOND	Mr. Mack
SNUB POLLARD	Cookie
CHARLES FRENCH	Pop Hart
BUDD BUSTER	Senator
BUS OSBORNE	Cactus

Directed by Robert N. Bradbury.

Comedy, romance, songs, cattle stampedes, and forceful melodrama are the ingredients of this somewhat naïve and ingenuous Western. However, it is clean stuff and suitable for juveniles.

Tex Ritter, the singing cowboy, is quite good as a government agent who rounds up a gang of rustlers and Eleanore Stewart is a pleasing heroine.

A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Industrial melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

DON TERRY	Tim Sawyer
ROSALIND REITH	Linda Gale
NANA BRYANT	Marie Wall
JOHN GALLAUDET	D. R. Hadley
FRANK C. WILSON	Leon Depau
MARC LAWRENCE	Calking
RUSSELL HICKS	Spencer Allen
JOSEPH SAWYER	Dutch Fulmer

Directed by D. Ross Lederman from a story by Owen Francis.

Hackneyed story of romance and treachery in the steel industry which stages a somewhat old-fashioned battle between vice and virtue.

Don Terry is not a particularly good-looking hero, but he has virility, and Rosalind Reith is adequate as the heroine.

Atmosphere of steel works is quite good and there is a touch of spectacle to help matters along.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Action For Slander (2)	*Jan.* 22
Another Dawn (2)	*Jan.* 15
Big Business (2)	*Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2)	*Jan.* 1
Blazing Sixes (2)c	*Dec.* 25
Blonde Trouble (2)	*Feb.* 5
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2)	*Jan.* 8
Café Metropole (2)	*Jan.* 1
Captains Courageous (4)c	*Dec.* 25
Easy Living (3)	*Jan.* 15
Edge of the World, The (3)	*Jan.* 8
Forlorn River (2)c	*Feb.* 5
Go-Getter, The (2)c	*Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3)	*Jan.* 1
High Wide and Handsome (2)	*Jan.* 22
Hit Parade, The (2)	*Jan.* 15
Hollywood Cowboy (2)	*Dec.* 18
Hotel Haywire (2)	*Dec.* 11
It's All Yours (2)	*Feb.* 5
Kid Galahad (3)	*Jan.* 22
Knight Without Armour (2)	*Jan.* 8
Let's Make a Night of It (2)	*Jan.* 29
Lonely to Love (2)	*Feb.* 5
Married Before Breakfast (2)	*Dec.* 11
Midnight Madonna (2)	*Jan.* 8
New Faces of 1937 (2)	*Feb.* 5
North of the Rio Grande (2)	*Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c	*Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2)	*Jan.* 8
Said O'Reilly to McNab (2)	*Dec.* 18
Slim (2)	*Dec.* 18
Star is Born, A (3)	*Jan.* 15
Stella Dallas (2)	*Feb.* 5
Sunset in Vienna (3)	*Jan.* 15
Top of the Town (2)	*Dec.* 11
Victoria the Great (4)	*Dec.* 25
Way Out West (2)	*Jan.* 15
Wee Willie Winkie (2)c	*Dec.* 25
Who's Your Lady Friend? (2)	*Dec.* 25
Wild Money (2)	*Jan.* 1
You Can't Have Everything (2)	*Jan.* 22



JOAN BENNETT and Warner Baxter in a scene from "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938."

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Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium . . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . ☐	Light . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
SKIN	Dark . . . . . ☐	If hair is Grey, check type
Dry . . . . . ☐	AGE	above and here . . . . . ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Over 35 . . . ☐	
	Under 35 . . ☐	

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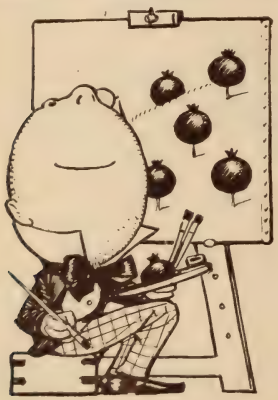
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KEEP YOUR SEATS!

Why the Mad Rush from the Cinema?

PLEASE imagine the tenseness during the showing of *Night Must Fall*, Robert Montgomery seems likely to carry out his threat of murdering the heroine.

He advances nearer and nearer, she shrinks back, will she be saved?

Was she? This I shall never know, for just then a voice was heard, "Come on, Sarah, let's get out before the crush."

At once about twenty or thirty people (presumably all "Sarahs") started to button up their coats and file out.

Then came a voice in my ear, "Would you excuse me, please?" I stood up and bother me if the woman didn't drop her glove.

By the time that glove was found, somewhere down by my feet, "The End" had been flashed on the screen and the film for me had been ruined.

Why? Oh! Why? cannot filmgoers sit still for the last and most vital minutes of thrilling films?—*"Sweet Seventeen," Whitley Bay, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*



The caricature of Eddie Cantor is the fifteenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Watch For It

● I believe that 1938 will see the decline of the "glamour girls." Sophistication, with its attendant light-hearted standards of morality and synthetic smartness, is on the wane.

The enormous success of Deanna Durbin (and, in lesser degree, of other youthful players) during the past year is surely indicative of the fact that film fashions are once again changing, and that the public are welcoming the youthful freshness and simplicity of these young artistes as a much-needed relief from the sex-laden, artificial atmosphere of the majority of recent films.

And, since Hollywood's habit of "glamourising" every actress who sets foot inside its studios robs them of their individuality and turns them into beautiful robots, I for one am glad that naturalness and sincerity are to come into their own again, and I anticipate that 1938 will be a big year for Deanna Durbin, Nova Pilbeam, and the other exponents of unspoiled youth of whom they are the foremost representatives.—*Ernest H. Jakins, 7 Garden Village, Cheshunt, Herts, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Too Much Talk?

● Hollywood, I'm informed by a friend there recently conducted an experiment.

A silent picture and a talkie were shown to the same picked audience. Tests revealed that those present remembered more details of the silent picture than of the other, which seems to prove that a story told in pictures and interesting captions is a better medium than mere spoken words.

In *Cavalcade*, glimpse of a lifebelt with one word *Titanic* was more dramatic than would have been a picture with verbal explanatory dialogue; and the scene in which Sydney Howard is sitting in the empty Wembley Stadium silently conveys the impression of frustration and loneliness more than any wisecracks could have done.

May it not be that we have too much talking in the talkies? Situations with explanatory music only would assist audience to use imagination—and goodness knows both producers and everyone else realise this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.—*R. Wellas, 77 Grange Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.*

[*A trifle reactionary, I'm afraid.—"Thinker."*

Swat That Critic!

● I have frequently noted with much disgust the film critic's very common trick of revealing all the details of the film which he is reviewing.

For example, two recent films, *The Plainsman* and *You Only Live Once*, tried to break away from the pernicious tradition of a "happy ending," at the expense of realism. At least three periodicals made the release of these films the excuse for an article on "the public reaction to the death of the hero," with surprise expressed at the novelty of their endings. Consequently, unhappy audiences had to sit and wait for the inevitable bullet to put an end to Gary Cooper's card game or Sylvia Sydney's dash for life with Henry Fonda. The drama of the situations was entirely lost.

Surely it would be better not to review films at all than to ruin their entertainment value in this way!—*Una Guéroult (16), 134 Shirley Way, Addington, Surrey.*

[*There is a good deal of dissension from this view. Many picturegoers like to be told the story.—"Thinker."*]

Ballet Who?

● The wave of film ballet is just about to break. Many producers are discussing the idea; Fred Astaire has played with it; *A Midsummer Night's Dream* has experimented with it; and Sonja Henie has already skimmed the ice-cream of it in *One in a Million*.

But a real ballet film has yet to be made, and it is up to Britain to make it. We let America get there first with sound, with Dickens, with Shakespeare, with the historic glories of our race. Let us be the first to utilise classical dancing as a full-length film subject.

In Steffi Duna we have a star who can act, sing, *and* dance. There was something delightfully fresh and sparkling about her "Columbine"

(*Continued on page* 30)



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The Penalties of Anæmia

HOW THOUSANDS OF GIRLS SUFFER

Only the actual victim of anæmia knows the misery that this insidious ailment brings in its train. Anybody may observe the pallid cheeks of the anæmic girl, but not all realise that behind her brave attempt to keep smiling, she hides much suffering.

Apart from the languid and listless feelings that assail the victim of anæmia, she has periodic headaches, her back often feels fit to break, she suffers from palpitation, and the least exertion leaves her exhausted. For many girls anæmia bars the path to healthy womanhood and robs them of the sparkling health that every girl should enjoy.

The only way to banish anæmia is to re-invigorate the system with new, good blood, and thousands of girls and women have discovered that Dr. Williams pink pills create this rich, red blood of health. No girl need look ill or feel ill; these pills will quickly impart the sparkling eyes and red lips that denote perfect health.

All chemists sell Dr. Williams brand pink pills, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.). Start taking them now and see how soon your ailments will vanish.

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MOTHERS are now working the same miracles for their children's hair that they have found are so easily performed for their own — with 'Danderine.'

Natural oils removed by soap and water are promptly restored to the hair by 'Danderine.' Natural curl is accentuated. A child's hair is easily "trained"; is kept orderly, clean, sparkling. A few drops of this fragrant liquid on the brush each time the hair is arranged. That is all that's needed!

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What Do You Think? — *Contd.*

in *Pagliacci*, her light steps, dainty pirouettes and graceful movements were so completely different from tap-dancing, that one wished for more.—*Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs.*

[*But there are British ballet-dancers, too!* — "*Thinker.*"]

Not In The Schoolbooks

● Not long ago, a youthful friend accompanied me to see *Beloved Enemy*.

We both enjoyed that talkie, but he was, naturally, at a loss to know what it was all about, having seen the light of day some while since the period of the Irish Troubles and the formation of the Free State. School books, he informed me, did not deal with so recent a subject.

Pictures seem to pass over the fact that a new generation is growing, and has grown, up.

Surely they should precede such pictures with explanatory prefaces?—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.*

[*It's startling to realise that so recent an event is already history!*—"*Thinker.*"]

Charming June

● The main attraction in my mind when I went to see *Captain January* was naturally Shirley Temple, but I left the theatre with an entirely different opinion.

The reason for this was June Lang, who played the part of the school teacher with infinite ease and charm.

Since then I have followed her performances with the greatest interest and was delighted with her first rate study in *Nancy Steele is Missing*, which surpassed everything she has done on the screen.

She has a splendid acting ability, and a personality that is refreshingly different; these being two assets that go towards the making of a really great star.

Here's hoping the near future provides her with the opportunity she richly deserves.—*Donald Butcher, 21 Longfellow Road, Walthamstow, E.17.*

Is Nothing Sacred?

● While I have enjoyed most of Hollywood's crazy comedies, and still consider *My Man Godfrey* a priceless example of amusing imbecility, the more recent products of this "cycle" take a lot of stomaching.

The laughter over a dead baby in *True Confession* was unhealthy enough, but *Nothing Sacred*, the synopsis of which I have just read, goes quite beyond the pale.

This may be a brilliant film for all I know, but the fact that its heroine masquerades (for alleged comedy reasons) as a radium-research martyr seems in deplorable taste.

Victims of radium research are sheer tragedy and should only be depicted as such, but apparently to Hollywood, *nothing sacred* is right.

Crazy comedies have now reached the pitch where they are merely further examples of the small boy who thumbed his nose at the Vicar in church, because it had never been done before.—*Willis Toogood, Lennoxlove, Haddington, East Lothian, Scotland.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

Who's Who

Alan Marshal

● Is one of those artists who have been brought up in "show business." Her parents were in the profession and as a small child Marshal made his stage debut in *The Blue Bird*. Then he played in two films, *The Black Pearl* and *The Strangler's Grip*.

He interrupted his education temporarily when he was fifteen to play on Broadway in *The Swan*. His adult career began in 1928 with Shakespearean and repertory companies. He returned to New York in *Fool's Cap* and was playing there in *On Stage* when David Selznick signed him for the screen.

Marshal achieved success in his first talkie, *The Garden of Allah* and he has since been seen in *After the Thin Man, Night Must Fall, Parnell* and *Marie Walewska*.

The actor is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.

Tully Marshall

● Nearly half a century of acting lies behind the always sound work of this fine character performer and nearly half that period has been spent in films. He helped to make movie history in silent epics like *Intolerance, The Covered Wagon, The Merry Widow* and *He Who Gets Slapped* and he has contributed to such memorable talkies as *The Millionaire, The Unholy Garden* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, in addition to being a tower of strength in scores of lesser films.

Tully Marshall was born in Nevada City, California, on April 13, 1864, and was educated at the University of Santa Clara, where he specialised in dramatic literature.

He went on the stage at the age of eighteen and by 1916, when he came into films, had earned stardom in New York.

Latest pictures: *California Straight Ahead, Souls At Sea, She Asked for It, Stand In, That Navy Spirit*.

Herbert Marshall

● Was born in London on May 23, 1890, and was educated at St. Mary's College, Harlow. He was articled to a firm of accountants before he started his stage career in 1911.

He was beginning to establish a name in the theatre when the War interrupted his career. He was seriously wounded in France.

On being demobilised, Marshall joined the stock company at the Lyric, Hammersmith. In the next few years he built up a reputation in the West End and America, where he scored a hit in *These Charming People*.

His first talkie appearance was made in the States in *The Letter*. He was not at first impressed with sound films, but *Secrets of a Secretary* with Claudette Colbert put him in the movie matinee idol class and created a demand for his services which could not be denied.

Subsequently, "Bart," as he is known to his intimates, has played opposite practically every big feminine star in films such as *Blonde Venus, Trouble In Paradise, The Painted Veil, Riptide, The Good Fairy, The Dark Angel, A Woman Rebels, Girls' Dormitory* and *Angel*. He is now making *Mad About Music* with Deanna Durbin.

The actor is 6 feet tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Aileen Marson

● Is the daughter of a clergyman, the Rev. A. Pitt-Marson, who, incidentally, performed the ceremony for her when she married Mr. Jack Scot, a young business man, a few weeks ago.

Aileen was born in Egypt on September 13, 1912, and was educated privately in Egypt and Rumania and North London Collegiate School. She subsequently won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art; made her stage debut at the "Q" Theatre, Kew, in 1932.

After a season of repertory and a South African tour she made her first appearance in the West End in *Cabbages and Kings*.

Her first film was *Lucky Loser*, in 1934, and she has since been seen in *Passing Shadows, My Song for You, The Green Pack, The Way of Youth, Road House, Ten-minute Alibi, Honeymoon for Three, The Black Mask, Living Dangerously, Someone at the Door, The Tenth Man* and *Spring Handicap*.

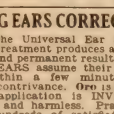


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At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgate's makes teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

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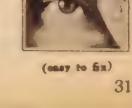
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The truth, of course, is that one perspires even more freely indoors, especially if it is stuffy. And being indoors, the unpleasant effects of perspiration are much more noticeable.

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ODO-RO-NO

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and saves dresses

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1/6 also larger and smaller sizes

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LET GEORGE DO IT!

JACK BUCHANAN FAN (Leicester).—We published a front cover of Jack Buchanan in the Dec. 5, 1931 issue and an art plate in the Sept. 29, 1934 issues of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (2) Write to the Postcard Salon (address above) *re* photographs of Jack Buchanan, price 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen. (3) When Jack Buchanan returns to England, the first film scheduled for production by his company is *Richard of Bordeaux*, starring John Gielgud.

GRACE MOORE FAN (Leicester).—Centre spread of *One Night of Love* published in the Oct. 13, 1934, issue of this magazine. Back numbers see above.

J. B. (Bayswater).—Spencer Tracy's latest film is *Mannequin*, with Joan Crawford, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

ED AND JOE (Ipswich).—(1) Leslie Banks b. June 9, 1890, West Derby, Liverpool, son of George Banks and Emily Dalby; educated Trinity College, Glenalmond, and Keble College, Oxford; married Gwendoline Haldane Unwin. He has two daughters. (2) Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

G. B. (Poplar).—(1) Walter Rilla took the part of Prince Ernest in *Victoria the Great*. (2) Birth dates as follows: Mary Carlisle—Feb. 3, 1912; Lee Tracy—April 14, 1898; Maureen O'Sullivan—May 17, 1911; Lupe Velez—July 18, 1909; Joe E. Brown—July 28, 1892; Adrienne Ames—Aug. 3, 1907; Owen Nares—Aug. 11, 1888; Paul Muni—Sept. 22, 1897; Lewis Stone—Nov. 15, 1879; Evelyn Brent—Oct. 20, 1899; Marion Nixon—Oct. 20, 1904; Frances Dee—Nov. 26, 1911; Carl Brisson—Dec. 24, 1895; Slim Summerville—July 10, 1892; Dick Foran—June 18, 1910; Franchot Tone—Feb. 27, 1906; Dolores Costello—June, 1905; Mischa Auer—Nov. 17, 1905; Edna Best—March 3, 1901; Gordon Harker—Aug. 7, 1885; Ivor Novello—Jan. 15, 1893; Clara Bow—July 29, 1905; Stanley Laurel—June 16, 1895; James Cagney—July 17, 1904; Cecily Courtneidge—April 1, 1893; Lili Damita—Sept. 10, 1903; Sidney Fox—Dec. 10, 1910; Sydney Howard—Aug. 7, 1885; Ida Lupino—Jan. 1, 1917. Grace Moore—Dec. 5, 1901; William Powell—July 29, 1892; Conrad Veidt—Jan. 22, 1893; Helen Twelvetrees—Dec. 25, 1909; Bing Crosby—May 2, 1904; Constance Bennett—Oct. 22, 1905. (3) Anton Walbrook's latest film is *The Rat*, for Herbert Wilcox Productions. (4) Montagu Love took the part of Henry VIII and Claude Rains took the part of the Earl of Hertford in *The Prince and the Pauper*.

M. W. (East Ham).—Jean Muir is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and weighs 122 lb.

D. D. (Bolton).—Deanna Durbin b. Dec. 4, 1922, Winnipeg, Canada. She is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 100 lb., and has blue eyes and brown hair. Write to her c/o Universal Studios, U.S.A.

FILM FAN (Manchester).—James Mason b. May 15, 1909, Huddersfield. He has dark brown hair and eyes, weighs 11 stone, and is 5 ft. 11 in. tall. His films include *Late Extra, Twice Branded, Troubled Waters, Jack of All Trades, Blind Man's Buff, The Secret of Stamboul, The Mill on the Floss, The High Command, Catch as Catch Can, The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*.

C. W. M. (Dorset).—" The Gainsborough Lady " is Glennis Lorimer. You must write to the film company for a picture of her, as we do not stock one at the Postcard Salon.

M. F. (Cobrodge).—Write to Buck Jones c/o Universal Studios, U.S.A.

DONAT FAN.— (1) Alice Brady, b. New York, Nov. 2, 1892. (2) Reginald Owen, b. Aug. 8, 1887, Wheathamstead, married Lydia Bilbrooke (mar. dis.). Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). (3) Edward Arnold, b. New York, Feb. 18, 1890. Write to him c/o Universal Studios. (4) Gitta Alpar, b. Budapest, Feb. 5 (no year given), she has fair hair and blue-grey eyes, married (mar. dis.) and has one daughter. (5) Frances Day, b. U.S.A., she is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, has blonde hair and blue eyes, married. (6) We have no details of a fan club for Robert Donat.

AN EDDY FAN.—(1) Supplement of *Rose Marie*, published Oct. 31, 1936, is out of print, supplement of *Maytime*, published Oct. 16, 1937. Back numbers obtainable from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

J. T. (S.E.23).—(1) Kent Taylor, b. May 11 (no year given), Nashua, Iowa, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 165 lb. and has dark wavy hair and brown eyes, is married and has a son. Write to him c/o Paramount (U.S.A.). (2) Herman Brix is a famous Olympic Games champion and was chosen for the part of "Tarzan" in *The New Adventures of Tarzan*. He is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall and weighs 203 lb.

P. V. (Sevenoaks).—Write to Anton Walbrook, c/o Herbert Wilcox Productions, Eng. I am sorry but we have no details of a fan club for this star.

C. H. B. (N.W.6).—(1) Loretta Young, b. Jan. 6, 1912. (2) Sam Goldwyn is in charge of Goldwyn Productions. (3) Janet Gaynor is under contract to Selznick International pictures.

A. M. (Yorks).—Photographs of Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

B. T. (Bristol).—Patrick Barr is about 28 years old, is 6 ft. tall and has fair hair and blue eyes. Write to him c/o Paramount, (British) Productions.

DONALD COOK FAN (Leyton).—Donald Cook, b. Sept. 26, 1902, Portland, Oregon, he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs 150 lb. and has dark brown hair and eyes. His films since 1935 include: *Ladies Love Danger, Murder in the Fleet, Confidential, The Spanish Cape Mystery, The Calling of Dan Matthews, Show Boat, Ring Around the Moon, Girl from Mandalay, The Leavenworth Case, Beware of Ladies, Can This be Dixie, Two Wise Maids, Circus Girl* and *Motive for Revenge*. Write to him c/o Republic Films (U.S.A.).

A. D. P. (Reading).—(1) Ralph Forbes' latest film is *Stage Door* for Radio Pictures (U.S.A.). (2) Bebe Daniels is at present appearing with her husband in variety. She is not under contract to any film studio at the moment.

JEFFREY DEAN FAN (Caernarvonshire).—Dean Jagger, b. Nov. 7, Lima, Ohio, he weighs 190 lb., is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, has blue eyes and brown hair and is married to a non-professional, name not known. I regret we have not published any art plates or articles on this star, nor is his photograph obtainable from the Postcard Salon. His latest film is *Song of the City*.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

A Welsh branch of the PHOENIX FILMS' SOCIETY is being formed. New members are required for this Society. Please write for full particulars to the Welsh Representative, Len. Williams, 29 Jubilee Road, Bridgend, Glamorganshire.

• • •

A Fan Club has been formed for BOBBY BREEN with great social enterprise. New members are invited to write to Jack Robinson, 67 Kemp Street, Manchester, 4.

• • •

THE STAR CLUB, is now well into the fourth year of their existence and are always glad to supply full particulars to any of readers who are interested. This club has a very interesting social side and has enrolled many new patrons during the last year. Write to the Secretary, Gwen Crowe, The Shamrocks, Bricknell Avenue, Hull, for full particulars.

• • •

THE COSMOPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE CLUB invites application for membership. The club has been formed to enable fans in all parts of the world to exchange views with one another on their favourite entertainment. Write to Miss Hazel Bailey, 29 Carlingford Road, London, N.W.3, for full particulars.

• • •

All fans interested in BETTY FURNESS are invited to write to the Secretary of her club, Miss Isabol Minors, 3 Hainault Avenue, Westcliff, Essex, for full particulars.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

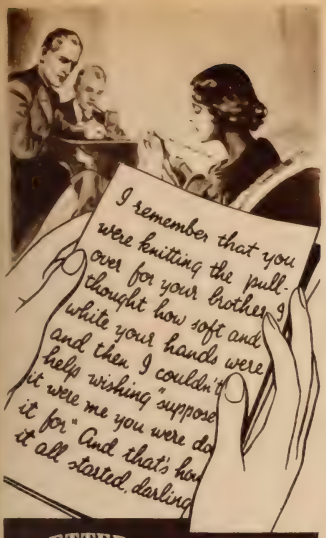
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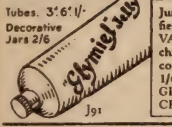
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Just as Glymiel Jelly beautifies your hands, GLYMIEL VANISHING CREAM gives charm and beauty to your complexion. Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6. Also have you tried GLYMIEL Cleansing COLD CREAM! Tube 6d.; Jar 1/6

J91



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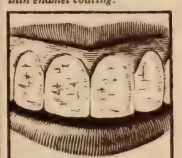
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour. The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

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See below how gritty tooth-pastes scratch and score this thin enamel coating.





These teeth are safe from damage. No scratching here —thanks to Odol.

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You can easily prove if your present tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send coupon for free sample). Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder.

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You cannot be sure of real fitness unless your teeth are given regular attention. See your dentist twice a year and use Euthymol twice a day. Euthymol will keep your teeth and gums beautifully clean and give a delightful freshness to the mouth. Your chemist sells large tubes at 1s. 3d., or send for a 7-day free trial tube to Dept. 44/115, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

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Why your nose reveals the truth about your face powder

Next time you powder, notice the size of your nose pores. You'll find they are larger than other pores, so that tiny grains of powder can easily get in them.

That is why your nose warns you first if your powder contains materials that swell. Affected by the moisture of the skin, these grains swell up and force open pores, which become permanently enlarged. With Coty "Air Spun" powder there's no risk of enlarged pores. It contains no materials that swell. Neither does it contain any orris root to irritate the skin. And as a result of the "Air Spun" process it clings longer than other powder without the use of any artificial adhesives.

Next time you buy powder, ask to see the full range of lovely "Air Spun" shades — especially Coty's two newest shades, *Miblonde* and *Brunat*. The economical 2/3 box contains twice as much powder as the 1/3 size. At your favourite shop, or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, London.



Tiny grains of powder easily lodge in the larger nose pores.



If these grains swell when moistened by the skin, the pores are forced open and enlarged. Avoid this by using "Air Spun" powder.



Coty AIR SPUN

—THE FACE POWDER THAT STAYS ON BETTER

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

HANDS betray your age. In these days when women rarely need to look their age as far as face and figure is concerned, it is such a pity to neglect the hands. They are great tell-tales.

As youth departs the cushion of fat on the backs of the hands tends to disappear and the hands become wrinkled and thin. Sometimes they are also discoloured. Nor for that reason alone should we take care of our hands. They can be so expressive, and so entirely characteristic. Most women have some little unconscious mannerisms in the use of their hands?

Most hands need a really heavy cream—particularly in the winter time when cold winds and hard water dry out the natural oils of the skin. In addition to cream, massage with oil of sweet almonds is excellent, and perhaps, twice a week, extra massage with a fuller's earth cream.

Housewives in particular are great sinners in failing to dry the hands properly after washing. I know it is a great temptation; your hands are in water at some household task, the milkman comes to the door, and you give them a perfunctory rub on the towel and then open the kitchen door and let a searching east wind blow upon them. What can you expect but red rough hands?

Hand lotions of a spiritous nature are very useful to the busy woman for they dry so quickly and effectually prevent roughness. They are also pleasantly perfumed. While these may be used during the day, it is wise to give daily attention with a thicker mixture, probably containing oil of almonds.

If the hands are discoloured by hard work and it is desired to whiten them lemon juice and peroxide make an excellent bleach. But at the same time it must be remembered that these are also extremely astringent and drying in effect, and that it must be counter acted with a good heavy cream after the whitening lotion has been used.

Glycerine and cucumber preparations are very old fashioned but quite effective as hand whiteners and the ever-popular mixture of equal parts of glycerine and rosewater and half part of eau-de Cologne. It is impossible to lay down rules about which is best. As with so many other beauty adjuncts, individuals need to find out which.

There is a correct method of massaging the hands and fingers and it is important that it should be used.

The tips of the fingers and thumb should be used, working them in wringing, twisting and stroking movements, always moving from tip of finger to base, and never the other way round.

Knuckles need special attention, particularly if they are the knuckles of housewives, for domestic work tends to make them large and ugly. Then the palms of the hands should have attention so that they too are soft and attractive. Palms are massaged by rubbing over thoroughly first with the pad of the thumb and then with the "heel" of the opposite hand.

In massaging the backs of the hands, stroke gently but firmly from knuckles to wrist. Hold the hand downwards and do the stroking in an upward direction. When you get to the wrists knead and rotate them to make them supple.

Although we talk of kneading and twisting, the movements must be gentle. Never on any account pinch or pull the skin on the backs of the hands, for it is very easily stretched and wrinkled and when once it gets into that condition, most difficult to restore.

A beautiful hand is never rigid. Some hands are naturally supple, but even though Nature may not have endowed you that way, it is possible to obtain a supple hand by means of continuous exercise.

The simplest is to play five finger exercises in the air. You can do this at all odd times, if there is no one about to accuse you of being "dotty." Next bend back separately each finger and the thumbs. Press them back as far as they will go without actually hurting yourself.

Then hold the tips of the fingers and bend the joints; give them a little tug in their sockets, and finally let the wrists go entirely slack and shake the hands in all directions.

Do wear gloves for all the work you possibly can. Rubber ones are best, and if they are kept well powdered inside with talcum will not prove too extravagant. Whenever working gloves are quite out of the question, rub the hands with olive oil, wash off in soapy water and dry, and protect the nails by rubbing the bases and filling the tips with a soft soap or a thick cream. The moment the dirty work is completed, clean up the hands with a cut lemon and massage with cream.

★ ★ ★

T. R. (Perth).—The next time you powder your nose ask yourself: "What about *inner* cleanliness?" Keep a tin of Andrew's Liver Salt handy and take a glassful regularly, it is both reliable and safe.

★ ★

Superfluous Hair (Liverpool).—Peroxide has an extremely drying effect on the skin and should always be diluted when used for bleaching superfluous hair. Dilute with two parts of water, dab on and leave for five minutes. Rinse off and massage with a little cold cream. Some people with sensitive skins cannot stand the use of peroxide at all. It sets up dermatitis.

★ ★ ★

IF it is a beauty problem that worries you, send it on to me. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letter and address it to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss J. O'Grady, 46 Radlix Road, Leyton, E.10, for:—

My Marriage
Fury
The Bride Walks Out
Absolute Quiet

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:—

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robsart Street, Brixton, S.W.9, for:—

The Old Curiosity Shop
The Missing Rembrandt
Just My Luck
The Fake

Mrs. B. Smith, 37 Bates Estate, Church Street, Deptford, S.E.8, for:—

You Said a Mouthful
I'll Fix It
So You Won't Talk

A. E. Merchant, 41 Bridge Street, Barton Hill, Bristol, for:—

Rolling Home
The Thirty-nine Steps
Head Over Heels
Crack Up

T. Ellis, 45 Bradwell Lane, Wolstanton, North Staffs, for:—

Darby and Joan
With Love and Kisses
We Have Our Moments
Fang and Claw

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "Titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

A Young girl's advice to her Grandfather

"I've made a discovery," said the sweet young thing, nestling closer to her Grandpapa. "I've found a cigarette really worth smoking. I suppose I've grown out of the funny things I used to smoke, for these Gold Flake really have got something to them. They're honest to goodness cigarettes, you know. They've got a distinctive flavour. Virginia, of course, and the very best, I should imagine. You ought to try them."

"Thanks for the advice," said Grandpa, drily, as he drew out his packet of Gold Flake. "But you can't teach your Grandfather to smoke Gold Flake."



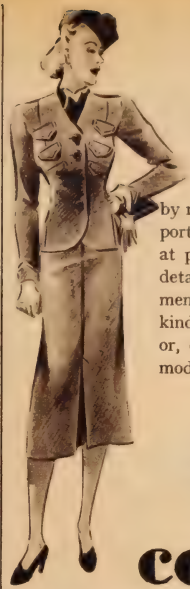
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The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



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• An Open Letter to CAROLE LOMBARD



Carole Lombard and Fredric March spar for an opening in "Nothing Sacred;" good fun, perhaps, but hardly a noble example in manners.

MORAL MENACE of these "Mad" Movies

HI THERE, LOMBARD . . .

Pardon us. We forgot for a moment that we were addressing a lady, and a very important lady, too. Still, it could have been worse.

We might even, in our present state of mental aberration have sent you a rollickingly ribald communication by cable, marked it "collect" and laughed heartily at our little joke.

Our lapse from grace is undoubtedly a manifestation of the influence of movie "crazy comedy" manners; you see, you've got us doing it now.

Perhaps we are not being quite fair in blaming it all on you, but, after all, *you* did start the cycle with *My Man Godfrey* and you *have* ever since striven with almost desperate determination and conspicuous success, to keep ahead of your sisters in the struggle for supremacy in the glorification of screen insanity.

We like a good crazy comedy as well as the next man, but even the best of jokes can be carried too far and there are certain aspects of the current studio obsession with this form of entertainment that are vaguely disturbing.

One of them, the undermining of the ordinary, and necessary, politenesses of social convention, we have already mentioned. As examples of behaviour, in fact, these crazy comedies are deplorable.

There may, or may not, be some truth in the Noel Coward theory that "women should be struck regularly, like gongs," but one imagines that the adaptation to real life of the excesses in this direction which form one of the mainstays of crazy comedy would hardly represent a notable contribution to the advance of civilisation unless, of course, we concede that the human being was really a nobler animal in the cave man age.

Assault and battery on the whole code of chivalry, as well as on the persons of the feminine stars, moreover, is spreading to more important branches of film endeavour. In the cause of her art and *In Old Chicago*, for instance, Alice Faye fights and wrestles with Tyrone Power "like any guttersnipe," as one American critic puts it.

In this regard Hollywood is building up a day of wrath against itself.

It is one of the weaknesses of official censorship that while it can lay down regulations to control the conventionally immoral, it is seldom elastic enough to control the insidiously unmoral. It is left to the busy bodies to bring about the necessary reform, nearly always at the cost of drastic curtailment of the screen's liberties.

If you should choose to expose the Lombard body, beautiful to the vulgar gaze, say, in a screen strip tease dance, the film concerned would promptly be banned under "Nudity, Section One, Paragraph One" of all the regulations. With one or two obvious exceptions, however, the rules contain nothing to define what might be far more dangerous in the long run : the propagation of ideas that, though not immoral in the strict sense of the word, are socially subversive.

As we have mentioned, the cleaner-uppers usually catch up with the danger in time, though usually when the harm has been done, just as they eventually discovered, a few years ago, at the height of the reign of Connie Bennett, that the talkie glorification of tarnished ladies was setting up false idols for the young womanhood of the world and that a bullet in the last hundred feet of a picture with a gangster hero, was inadequate to offset six reels of glory, affluence and Harlow embraces.

We do not say that your crazy comedies are necessarily a menace in this sense, but we are broader minded than some of the screen's critics.

It is conceivable that they might be held to be so in which case the self-appointed censors will have another stick with which to beat the cinema.

In *True Confession*, for instance, you (very charmingly) ask us to accept that a capacity for lying is one of the major virtues and that there is something hugely funny in a murder trial. The invention of a tragedy of a dead baby in order to foil a creditor, is also offered to us as a highly amusing gag.

Then in *Nothing Sacred*, which, boiled down, is an elaborate joke centred round the theme of the suffering of radium victims, we are invited to regard a mockery of illness and heroism as just good, clean girlish fun.

You see what we mean?

But apart, altogether, from any lofty considerations of social morality, Hollywood, in turning the fierce fire of rowdy and irreverent cynicism on subjects hitherto considered to be sacred, is cooking the goose that lays the golden eggs. Romance is already being riddled through with ridicule. Court-room drama, one fears, will never be quite the same after *True Confession*, and as a result of your hilarious goings-on with Fredric March in *Nothing Sacred*, audiences will expect the Ritz Brothers to pop up any minute in any saga of heroic suffering.

Crazy comedy, in fact, is feeding on the living body of the cinema itself.

Soon, if a halt is not called, there will be little left but crazy comedy—and the public won't pay to see that indefinitely.

And apart from the fact that it is dangerous for any actress to become typed in one style of picture, do you think it is wise to allow yourself to be so definitely and uncompromisingly enthroned as the High Priestess of Hollywood's Hard-boiled Hannahs?

The Editor

all the gossip

TROUBLE



Henry Fonda and Margaret Lindsay, who support Bette Davis in "Jezebel."



Alice Faye has George Murphy and Ken Murray as her leading men in "You're a Sweetheart."

THIS year of grace, 1938, seems likely to be notable for the breaking-up of a number of popular screen partnerships. Several of the old firms of the films are splitting.

Loretta Young has requested that she be given a rest from co-starring with Tyrone Power. Loretta is not one of the militant movie actresses, but her detractors declare that she is easily moved to tears and even the most hard-boiled executive finds it difficult to refuse a weeping Loretta Young anything. At any rate, she has got her way in this instance and *Accent on Love* has been postponed indefinitely.

The departure of Gene Raymond from the Radio Studios in search of new worlds to conquer will mean the dissolution of another famous film partnership. Apart from the fact that it is no secret that Gene and Ann Sothern are not exactly bosom pals, the association has not done either of them much good. Raymond is capable of better work than the series of play boys he has been called upon to do in their vehicles, and Ann, who has the potentialities of a really big star, has never had a chance.

◆ ◆ ◆

There is some doubt about the future of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, next to Rogers and Astaire, the most important combination in pictures. Nelson is due to go on one of his long concert tours on completion of *Girl of the Golden West*, but no plans are yet scheduled for another MacDonald-Eddy vehicle on his return.

Curiously enough, attempts to stir up a feud between the co-stars have mostly come from the fans. Eddy's admirers particularly, seem to have been aroused to a state of frenzied rage by what they consider to be the subordination of their idol to the interests of his feminine partner.

Some of them even took stop watches along to *Maytime*, their last picture together, and the studio was flooded with complaints that, though the film ran something like two hours, Nelson was on the screen for only nineteen minutes and letters bitterly accusing Jeanette of being a "camera hog."

Actually the stars are the best of friends and Eddy, a notorious Hollywood recluse, is a frequent visitor at the home of Jeanette and Gene Raymond. He sang at their wedding. But this sort of dispute does neither principal any good. Perhaps *Rosalie*, in which Nelson Eddy appears as a star in his own right, will extinguish the conflagration.

◆ ◆ ◆

And now even Myrna Loy (Mrs. Thin Man herself) is reported to be paying daily visits to the M.-G.-M. front office to raise a rumpus about being starred again with William Powell.

The solo success of Ginger Rogers may have had something to do with the current "change partners" movement among the screen teams, but Ginger's outstanding success in *Stage Door* is offset by the experience of her partner in *Damsel In Distress*, which the wisecrackers have already rechristened "Astaire in Distress." The picture is by no means as bad as that, but Fred himself sent Miss Rogers a telegram after the preview. All it said was "Ouch!"

All's well, however (thank heavens), with this screen team. They will soon be together again in *Carefree*. The picture will also be interesting, incidentally, for the return, as an adult star, of Mitzi Green.

Stars Have Stage Fright

● That's a good story about Joan Crawford coming here to appear on the stage with Robert Morley's Cornish repertory company, but, as a matter of fact, the word "theatre" at the moment is sending cold shivers down the spines even of the stars who have for years been talking grandiosely of the restrictions imposed on their art by the "mechanical" movie medium.

The reason is that too many film celebrities have flopped on Broadway recently. The latest is Fredric March, who appeared with his wife, Florence Eldridge, in *Y'r Obedient Husband*. The play only lasted a week and was generally "panned" by the critics. The "New York Times" described it as "an indifferent jest indifferently performed."

Doris Nolan is also back in Hollywood after having failed to set the Great White Way alight in *Tell Me, Pretty Maiden*. Following on the comparative flop of Sylvia Sidney in *To Quito and Back* and Constance Cummings in *Madame Bovary*, these further storm signals have made the film colony thoroughly frightened of the thunder of the Broadway critics.

Even the usually fearless Hepburn's recent *Jane Eyre* tour stopped short of New York. Miriam Hopkins, one of the worst of the "films-are - all - right - but - give - me - the - stage - for - my-art brigade, also decided not to risk a Broadway opening after her new play, *Wine of Choice*, failed to arouse much enthusiasm in Chicago.

Manners and Miriam

● The tour, incidentally, may have taught Miriam a lesson in manners. One hopes so. Film journalists here have a vivid recollection of how this superior young lady, after having wasted their time for days, usually ended up by being too busy to see them.

Miss Hopkins apparently is still doing it. For two days Kaspar Monahan, an important Pittsburgh writ ,tried to arrange an interview with the star, but was continually stalled off first by her secretary and then by her company manager. Finally, she agreed to see him "for a few minutes perhaps" at a time, too late for him to make his "deadline."

He devoted his space instead to an account of how he had been given the well-known Hopkins run around, winding up with: "So Monahan told his secretary to tell the company manager to tell her secretary to tell Miss Hopkins that Monahan said to hell with the interview."

In this case Miriam's indifference reacted against her husband, Anatole Litvak, the director.

AMONG THE TALKIE TEAMS

- Popular Partnerships Dissolved
- Even Myrna Loy is Kicking
- Stage Flops Cause Panic
- Reporter Rebukes Miriam Hopkins

When he arrived a few days later, nobody took any notice of him at all.

Short Shots

● Doug. Fairbanks, jun. reported to be the life of the current Hollywood parties as a result of his candid camera film of Ginger Rogers making *Having Wonderful Time*—Mary Astor has moved into a new house in Santa Monica—Sonja Henie has taken up roller-skating.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

ALLEGED 60,000-DOLLAR SLAP

ROY DEL RUTH, the Warner Bros. director, has his trouble these days, for his wife has been sued for $60,000 damages, filed by a former servant, Madalein Ramey, who alleges that Mrs. Del Ruth slapped her. Most people would be willing to take a slap for such a handsome amount.

The director recently settled a suit out of court brought by a neighbour who declared that she had been bitten by a dog owned by Mrs. Del Ruth.

What's In a Name?

● There's a George O'Brien, Pat O'Brien and Betty (not Bette) Davis listed in the new Los Angeles telephone directory. Robert Taylor is in the book ten times.

Last year's May West, Kay Francis and George Brent have dropped out. They could not stand the hundreds of calls from tourists who took the chance they might be the stars.

Chaney's Bench

● A handsome bench, with the late Lon Chaney's name welded in iron on it, has been placed at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street where, many years ago, the star, then a struggling extra, would sit and try to "hitch-hike" a ride to the Universal studio.

The original Lon Chaney bench, placed at Hollywood and Vine shortly after the actor died, was stolen several years ago by some unscrupulous person.

The bench, donated by a Hollywood business man, was accepted by Lon Chaney, jun. at a ceremony attended by many public officials and film stars.

Stout Fellows

● Many stars are shunning the night spots owing to a growing inclination on the part of non-picture males to pick fights with well-known actors, thus hoping to gain a little of the limelight for themselves.

Actors involved in fights, even if not at fault, come in for unfavourable criticism.

Unpopular Tomatoes

● Gladys Swarthout was pelted with tomatoes for a scene in her latest Paramount picture, *Romance in the Dark*. The sequence was shot amid a considerable fanfare of publicity and the star refused to employ a double, but the fans who saw the opus at previews, registered such strong protests that the scene has been eliminated.

Following the appearance of Lily Pons in *Hitting a New High* as a female "Tarzan," there is a move afoot in the film colony for the formation of a society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Prima Donnas.



Beatrice Lillie, the popular British stage comedienne, returns to films in "Dr. Rhythm."

Big Sister

● Maureen O'Sullivan denies that she is giving her sister, Sheila, lessons in acting so that she can have a screen test.

The little Irish actress told me that her sister is still at school, and, until she graduates, will do no studio work.

Later, if Sheila is serious about acting, she will do everything in the world to aid her.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

SIGNS of REVIVAL

IT'S a healthy sign of re-awakening confidence and activity in our studios when new companies begin to enter the field; and this week I have two to tell you about.

One is called Pinebrook, and the other Radius, and both are embarking on their maiden voyage this week.

You won't need to bring the full force of your detective ability to bear to discover that the first of these operates at Pinewood.

It is to make films for release by General Film Distributors, and one of the moving spirits in the venture is Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, who knows his onions.

I well remember the sideways looks when "Dicky" Norton first came into the production side of the film industry. He has a pronounced Oxford accent and manner, and wears a perma-

(*Continued on page* 6)



Triangle. Gertrude Michael, Otto Kruger and John Clements, as they appear in "Star of the Circus."



Edward G. Robinson returns to comedy (remember "The Little Giant"?) in his latest picture "A Slight Case of Murder." Here Lloyd Bacon is about to direct him in a scene with Ruth Donnelly, Jane Bryan and Willard Parker.

all the gossip

(*continued from page 5*)

nent monocle, and it seemed to be generally imagined that these peculiarities did not go with commercial production.

Bother at Pinewood

● Now it is fully realised that, besides being a particularly charming fellow, Capt. Norton has an extraordinarily sure instinct for good cinema. Certainly his management of Pinewood has been highly successful.

The first venture of his new company is called *A Spot of Bother*, from the Aldwych farce, and has the original protagonists involved in it —to wit, Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton.

These two together are perpetuating the Aldwych tradition as effectively as the famous partnership of Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn did. Personally, I find them even funnier.

Capt. Norton has quite a fistful of dough to spend on his productions; he will make six, and spend £120,000 on the half-dozen.

This betokens an adequate but not wildly extravagant budget, and I shouldn't be at all surprised to see this company turning out some thumping box-office successes.

Anyway, I hope so, and wish them luck.

Bad Boy Warwick

● Radius Films, Ltd., seem to be rather more of a hush-hush concern; but as they are making their first film, at any rate, at Cricklewood, it seems likely that they have linked up with Butchers to handle their product.

Their first venture is a film called *Bad Boy*, which is chiefly about a very bad boy indeed—in fact, the leader of a band of thugs.

Australian John Warwick is suffering a spot of deterioration in this, I fear, because from being oh, so gentlemanly in his last film, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, he has now undertaken the title-role in *Bad Boy*.

This, he tells me, is an even more ambitious part than the last one, and will also give him a good deal of scope for acting, for he has a lot of "rough stuff" to do, including several fights to get him out of tight corners.

Luckily, his friend, Jack Elliott, is at hand to coach him in his fight scenes. Jack was undefeated Amateur Middleweight Champion of the World in 1923 and 1924, and is now boxing correspondent to the *Sydney Referee*; while lights are being set up and cameras focused on stand-ins, visitors are surprised to see two determined-looking men earnestly slugging each other in a quiet corner of the studio, with the electricians and carpenters paying no attention at all.

Melody

● Opposite John Warwick in this is Kathleen Kelly, who seems to be forging her way steadily up, and with them are John Longden, Brian Buchel, and Richard Norris, a tough young man of the Cagney type of whom we shall be hearing more.

Talking of Butchers, their production unit has wandered over to Walton-on-Thames for their last two or three pictures.

The current one is a second attempt to exploit the genius of the late Leslie Stuart, whose melodies are among the loveliest ever to be distorted by demon errand-boys.

Their first, *Lily of Laguna*, featuring lovely Norah Swinburne, turned up trumps, and I don't see why their new one, *Little Dolly Daydream*, shouldn't be as good or better.

The Pride of Idaho herself is impersonated by the infant Binkie Stuart, who has firmly established herself as our nearest approach to the Shirley Temple genius, appearance, and charm.

Binkie is only four, and is perhaps a little young to be allowed to consort with crooks, as she does in this story. Things have altered a bit since my young days.

Binkie will have the title-song to sing, and also the well-known (I almost said too well known) "Teddybear's Picnic," which I seem to hear on all the rare occasions when I turn on my radio.

Irishmoe

● In case you like to know these things, let me break it to you that there was a real Little Dolly Daydream, and although she was never actually Pride of Idaho she was smart enough to have a brilliant composer of popular airs as a daddy.

She was Leslie Stuart's own daughter, and is now the widow of Major Piers de Havilland. Her father wrote the song specially for her, and it was the song which really started him on his career.

When an Irishman turns Jew, it's news; and I presume this is what has happened, for Talbot O'Farrell (the stage-door keeper of *Lily of Laguna*) is to play "old Moe," an organ-grinder, in this picture.

Jane Welsh plays Binkie's mother, and will sing several numbers with Talbot O'Farrell. There are also Cathleen Nesbitt, G. H. Mulcaster (who I think was miscast as Norah Swinburne's husband in *Lily of Laguna*), Syd Crossley, Warren Jenkins, Eric Fawcett, Billy Watts, Henry Adnes, and Douglas Stewart.

Oswald Mitchell (of *Laguna*) is directing it, and John Argyle is production-manager, which makes pretty good sense to me.

Bear to the Right

● Now what next? Ah, yes, Islington.

All kinds of funny things have been happening there, which is not unusual for Islington. Indeed, it has got itself the name for being a place where funny things do happen.

For one thing, animals employed by Gainsborough to act in their films are not like animals elsewhere. Something gets into them. They kick up shindies.

For example, there is Bruni.

Bruni arrived by taxi to play quite an important role in the Crazy Gang comedy *Alf's Button Afloat*.

Normally he is a very well-behaved bear, who, so long as he is allowed to wrestle, is as good as gold. But when director Marcel Varnel shouted "action," and he found all he was expected to do was to claw a tree, he took the matter into his own hands and tried to bolt.

His trainer, Mr. Chipperfield, hung on gallantly to the chain attached to the bear's collar, but Bruni shook him off and made a dash for the synthetic trees and shrubbery.

Casabianca

● They say that studio was emptied quicker than it has been since the celebrated fire occurred there some years ago. Emptied, that is, except for one heroic figure—that of portly

fifty-seven-years-old Freddie Carter, the Gainsborough still-man.

Freddie had heard somewhere that if you didn't run away from a wild animal it wouldn't touch you, so he thought this was a good opportunity of testing that theory.

Besides, he afterwards admitted that he was petrified with fright, and couldn't have moved if he had wanted to.

Fortunately the theory held; the bear took one disconcerting sniff at him and wandered off in search of other game. First he knocked over a camera and a sound-boom, and then came an anxious moment when he nosed round one of the electrical fuse-boxes.

His damp nose was about half-an-inch from the fuses, and the whole unit expected to have to bury an electrocuted bear when he gave another of those terrifying sniffs and turned away.

Mr. Chipperfield was waiting his chance with a lasso in his hands, and skilfully he secured Bruni and led him off to lunch.

If anyone cares to get up a petition to Gainsborough not to have any more animals in their films, Freddie Carter is willing to sign it.

Director Number One

● Next day Bruni returned to the studio to apologise, and made friends with Glennis Lorimer, who gave him a bottle of beer to drink.

Varnel has now finished that picture, and is well into his next, without a moment's pause.

This popular Frenchman is Britain's Number One Box-office Director, for his Will Hay picture, *Oh, Mr. Porter*, has been smashing records everywhere.

His current effort is another Will Hay one, called *Convict 99*. This time we once more have Dr. Benjamin Twist, who now finds himself out of a job and seeks refuge with his brother Alfred and his henpecking wife (Kathleen Harrison, who put up a lovely performance lately as the mother of six in *Bank Holiday*).

Wifie looks out a job for him among the advertisements in the local rag, and instead of being interviewed, as he thinks, by a school committee, he is received by a Board of Prison Authorities, who mistake him for a Mr. Benjamin expected to arrive from Australia to take up the post of Governor of Blackdown Prison.

So Dr. Twist finds himself installed as Governor.

It Bodes Well

● Without going any deeper into the matter, I think we have all the ingredients there of another of those mirthquakes or laughter-riots, as the cinema publicists are fond of calling them.

Again teamed with Will, of course, are Moore Marriott (as an old, old convict), and Graham Moffatt as Albert, a young Warder.

There are also Peter Gawthorne, Roy Emerton, Kathleen Harrison, Denis Wyndham, Wilfred Walters, Garry Marsh, Alf Goddard, Ben Graham-Soutten, Wilson Coleman, Basil McGrail, Charles Paton, and Dick Francis.

That sounds as likely a cast as you will meet with in a month's casting.

One thing. As a result of being locked up in a cell himself during a prison mutiny, Dr. Twist decides that all cells shall be made much more comfortable, with electric fires, armchairs, and radios; and as a finishing touch the warders are ordered to tuck the convicts in at night.

Well, I have seen no fewer than three films with that theme, and every one of them spoiled a good situation by descending to a portrayal of the peculiar brand of effeminacy which many producers, for some reason or other, imagine audiences will think funny.

I feel we can trust Marcel Varnel not to make a break like that. He knows his job too well.

A Tale of Yore

● Two and a half years ago, when these thinning locks had less silver among them, and you were very likely still at school or something equally idyllic, a Film Epic went into production.

It was called *The Conquest of the Air*, and was to be about precisely that.

Starting, presumably, with Icarus, who, if I remember rightly, made wings of wax and soared toward the sun until the heat melted them, it was to limn the whole history of man's battle with the air, right down to the great pioneer world-flights of this day and age.

And now it's finished; and if that isn't news I'll eat the keys off my typewriter.

It started by being directed by John Monk Saunders, who directed *Wings* and *The Dawn Patrol*. When I last heard of it, a year or so ago, Zoltan Korda was licking it into shape. Now the name of Alexander Shaw appears as director.

It has an impressive cast-list, including such names as Laurence Olivier and Margaretta Scott; when it was young all kinds of fancy names were announced, with Laughton's prominent among them, but some have probably been shot down in flames.

Anyway, I expect it to be good; and if it isn't, London Films will have to do without one alibi.

They can't complain they have been hurried.



HANDS UP! says Snow White to the Seven Dwarfs—in this advance "still" from the £250,000 Walt Disney full-length colour feature film. The story is now appearing as a delightful colour picture-serial in "Mickey Mouse Weekly," on sale every Friday.

A STAR

Cary Grant is pretty long in the leg, but that wouldn't account for the huge strides he's been taking lately. He must have been dusting-off his old stilts,

declares Max Breen



Quizzical, downright, and impetuous—that's Cary.



Cary seems to have given his friend a puzzler that time.

CARY GRANT has been taking long strides lately.

Here's another of those people (there are quite a number of them in Hollywood) who go along steadily, year after year, until they almost seem to be part of the scenery; and then gradually you realise that somehow they're very important indeed, and you never knew it.

Believe it or not, it's almost seven years since Cary had his first screen test; but it's really only in the last couple of years that he's been occupying a position near the centre of the big lens whenever you look through your telescope at the stars.

To vary the metaphor, he's got suddenly right into his stride, and we find him challenging the established top-liners, Gable and Taylor and Power and Cooper and Flynn.

Such strides—you'd think he was wearing stilts. Well, maybe he is. Maybe he found an old pair that, for all I know, he's had stowed away in the cupboard under the stairs since the days when he strolled about the Coney Island board-walk on them, as an advertisement for a side-show.

You'd have thought he was tall enough without them, being six foot one inch in his gents' best worsteds. Also he is wide and handsome in proportion.

In Hollywood Cary Grant is regarded as an American; over here we would say he is an almost typical Englishman, though of a rather Latin type—but our island race boasts so many different types that a typical Englishman doesn't have to look any particular way.

Even his voice changes in accordance with the company he's in; when I met him in Hollywood some years ago, knowing, I confess, little or nothing of his history, I would have sworn he was a native-born product of one of the Eastern colleges—Harvard or Princeton or Yale. Later I encountered him at the Savoy, surrounded by us inquisitive Britons, and he seemed to be the most English of us all, even to his clothes—which, however, he assured us had been made by a New York tailor whom he had specially trained.

And to see—and hear—him in *Sylvia Scarlett* you'd have sworn he was a Cockney.

Craning our necks to see past him, let's have a look at his background.

His father was a prosperous clothing manufacturer of Bristol, England; perhaps young Archibald Leach (that was Cary's name) inherited his sound ideas about toggery from his dad, but he goes back a step further, to his grand-dad, for his acting talent, for Percival Leach was quite well known on the Provincial boards.

Now Cary combines both legacies by acting in films and owning a prosperous men's outfitting establishment in Los Angeles.

When he was a child of twelve, attending Fairfield Academy in Bristol and disliking it quite healthily and normally, young Archie was stage-struck.

"Nothing unusual about *that*!" you scoff. No, but this child carried it a little further than most; he set to work and invented a new system of stage-lighting, which he trotted along to the manager of the Princess Theatre, who was duly impressed and promptly installed it.

It remained installed all through one performance, after which the theatre returned to the old system, which suggests that as an electrician he was a very good actor; young Leach evidently acknowledged this, for he ran away from home and joined a troupe of travelling acrobats who happened to be playing in Bristol—Bob Pender's troupe—and learned eccentric dancing, stilt-walking, and clowning.

After a few strenuous but glorious weeks, however, Leach, sen., caught up with the troupe, and Archie went back to school.

And a couple of years later he had done another "jail-break" and was with the Pender troupe again.

"Oh, all right," his father sighed. "If that's what he wants to do, let him do it."

The troupe crossed the Atlantic when Cary was about fifteen, and he went with it, and put in two years as a knockabout comedian. He then returned to England, and, being now seventeen he joined an operatic stock company; and there he developed a voice which was naturally pretty good to begin with.

This also lasted for two years; and at nineteen he was seen and heard by Arthur Hammerstein, who took him back to America to appear in a musical show called *Golden Dawn*.

That started him on a long succession of musical shows, mostly successful—*Polly*, *Boom Boom*, *Street Singer*, an American version of *Die Fledermaus*, *Nikki*, and others; and he also

ON STILTS





There's no doubt about our hero's good looks—take a glance at this portrait.

played leads in a round dozen operettas produced by the St. Louis Repertory Company.

When *Nikki* finally and reluctantly gave up the ghost, young Archie (who by this time had changed his name to Cary Grant) decided to have a holiday.

He set out on a "tramp automobile trip" across America, in a somewhat battered car, drifting along as, when, and where his fancy dictated; and with Fate holding the steering-wheel and letting in the clutch, he came in course of time to Hollywood, whither all roads lead.

There are much more attractive places than Hollywood unless one has business there, and after a good look round Cary prepared to go into reverse and back out—and return to his proper sphere, which was Broadway; but this time Fate was hauling on the handbrake, for at a party in Hollywood he met a film executive (which is the best reason for going to a party in Hollywood).

Sorry we couldn't show you the back of his head—but we've done our best.

Naturally this personage, running true to form, offered him a screen test with Paramount; but for once in a way he meant it, and Cary actually had his test; and it was so successful that in less than a fortnight he had signed on the notorious dotted line for a long-term contract.

He made a pretty good flying start in Paramount's *This is the Night*, and followed this up with *Sinners in the Sun*, *Blonde Venus*, *Merrily We Go to——*, *The Devil and the Deep*, *Hot Saturday*, and nearly a score of others, of which some of the most recent are *I'm No Angel*, *Thirty Day Princess*, *Kiss and Make-Up*, *Enter Madame*, *The Last Outpost*, *Border Flight*, *Suzy*, *Wedding Present*, *For You Alone*, *The Toast of New York*, and *Topper*.

It was his performance in Columbia's *For You Alone*, with Grace Moore, that resulted in his being awarded a long-term contract with that firm, under which he has made *Toast of New York*, *Topper*, and the latest manifestation of screen craziness, *The Awful Truth*.

One likes Cary Grant . . . but one does not (if one is wise) expect overmuch respect from him. Cary is certainly no respecter of persons; when he meets anyone who obviously considers himself important, it is part of Cary's act to indicate how unimportant he is to Cary.

But, to be quite fair, he is not important to himself either; in fact, an intimate friend once told me that Grant consigns all his good press-notices to the waste-paper basket, and retains only the bad ones, in order, he says, "to keep the old head from swelling."

In *The Awful Truth* you will see him, for no apparent reason except that he wants to, sit down at a piano and begin to play it noisily, going into spirited competition with a dog which howls lustily at his efforts.

In private life Cary will do just that same thing, except that he then usually exaggerates his offence by singing as well.



Husband versus music-master. Cary, Irene Dunne, and Alexander D'Arcy in a scene from "The Awful Truth."

He likes cooking—and he's a very good cook: but he likes cooking what he wants to cook when he wants to cook it, which rather complicates matters in any conventional household.

In fact, all Cary's qualities and habits seem to fit him ideally for the role of confirmed bachelor.

Yes, I know, he did get married; and for a while I think he was very much in love with his wife, Virginia Cherrill—may be still, for all I know. But most of his friends who knew him best prophesied that it would be a very short-lived affair, and they were right. It stood up rather shakily for a year, and then collapsed.

I hope his divorce was as much fun as the one he had in *The Awful Truth*.

No; Cary Grant may marry again, and yet again, since that is the fashion in Filmland. But through it all he will not be "the marrying kind," having far too much independence of mind and genuine unconventionality to be able to "come in and hands up and be still" in the curious blend of compromise and interdependence that is the State of Matrimony.

In fact, his ideal *ménage* was the beach bungalow which he shared with Randolph Scott, and it's a pity he ever left it for the perilous seas of marriage; he returned to it after his divorce, but then it was Randy's turn to quit for his amble down the aisle with Mariana du Pont Somerville.

All the same, Cary Grant, though manifestly a man's man, is a lady's man as well. So eminent a connoisseur of male attraction as Mae West picked him as her hero in *She Done Him Wrong*, and was so taken with his performance that she had him again in *I'm No Angel*. But as a rule film stories leave off about the point where matrimony begins; and when, as in *The Awful Truth*, you do see Cary in the throes of holy wedlock, it doesn't do to take it all too seriously.

But however he may regard matrimony, there is no doubt about the seriousness of his attitude to his work. He has a very good reputation in the studios as a worker who is there on time and concentrates fiercely on the business in hand; and that is precisely the impression I had of him when he was over here some years ago playing in the Garrett & Klement production of *The Amazing Quest*. If he has any high spirits to work off, he explodes outside business hours.

There are good judges of star values both here and in America who do not hesitate to declare that Cary will shortly be among the crowned heads of Hollywood in his own right (he has already played with enough of them to make him very much at home there); and more than one authority backs him against Clark Gable for the Film Popularity Stakes of a year or two hence.

Cary Grant may have put away his stilts, but he is still stepping high.

HERE COMES Danielle

If those famous fifty million Frenchmen, and a lot of other good judges besides, can't be wrong, Danielle Darrieux is Hollywood's most important Continental importation since Dietrich. This article tells you all you want to know about the screen's latest glamour sensation.

by Lucie NEVILLE

WHEN a Hollywood studio asks a foreign star to come over and play, you never know how the party is going to end. It takes a lot of francs, or kronen, or lira to get a European celebrity to leave home. And then, 9 times out of 10, what have you got? A headache, that's what.

Yes, Continental glamour has been something of a drag on the movie market these last few years. A whole parade of would-be Garbos who weren't and new Dietrichs who didn't come off has made the film city shy of European importations. They have a reputation for temperament, too, these foreign stars.

But Danielle Darrieux has landed at Universal and everybody's humming the Marseillaise.

The famous 50,000,000 Frenchmen who can't be wrong say she's the most popular actress in France—her studio says the most popular in Europe—and vote her eyes the most beautiful in the world. News and studio photographers here, who are veteran judges of exotic eyes and lovely legs, beam at mention of her name and say, "Now, there's a girl! You don't have to do a thing with her. She looks good in anything."

She's affable and obliging with the gentlemen of the pencil and the camera. Mlle. Darrieux posed for 180 photographs the day she arrived in New York. The only thing she refuses to do is to appear for interviews before 11 o'clock in the morning.

That's partly because she's getting to bed around midnight now, for she and her writer-husband, Henri Decoin, are attending night-school at the movies. She wants to watch American players act, hear them talk, and see what world movie fans want. Her five-year contract at Universal (at a reputed total salary of a million dollars) calls for two pictures a year. She doesn't intend to go back home early and say that she or her English was misunderstood. Her studio intends that Mlle. Darrieux keep only enough Gallic accent to be interestingly foreign.

Meanwhile, the slim, hazel-eyed French girl studies English and memorizes American slang, but for the present she and interviewers find it easier and speedier to use an interpreter. Mary Lee Martin, a studio employee who has been decorated by the French government for her excellence in translation work, is the go-between. She explains what is meant by "on the cuff," "washed up," "sound mixer," "da-a-arling," "Santa Claus" and such Americanisms. She also explains that Danielle Darrieux is nearest



In "Mayerling" Danielle held her own with the dynamic Charles Boyer, who has overshadowed more than one of the Hollywood glamour queens.

Danielle Darrieux: No wonder the veteran studio judges of beauty "beam at mention of her name."

pronounced Dahn-yell Dah-ree-yeu, and Decoin, Day-kwan.

Mlle Darrieux, her husband and a plump Scottie named Flora are living in Anatole Litvak's huge house now. (In Paris, Litvak directed her most successful picture, *Mayerling*.) In addition, there are a Swedish chauffeur, a Hungarian housekeeper who speaks six languages, but, paradoxically, no French, and a cook of indeterminate nationality who cooks in American.

"Sweets—jelly with the meats, like in Berlin," Mlle. Darrieux said appreciatively." Ahh, eet is wonderful!" Practically everything American is wonderful or *c'est formidable*—roller coasters, Charlie McCarthy, swing music, California weather, New York shoes, the five and ten cent stores, premieres.

She was exposed to the first American custom back in her school days. She remembered it



The new French star has a figure that is easy on the eyes, too, according to the evidence of this candid camera shot.



when Christmas was mentioned and "Santa Claus" had to be translated.

"I know now," she exclaimed. "At school in Paris there were two American girls. An' when we put out our shoes for Noel, they bring out lo-o-ong stockings." She demonstrated. "Then so did we, because," she said practically, "we could get more in a stocking."

It was while she was in this school, at 14, that her film career started. Daughter of a musician-doctor and a singer, she was studying the cello with serious aim at that time. But the cello was propped in a corner when she saw an advertisement for a young girl to play the leading role in a Vandal et Delac film, *La Bal*. "No experience necessary" was enough for Mlle. Darrieux. She got a screen test and the job.

After that the youngster played in films as fast as the producers could grind them out, and they ground exceeding fast. When she went to another studio she got much better treatment —a story written especially for her, for one thing. It was a hit. Soon she met M. Decoin who, with Henry Koster (later director of Universal's Deanna Durbin), was co-author of one of her films. Courting was mostly in the form of midnight telephone arguments about roles and plots. Even their wedding trip was interrupted by a telegram from Charles Boyer, offering the part of Baroness Vetsera in his next picture, ***Mayerling***.

This was her first serious role—the tragic, beautiful figure of Austrian history—and the complete departure from comedy brought immediate success. *Mayerling* is still playing to crowded houses on the Continent, though it was made two years ago, when she was 18. She played a woman lawyer in her next film, a Japanese after that, then decided to leave pictures for the legitimate stage.

Her thoughtful husband opportunely had a play ready, *Dangerous Game*, and —you've guessed it—she was just as much a hit. Twenty curtain calls and presentation to the royal box at the opening in Brussels before the Paris run.



London audiences fell in love with Danielle (seated, centre) in "Mayerling."

Danielle and her husband have been to a few high-hat night clubs. Their closest friends in Hollywood are the Charles Boyers, Fernand Gravets, Anatole Litvak and Henry Koster, who will direct her first American film, *The Rage of Paris*.

Where Mlle. Darrieux really wants to go is to the big dance palaces—"where I can see all kinds of people"—and to the amusement parks. She's a fiend for roller-coasters that jump obstacles, for speed-boats, motor-cycles and such sports.

At a fair in Paris she haunted a parachute-jumping attraction and made 12 descents.

"Ahhh!" she breathed in fond memory, *"C'etait formidable*. It wos be-*yoo-ti*-ful!" That's all right for one side of the family, but she has grounded her husband, who was an ace in the famous Squadron 77 during the war.

It's perfectly correct to fly for your country, she told him, but foolish to fly for fun. In return, she promises not to ride motor-cycles any more.

She got a taste of rough-stuff in her dialogue test at Universal when William Gargan hauled her out of bed and pushed her around generally. The French girl didn't blow a line of six pages of script. She said she had memorised it in two readings and knows her lines in French after one scanning because she has a photographic memory. This test, her husband thought, was better in photography and sound than any of her foreign films.

Her make-up test was just as good, the studio said, but she'll take some of that credit for herself, because she always applies her own make-up.

"But our man made a million dollars for Boris Karloff," protested an executive when she refused any help. That really tangled up her English and she sputtered indignantly, "I know me since twen-tee year and thees make-up man —I know heem wan day! They make all women look the same—every eyelash the same!" And as for Karloff and his million dollars—she gave a horrifying imitation of the movie monster's leer and dangling hands: "You theenk *Darrieux* want to look like Karloff? No!!! He can't do that on *me*."

She needs very little make-up. Her eyelashes are entirely her own (she detests false ones) and the heavy mass of tawny hair accentuates the oval perfection of face. She brought trunks of Schiaparelli clothes with her, but no hats.

"I do not like hats," she said, "But my husban' likes me to wear them—very chic."

She loves any queer shade of green or blue and her eyes turn the same shade. She lovingly spread out the skirt of a lush white satin evening gown and said complacently, "All pleats." But the velvet lounging suits with gold-embroidered Hussar jackets are her pets. One evening gown in which she intended to pose for stills could not pass the censors, she was told, because it had no shoulder straps. This was very perplexing, since she had already posed in bathing suits. "Two leetle strings," she said wonderingly. "W'at can *they* do?"

She prophesied gloomily that the censors—"you have ter-rible ones"—would cut everything out of her French pictures when they are shown here. Studio representatives are trying diplomatically to censor her newly-acquired slang, too, at least in public. She says demurely, "I do not use slang because I do not know 'wat is slang and w'at is not." She lately learned "Shut up" from Charlie McCarthy, America's most famous ventriloquist's dummy, and has stored it away for future use.

"He was so droll, the little man he makes with his fingers," she said, as pleased as a child. "He makes eet go 'mi-mi-mi'—like that. An' then he makes eet say 'Shut-tup!' "I *like* that 'Shut-tup!'"

She repeated it to herself, perfecting it, beamed and rattled off: "Shut-tup—get out—fine—sure—swell—okay—okay Toots!"

Americans certainly will be able to understand her.

NEXT WEEK

HEPBURN DROPS HER MASK

KATHARINE HEPBURN, as was revealed by "Picturegoer" recently, has emerged from the Great Silence and is now receiving reporters again.

The first Hepburn interviews since the raising of the ban has been secured by Alice L. Tildesley, a well-known "Picturegoer" contributor, and will be a feature of next week's issue.

In it Katie frankly discusses, among other things, her past stage failures and future stage plans, her own shyness, Greta Garbo, her young sisters and her ideas about film success.

Her views are typically forthright and original, but beneath them one gets an unusually clear and revealing glimpse of the woman behind the star.

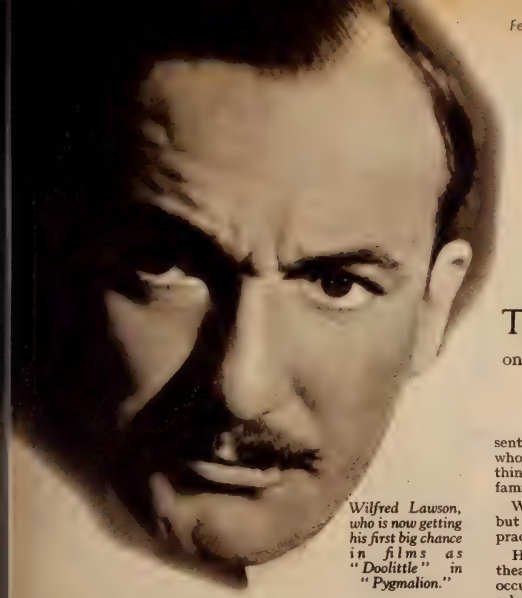
Here is an article that will give you a fascinating new slant on Hepburn and enable you better to understand one of Hollywood's most complex and most criticised personalities.

And it is only one of the many attractive features in your "Picturegoer" next week.



NAN GREY

One of the "three smart girls" who made good in the first Deanna Durbin hit, Nan Grey (real name Eschal Miller), has been in films since she left school in 1934. Her other recent successes include "Let Them Live," "The Man In Blue" and "Love In A Bungalow."



Wilfred Lawson, who is now getting his first big chance in films as "Doolittle" in "Pygmalion."

Introducing WILFRED LAWSON

The great George Bernard Shaw once described him as "one of the finest actors in the English theatre," and now that he has seriously embarked on a screen career people who know are predicting big things for him in films.

by Dennison THORNTON

HIS name may not be familiar to you at the moment, but that doesn't matter. What does matter is that soon—very soon—it will be. Some of the shrewdest judges of acting talent in the country say so. And they should know.

So let us cut the formalities and introduce Wilfrid Lawson, the man for whom the powers-that-be are predicting big things.

Lawson is now playing an important role with Leslie Howard in the film version of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* which Gabriel Pascal, the continental producer, is making at Pinewood.

But if you think that this is his first film you are wrong. He has made two previous screen appearances under Hollywood auspices—in *Ladies in Love* and in *White Hunter*.

Neither, however, provided this brilliant English character actor with the opportunities he deserved.

Pygmalion gives him his first real chance in pictures. For in this he is appearing as Doolittle, the London dustman whose daughter Eliza (played by Wendy Hiller), is introduced into society with such amusing results.

The role is not new to him. He has played it on the stage hundreds of times. That is why those who have seen him in it and who know his talent and versatility believe that the film will put him firmly on the screen-map.

"I predict that within two years, if not less, Mr. Lawson will be a front-rank film star," says Gabriel Pascal.

"One of the finest actors in the English theatre," is how Bernard Shaw once described him.

And Mr. Pascal and Mr. Shaw are not in the habit of saying things which they do not mean. . .

Obviously, then, it is important that you should get to know this dark, rather thick-set Yorkshireman with the blue eyes and the strong, clear-cut face as quickly as possible. And here are the facts :

Born in Bradford thirty-eight years ago, Wilfrid Lawson was brought up in an atmosphere of art and politics. His father was a painter whose patrons included royalty. He was also an ardent socialist.

At the age of five, Master Wilfrid was presented with a violin by his father, who thought it would be a good thing to have a musician in the family.

Wilfrid did not dislike music, but he did dislike being forced to practise for hours.

His passion was acting. Amateur theatricals, and not the violin, occupied most of his spare-time at school.

Even during holidays he used to act in a small travelling show run by his brother.

"When I leave school I'm going on the stage," he announced.

But his father had different ideas. At the age of fifteen Lawson found himself working in a woollen factory—helping to sort out the various grades of wool !

He managed to stick the factory for a year. Then he walked out and through sheer persistence secured employment with a theatrical company which was touring the north.

As a stunt, the producer decided to advertise Lawson as "the world's youngest leading man." His first important part was in a play called *Ben Mychree* in which, at the age of sixteen, he had to appear as a man of seventy !

A few months later, however, Lawson lost his job when he tittered during a scene in which one of the other actors accidentally tripped over a stage "prop."

But the loss of his job did not worry him very much. A few days later he joined another company which was setting-off on a tour of Ireland.

All went well until the company played in Londonderry. Then came trouble.

There was a scene in the play where the heroine had to climb up a ladder. In those days heroines wore long skirts, and this heroine's skirt got so tangled in the ladder that she couldn't move up or down.

The spectacle proved too much for Lawson. This time he did not merely titter; he just laughed out loud.

Next day he got the sack !

There was nothing for it now but to return to England and start all over again. More provincial tours with various companies followed. Then came the war.

After playing his part in helping to make the world safe for democracy, Lawson resumed his stage career. But it was not until 1926 that he got his first real "break" when Charles Macdona, the producer, was so impressed by his work that he gave him a six years' contract with the company which was touring in a repertoire of Bernard Shaw's plays.

It was during this time that he became personally acquainted with Shaw, about whom he tells some good stories.

"Once, when we were preparing to do *Misalliance*," he says, "Shaw suddenly decided to take over rehearsals.

"On the first morning he put us through a gruelling work-out that lasted four hours. At the end of that time he jumped up and ordered us all to go out and have a drink.

"Everybody went—except me. I sat at the side of the stage sipping a glass of water.

"Suddenly Shaw spotted me. 'Why aren't you out with the others, and why are you drinking water?' he asked.

"I explained that I never drank anything stronger than water.

" 'That's strange', commented G.B.S. 'You always seem so pleasantly drunk to me' !"

"On another occasion, Shaw paid an unexpected visit to the theatre one night.

"He sat in a box and I couldn't help noticing the way he kept fidgeting about. After the show I wondered why he hadn't visited me in my dressing-room, which was his usual custom.

"Next day brought a note of explanation. It read : 'Last night I saw you give an excellent impersonation of Vesta Tilley in my play. You kept the audience so long that I hadn't time to go round and see you' !"

Yet, it was Shaw himself who insisted that Lawson should play the part of Doolittle in the film version of *Pygmalion*.

"If we can't have Wilfrid," he said, "I shall be the most disappointed man in London."

And, coming from the exacting Shaw, that was no ordinary compliment !

Lawson's consistently excellent work on the London stage (after he left the Macdona Players in 1932, did not go unnoticed by Broadway's talent scouts. In 1934 they took him to New York to star in the stage production there of the successful English play *Libel*. It was this Broadway engagement that led to the Holywood contract under which he appeared in *Ladies in Love* and *White Hunter*.

He tells an amusing story of his Hollywood visit.

"I had just played a monocled and bearded Viennese gentleman in my first film," he says, "when the question arose as to what make-up I should wear in the second. I don't know why, but it became a matter of heated controversy between two studio officials whom I shall call Mr. A. and Mr. B.

"Mr. A. had his own ideas. He wanted me to wear a beard. Mr. B. had ideas, too. He wanted me to appear clean-shaven. For two weeks they wrangled, quarrelled and wrote strong letters to each other.

"Came the climax when Mr. A., full of triumph, sent the following note to Mr. B. 'I wish to inform you that Mr. X. (the producer) wants to play Mr. Lawson in exactly the same make-up as he used in his first film' !"

"Fortunately, the director stepped in and put matters right."

But Lawson still keeps a copy of that note as a curiosity !

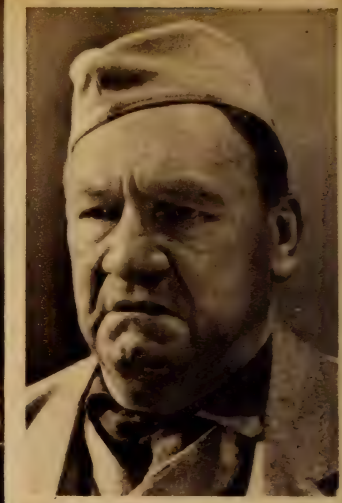
It seems strange that an actor who has been on the stage nearly thirty years should ever feel nervous. Yet Lawson confesses that the prospect of working in *Pygmalion* was quite an ordeal.

"It is my first big film," he says, "and naturally I am anxious to make it a success. Perhaps that accounts for my nervousness."

But according to the producer, Lawson need have no fears.

So watch out for *Pygmalion* and watch out for a new star.





Marcel Varnel has taken pains in "typing" his supporting cast. Here is one of the governor's "reform committee" excellently made up for the role of a tough lag.

Left: Getting ready to shoot a scene in the prison committee room, where the convicts disport themselves. In the right-hand corner, standing, is Moore Marriott.

WILL HAY, Prison Reformer

PICTUREGOER's cameraman visits the set where Will Hay, under the direction of Marcel Varnel, who made *Oh, Mr. Porter*, is appearing in *Convict* 99, and gets some interesting shots of the famous comedian in his new role of a prison governor with ideas on reform. Will Hay has Moore Marriott and Graham Moffatt with him again in this picture.



Above: Will Hay as Doctor Twist, expounds his plans for making prison life more comfortable, and for starting a communal financial enterprise.



Right: In the foreground is Garry Marsh as a crooked share pusher who is responsible for a scheme by which the convicts can make money from the "inside"

SHOTS *with our* CANDID CAMERA



Right: Ann Miller, who may be a Ginger Rogers rival, rehearses a number for "Radio City Revels," with Dance Director Hermes Pan.



Above: They look worried. John Langan, dialogue director, Ann Sheridan and Dick Purcell hold a script conference on the set of "The Mystery of Hunting's End."



Above: Tim Holt and Olivia de Havilland seem intensely interested in something or other in this candid camera shot from the "Gold Is Where You Find It" set.



Comedian turns director. Joseph ("Buster") Keaton has become a director and his first assignment is an M.G.M. short. You can't keep a comedian down, however, and here he is amusing the cast between scenes.



Finding that all the money due to his native creditors, Ginger Ted (Charles Laughton) raids the school house and carries off the prettiest pupil (Dolly Mollinger).

Vesse
of W

Produced and directed by Erick Pommer, thi
novel is the first of the Pommer-Laughton-
story of a remittance man on a South Seas isl
and his wife, Elsa Lanchest

On returning from his sojourn Ted gets a thorn in his foot and is helped by the schoolmistress (Elsa Lanchester) for whom hitherto he has had little time or respect.



An outbreak of typhoid terrifies the natives and they look on it as the wrath of the gods. The schoolmistress goes into the interior to pacify their fears accompanied by Ginger Ted.

equent behaviour that the "con- of the Island Newton) has to him to prison.



The "controleur" grieved at having to lose his one drinking partner has one last "blind" before sending Ginger Ted to another island.



Ginger Ted makes the most of his opportunities on the island, where he has been temporarily banished, with the help of the female population.

RATH

tion of the Somerset Maugham ver productions, and tells the harles Laughton is in the lead, opposite him.





And so a romance develops between the ill-assorted pair, and they finally return to England, marry and buy an inn. Ted becomes a teetotaller and the schoolmistress starts wearing lower neck frocks.



"Who does that guy think he is?" Terry (Katharine Hepburn) exploded on finding Kay (Andrea Leeds) in a dead faint.

Stage Door

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Radio

FEW theatrical boarding-houses could have been better camping ground for stage-struck young women than the Footlights' Club, New York.

Terry Randall, from the middle-west, possessed of a pioneering grandfather and millionaire father, crossed its threshold into another world, a world in which noise was predominant, the noisy chatter of young women, tired to death of lamb stew, watery soup, and hanging round managers' and casting offices.

Mrs. Orcutt, the proprietress, coming from the kitchen, introduced a Miss Luther, middle-aged actress of the old school, and dashed Terry's hopes of acquiring a room with bath. "I'm afraid, until we have a vacancy, I must ask you to share a room. I could fix you up temporarily with a very charming girl. Our terms are thirteen dollars in advance ——"

"That seems rather high. Isn't there some reduction by the week?"

"It *is* thirteen dollars a week." Roars of laughter hailed from the young women occupying the lounge. "Don't mind them," Mrs. Orcutt continued, "They're full of fun. We're like one great big, happy family. Meals are included, except lunch, and I must say we have a very lovely kitchen."

Having indicated a railed-off empty chair as one used by Sarah Bernhardt at a rehearsal of *Queen Elizabeth*, she showed Terry where she was to sleep. A red-haired girl in a bath robe got up from one of the beds.

"Miss Randall, this is Jean Maitland. Jean is very lively. I'm sure you'll get on," Mrs. Orcutt smiled.

Terry saw Jean's eye on the two large trunks which the hall boy had carried in, and was determined not to show diffidence; not even when Jane said :—

"When's the luggage coming?"

"It'll be here in the morning."

"How about sleeping in the hall? Pity to crowd the trunks."

"Good idea. Mind helping me unpack?"

"What a lovely dress! Whipped up by loving hands, huh?"

"Every stitch."

"You cook, too?"

"Nothing fancy. Just plain."

"I bet you could boil a terrific pan of water. You can talk, too."

"Unfortunately, I learned to speak English correctly."

"Well, it won't be much use to you here. We all talk pig-latin, and if you should use the right knife and fork, all you want from now on is a knife." Jean struck an attitude. "Well, I suppose I must take my bawth. Hawf the wardrobe is yours, and if anything of mine should get in your way, toss it out of the window."

This was the level, and sometimes a good deal below, of the talk at supper. Eight young women, all intelligent, all wanting or having got stage jobs, grumbled about the food, likened the coffee to iodine, and when Terry tried to introduce Shakespeare as a conversational topic, asked if he were married.

Supported by Miss Luther, who had saved Terry from utter desolation by claiming intelligence for her discussion of *Twelfth Night*, she tried to bend their enthusiasm to hers.

"Don't you take anything seriously?" she challenged. Eve, of the strong frame and deep voice, who was seldom seen without her white cat, answered :—

"After you've sat around for a year, trying to get a job, you won't take anything seriously either."

Not a bad-looking girl, named Judith, summoned to the hall to be pump-handled in turn by two lumbermen from Seattle, shouted for Jean, and the four set off in a taxi to dance.

Feeling unequal to further wise-cracking, Terry went early to bed. She was reading when Jean, limping after an evening with, as she expressed it, her boring Romeo, came in dog tired. In bed, her arm closed round a doll, light from an electric sign opposite occulting on her red-gold hair, she looked, in spite of the mark of the cynic in eyes and mouth, extraordinarily attractive.

As long as she stayed awake, Helen Wills' eyeshades over their brows to shut out the tiresome flashing, Terry urged her to talk. Jean and her partner Ann, she discovered, while out of a job, were keeping up their routine work with an instructor. The prevailing noise in the club lounge the following afternoon caused Terry, on coming in, to ask the cause of the excitement.

"Don't know; I'm a stranger here myself," Judith returned, leaving Terry to discover from other sources that a Mr. Berger, part-owner of the Club Grotto, had telephoned Jean with a view to offering the two girls an opening in a new floor show. A girl who didn't join with the others at meals, and whom Terry had singled out as a possible kindred spirit among this house of aliens, made room for her on the sofa.

Kay Hamilton, wide-eyed, with smooth, dark hair and slightly intense expression, not only looked but proved to be congenial.

"They're a great crowd," she commented, while nodding at their room mates.

"You saw how excited Jean and Ann were just now at the mere prospect of a job. You don't know what it means hoping some manager will interview you."

"At least you haven't that worry. Aren't you the Kay Hamilton whom everyone talked of last year as one of Antony Powell's discoveries?"

"But that was a whole year ago. Now he's casting for *Enchanted April* I feel I shall die unless I play the lead. I've studied the part till I can think of nothing else—and Mr. Powell won't even see me."

"Doesn't one of the girls here go out with Mr. Powell most nights?" Terry pursued, roused to a personal interest in New York's most eminent producer of straight drama.

"Yes. Linda—the dark one who swanks rather—likes the entire club to know when Mr. Powell's car is waiting for her and to compare lamb stew with pheasant bordelaise."

Terry docketed the information which subscribed to the current rumours of Antony Powell's mode of life. In due course, arriving on a personal mission at his office, she was horrified to find the staff and a couple of girls from the Footlights' Club trying to bring Kay to from a dead faint.

"Powell broke his appointment with her. He made one with her this morning, after all. Didn't she tell you? When the secretary said he couldn't see her, she went out like a light," Eve explained.

Seeing Kay's eyelids flutter, Terry exploded, "Who does that guy think he is?" and made straight for a door, leading to what she felt to be, and actually was, Antony Powell's private room before the outraged secretary could stop her.

She recognised the man she had come to see, from his press photographs. He was tall, about fifty, grey-haired, moustached, impeccably groomed, his feet encased in fine leather even now under the brushes of a negro boot boy.

"Are you the great Antony Powell?" Terry demanded.

"And who might you be, gate-crashing into my private office?"

"That's not important. By what right do you barricade yourself behind doors and refuse to see people? Do you happen to know that a girl just fainted in your outer office because you broke an appointment with her?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't know."

Unafraid, she persisted in her point that he ought personally to see some of the aspirants, and left the office in a whirl of indignation.

As unobtrusively as possible to call in a doctor at her own expense for Kay was Terry's next contribution to the situation. He diagnosed malnutrition as the cause of collapse and Terry left the girl's room thoughtful. At the open door of her own she overheard Linda talking to Jean. A box of expensive flowers lay on the bed, and over Jean's evening dress, as she sat filing her

nails, Terry recognised her short ermine cape.

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop," Terry began, "but you're not really going out to-night with Antony Powell?"

"Why not? Linda's not jealous. She was only giving me hints as to his routine. *I* think he's very charming, and if I don't go out with him I shall probably lose my job at the Club Grotto. He part owns it. I met him there and at the practice rooms."

"That's a lame excuse. Why not stick to your ideals? They're crude, but sound; and, by the way, the ermine jacket you have on is very like one of mine."

"Well, I didn't think you'd be back so soon. Don't think I meant to borrow it. I just wanted to see how I'd feel in one of those things."

"Then don't take it off. Wear it."

"You really mean that?"

"Why not? You may as well go to perdition in ermine. You're sure to come back in rags."

As a matter of fact, Jean came back not so long after midnight with her apparel intact, but not, strictly speaking, sober. Terry helped her to bed, including the doll, for it was clear that, beneath a show of hilarity she was in need of consolation.

Gradually Terry pieced together the story. As Linda had forewarned, after a champagne supper, Antony Powell had taken Jean to admire the view from his pent-house.

Having carefully shown her photographs of his wife and son, he adopted what Linda had described as his tired little boy routine. Jean, indeed, remembered Antony Powell, on one knee, resting his forehead against her clasped hands and talking to her as his Galatea. But when he explained that at no time had Galatea been married to Pygmalion, Jean had shed tears. Thereupon, she had been shown out with politeness and swift movement by Harcourt, the butler, acting under his master's orders.

All this Terry stored in her mind against a day when, to her utter astonishment, she was invited by Antony Powell to his pent-house, where he offered her the leading role in *Enchanted April*. Holding herself well in hand, she objected when he turned down the lights, refused champagne, and bluntly asked him if he were in love with Jean Maitland.

"I am not," he denied, slightly startled. "As a matter of fact, she's getting to be rather a nuisance." This was enough for Terry. Jean's voice, heard shortly afterwards at the door demanding to know whether there was a woman in the apartment, decided her action.

Slipping to the floor from the sofa, where hitherto she had sat bolt upright, she put over, in front of Antony Powell and Jean, a most convincing act of a young woman literally at the feet of her adoring producer. Naturally, Jean was furious. For this much Terry had hoped, and trusted disillusionment would follow.

"What *is* all this? What do you suppose Miss Maitland thinks?" Powell inquired when Jean had gone.

"I like her, for one reason, and I wanted to show that I could act."

A discussion on the character of Jeanette, which Terry was to play, followed. She went home, told Miss Luther, whom she met on the stairs, the news of her amazing offer and disappeared into her room, glad since she had not been invited, to escape the gala tea which the others were giving to Kay in celebration of her birthday.

Crowned with a paper cap, happy tears in her eyes Kay was just about to cut the n ad Hattie's specially baked cake when Miss Luther, bubbling over with Terry's communication, published it with excited comment. Poor Kay! Altruism as yet was impossible to her. Her frantic effort to convert disappointment into pleasure at another's success ended in an hysterical outburst of tears.

Another factor, also unknown to Terry, contributed during the coming weeks to make her feel that she was not quite so much in a seventh heaven as she thought she was.

Since he had promised, on his last visit to New York, not to interfere with Terry's efforts to get on the stage unaided, Mr. Randall roused no suspicion in his daughter. Nonethe-less, but for the quarter of a million he had invested in Antony Powell productions, Terry would never have received her offer. The germs of the actress were undoubtedly there, but lack of experience and training combined to make the difficult part of Jeanette, which demanded understated emotion, too much for Terry.

No wonder, all things considered, rehearsals went badly. Aware that she couldn't get under the skin of her part, Terry tried to mask inferiority by being a nuisance. She grumbled at the noise offstage, forgot to come in on cue, argued with the director, and nearly drove Antony Powell to cancel her contract.

She was surprised herself that on the opening night she was still in the lead. The club girls rallied round, intending to occupy free stalls and subscribing to gift flowers, though it was as well Terry didn't hear their forecasts of her failure. Even Hattie, escorted by a butcher's assistant, was to be in the theatre.

Terry, alone in her room except for Miss Luther, who came in with offers of tea, struggled to recall her opening lines.

"The Calla lilies are in bloom again," she repeated dully. "Such a strange flower; suitable for every occasion. I carried them on my wedding day, and now I place them here in memory of something that has died. . . ."

Same old hackneyed lines, about the delivery of which she had listened to many a lecture. "You've a smile on your face, but your heart is broken," the director had said. Nonsense! As if one could portray the two things at the same time.

"The Calla lilies are in bloom again——"

"I can't remember anything," Terry broke out.

"Of course, you can't. Nobody can an hour before curtain on opening night. When you put your foot on that stage it'll all come back as though by magic. Now have some tea," Miss Luther soothed.

"No, darling, really. I couldn't touch it."

"I'll leave it here, then."

"The Cal- -cal- lilies---bloom—oh, I can't bear it!" Terry mumbled on after the door had closed. Suddenly she looked up. The door was re-opening.

"Kay, you shouldn't!" she cried, struck by the ghastly look on the girl's face as she came in. "The doctor said you were to rest. I was coming to see you before I left."

"I can't stay in bed with all the excitement going on."

Miss Luther looked in with directions about Terry's coat and goloshes, and ordered her not to rehearse.

"It *would* rain," Terry said mournfully. "Oh, Kay! It's that first speech. If only I could get through, I'd be all right. Would you mind watching?"

But the comments about the lilies went no better. "Would you mind if I made a suggestion?" Kay offered.

"I wish you would."

"The way you hold the flowers. I've always thought Jeanette would hold them as she would a child. They never had one, you see, and when she says 'In memory of something that died,' she——"

"Kay, you know this play."

"It's not a play. It really happened to someone I knew."

"Darling, you're crying."

"I'm excited, that's all. This isn't just your night. It's my night, too. You've got to be a success, to give a great performance, no matter what happens——" Miss Luther calling to Terry cut short her impression that Kay was behaving abnormally. Hurriedly she pulled a ring from her finger and was begging Terry to take it.

"A girl gave it to me on my opening night. It brought me luck," she half sobbed.

"You're sweet, dear. I wish you could be there to hold my hand."

"I shall be there in spirit," Another moment and Terry was hurrying downstairs. The old fears returned, blotting out even the memory of Kay's far-away expression.

The dresser had left. Terry, wearing white with softly-falling corsage frills for the first act, looked up to see a distressed Miss Luther and a hard, resolute Jean bent on imparting news of tragedy. Before her room mate could stop her, Kay had jumped to her death from the window.

"You shouldn't have told her, Jean," Miss Luther moaned. "She isn't responsible for Kay's act."

"She is responsible. It was Kay's part. She always wanted to play it. Now it's too late. Kay, who never harmed anyone, is dead, lying in the morgue, broken and alone, all because of you. Now I dare you to go on to-night."

"I've got to get out of here. I'm not going on!" Terry cried wildly as the door closed on Jean. "Why didn't I realise? I'd have given up a thousand parts rather than let this happen. I can't go on."

The trained actress in Miss Luther, rising desperately to the situation, enabled her to find the right words to save Terry from letting down the tradition of the theatre, to keep her mind from the personal issue. When the curtain call came, she was ready. They reached the wings. The property man handed a sheaf of lilies. Cradling them in her arms, Terry took her cue.

"The Calla lilies are in bloom again. Such a strange flower—now I place them here in memory of something that has died——" No hackneyed words they seemed to her now, but of an unearthly beauty, a touching reality. She was living her part. She was Jeanette, knowing nothing of onlookers, hardly aware of the startled looks of her fellow players. When the last curtain had fallen and a thunderous ovation was followed by shouts for a speech, Terry was conscious for the first time of the audience. Facing them, she told them briefly that they should be applauding not her, but the brilliant young actress who had died a few hours since. She ended with a hope, which only the club girls—among whom was Jean, tears pouring down her face—understood, that, wherever she was, Kay Hamilton would understand and forgive.

Not for Terry, that night, adulation flowers and press interviews. Annoying Antony Powell in the extreme, she left the theatre to keep watch by the body of Kay Hamilton, who had taught her the meaning of heartbreak.

Flowers bloomed the next year on Kay's grave, and still Terry lived at the Footlights' Club. From there she saw Judith, married to one of the lumbermen from Seattle, and Jean renew a friendship with a ham actor who had ideals but no pent-house. One evening she saw a girl asking Mrs. Orcutt for accommodation, and saw that lady point out Sarah Bernhardt's chair and heard her take up the well-known phrase: "Hope you'll like it here. We're just one great, big, happy family." The girl was dark and slim and wide-eyed. How like—oh, how like she was to Kay."



Terry (Katharine Hepburn) put over a most convincing act of a young woman literally at the feet of her adoring producer in front of Antony Powell (Adolphe Menjou) and Jean (Ginger Rogers).

REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S latest spectacle, *The Buccaneer* is more like a musical comedy without music than what it aspires to be, a slice of American history.

It deals with the pirate, Lafitte, who joined up with the American general, Stonewall Jackson, and succeeded in defeating the British forces at New Orleans during the war of Independence.

Incidentally, Cecil B. de Mille apparently rather likes this subject of American Independence. Some years ago he made a picture also dealing with it, which showed the British troops in a very bad light.

It was exhibited to the Press, but I do not remember it being presented generally. De Mille was present at the preview and when taxed with showing rather bitter feeling in his subject matter, protested his love for all things English. "I love your Shakespeare and your Dickens," he proclaimed, and so we'll let it go at that.

The Buccaneer has plenty of stirring spectacle of what has proved a highly popular order, loads of patriotic flag-wagging and a plot that does not live up to the technical qualities.

The pirate Lafitte, played in a particularly "ham" ("York ham," perhaps) manner by Fredric March, is in love with a high-born lady, a part which Margot Grahame fills comfortably without much exertion.

However, he is not destined to win her, for one of the ships under his command sinks a boat with his lady's sister on board and even though later, he wins the acclamation of the crowd by his prowess at the Battle of New Orleans, this act of piracy forces him to flee the country.

He takes with him a little Dutch girl whom he had rescued from drowning after his fellow-pirates had made her walk the plank.

De Mille has had plenty of big bath tubs in his pictures before, but apparently he couldn't find one big enough this time so he used the sea.

The little Dutch girl, who falls in love with Lafitte, and who is, ultimately, the cause of his undoing, is played by a newcomer, Franciska Gaal. I found her very theatrical and rather heavy in her attempts at kittenish unsophistication.

The best acting comes from Akim Tamiroff as Lafitte's lieutenant. It is a broad character study of a French gunner of a type which one would associate with transpontine melodrama, but of its kind it is definitely good.

Battle sequences are excellently shot, and an attack on the pirate's stronghold is stirring, but the settings as a whole are apt to smack of the theatre. The most effective scenes are those in which the British troops advancing in line are mown down by Lafitte and his cut throats.

NOTHING SACRED

● Some people may find the incidents used to construct this biting satire on yellow press journalism rather too morbid and not in the best of taste, but there is no denying the brilliance of dialogue and situation, and the effectiveness of the commentary on what in some papers passes for news and smart journalism.

In short it is one of the cleverest satires I have seen.

Carole Lombard gives a remarkably polished performance as Hazel, a small-town girl who, supposed to be dying from radium poison, is taken to New York by an ace reporter, to be given a good time and show to the world how a brave girl can face death with a smile—and incidentally, of course, to make a front-page story for the paper on which he worked.

Actually, Hazel was perfectly healthy, but she wanted the good time and everywhere she was taken people got up and cheered her and cried at the same time.

Eventually, after she and the reporter had fallen in love, her deception was discovered and complications simply piled up.

The eventual solution was that she should leave a "farewell note" and disappear, which she does happily on the arm of her reporter.

It is impossible in a short space to detail all the clever satirical touches which accompany this display of mass emotionalism, but, believe me, every shaft strikes firmly home and shows up, not only the depths to which journalism can sink, but also the shallowness of a sensation-seeking public.

Fredric March is excellent as the reporter. He is restrained and natural, and plays the part with complete seriousness of purpose.

Charles Winninger is also brilliant as the small-town doctor, who in a fit of drunkenness had first diagnosed Hazel's complaint as radium poisoning, but later told her of his mistake. This, of course, does not prevent him from accompanying her on her free jaunt as "the girl who could smile in the face of death."

The picture is in Technicolor and I found some of the green tinges and pallor which occasionally came over the stars' faces somewhat disconcerting, but generally it was quite efficient if not exactly necessary.

MANNEQUIN

● When you first see Joan Crawford struggling wearily up a flight of tenement stairs and into a room where an out-of-work father sprawls contentedly and a work-worn mother is preparing food, you can guess the sort of story you are in for, and you won't be wrong.

It is, in fact, Joan Crawford story number one. To escape from the drudgery she marries a worthless young fellow. A wealthy man falls in love with her. And is she loyal? I'll say she is.

But finally when the husband asks her to marry the lover and keep him in luxury she thinks things have gone too far and leaves him.

Yes, she marries the wealthy lover and all goes well until ex-hubby starts to think of blackmail.

However, all that is washed up when husband number two conveniently loses all his money and so allows his wife to prove her real devotion.

It is all very verbose, but in spite of its shortcomings it is well worth seeing and the one reason for that is —Spencer Tracy.

As the self-made man who eventually wins the lady he is excellent. He lives the part; makes you believe in it. He combines the requisite gaucherie of the self-made man with the tenderness of a romantic lover, and once again, in short, proves that he is one of the finest actors on the screen to-day—not a type, but an artiste.

Joan Crawford is quite good as the heroine and Alan Curtis, M.-G.-M.'s new "find" from the collar advertisements, gives a first performance that is more than promising.

His is a very unsympathetic role and by no means an easy one, but he handles it like a veteran.

The picture is directed by Frank Borzage so that, in spite of the conventionalities of the plot, you can be sure that the human detail is well looked after.

FIRST LADY

● This is probably more acceptable fare for an American than a British audience. It is a rather heavy and verbose satire on the way the strings are pulled by the wives of Government officials at Washington. There are many extremely good lines and the humour derived from the cut-throat politics of two women who are interested in seeing the interior of the White House as a temporary home, is intelligent and humanly presented.

Kay Francis, beautifully gowned as usual, is right in her element as the ambitious wife of the Secretary for State. In order to spike the guns of her hated rival, the wife of a high court judge who has a scheme to leave her husband and marry an attractive senator from the West, and get him nominated for president, she gets the influential head of a woman's purity league and the proprietor of a strong newspaper combine to back the judge for nomination, feeling sure he will not be accepted.

Much to her surprise, however, he is and her rival triumphs. But only for a short while, for Mrs. Secretary of State trots out one of her rival's former husbands, a foreigner and proves that since there was no official recognition of the country he came from by America, the divorce she had obtained there was not valid in America; in fact, that she had committed bigamy in marrying the judge. So she wins on a knock out and has the gratification of seeing her own husband nominated.

Vera Teesdale is good as the rival and Walter Connolly is excellent as her very boring husband.

Victor Jory makes a brief, but effective, appearance as the former husband.

Preston Foster has little to do as the Secretary of State, but clever character studies are given by Louise Fazenda as the head of the women's purity league, Marjorie Rambeau and Lucille Gleason.

On the Screen Now

**THE FIREFLY

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Screen operetta. Runs 132 minutes.

JEANETTE MACDONALD ..... Nina Maria
ALLAN JONES ..... Don Diego
WARREN WILLIAM ..... Major de Rougement
BILLY GILBERT ..... Innkeeper
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE ..... Marquis de Melito
HENRY DANIELL ..... General Savary
LEONARD PENN ..... Etienne
TOM RUTHERFORD ..... King Ferdinand
BELLE MITCHELL ..... Lola
GEORGE ZUCCO ..... Secret Service Chief
CORBETT MORRIS ..... Duval
MATTHEW BOULTON ..... Wellington
MANUEL ALVAREZ MACISTE ..... Coachman
ROBERT SPINDOLA ..... Juan

Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Based on the book and lyrics by Otto A. Harbach.

Lavish staging earns this picture two stars, but so far as story goes it is too comprehensive and at the same time slight to appeal to any great extent. The fact is the variety of interests introduced do not jell.

It is adapted from an operetta by Rudolf Friml and introduces a spy element, romance, war, period spectacle and musical comedy.

As it stands the picture runs for about two and a quarter hours, which is just about an hour too long.

Jeanette MacDonald sings well as the heroine, a Spanish spy in the Napoleonic wars, as does Allan Jones as a French agent with whom she falls in love.

The remainder of the cast make the most of the rather artificial roles they are called on to interpret.

**THE THIRTEENTH MAN

Pathe. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 70 minutes.

WELDON HEYBURN ..... Swifty Taylor
INEZ COURTNEY ..... Julie Walters
SELMER JACKSON ..... Andrew Baldwin
MATTY FAIN ..... Louie Crisp
ROBERT HOMAN ..... Lieut. Tom O'Hara
EADIE ADAMS ..... Stella Leroy
GRACE DURKIN ..... Alice Bryant
MILBURN STONE ..... Jimmie Moran
SIDNEY PAYNE ..... Dr. Gorman
WILLIAM GOULD ..... Robert Sutherland
WARNER RICHMOND ..... Geo. Crandall
JOHN DILSON ..... Henry Martin
SYDNEY D'ALBROOK ..... Leggs Henderson
DEWEY ROBINSON ..... Senor Casanova
BILL CASTLE ..... Jack Winslow
LESTER DORR ..... Elliott
EDDIE GRIBBON ..... Iron Man
HENRY ORMSBY ..... One Punch
EDDIE FEATHERSTONE ..... Gus
BOBBY BARBER ..... Tony
DAN WOLHEIM ..... Al
ADABELLE DRIVER ..... Mrs. Bryant

Directed by William Nigh. Original screen play by John Krafft.

"Spot the murderer" melodrama played against a background of newspaper offices and broadcasting stations. The element of suspense is quite well kept and the action rapid.

Weldon Heyburn puts over a pleasingly agressive performance as a radio broadcaster and columnist who seeks to solve the murder of a fearless district attorney, and Inez Courtney makes the only important feminine role an attractive one.

**WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Fashion display in colour. Runs 109 minutes.

WARNER BAXTER ..... George Curson
JOAN BENNETT ..... Wendy Van Klettering
HELEN VINSON ..... Mary Curson
MISCHA AUER ..... Prince Muratov
ALAN MOWBRAY ..... Mr. Morgan
JEROME COWAN ..... Mr. Brockton
ALMA KRUGER ..... Sophie Miller
MARJORIE GATESON ..... Mrs. Leuke
DOROTHY MCNULTY ..... Miss Sims
POLLY ROWLES ..... Betty Mason
MARLA SHELTON ..... Violet
HEDDA HOPPER ..... Mrs. Van Klettering
ROMAN BOHNEN ..... Lawyer
WALTER WANGER MODELS.

Directed by Irving Cummings. Original screen play by Samuel and Bella Spewack. Previewed December 18, 1937.

It is solely on account of the lavishly staged fashion shows, which are both ingenious and artistic and give full scope to the use of Technicolor, that the picture merits two stars.

Story values are negligible and technical qualities tend to swamp the acting abilities of a sound cast.

Warner Baxter exploits his engaging nonchalance as George, the head of a fashionable dress establishment who gives a job as a model to Wendy van Klettering, a debutante who jilted her fiancé on her wedding eve. In a fury her fiancé finances a rival dress establishment. George gets into financial difficulties, his wife divorces him, but finally stages an ambitious dress show, wins back his public, and, of course, his mannequin's love.

Joan Bennett is beautifully tailored as Wendy, and looks extremely attractive. Helen Vinson is suitably provocative as George's

(*Continued on page 22*)

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Without Fuss or Bother You can Slenderise



'APPALLED AT THE DANDRUFF IN MY HAIR'

A True Story
illustrated from a letter





Read Miss Woodruffe's letter, from 57, Holland Park, London, W.11.—'I want to write to thank you for the wonders Silvikrin has done for my hair. For some time now I have been appalled at the way the dandruff in my hair has grown steadily worse and worse.

Then the dandruff seemed to weaken the hair, so that it came out by combfuls. I tried all sorts of things until finally I saw a Silvikrin advertisement and decided to give that a trial. And I'm glad I did—for within a very short





time the dandruff had all gone, the hair stopped falling out, and in every way my hair was brighter and nicer. Now I send you a photograph so that you can see how lovely it is now—thanks to Silvikrin.'

What Silvikrin did for Miss Woodruffe, and for thousands of other women—it can do for you. For Silvikrin is more than a hair tonic: it is the result of a brilliant piece of research by the famous biochemist, Dr. Weidner—a scientific preparation of the hair's natural food—fourteen separate organic elements. Hundreds of hair-specialists, all over Europe, have tested Silvikrin, and proved conclusively that it clears up dandruff, stops falling hair, and if the root is alive actually makes new hair grow.

WHAT YOU NEED

SILVIKRIN LOTION—the daily dressing to prevent dandruff and falling hair. Strengthens and gives new life to the hair—brings out its hidden beauty and keeps it in perfect health.

PURE SILVIKRIN—the concentrated natural hair food, for severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. To grow new healthy hair even where hair has been lost.

Which do you need? Get your Silvikrin to-day—from chemists, hairdressers or stores.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

L-52-H

wife. Mischa Auer and Alan Mowbray supply some clever comedy.

****A MAN BETRAYED**

British Lion (Republic). American. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 57 minutes.

EDDIE NUGENT.....Frank Powell
KAY HUGHES.....Marjorie Norton
LLOYD HUGHES.....Curtis Powell
JOHN WRAY.....Sparks
EDWIN MAXWELL.....Richards
THEODORE VON ELTZ.....Burns
THOMAS E. JACKSON.....Ryan
WILLIAM NEWELL.....Gabby
SMILEY BURNETTE.....Hillbilly
CHRISTINE MAPLE.....Helen Vincent

Directed by John H. Auer. Original screen play by Ernest Miller.

A number of clever twists in the plot lift this crime story rather above the average. It deals with investment frauds and a murder charge against an enthusiastic sales manager who had believed in his employer's integrity.

The way he proves his innocence with the help of his brother and pays back the crooks in their own coin is ingeniously worked out.

Eddie Nugent is good in the lead and Lloyd Hughes scores as the brother. The romantic element is well sustained by Kay Hughes and good supporting types are drawn by John Wray, Edwin Maxwell and Theodore von Eltz.

****SING AND BE HAPPY**

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 61 minutes.

ANTHONY MARTIN.....Buzz Mason
LEAH RAY.....Ann Lane
JOAN DAVIS.....Myrtle
HELEN WESTLEY.....Mrs. Henty
ALLAN HALE.....Allan Howard
DIXIE DUNBAR.....Della Dunn
CHICK CHANDLER.....Mike
BURTON CHURCHILL.....John Mason
ANDREW TOMBES.....Thomas Lane
LUIS ALBERNI.....Posini
FRANKLYN MCGLYNN, SEN.....Sheriff

Directed by James Tinling. Screen play by Ben Markson, Lou Breslow and John Patrick.

Rivalry in the advertising business allied with a sprinkling of romance is the theme of this lighthearted musical which makes quite pleasant entertainment of an unpretentious order.

The hero, a gentleman who prefers business to crooning, is quite well acted by Anthony Martin, while Leah Ray is equally versatile as the heroine, the daughter of his father's business rival.

Of a strong supporting cast Helen Westley, Burton Churchill, Allan Hale, Luis Alberni and Dixie Dunbar show to particular advantage.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference Index*

**THE FIREFLY
**THE THIRTEENTH MAN
**WALTER WANGER'S VOGUES OF 1938
**A MAN BETRAYED
**SING AND BE HAPPY
c**KEEP FIT
c**RUSTLER'S VALLEY
*OVER SHE GOES
*ONCE A HERO
*THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
c*EMPTY HOLSTERS
c*DEVIL'S SADDLE LEGION
c*IDOL OF THE CROWDS
UNDER A CLOUD

What the asterisks mean—
**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

REVIEWS — *by* LIONEL

Settings are very good and the songs are well introduced.

c**KEEP FIT

A.B.F.D. British. "U" certificate. Crazy comedy. Runs 81 minutes.

GEORGE FORMBY.....George Freen
KAY WALSH.....Joan Allen
GUY MIDDLETON.....Hector Kent
GEORGE BENSON.....Ernie Gill
EVELYN ROBERTS.....Mr. Barker
DENIER WARREN.....Editor of the *Echo*
GUS MCNAUGHTON...*Echo* Publicity Manager
EDMOND BREON.....Sir August Marks
HAL WATERS.....First Racing Tough
LEO FRANKLYN.....Second Racing Tough
D. J. WILLIAMS.....Editor of the *Gazette*
AUBREY MALALIEU.....Magistrate
BOB GREGORY.....Referee

Directed by Anthony Himmins.

George Formby has proved himself one of our most popular comedians, and in this crazy extravaganza, which tells of a simpleton's regeneration by means of the gymnasium and the boxing ring, he is on the top of his form.

It is all very simple and ingenuous, but it is apparently just those two qualities which have endeared him to such a wide public.

There is sometimes a regrettable lack of timing about the gags, but generally the fun is of a homely, clean order which disarms criticism by insistence on those very qualities.

c**RUSTLER'S VALLEY

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western. Runs 59 minutes.

WILLIAM BOYD.....Hopalong Cassidy
GEORGE HAYES.....Windy Halliday
RUSSELL HAYDEN.....Lucky Jenkins
LEE COBB.....Cal Howard
STEPHEN MORRIS.....Glenn Randall
MURIEL EVANS.....Agnes Randall
TED ADAMS.....Taggart
OSCAR APFEL.....Clem Crawford
AL FERGUSON.....Joe
JOHN BEACH.....Boulton

Directed by Nate Watt. Story by Clarence E. Mulford.

There are both good character drawing and well developed action in this exciting Western, which represents a very good example of its type in spite of its conventionalities.

William Boyd is well cast as Hopalong Cassidy, and George Hayes and Russell Hayden give him good support.

*OVER SHE GOES

Associated British P.C. British. "A" certificate. Farce with Music. Runs 74 minutes.

JOHN WOOD.....Lord Drewsden (Harry)
CLAIRE LUCE.....Pamela
LADDIE CLIFF.....Billy Bowler
SALLY GRAY.....Kitty
STANLEY LUPINO.....Tommy Teacher
GINA MALO.....Dolly Jordan
JUDY KELLY.....Alice Mayhill
MAX BAER.....Silas Mormer
SYD WALKER.....Inspector Giffnock
RICHARD MURDOCH.....Sergeant Oliver
BERTHA BELMORE.....Lady Drewsden
ARCHIBALD BATTY.....Alfred (butler)

Directed by Graham Cutts. Screen play by Elisabeth Meehan and Hugh Brooke. Previewed October 2, 1937.

The stage show has been transferred to the screen in a manner which provides quite good entertainment of a broadly farcical nature for those who do not look for subtlety in their screen fare.

Stanley Lupino and the late Laddy Cliff put over their stage turns effectively enough, and it really depends on the extent of your appreciation of their combined efforts at humour as to how much you will be entertained by the picture.

Incidentally, the distaff side of the cast does not keep up the action of the farce so successfully as the male members.

The fun is typical stage stuff, and there is little attempt at pictorial expression.

*ONCE A HERO

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Backstage romance. Runs 67 minutes.

RICHARD DIX.....Tim Bart
FAY WRAY.....Gloria Gay

COLLIER - *Continued*

Victor Kilian	Slim
Franklin Pangborn	Mr. Forsythe
Charlie Arnt	Jed Reed
Granville Bates	Sam Bennett
William B. Davidson	Al Howard
Arthur Loft	Pete
Edgar Dearing	Stevens
James Donlan	Shorty
Billy Burrud	Billy
Seffie Tilbury	Miss Gordon
Harold Goodwin	Buck
Charles Brinlay	Pappy

Directed by Harry Lachman. Story by Myles Connolly.

There is a certain amount of interest in this story which deals with the plight of certain silent film actors when the talkies invade the studios, but as a whole it is much too over-sentimentalised and theatrical to create much dramatic interest.

Richard Dix manages to infuse sincerity into the role of Tim, a famous Western star who fails when talkies arrive, but triumphs later. Fay Wray is starved of material as Gloria, his leading lady, and Billy Burrud becomes too sugary for comfort as a small boy friend of the hero.

*THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 77 minutes.

Joe Penner	Penner
Gene Raymond	Barry
Parkyakarkus	Parky
Harriet Hilliard	Mitzi
Victor Moore	Oliver
Helen Broderick	Pauline
Billy Gilbert	Dr. Molnac
Ann Miller	Betty
Richard Lane	Hotel Manager
Franklin Pangborn	Beggs
Margaret Dumont	Mrs. Penner
Anne Shoemaker	a Countess Martos
Jane Rhodes	Susan
George Irving	Mr. Van Tuyl
Winifred Harris	Mrs. Van Tuyl
Charles Judels	Maitre d'Hotel

Directed by William A. Seiter. Story by Joseph Santley.

Slight romantic plot forms a peg on which to hang some decorative sequences, dancing, songs and fooling by Parkyakarkus and Joe Penner; the former finds his humour by misusing the English language and the latter chiefly from his appearance.

Gene Raymond walks through the part of a young man who will inherit millions if he stays single till he is thirty, and Harriet Hilliard is good as Mitzi, a singer with whom he falls in love.

c*EMPTY HOLSTERS

First National. American. "U" certificate. Western. Runs 62 minutes.

Dick Foran	Clay Brent
Patricia Wilthall	Judy Ware
Emmett Vogan	Ace Cain
Anderson Lawler	Buck Govern
Glen Strange	Tex Roberts
Wilfred Lucas	John Ware
Tom Brower	Dad Brent
George Cheseboro	Cutter Smith
Charles Le Moyne	Tom Raines
Edmund Cobb	Cal Hardin
J. P. McGowan	Billy O'Neill
Milt Kibbee	Jim Hall
Earl Dwire	Doctor
Henry Otho	Jerry

Directed by B. Reeves Eason.

Conventional type Western of a familiar order with some songs for the cowboy hero. Dick Foran appears as the hero falsely accused of a hold-up who, after serving his sentence, proceeds to track down the men who framed him.

c*DEVIL'S SADDLE LEGION

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Period Western. Runs 51 minutes.

Dick Foran	Tal Holladay
Anne Nagel	Karan Ordley
Willard Parker	Hub Ordley
Granville Owen	Chris Madden
Carlyle Moore, jun.	Chip Carter
Gordon Hart	John Ordley
Max Hoffman, jun.	Butch
Glen Strange	Pewee
John "Skins" Miller	Spooks
Ernie Stanton	Reggie
Frank Orth	Judge
Jack Mower	Dawson
Milt Kibbee	Spane
George Cheseboro	Frayne
Walter Young	John Logan
Charles Le Moyne	Caliope
Raphael Bennett	Sheriff Gorman
Dick Botiller	Choctaw
Alan Gregg	Jim Cudlow
Bud Osborne	Boreland

Directed by Bobby Connolly. Story and screen play by Ed. Earl Repp.

I'm not sure that I am fully in favour of the "singie-Western," but Dick Foran certainly manages to combine vocal and equestrian attainments quite well in this period Western, which is conventional in design and treatment.

c*IDOL OF THE CROWDS

General F. D. (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Ice hockey melodrama. Runs 62 minutes.

John Wayne	Johnny Hanson
Sheila Bromley	Helen Dale
Charles Brokaw	Jack Irwin
Billy Burrud	Bobby
Jane Johns	Peggy
Huntley Gordon	Harvey Castle
Frank Otto	Joe Garber
Russell Hopton	Kelly
Virginia Brissac	Mrs. Dale
George Lloyd	Spike Regan
Hal Neiman	Squat Bates
Clem Bevins	Andy Moore
Wayne Castle	Swifty
Lloyd Ford	Hank
Lee Ford	Elmer

Directed by Arthur Lubin from an original story by George Waggner.

Story of an ice hockey hero who saves a crucial game in spite of the machinations of crooks. It is stuff conventionally played with the added interest of exciting ice hockey matches.

UNDER A CLOUD

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Social melodrama. Runs 67 minutes.

Edward Rigby	Jimmy Forbes
Betty Ann Davies	Diana Forbes
Hilda Bayley	Mrs. Forbes
Bernard Clifton	George Forbes
Moira Reed	Mary Jessyl
Peter Gawthorne	Sir Edmund Jessyl
Renee Gadd	Judy St. John
Billy Watts	Rodney Marsh
Brian Buchel	Arnold Gill
Jack Vyvyan	Inspector Bryan

Directed by George King. Story by Gordon Francis.

In spite of the presence of Edward Rigby, who can always be relied on for a good character study, in the cast, this story of a confidence trickster who saves his son from a murder charge has little to recommend it.

The characters are not very interesting, and both the acting and production are indifferent.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Action For Slander (2)	*Jan.* 22
Another Dawn (2)	*Jan.* 15
Big Business (2)	*Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2)	*Jan.* 1
Blazing Sixes (2)c	*Dec.* 25
Blonde Trouble (2)	*Feb.* 5
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2)	*Jan.* 8
Café Metropole (2)	*Jan.* 1
Captains Courageous (4)c	*Dec.* 25
Double Wedding (2)	*Feb.* 12
Dr. Syn (2)	*Feb.* 12
Easy Living (3)	*Jan.* 15
Edge of the World, The (3)	*Jan.* 8
Fortight Heiress (2)	*Feb.* 12
Forlorn River (2)c	*Feb.* 5
Go-Getter, The (2)c	*Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3)	*Jan.* 1
High Wide and Handsome (2)	*Jan.* 22
Hit Parade, The (2)	*Jan.* 15
Hollywood Cowboy (2)	*Dec.* 18
It's All Yours (2)	*Feb.* 5
Kid Galahad (3)	*Jan.* 22
Knight Without Armour (2)	*Jan.* 8
Let's Make a Night of It (2)	*Jan.* 29
Lovely to Look At (2)	*Feb.* 5
Midnight Madonna (2)	*Jan.* 8
New Faces of 1937 (2)	*Feb.* 5
North of the Rio Grande (2)	*Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c	*Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2)	*Jan.* 8
Said O'Reilly to McNab (2)	*Dec.* 18
Slim (2)	*Dec.* 18
Souls at Sea (3)	*Feb.* 12
Squeaker, The (2)	*Feb.* 15
Star is Born, A (3)	*Jan.* 15
Stella Dallas (2)	*Feb.* 5
Sunset in Vienna (3)	*Jan.* 15
Super Sleuth (2)c	*Feb.* 12
Victoria the Great (4)	*Dec.* 25
Way Out West (2)	*Jan.* 15
Wee Willie Winkie (2)c	*Dec.* 25
Who's Your Lady Friend? (2)	*Dec.* 25
Wild and Woolly (2)c	*Feb.* 12
Wild Money (2)	*Jan.* 1
You Can't Have Everything (2)	*Jan.* 22

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MY SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DISAPPEARED LIKE MAGIC

My treatment freed me for ever from a troublesome moustache and hairs on the arms, and to prove that it will do the same for others I am offering to send to every reader

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ARE you one of those unhappy women who are ashamed to look in the glass—literally afraid to make use of the mirror, just because every fleeting glance, every tell-tale reflection, brings home to you the bitter truth that your face is blemished and disfigured with a more or less conspicuous and unsightly growth of superfluous hair?



YOU CAN BE FREE

To the many thousands of such afflicted women I say, with the utmost confidence and faith, "Take heart, for if you forget all your past failures and vain efforts to remove these obnoxious eyesores and follow my advice you will speedily rejoice in features free from the slightest appearance and suspicion of hair-growth."

My treatment differs from other processes, formulas and methods. It is simple in its principles, as are all true and tried remedial discoveries. It completely removed a strong growth of hair from my face and arms which had troubled me for many years, and although that was over seven years ago there is to-day no sign of the hairs reappearing. As soon as I started using my invention I felt that a change was taking place in the condition of the hair roots, which made me certain that I had at last found the real cure. The hairs came out a few at a time, and before many days had passed they had all gone. What is equally important, I found that instead of burning and staining my skin as other things did, my skin was clearer and freer from spots and blotches than it had ever been before and all this was done without the slightest pain, unpleasantness or inconvenience.



YOUR OPPORTUNITY

You are, therefore, earnestly advised to write to-day, and the promised good supply will reach you by return of post, carefully packed in plain wrapper. Two penny stamps should be enclosed to pay for postage, etc., and say whether your are Mrs. or Miss. Address your letter to:—

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ARE WOMEN SOPHISTICATED?

Or is it All a Myth?

WHILE enjoying the fun and games of *I Met Him in Paris*, I was relieved to see Claudette Colbert look surprised, embarrassed, and a little bit shocked when Robert Young asked her to go with him on a trip to Switzerland.

Most screen heroines carry their sophistication to such a height that one might invite them to take part in a quiet murder without moving them to anything more ill-bred than a smile, a raised eyebrow, and murmured excuse about a previous engagement.

Claudette's open distress on discovering her lover to be married is another welcome change from the tight-lipped restraint which is now so stereotyped, and which is as tiresome in its way as an emotional orgy.

In reality the modern woman's chromiumed armour of *savoir faire* is a myth, and most of us can feel, and show our feelings, just like our aunts.—*Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs., who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*



The caricature of Lionel Barrymore is the sixteenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo, Corso Italia 6, Milan, Italy.

Connie In Comedy

● I was tempted the other evening to go to see Constance Bennett's latest picture *Topper*, co-starring Cary Grant.

The rather sophisticated Connie had gone and in her place had stepped a vivacious, rascally, and too laughable Connie.

Never again should she attempt drama, she is a sensational hit as a comedienne and I hope Hal Roach uses her talents to this effect: British producers did not bring out her best in *Everything Is Thunder*, and *Ladies In Love* was only a mild picture to this.

Why do we have to seek for fresh talent when we have such an actress with such marvellous talent, vivacity and charm?

Congratulations to the new, gay Connie; I am glad she has hit the mark, and is back once again to show 'em that actresses are born, not made.—*H. Walker, 150 Heath Road, Burton-on-Trent.*

A Word of Advice

● You want to be a movie star? Well, come along with me,
And we will do some checking on your personality.
First you need a figure as slinky as an eel;
Your eyebrows have to be most weird and very much unreal;
Your lashes must be crazy and at least two inches long,
And if your nails are blood-red claws, you'll find you can't go wrong;
Your hair must either straggle or be most elaborate;
For each appointment that you make you must be very late;
You must get married four times, and all within a year,
And if you carry out these rules you'll find you've naught to fear;
But just before your presence to the movies you announce,
You simply *have* to have a name that no one can pronounce.

—(*Miss*) *Jean Charlton, 6 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 2, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

For the Female

● To strip or not to strip; that is the question.

Why do picturegoers put up with nudity and suggestive jokes? My opinion is that the average fan is afraid of being thought a prude. Rather than say openly "I do not like this sort of thing," he sniggers that the world may consider him broadminded.

However, I think it is to the female part of the audience that we owe so much of this nudity. Ask any bookseller who buys the books containing photos of naked women. His answer is "Women, chiefly."

So I do not blame producers. They honestly think we want "sex."

Take the trailer of *Night Must Fall*, for example. The only scene shown is a bedroom scene, and it is made perfectly clear that the boy and girl must spend the night there together.

The only solution is for us men to form a league against crude nudity and "smut."

I should like to make it clear that I enjoy *any* joke if it is witty, and that I could enjoy nudity in a film if it were *relevant* to the story.—*Roy Galsworthy, 46 Rolle Street, Exmouth.*

(*And so say most of us!—"Thinker."*)

Pro, and—

● I believe the gist of a letter you printed in a recent copy of PICTUREGOER was a complaint against Leslie Howard's lack of facial expression. I beg to contradict.

Let us consider this point. In *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, he played the part of that immortal young lover; in his latest film *It's Love I'm After*, he is a somewhat conceited "ham" actor.

The former film's success is well known. I will be very surprised if the latter does not bring that talented actor even more praise.

If Leslie Howard lacks facial expression, could he portray such contrasting characters so convincingly?

Everyone remembers that "Damned elusive Pimpernel" who thrilled the hearts of young and old. Who can forget Peter Standish, the eccentric young hero of *Berkeley Square?* Don't we

(*Continued on page* 26)



Nature meant *all women* to be beautiful

In complexion at least Nature meant us all to be beautiful. Every night while we sleep Nature meant our complexions to be renewed and refreshed because she meant the outer layer of skin gradually to disappear as it was worn out and dried by exposure and give place to the clear, young skin which is always growing underneath. That's what ought to happen. Often it doesn't. Often minute particles of the old, worn-out cuticle clog up the pores and positively stifle the young, growing skin. Then complexions grow dull and patchy. The way to prevent it is to assist Nature in Nature's way by gently rubbing in a little of that wonderful Mercolized Wax. If every night before you go to bed you gently massage your face and neck with pure Mercolized Wax, then while you sleep the Mercolized Wax will be gently, imperceptibly dissolving away every clogging particle of the old, weatherbeaten skin and giving the fresh, new skin a real chance.

In this simple, scientific fact lies the secret of most of our famous beauties. Their wonderful complexions are all due to their helping Nature to do its work, and you can do just the same thing. But be sure to get Mercolized Wax, for nothing else works in quite the same natural way. Any chemist will supply it, 2/- and 3/6 a jar.

MERCOLIZED WAX

DOES NOT contain Mercury, animal fat, or anything injurious to the complexion, and is guaranteed not to encourage the growth of hair.

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LIPS THAT *Kiss* AND NEVER TELL!

THERE was a time when the imprudent young woman painted her lips and looked, as indeed she was, "made-up." The old-fashioned lipsticks—they still exist—harmed the living tissues, rubbed off easily, marked the linen and were a decided nuisance. Then science came along, with a discovery essential to every woman who realises that her lips help her personality. That discovery is TANGEE, the lipstick that helps the lips to look as nature intended they should look—without the "made-up" appearance that follows the use of the average lipstick. Apply Tangee to your lips and the colour gradually deepens to the tint that's "just right" for you. It blends with your colouring in a way that no other lipstick can ever blend.

When lights are bright and you need more colour on your lips for evening wear you can use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take full advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers, remember Tangee Powder, Cream Rouge and Rouge Compact.



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WHO'S WHO

The Marx Brothers

● There are now three Marx Brothers on the screen: Groucho (with the cigar), Harpo (the silent) and Chico (with the battered hat).

Their real names are Julius, Arthur and Leonard respectively. Groucho was born October 2, 1895; has brown eyes, black hair; is 5 ft. 7½ in. tall.

Harpo was born November 21, 1893; has brown hair, brown eyes; is 5 ft. 7 in. tall.

Chico was born March 26, 1891; has brown hair, brown eyes; is 5 ft. 6 in. tall.

Harpo wears a blonde wig on the screen.

They and their brothers, Gummo and Zeppo, were all born in New York, where they spent their early youth in poverty.

Their mother trained them for theatrical careers; Chico and Harpo were taught the piano and Gummo and Groucho developed fine singing voices.

These two, with a girl soprano, started a vaudeville tour as "The Three Nightingales," managed by Mrs. Marx.

Chico had left the family to support himself, and Harpo, who had failed to make a living as a pianist, was working as a hotel clerk.

Disliking to leave Harpo alone in New York, Mrs. Marx made him leave his job and tour with the act. No part had been written for him, so he played in pantomime and brought down the house; he hasn't spoken a word on stage or screen since.

Later Chico joined them and they travelled around the country, not winning recognition until they hit on the idea of a "crazy" act.

The War separated the brothers; Harpo went to France, Gummo went to a military training camp and Chico and Groucho entertained in the camps. Zeppo was still a boy.

They were reunited after the War and in 1923 the foundation of success laid by Mrs. Marx was rewarded. The brothers registered a distinct hit in *I'll Say She Is*, a musical that ran for two years on Broadway.

Mrs. Marx lived to see her sons reach the pinnacle of fame on the stage, but she died soon after their screen debut in *The Cocoanuts*, in 1929.

A Night at the Opera was the first picture to star three Marx Brothers instead of four, Zeppo having opened a talent agency in Hollywood. Gummo is in the clothing business. They are all accomplished musicians. Groucho plays the guitar, piano, mandolin and harp; Harpo plays the harp, piano, flute and trombone; Chico is an expert pianist and also plays the violin, cornet and zither.

Recently they have made *A Day at the Races* and are now at work on a screen version of *Room Service*.

Tony Martin

● Is, perhaps better known at the moment as the bridegroom of Alice Faye, but is, nevertheless, making a name for himself in films. Tony is a native Californian. He was born in Oakland on a certain Christmas Day ("ten o'clock in the morning," he adds, "if you want to be specific") and was educated at Oakland High School and St. Mary's College.

He showed an aptitude for music at an early age and while still at school formed a juvenile orchestra good enough to secure professional engagements in various San Francisco theatres.

For four years after leaving college he managed or played in dance orchestras.

In 1931 his band secured a broadcasting contract and he started to sing an occasional song with it. The results were so good that he was offered a film test, but nothing came of his subsequent visit to Hollywood.

Four years later he returned to the film city under contract to Radio Pictures. Musicals were out of fashion and he only had small parts in *Follow the Fleet* and *Farmer In the Dell* before moving his make-up box to the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

Since then he has been given increasingly important roles in pictures like *Sing, Baby, Sing, Harmony Parade, Banjo on My Knee, You Can't Have Everything, Sing and Be Happy, Ali Baba Goes to Town* and *The Joy Parade*.

Tony Martin is 6 feet tall and has black hair and dark brown eyes.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

still hear praises of *Smilin' Through* after so many years?

How can anyone grumble at Leslie Howard? —(*Miss*) *Monica Anthony Chance*, 135 *South Lambeth Road, S.W.8.*

(*I have received a large number of letters in this strain.—"Thinker."*)

—Contra

● I was interested to read Miss Fletcher's comments on Leslie Howard, and in view of the Editor's note to "ware brickbats from the Howard fans," I hasten to give my support.

I, too, have been irritated by gushing fans' rhapsodies over his "beautiful, sensitive performances" as idealistic heroes, but can only think that such fans must be very easily satisfied to enthuse over his portrayal of Sir Percy Blakeney, or more recently, Romeo.

The Scarlet Pimpernel is a flesh and blood hero in the book, but on the screen he was singularly lifeless. Mr. Howard's Romeo was distinctly wooden in parts and elsewhere inclined to be frivolous.

So I suggest that Gary Cooper or Ronald Colman be chosen for parts requiring sensitive handling and delicate touch, and Leslie Howard be relegated to something much less subtle.—(*Miss*) *M. G. Cullis*, 10 *Charlotte Street, Marine Parade, Brighton*, 7.

(*I have also received a large number of letters in this strain.—"Thinker."*)

Grumble from Devon

● When will some cinema managers realise that it won't do just to show good pictures but disregard the comfort of their patrons?

One cinema of moderate size in the district shows some of the best pictures obtainable, but why must there be long intervals between the shows, when the doors are opened wide, on both sides of the hall, causing a most uncomfortable draft of cold air? Also during the intervals an endless series of inartistic and boring advertisement slides are shown, the same slides being shown month after month.

Another cinema in the district shows good films, the sound reproduction being clear and of good tone, but during frequent intervals records are played, and the contrast is amazing. The volume is far too great, and the reproduction harsh and distorted.

Arranging a good programme is not enough, it must be presented with due regard to the feelings and comforts of the cinemagoer.—*R. S., Devon*.

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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"Look in the mirror tomorrow and see a new and lovelier YOU!"

Says Mrs. X★

YES, it's as simple as that and as certain—*if* you use my Pompeian powder. Because of its special new formula and its marvellously fine texture, Pompeian powder transforms the complexion and *keeps* the skin fresh and fascinating—no parched skin or threatening wrinkles. You *must* try Pompeian for yourself. (Honey Rose is the fascinating shade everyone is using now).

★*Mrs. X—confidante of Society beauties is delighted to advise you. Write her c/o Pompeian Personal Service Bureau, Dept. P.G.1, 160, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Ask also for free copy of her Attractoscope—the chart that measures your charm.*

Pompeian POWDER brings you NEW beauty!

Try Pompeian powder in the generous trial size obtainable everywhere at **6d.**—*then buy it in the extra large economy sizes at* 1/- *and* 2/-.

This important problem of a Schoolgirl Complexion

. . . Marie solves it with PALMOLIVE





Annette, Cecile, Yvonne and Emilie

ALL USE PALMOLIVE, TOO!

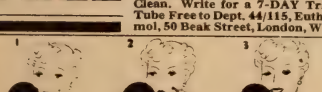
LOOK at the critical way in which Marie examines herself in her mirror. Just like a grown-up—in true feminine style! She hasn't begun to use make-up yet, of course—it's her *skin* she's thinking about. Her verdict? Thank you, Doctor Dafoe, that'll do beautifully!

It is to their famous doctor that the "Quins" owe their lovely schoolgirl complexions! For he wisely chose an *olive oil* soap to follow up the "Quins'" early baths in *pure* soothing olive oil—the only thing in the world that was gentle enough for their tender delicate skins. And as the "Quins" have grown older, they've grown lovelier—thanks to the cleansing, beautifying powers of olive oil—in Palmolive!



7 DAY TRIAL TUBE OF DENTIFRICE . . .

FREE Test for yourself, before you buy, how Euthymol Toothpaste keeps your teeth and gums Fit and Clean. Write for a 7-DAY Trial Tube Free to Dept. 44/115, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.



HIDE THAT SPOT

JUST a dab with Spot-Stik instantly, safely and completely conceals spots, pimples, moles, blemishes, blackheads, small skin discolorations, burns, black eyes, scars or scratches. Self-consciousness gone! In 3 shades. At Boots and smart toilet counters. In case of difficulty, write to J. Gaw & Co., 65 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

Spot-Stik HIDES BLEMISHES INSTANTLY

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour. The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

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OF CREAM WHICH MAKES SKIN SOFT AND LOVELY

★ Clark's Glycola prevents roughness, chaps and redness. Even neglected hands soon become lovely again. Glycola is economical and an excellent powder base.

Obtainable from Chemists and Hairdressers in 6d., 1/- and 3/- jars or direct from makers. Handbag tube 4½d.

A generous sample will be sent to you free if you enclose 2d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Write to Clark's Glycola Co. Ltd., Dept. P.G., Oak Grove, London, N.W.2

THE LADY BETTY BOURKE



"A girl in a shop told me why my make-up didn't look right"

"MY one trouble with my skin was that it sometimes looked a bit tired, dull—oldish!" Lady Betty Bourke told us. "When a girl in a shop suggested that my powder shade might be to blame—well, I was so surprised that I argued! I told her I'd chosen my Peach shade carefully—it was nicest of at least 10 that I'd tried. But she urged me to try *Pond's* Peach.

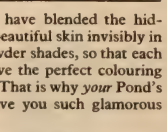
"In the box it was much like the shade I'd been using. But when I smoothed it on, it really *did* make my skin look much nicer—more glowing, fresh, and alive. Besides, it gave the smart tint that my old shade lacked. . . . I'm so glad I found Pond's Peach shade of face powder."

Try *your* usual shade—in *Pond's* Face Powder. Though it may look, in the box, much like your present powder, it can make a wonderful difference when on your skin.

First Scientific Study of Skin Colouring Creates Amazing New Shades

Pond's had scientists analyse, under the colourscope, the skin of 200 lovely girls. This study—the first ever made for cosmetics—revealed that *the beauty of each complexion-type depends upon hidden tints!*

(Right) The colourscope showed blue in lovely blonde skin—green in lovely brunette skin.



Now Pond's have blended the hidden tints of beautiful skin invisibly in their face powder shades, so that each shade will give the perfect colouring of one type. That is why *your* Pond's shade will give you such glamorous new beauty.

Pond's Powder clings smoothly for hours. Its perfume will delight you. Chemists and stores have Pond's Powder—5 lovely shades, providing for all types. Boxes at 1/9, 1/- or 6d.

(Right) See the big difference in tone between the Peach shades of powder found in one shop. But only Pond's Peach shade was scientifically blended to give the true colouring of lovely skin.



POND'S
Face Powder

LET GEORGE DO IT!

DOROTHY (Liverpool).—(1) Chief players *Bitter Sweet* include: Anna Neagle, Fernand Gravet, Miles Mander, Hugh Williams, Pat Paterson, Stuart Robertson, Kay Hammond and Ivy St. Helier. (2) Carl Brisson, b. Dec. 24, 1895, Copenhagen, Denmark; he is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, has brown hair and grey eyes, is married. Films since 1933 include: *Prince of Arcadia, Two Hearts in Waltz Time, Murder at the Vanities, All the King's Horses* and *Ship's Cafe*. He is to make a film based on his own life for a Danish Film Co. (3) Evelyn Laye, b. July 10, 1900, London, is 5 ft. 7 in. tall, has fair hair and blue eyes, married (*a*) Sonnie Hale, (*b*) Frank Lawton. Films since 1934 include: *Princess Charming, The Night is Young, Evensong*. (4) Ivor Novello, b. Jan. 15, 1893, Cardiff; he has black hair and brown eyes and is 5 ft. 11 in. tall. Films since 1933 include: *Sleeping Car, I Lived With You* and *Autumn Crocus*. At present appearing in *Crest of the Wave* at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, W.C.2. (5) David Niven, b. Kirriemuir, Scotland, March 1, 1909, is tall and blond. His films include: *Splendour, Rose Marie, Thank You, Jeeves, Dodsworth, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Beloved Enemy, We Have Our Moments, The Prisoner of Zenda, Dinner at the Ritz* and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. (6) Ray Milland, b. Jan. 3, 1905, Neath, Glamorganshire, Wales; he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, has dark hair and eyes and is married to Muriel Weber. His latest film is *Wise Girl* with Miriam Hopkins, and he is scheduled for *The Light That Failed*. (7) Errol Flynn, b. June 20, 1909, Co. Antrim, Ireland, is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 180 lb., has brown hair and eyes and is married to Lili Damita. His latest films include: *The Perfect Specimen, The Adventures of Robin Hood* and he is scheduled for *Sister Act, The School for Scandal* and *Romantic Adventure*.

N. M. (Greenford)—No, Spencer Tracy did not appear in *Two in a Crowd*; Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea took the leading roles in that film.

A. C. (West Hartlepool).—(1) Luise Rainer's films since 1936 include: *The Great Ziegfeld, The Good Earth, The Emperor's Candlesticks* and *Big City*. She is scheduled for *Frou Frou*. (2) Rene Ray's films since 1936 include: *The Beloved Impostor, Crime Over London, His Lordship, Please Teacher, Farewell Again, Jennifer Hale, The Rat* and *The Housemaster*. (3) Birthdates: Joel McCrea—Nov. 5, 1905; Ronald Colman—Feb. 9, 1891; Ray Milland—Jan. 3, 1905; Sebastian Shaw—May 29, 1905; Dorothy Lamour about 23 years old. (4) Ronald Colman married Thelma Raye (separated).

ROYALITE (Dalmuir).—No, Harry Roy's film *Rhythm Racketeer* has not been shown in the West End. The general release date is March 28, 1938.

A TAYLOR ADMIRER (Enfield).—(1) Release date of *A Yank at Oxford* is not fixed. (2) Robert Taylor was placed seventh in the list of the most popular film stars in England for the year 1936. (3) Robert Taylor is to make *Three Comrades* with Margaret Sullavan for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

MILL LASS (Eccles).—(1) Peter Lorre, b. Rosenburg, Hungary. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios. (2) The music in *Ladies in Love* was "Wiener Blut" (Opus 354), by Johann Strauss; "Celito Lindo," composed by M. Padilla; "Tales from the Vienna Woods"; "Ha Cha Cha," by K. Leymann.

DICK POWELL MAD (Glasgow).—(1) No, Gene Raymond and Nelson Eddy are not related to one another. (2) Yes, Jack Haley does sing himself, but did not do so in *Wake Up and Live* as Darryl Zanuck considered his voice unsuitable for the part. Buddy Clark, a dance band crooner, who does quite a lot of "dubbing" for stars, sang for Haley in that film. (3) The chief players in *College Holiday* were: Jack Benny, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Mary Boland, Martha Raye, Marsha Hunt, Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs. (4) Akim Tamiroff took the part of Carlo Cibo in *Anthony Adverse*. (5) Dick Powell's latest films include *Varsity Show* and *Hollywood Hotel*. He is scheduled for *Howdy Stranger*, the successful Broadway musical about a tenderfoot crooner sent to be toughened on a cattle ranch.

FLYNN FAN (Leicester).—Errol Flynn, b. June 20, 1909, Co. Antrim, Ireland; he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 180 lb. and has brown hair and eyes. His films include: *The Case of the Curious Bride, Don't Bet on Blondes, The Green Light, The Prince and the Pauper, Captain Blood, Charge of the Light Brigade, Another Dawn, The Perfect Specimen* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

E. M. (Wembley).—Write to Tyrone Power, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.), to Robert Taylor, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) and to Ronald Colman, c/o Selznick International (U.S.A.).

REGULAR READER (Hanwell).—Write to Gordon Harker, c/o Gaumont-British (Eng.).

J. R. S. (Leicester).—Victor McLaglen, b. Dec. 11, 1883, London; he is married and has two children. He has a brother Clifford McLaglen, acting in films, who was born South Africa in 1897. Victor McLaglen's latest film is *He Was Her Man*.

D. H. (S. Shields).—The music in *Naughty Marietta* is as follows: "Italian Street Song," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," "Punchinello," "Loves of New Orleans," "Dance of the Marionettes," "Yesterthoughts," "If I Were Anybody Else but Me," "'Neath the Southern Moon," "I'm Falling in Love With Someone," "Chansonette." All are published by Feldman.

GRACIE FAN (Aberdeenshire).—(1) You can obtain the music of "A Song in Your Heart" (from the film *The Show Goes On*) from the Lawrence Wright Music Co., 19 Denmark Street, W.C.2. (2) Cyril Ritchard took the part of Jimmy in *The Show Goes On* (3) Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor are believed to be engaged to be married.

E. G.—Richard Barthelmess played opposite Lilian Gish in the film *Broken Blossoms* (silent).

BARRAT ADMIRER (Surrey).—Robert Barrat, b. New York; he has dark hair and eyes. His latest film is *The Radio Murder Mystery*. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.). No, his photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

G. M. FAN.—The music in *I'll Take Romance* is as follows: "Drinking Song" from *La Traviata*; "The Gavotte" from *Manon*; "The Quintette" and "Finale" from 3rd Act *Martha* and "She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain," all sung by Grace Moore and "I'll Take Romance" and duet from "Madame Butterfly," sung by Grace Moore and Frank Forest.

ROBIN REE (London).—(1) Gavin Muir's films include: *Gulf Angel, Charlie Chan at the Race Track, Fair Warning, Wee Willie Winkie, The Holy Terror*. (2) I am sorry but we have no biographical details of Gavin Muir; Juan Torena or Raphael Bennett.

E. J. (Middlesex).—(1) The music from *The Prince and the Pauper* was specially composed for the film by Eric Korngold and is not published. It is all incidental. (2) A letter to Hollywood generally takes ten days. (3) The difference in time between this country and Hollywood is about eight hours.

F. W.—James Cagney is scheduled for *Boy Meets Girl*. The release date of his latest film *Something to Sing About*, has not been fixed yet.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

A branch of the FEDERATED BRITISH FILM AND STAGE ASSOCIATION has been formed in Birmingham. The branch holds monthly meetings and various enjoyable outings are planned. The secretary is Mr. N. Creswell, 6 Honiton Close, Allens Cross, Northfield, Birmingham, 31, who will be pleased to answer inquiries from intending members in the Midlands. London filmgoers and theatregoers interested should write to Miss K. Costello, 32 Arnesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2, who is the General Secretary.

• • •

THE BRITISH DEANNA DURBIN CLUB and THE UNITED FILM FAN CLUB have now a magazine called United Film Gazette. It contains a very interesting story of Deanna Durbin. All readers who are interested in this club should write to Gerald Ellis, Ray Lodge, Sussex Place, Slough, for full particulars.

• • •

THE ALL-BRITISH FILM FAN CLUB invites film fans of all ages and either sex to become members. This club has been formed nearly three years and now has members in all parts of the British Isles and abroad. Three meetings are arranged every month for the London members and shortly it is hoped it will be able to open branches in all the large towns in the country. Branch secretaries are wanted in the following towns: Glasgow, Cardiff, Birmingham, Newcastle and Brighton. If you have some time to spare and would like to have full details, please write to Fred Morrey, 58 Market Street, Maidenhead, Berks, for full particulars.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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COLDS & 'FLU

often start with a sore throat

Beware the raw, tickling throat which precedes a cold or 'flu. That is your signal to take Cephos. Cephos banishes headache and feverishness and stops the attack immediately.
It is not a single drug, but the prescription of an Eminent Harley Street Physician. Cephos is safe and certain, and does not affect the heart. From all chemists and stores in powder or tablet form, 1/3 and 3/-. Single dose, 2d. each, powder or tablets.

Cephos
Pronounced Sef-fos Ritis
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

FREE SAMPLE on receipt of a p.c. giving your name and address to Cephos Ltd. (Dept. 20 W.O.), Blackburn.

2d. each SINGLE DOSE powder or Tablets

Did you wake with

MORNING MOUTH?

—then beware!

When you wake with a *foul-tasting* mouth, it means that your body contains food waste matter which is poisoning your whole system. "Morning mouth," bad breath and coated tongue are certain symptoms of constipation or stomach disorders. Not only will you suffer from the immediate results of constipation—headaches, flatulence, bad skin, rheumatism, superfluous fat and depression—but you become vulnerable to very serious illness. Feen-a-mint banishes constipation and cleanses your system completely, giving you bright eyes, sweet breath and added vitality. Feen-a-mint works the way nature intended—safely and thoroughly—because it mixes with the saliva and is carried naturally through the whole digestive system. Its fresh mint flavour makes it a family favourite. Get a packet from your chemist *to-day*—or send your name and address on a postcard for a free sample to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. D.2), 143 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

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NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

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LONG, CURLING EYELASHES

Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone. Adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply—wonderfully effective.

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THE SCIENTIFIC LASH TONIC

From Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and all High-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty, send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS (Dept. 1), 75 BAYHAM STREET, N.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.



★

Going to the pictures to-night? Not sure where to go—what to see? "Film Weekly" will tell you—tell you all about the latest films, sum them up, give you a complete guide to a wonderful evening's entertainment! Then you'll know what to see and what NOT to see. "Film Weekly" is crammed with a host of other great features . . . glorious, intimate pictures of the stars and their films, exclusive articles, film secrets and gossip—you must not miss "Film Weekly"—on sale every Friday. Get this week's issue and place an order with your newsagent to supply it regularly.

FILM WEEKLY

EVERY FRIDAY—3p

LOOKS LIKE AN *expensive* MANICURE



There are *more* manicures in a 6d. bottle of L'Onglex than in a 1/- bottle of many other nail polishes. It wears beautifully, does not chip or peel, and its shades are lovelier and always up to date.



L'Onglex
LIQUID NAIL POLISH
In all fashionable shades, including:—
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BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

Radium
LEATHER DYES



You'll be delighted with the new elegance Radium will bring to old shoes. It is so easy to apply, quick to dry, cheap to buy—and the result is really effective and lasting. Try a bottle of Radium on those old shoes to-day! Made in all the latest and most fashionable colours. Sold at shoe shops, repairers, and leather stores.



RADIUM LTD., Zena Polish Works, BROADHEATH, MANCHESTER.
For Suede Shoes use Radium Suede Cleaner.

BE SURE THE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME RADIUM

Only Milk **could make that smile!**



The beauty that milk confers upon a girl—is a beauty which nothing but milk can give. The sparkling eyes of health which come from perfect balanced nourishment. The firm, white teeth which owe their firmness to the mineral salts in milk. The clean clear skin which comes from milk's unquestionable purity. There is nothing toxic in milk to cause unwanted fat or a blemished complexion. It is all good. It is the food of beauty, and the girl or woman who drinks it drinks to her own radiance.

CREAM *Don't forget that cream contains health-giving goodness in a delicious form.*

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

THE way you walk has a great deal to do with your health as well as your beauty. So many girls write to me and ask for a sovereign remedy for a noticeable tummy or a hollow back. The truth probably is that they are due to faulty posture, and that a little attention paid to the manner of walking and sitting would automatically bring about an improvement in figure.

If you cast your mind back to school days you may remember: "Head up, chest out, abdomen drawn in and weight on the balls of the feet." Now this is all right as far as it goes, but one can scarcely go through life with that formula forever on one's mind.

All the same, you want a graceful posture and a good carriage. The first thing is to correct that slouching position. If you look at yourself sideways in a mirror, without your clothes on, take note of the following: Does your head droop slightly forward; do your shoulders drop; is your tummy—to be perfectly frank—far too obvious; and are your arms held slightly forward? If you have one or two, or all of these faults, they must be corrected before you can walk gracefully, or look really well in a slim cut dress.

Strangely enough, all the faults can be corrected in one simple movement. Still looking into that long mirror, retract your abdomen as far as possible. Notice what happens.

Immediately the head is held more erect, the shoulders are thrown back, the chest seems to have a better line, and the arms are held back. That is how you would like to look, and that is how you can look if you make the effort. It consists of nothing more than lifting your diaphragm out of your waist and drawing your tummy in.

By this simple illustration you will realise how greatly a graceful carriage depends upon a retracted abdomen and that in its turn is dependent upon strong abdominal muscles. Many of us are far too flabby in that respect.

If these muscles are weak they let us down in more ways than one. All the organs tend to fall forward, and in consequence the muscles of the back have a pretty tough time trying to redress the balance. This is the cause of the backache that so many young women feel—that dragging pain that is relieved only by lying down.

This is all very well you may be saying, but how can we develop these strong abdominal muscles? Wishing won't do it, and we can't always walk about saying, "Tummy in."

There are certain exercises which help towards this development.

Lie flat on your back on the floor. Keeping the knees straight, very slowly raise both legs together until they are almost at right angles to the body. But, keep your "seat" still flat on the floor. Pause and return to the original position.

Rest a few seconds, take a breath and repeat the movement. Do it eight times to begin, and then increase one a week until you can do it 16 times in succession.

Here is another strengthening exercise for the same muscles:

Lie on the floor and place your feet under a heavy piece of furniture. This is necessary to begin. When you are proficient you can dispense with such aids.

Now with the feet under the furniture to give you anchorage, slowly raise the body to a sitting position. Then lower it gently to the floor again. This you may do half a dozen times to begin, and increase one a week up to twelve times.

A word of warning. If you have ever had an abdominal operation, suffer from heart trouble or are on the shady side of 30, it is better not to attempt the exercises, but to try to improve your posture by taking thought; that is, straightening up and retracting whenever you think about it. In time, done often enough, it may be made into a habit.

Another word about sitting. Nature has given us two extremely good cushions of fat and some strong muscles on which to sit down. Those cushions and those muscles have been provided to protect the nerves that lie beneath. If, instead of sitting upright, you slide forward to the edge of your chair—particularly a hard chair such as you get in an office or a factory—it not only ruins your figure, but by pressing those poor nerves against the chair, gives you aching pains in the legs.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mother (Brighton).—Unfortunately the flaxen fairness of your little girl's hair is bound to dull a little as she grows older. You may help to retain its fair lights by washing with the well-beaten yolk of a new laid egg to which has been added a pinch of borax. Use the mixture in two halves, rinsing very thoroughly between each application. Add a teaspoon of strained lemon juice to the last rinsing water. Dry with warm towels, but never close to a fire. In the summer the hair benefits from being dried in the sun.

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BEAUTY AT YOUR FINGER-TIPS

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Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilledale, Durham City, for:—

Leap Year
Three Wise Guys
Escape
Almost Married

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: M. E. Hancox, 140 Grosvenor Road, Rugby, for:—

Sensation
Fire Over England
Wanted
Rain

Miss D. Smith, 259 Drayton Road, Norwich, Norfolk, for:—

Wings in the Dark
Crack Up
Splinters in the Air
Case of the Missing Man

Miss M. C. Dand, 21 Bow Street, Huddersfield, for:—

The Thin Man
Dirty Work
G-Men
After the Thin Man

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robsart Street, S.W.9, for:—

Holiday
Song of Freedom
The Green Pastures
It's a Grand Old World

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

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Picturegoer

The Screen's M... ...r Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Errol FLYNN

The MAN Women RAVE About



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PICTUREGOER THE SCREEN'S MOST POPULAR MAGAZINE

● *An Open Letter to WALT DISNEY*

CARTOON-FILM "FRIGHTFULNESS"



Right: Walt Disney. Many of his otherwise admirable cartoons, apart from "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," are unfit for children by the inclusion of "horrific" elements. Left, the "Wicked Witch" in "Snow White," who was responsible for some of the trouble with the censor.

DEAR WALT DISNEY,

We imagine that the refusal of a certificate for the universal exhibition of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* has surprised you, as it has surprised many other people. It will not be the first time, of course, that the workings of the mind of our official censorship have puzzled outsiders and in any case you must be fairly used to the demands of the screen reformers by now.

We seem to remember that as far back as 1931 you were compelled, at the instance, we believe, of the delicate-minded members of the American women's clubs, to put skirts on all your screen cows.

We would like to take this opportunity, incidentally, to congratulate you on the disappearance of the vulgarity (good, honest, hearty vulgarity, it is true, but still vulgarity) that was a feature of the earlier Mickey Mouse cartoons.

At the moment of writing we have yet to see *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* and are not in a position to comment on the justice or otherwise of Lord Tyrrell's decision in withholding the "U" label.

The complaint on which it is based, however, frankly does not surprise us at all. Our censor, as you are doubtless aware by this time, takes the view that in certain aspects, the delineation of the witch and the scene in the apparently haunted wood in which the trees appear to clutch at Snow White and friendly animals appear to her as goblins, for example, the film is calculated to frighten children.

Now, perhaps, but we, personally, do not think it probable, there is a vast difference in child mentality in America and Great Britain —that American children, in the eloquent language of your gangster epics, "don't scare easy."

That is a matter for speculation. What we do know is that we have for years been receiving letters from parents complaining that cartoons otherwise admirable in every way and highly suitable for the entertainment of children have been spoiled by the inclusion of goblins, monstrosities, skeletons and other grotesque and fearsome apparitions likely to have a sequel in the form of nightmares in the nursery.

Even the delightful *Lullaby Land* had its "horrific" moments when the matches took their revenge on the baby who had transgressed the rules of the "hand of musn't touch" by transforming themselves into hobgoblins and chasing him.

Admittedly, you have utilised these symbols of evil in the more ambitious Silly Symphonies rather than in the Mickey Mouse cartoons, which are, and deservedly, the most popular form of juvenile entertainment to-day, but even so we cannot help feeling that they have been overworked in proportion to the value of their artistic significance.

You are, of course, by no means the only offender in this respect. The tendency to aim at terrifying as well as amusing is so universal among American screen animators that the phenomenon has frequently puzzled us.

Popeye the Sailor Versus Sinbad the Sailor, for instance, was more like an inexpensive attack of delirium tremens than a suitable bedtime fairy story for children.

You are, however, by far the most important of them. That the children of this generation should be able to base their entertainment standards and cut their artistic teeth on the genius and beauty of Disney's work is an ideal that is not only desirable, but one not insurmountably difficult of accomplishment.

Would it be asking too much, therefore, to request that you regard the unfortunate *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* incident not in the light of an official slight on your magnum opus, but as a guide for the future?

Actually, just in case you are not fully conversant with the working of the censorship system here, the limited certificate should not wreak any hardship on your most ambitious work.

Theoretically, the "A" classification in cases of pictures in which there is some doubt of juvenile suitability is designed to give parents the right to decide for themselves what their children shall and shall not see on the screen, and in the main it works effectively enough in practice.

Snow White, consequently, will have little to fear if its alleged "horrific" content is as harmless as it is represented to be by its sponsors.

Finally, may we pay our modest tribute to the fine courage, patience and hard work behind your experiment. Whatever the public reception of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*—and we have every reason to be optimistic about it—you are one of the few men that films cannot do without.

Apart from your leadership of the cartoon field, you are, perhaps, the one genius actually engaged in pictures to-day. Here's to many more years of success, but do please try to cut down the frightfulness, Mr. Disney.

The Editor

ALL THE GOSSIP



William Powell and Henry Stephenson in a scene from "The Baroness and the Butler," in which Bill co-stars with Annabella.

FIRST prize for the brightest remark of the month goes to Davina Craig, who specialises in the portrayal of silly servant girls with adenoids in British pictures. In the last five years she has played comic maids in over thirty films.

Now says Miss Craig : "I have the greatest admiration for servants and in private life I would never think of ridiculing them." Ridiculing them for the alleged entertainment of the millions who attend the movies, of course, doesn't matter.

It is high time screen writers and producers got a new idea and stopped caricaturing the working classes in the cause of comedy. It is not funny and it never was funny, even on the stage, from which our witless writers borrowed the idea.

Starlets of 1938

● I have always been rather sorry that the Wampas Baby Star idea was dropped. Now an attempt has been made to revive it by a committee of experts comprising Max Factor, the beauty king, George White, the musical show impressario, Rodney Pantages, the theatre executive, Robert Kalloch, the fashion specialist and Bradshaw Crandall, the well-known artist.

Here are the dozen young actresses who, from a standpoint of appearance, they consider the most likely candidates for starring roles this year :

Virginia Dale, Columbia; Lynn Bari, 20th Century-Fox; Rita Hayworth, Columbia; Wyn Cahoon, Columbia; Betty Grable, Paramount; Barbara Pepper, Radio; Jane Wyman, First National; Ann Rutherford, M.-G.-M.; Jane Hamilton, Columbia; Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers; Ruth Hussey, M.-G.-M.; and Mary Russell, Columbia.

Perfect Picture—Perhaps

● There is something new under the screen sun—and the Messrs. Warner have found it. If it works it will remove all the hazards of film production. If it doesn't, its worth a bit of publicity, anyway.

The studio has just launched *When Were You Born* with all phases of production governed by astrological calculations.

The story has been prepared by Dr. Manley Hall, who is a student of the stars, and by Anthony Coldeway, who knows something about picture writing.

The yarn deals with a murder mystery which is solved by a medium, played by Anna May Wong, whose deductions are based upon her study of the horoscopes of the various suspects.

The Warners have approached the whole matter scientifically. Each of the players had to be born under the sign of the zodiac which governs the particular character. Word was sent to all other lots asking for people born under the proper insignia. Dr. Hall read the horoscope of each to insure scientific casting.

In addition to this he determined that at 11.26 on the morning of February 9 was the most propitious time to start the cameras turning.

Girl Gets Break

● Marie Wilson, who has devoted most of her screen career to playing "dumb" blondes, is to get her big chance, after all, as the girl in *Boy Meets Girl*. Her friends at the studio have been pushing her case at the front office for months.

Personally, I think it's an ideal piece of casting, but I wonder how Marie will get on with James Cagney (the picture, of course, marks the return of the prodigal to the Warner lot). Production is likely to start in a somewhat strained atmosphere since it is well known that Jimmy wanted Joan Blondell for the role, but was overruled by the company executives.

In one respect, at least, Cagney's return to the studio will not mean a Cagney New Deal. Pat O'Brien is to be with him once more in *Girl Meets Boy* and again in *Angels With Dirty Faces*.

BRITISH FILMS NEED A NEW JOKE

Hollywood's Human Target

● How would you like the job of Sol Gorss? Mr. Gorss is the stunt man who permitted an expert archer to shoot him in the chest for *The Adventures of Robin Hood*. In the good old "Cowboys and Indians" days gallant Western heroes were shot "in reverse."

Arrows were stuck in slabs of cork beneath the victims' clothing while that solver-of-all-problems, piano wire, was attached to the ends of the darts.

With a quick jerk the arrows were yanked out of the cork and out of lens range and then the film was reversed. So far as audiences knew, the arrows flew straight at their targets and got their men.

The brave Gorss was the target for Howard Hill, an archer engaged to do the shooting for Errol Flynn. Over his chest the stunt man wore a heavy padding to take up the shock of impact. On top of this was a steel breastplate over which was laid a layer of balsa wood in which the arrows would stick.

For a shot or two Gorss wrapped a turkish towel about his throat; but with the philosophy that is the stunt man's, he subsequently tore it off as uncomfortable, saying, "if you're going to miss, you're going to miss." So Hill drew his bow and let him have it.

The impact from such a shot is terrific and each blow sent Gorss sprawling but uninjured. It required six shots to give Director Michael Curtiz just the effect he wanted—six takes that earned Gorss £250 and which caused him, as similar incidents always do with stunt men, to renounce the profession for ever.

New "Chan" Series?

● With the defection of Warner Oland, who has been suffering from a nervous breakdown, Hollywood is wondering about the future fate of the "Charlie Chan" pictures. The series has been among the most profitable ever filmed.

The latest proposal is that a new series should

- Stop Lampooning Working Classes
- Committee Picks 1938 Starlets
- Film Making by Astrology
- Maire Wilson's Big Chance
- Hollywood has a Human Target
- Gracie Fields' Next Picture
- What Will Happen to "Charlie Cha
- Garbo Wins an Acting Award
- "Buccaneer" Billing Mystery

be created under the title of *The Son of Charlie Chan*, with Keye Luke in the name role.

It's our bet, however, that Oland himself will be back on the lot before very long.

Gracie Fields' Next

● Plans are, I hear, well advanced for Gracie Fields' second picture under the Twentieth Century-Fox banner.

The script is being adapted from a short story by Jane Pembridge called *Beloved Enemy* (a change of title is inevitable). The setting will be the Great War period and the plot will concern the rivalry between two stars of the legitimate and vaudeville stage, respectively.

Best Acting of 1937

● New York's screen critics, in their annual poll, voted the performance of Garbo in *Camille* as the best feminine performance during 1937. Out of sixteen writers voting, Garbo's characterisation received eleven votes.

At the same time, Paul Muni won the male award for his work in *The Life of Emile Zola*, with Spencer Tracy running second for his performance of the Portuguese fisherman in *Captains Courageous*.

Robert Montgomery won third award for his performance as the murderer in *Night Must Fall*.

The poll is held annually, with critics on the major New York publications balloting, and is interesting because it has been known in the past to influence the Academy awards.

The latter are due to be announced next week.

Short Shots

● Edward G. Robinson succeeds Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the screen version of *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse*—*A Yank at Oxford* is getting first-class notices in America and is being hailed as a Robert Taylor come-back—Bette Davis, having completed *Jezebel*, is taking a holiday—M.-G.-M. titling department seems to have had a severe attack of the "threes"; on schedule at the moment are *Soldiers Three*, *Three Comrades*, *Three Loves Has Nancy* and *Paradise For Three*—Columbia is paying Katharine Hepburn £35,000 for her services in *Holiday*—Latest film feud is that between the New Tarzan and his mate, Glenn Morris and Eleanor Holm; said Eleanor of her co-star, in an interview: "Glenn Morris is just a dumb athlete—fortunately he has only four lines to speak in the picture—Rodin Rathbone (Basil's son) and Olivia de Havilland in the romance rumours—Wallace Beery is to visit England on a flying tour—Carl Esmond embarking on Hollywood career at M.-G.-M.—Marlene Dietrich's version of the "Big Apple" is considered the best in the film colony—Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane are officially reported to be engaged—Coiffures on the *Marie Antoinette* set are setting back Metro £500 a day—Shirley Temple's next will be *Little Lady*—Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone celebrated their 11th wedding anniversary the other day—Paul Muni now being mentioned for stellar role in re-make of *The Sea Wolf*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

FREDRIC MARCH IN BILLING MYSTERY

WAS it Fredric March who complained when *The Buccaneer* was shown with Franciska Gaal sharing honours with him? At any rate, Paramount officially issued a revised list of casts and credits in which Fredric stands alone as the star of the picture.

A Guarded Child

Despite the fact that a judge ruled that Frank Fay could visit his adopted son, in the custody of Barbara Stanwyck, the actor was unable to see him, because Miss Stanwyck, divorced wife of Fay, was instructed by her attorney that she could forbid any visits from her former husband until an appeal from the judge's decision had been heard.

So Fay was denied entrance to Miss Stanwyck's estate.

The President's Servant

● A coloured woman, employed at the White House in Washington, is being considered for the role of "Mammy" in *Gone With the Wind*. Tests are being taken of the woman, Elizabeth McDuffie, wife of the President's valet. She first attracted attention by participation in amateur theatricals at a White House party where servants demonstrated their dramatic ability.

Fame's Reward

● In a few years from now, the rosters of American public schools will have many little girls by the name of Sonja—and spelled just that way!

The fan mail department at Twentieth Century-Fox, which keeps a check of all such things, reports that more baby girls are being named after Sonja Henie than after any other film star.

Sonja has already become an American institution, important enough in the lives of the public to have them name their children after her!

Angry Denials

● The parents of young Tommy Kelly, who scored a great hit in the star role of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, indignantly deny rumours that they feel that their son is not receiving sufficient salary from the Selznick studio.

However, as soon as a child star makes a hit, the parents usually clamour for an increase in the pay cheque, overlooking the fact that the producer gambles on the child's ability to score, and is a heavy loser if the young player fails to click.

Movie Hermits

● Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, strange to say, are rarely seen in night clubs, preferring the seclusion of their ranch homes.

Quite a number of famous film folk are "home people," despite the hectic roles they are forced to play on the screen.

Home, Sweet Home

● Warren William recently camped out all night! Driving his trailer, he attended a movie some distance from his San Fernando Valley ranch.

When he left the show, close to midnight, he found that the trailer had been stripped of its tyres. All the garages in the district had been closed, so William hopped into the trailer, turned on the electric heater, and made himself comfortable for the night.

He told me that, as his trailer had all the conveniences of a house, he really spent a very enjoyable evening.

Hollywood Says That—

Warner Baxter eats chili every day.

◆ ◆ ◆

Claire Trevor reads until the small hours.

(*Continued on page* 6)



Well, if we must be high-hatted, we can't think of anyone who can do it more charmingly than Sheila Bromley and the girls.



Left: Gene Raymond recently moved his make-up box from Radio to Paramount. Here he is with Olympe Bradna in his first picture under the new contract, "Stolen Heaven."

All the Gossip—*continued*

Simone Simon hates wearing hats because they keep the sun and air from her hair.

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Charles Bickford collects gas stations, as the petrol shops are known in the States.

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Humphrey Bogart has given away his jazz Band recordings, and is buying Caruso records.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

AND SO—MORE VICTORIA

IT'S one of the axioms of the film world that when you have—or anyone else has—a success, you should follow it up.

That is to say, what audiences like to-day they are going to like again to-morrow and next week and at least until the middle of next month; but some producers estimate the public appetite for the same fare a little too high, and so they fall in the soup—and into the hands of the Official Receiver, who never fumbles a catch.

Still, I think Herbert Wilcox is far too good a showman ever to make a mistake like that; when he says the public wants some more Queen Victoria, you can put your shirt on Victoria being just what the public wants.

So he's just shoved poor old Lord Nelson out of the way for the moment, and he's going to make *Victoria and Albert* first, though, as soon as that's safely in the box he'll dust Horatio off again and trot him and his lady-love in front of the cameras.

Third Time Lucky

● So far, we have had a royal yacht and a museum named "Victoria and Albert," and they've both done pretty well; now we are to have a film, and if that does half as well as *Victoria the Great* has done, we shan't have much to worry about, and neither will Herbert Wilcox.

In one town in the Midlands, over half the population have seen that picture, which indicates that a great many people have been tempted into the cinema who never passed its gilded portals before.

This is all to the good; I don't see why *Victoria and Albert* shouldn't bring in a great many more of the teeming millions who haven't yet contracted the excellent once-a-week habit.

Something brings 'em in; a gent named Rowson, with a passion for counting people going into cinemas, has just reported that over a million more people paid for admission every week in England during 1937 than was the case in 1936.

I expect they read about films in PICTUREGOER WEEKLY, and decided to see what all the fuss was about.

Simpler

● I imagine *Victoria and Albert* will be a great deal simpler to make than *Victoria the Great* was; Wilcox is fortunate in having the same leading man and woman, Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle.

Incidentally, there must have been thousands of feet of valuable film left lying on the cutting-room floor when *Victoria the Great* was edited, which, if one of those well-known studio bonfires did not take place, might have been grafted into the new picture; but the latter is to be made entirely in Technicolor.

There will be a new Duke of Wellington in this picture; James Dale played the part in *Victoria the Great*, but was hardly seen in the finished film. Now C. Aubrey Smith is coming from Hollywood—primarily, I suspect, to see some Test cricket, but also to play the Iron Duke.

The last time I saw him in that role was in *The House of Rothschild*, with George Arliss, who was completely dwarfed by the towering figure of Aubrey Smith; and this made it a little absurd to see George himself essaying the part in a later film, although history tells us that the famous soldier *was* a small man.

The New Hamilton

● My conjecture as to whether H. B. Warner would be playing Sir William Hamilton in the Nelson epic, as he did in the silent version, *The Divine Lady*, is laid at rest by the announcement that Aubrey Smith will play that, too.

However, I hope we shall see H. B. Warner playing Lord Melbourne again; it adds so much to the conviction if the characters are portrayed in the sequel by the same players—and fortunately most of the others are available.

I notice, by the way, that Herbert Wilcox is calling this new one not a "sequel" but a "companion picture"; it begins with the royal wedding and goes on to the death of Victoria.

In addition to having his cast all lined up, Wilcox has a terrific mass of data on the subject and times, which will now come in very handy.

This new film will give hope to the many



Right: Binkie Stuart, with Jane Welsh in "Little Dolly Daydream." Compare her with the original "Dolly" (below)—Dolly Stuart, daughter of Leslie Stuart, the composer, who inspired the famous song. Binkie, however, is no relation.



Harold Lloyd will soon be back again on the screen in "Professor, Beware," in which he is supported by Lionel Stander and Raymond Walburn.

readers who have written in to say that *Victoria the Great* disappointed them by showing only Victoria the Little; we may be afforded more of a clue to her greatness in the new picture.

What a Title!

● The postponement of the Nelson picture will give Herbert Wilcox a chance to secure the services of the "world famous actor" upon whom he has set his heart.

The provisional title of this story is *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, but it's unthinkable that such a mouthful should ever be seen on the posters; how about *Emma's Admiral*? Chaste and snappy, I think!

Well, that's that, and that's very good indeed, for if an expert like Wilcox thinks this is a good time to launch a great new venture, others will follow.

Unfortunately others are very very dicky about following. The Warner studios at Teddington have been closed down for some weeks, thus throwing 240 employees out of work, and now I hear that the Fox-British studios at Wembley are to suspend production and keep only a skeleton staff of about eighteen men on the premises.

Waiting

● Of course, they're all waiting for the Films Bill to become law, so that they will know what their Quota liabilities are to be; but it's pretty hard on the British technicians and labourers whom that Bill is designed to protect.

However, it's not only the British end of the Hollywood companies which are slowing-down; Associated Talking Pictures at Ealing Green seem to have come to a standstill, and in several other studios there is so little activity that spiders are beginning to spin their webs across the gates.

It's a bad slump that doesn't do someone a bit of good, if it's only a spider.

Meanwhile, Gainsborough, who have suddenly leapt into the arena as one of the most valiant upholders of British box-office prestige, are not by any means resting on the laurels they gained by *Okay for Sound*, *Oh Mr. Porter*, *Owd Bob*, and *Bank Holiday*.

In fact, Islington is a hive of industry, with Will Hay deep in *Convict* 99 and preparations already going forward for the new Hitchcock picture, *The Wheel Spins*.

In this "Hitch" has Margaret Lockwood, who seems to grow easier on the eyes and a better actress with every picture she makes, and a newcomer named Michael Redgrave, who is at present playing in John Gielgud's revival of *The Three Sisters* at the Queen's Theatre, London, and who is certainly well in the he-man class as well as being an outstanding good-looker.

Hitch Goes West

● This will be Hitch's last picture but one, before ambling off to California, there to make a pic. for Selznick; he's not signing any contracts for more than one, though, until he sees whether he likes it there.

My guess is that he will like it very, very much; "so our best and brightest leave us" as Mr. Kipling put it. I hope, however, Hollywood will spare us a director who, I fancy, is going to be as big as Hitchcock any day now, cinematically if not physically; I'm going to say his name in an undertone, in case there's a Selznick scout snooping around with a fountain-pen in one hand and a dotted line in the other. It's Carol Reed.

See *Bank Holiday*, and you'll know what I mean.

I hear Edmond Greville is going too—the English-born director who has made a great success in France, though somehow his British efforts, *Gipsy Love* and *Mademoiselle Docteur*, have been unimpressive.

Another spot of news from Islington is that Gainsborough have bought the film rights of the Barre Lyndon stage play, *They Came by Night*, specially as a starring vehicle for Will Fyffe, in appreciation of the excellent work he did for them in *Owd Bob*.

How I Envy Wilfrid!

● Well, I've always thought Will Fyffe would come into his own one of these days, for, in addition to being a Scottish comedian comparable with Harry Lauder at his best, he is one of the cleverest and most versatile of our character actors.

Harking back for a moment to *Convict* 99, I was consumed with envy of Wilfrid Walter when I saw him do a scene for this picture.

He had to kick a tray-full of breakfast-dishes clean out of a waiter's hands; no rehearsal and only one shot.

I've always wanted to do this, just to see where everything would go. Now I know; it goes everywhere.

The tray sailed through a plate-glass window; a great moment for Mr. Walter (who plays Chief Convict), because, I found, this was a secret ambition of his also.

But I still don't know what happens when you throw an egg into an electric fan.

Protection

● Marcel Varnel, directing this, reverses Edmond Greville's case; Greville is an Englishman who has made his greatest successes in France; Varnel, a Frenchman, has made his greatest successes in England—with *Dance Band*, *Girls Will Be Boys*, *All In*, *I Give My Heart*, *Okay for Sound*, and *Oh, Mr. Porter*, though he has also directed for Fox in Hollywood.

I think Gainsborough would almost rather lose their trademark than Marcel now.

By the way, I noticed to my surprise that he was wearing white chamois gloves on the set—a new one on me.

"What's this, Marcel?" I inquired. "Afraid of catching cold?"

"No. You see, E.G.," he said, confidentially, "when I am directing a picture I grow so nervous I bite my fingernails—so my wife has given me these to wear!"

I couldn't wait to see what happened, but I bet the fingers were bitten through by the end of the first day's shooting.

She's Good

● Binkie Stuart is certainly developing into a very good little actress, as well as being an attractive child.

In her latest effort at Walton-on-Thames *Little Dolly Daydream*, I listened from the touch-line while she and Eric Fawcett had a singing-match, the number in dispute being the title-song.

For four years old, this baby is incredibly efficient; I see no reason at all why she shouldn't make as many friends among her audiences as Shirley Temple has—proportionately, that is, of course, because unless she goes to Hollywood she can't possibly hope to be seen by a fraction of the cash customers that see Miss Temple.

Jane Welsh has two original numbers to sing in this: "I Know That Love is Somewhere" (a cynic would say that it has taken cover in the sixpenny song-sheets), and "Don't You Care Any More?"

Also Talbot O'Farrell, in character as an organ-grinder, "Old Moe," has recorded a song, "Lisp of a Baby's Prayer."

Co-op

● There's a little more news of the "Pinebrook" film, *A Spot of Bother*, featuring Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton, about which I told you last week.

It now appears that the company is a subsidiary of Pinewood Studios, Ltd., which certainly suggests a sound financial position, and it's on a co-operative basis, with employees participating in the profits.

It has been launched with the avowed purpose of relieving some of the unemployment from which the industry is suffering so acutely, but of course the primary purpose is to turn out first-rate marketable products, without which it is impossible to relieve anything.

They've got Sandra Storm over from Hollywood to play the lead; she's the English girl chosen by Hollywood as the most beautiful and talented screen newcomer during 1937—and believe me, Hollywood *knows*.

Another interesting aspect of this is that two young British script-writers, John Cousins (no relation) and Stephen Clarkson, have been engaged to write the script. They've been doing good work in lesser films for some time, and this is their big break.

By the way, they wrote the recent religious film, which is being shown in churches all over the country, *Where Love Is, God Is*.

This one should be a change for them.

NEXT WEEK

Hollywood's Strangest Star

HE is Hollywood's most-talked-about personality to-day. His witticisms are quoted at all the best Hollywood parties.

He is the idol of America, the most popular radio star in the United States. And experts predict that he will be just as big a star in pictures.

Unlike most Hollywood celebrities, his boss didn't have to spend a fortune on grooming him. All he cost was £5. Hollywood's newest sensation, you see, was carved out of a piece of pinewood by a Chicago carpenter. His name is Charlie McCarthy.

"Picturegoer" introduces this quaintest of stars and his "Svengali," Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, to the British film public next week.

Also in next week's issue Florence Rice and Robert Young debate the question of who fares better in films, boy or girl, and Jean Muir, well-known as one of the most outspoken of stars, is interviewed by Max Breen.

Rules DON'T MEAN a THING

Katie emerges from her self-imposed silence, forthright and original as ever, to express her view on acting, Hollywood and success in this exclusive interview.

by

KATHARINE HEPBURN



They are talking in Hollywood now of a "new, more human Hepburn." This cheerful informal study seems to support them.

HALF the population of the world seems to be engaged in telling the other half how to be popular, how to be successful, how to get the most out of life, how to keep your friends, how to develop a personality, and so on and on.

But there's a girl in Hollywood who doesn't believe there are rules for anything.

She is Katharine Hepburn, slim and tall and provocatively beautiful—a startling contrast to the girl who came there a few years ago, awkward, plain, self-conscious, frankly terrified but defiant.

She used to train her hair back from her face, let "witch locks" escape on her neck, permit her nose to shine, omit rouge, overdo the lipstick and wear her clothes with a what's-it-to-you air.

It was almost as though she had determined not to be attractive—to base her screen success on sheer ability to act.

Now she wears her hair in a shaggy bob that is amazingly becoming; her make-up is not apparent, but now the beautiful bone structure of her face is revealed, the changing lights in her grey-green eyes are given a chance. She is as tall and slim, but gracefully now. Angles have become slender curves.

"I don't hold with the school of thought that declares failure is good for people," she observed, thoughtfully.

"Failure isn't good for anybody. All failure does is to embitter us. I ought to know—I had my share of failures before I got a foothold on the stage!—and I know it makes you feel low and self-distrustful.

"You are too gloomy and discouraged to be decent company. You feel you must unsheath claws against the whole world.

"Success is the universal softener. It makes decent friendly persons out of those who weren't ever particularly amiable or engaging.

"With that glow in your heart you can't help but have a finer outlook on life! Success makes you more ready to help others, more willing to co-operate. You're a warmer, finer individual than you could be as a failure.

"They talk about gaining benefits from failure, but I don't believe there's any truth in that theory. Sensitive people suffer so terribly from failing—after they've made an effort the success of which meant everything to them—that they haven't the strength to overcome the disaster. It is a disaster to them.

"I know any number of girls who have marvellous talent, who could be quite wonderful on the screen, but they never get the chance to show what they can do, or if one develops, something goes wrong—the story isn't good, the dialogue is poor, the cutting is ruinous, perhaps all her best scenes are eliminated or so cut that her effects don't get over. And there she is—she's had her chance, she's failed, and she's finished!

"Where's the gain in that?"

We were on the set of *Bringing Up Baby*, and the director called the star at that moment.

The scene represented a corner of a fine Connecticut estate and the stage had been transformed into green hills and dales, grassy meadows, banks full of underbush, trees in full summer leaf. There was a sturdy fence bordering a gravelled road, on which road slowly travelled a circus-wagon cage containing "Baby," the tame leopard of the show.

Baby walked up and down her cramped quarters, making noises of extreme disapproval, while Katharine and Cary Grant went through the scene, so gay and hilarious that the principals "blew up" every other take. The only creature on the set definitely not amused seemed to be the leopard.

"Trying desperately hard to succeed in anything often defeats its own purpose," went on the star, after an interval. "That's true of a good many things, but especially so of people who try to make friends or to make an impression, to be admired, and so on.

"If you are the kind of person who takes it for

granted that you will be liked and that people will be glad to see you, they usually do like you and are delighted when you come in.

"I don't mean the arrogant individual who feels she is doing the world a favour to be there at all, but the sweet, friendly sort of person who has no special complex about her relations with the rest of mankind.

"I have two young sisters, aged 16 and 17, and lately I've had a chance to observe them and their contacts with life. They aren't at all as I was at their ages, for I was horribly shy.

"They seem to take it for granted that they will be welcome wherever they are going; they never seem to worry whether they will be popular at the party. I've never known them to care one way or the other if they didn't make an immediate hit. They are absolutely unself-conscious, and so they seem to get along.

"That's the ideal way for any youngster starting out in life. Think of the misery they'll miss! Think of the 'Alice Adamses' of this world, who go through untold anguish over the impression they hope to make — and don't!"



Margaret and Marion Hepburn. "My sisters aren't at all as I was at their age, for I was horribly shy."

Right: Katharine Hepburn (with Fred MacMurray) in "Alice Adams."

The director and camera crew moved their equipment and themselves to the road and Baby in her cage. Cary, armed with a croquet mallet and a rope, leaped the fence and engaged in argument with the drivers of the van.

The star ordered tea and we retreated with our teacups to a grassy spot under the trees.

"I don't believe any one can lay down rules for making friends that will apply to every one. You can't tell people what to do to be popular, either, for it's mainly a matter of chemical reaction," said Katharine, curling up in her canvas-backed chair. Yes, she can curl up gracefully in such a chair. You and I couldn't.

"For instance, you can come into a room, see a stranger and, as you lay eyes on her say to yourself: 'I'll like her!' and you do. But you may make up your mind that you'll make a hit with some one else, that you'll simply lay yourself out to be friends, and you do it, and it's no go. You aren't friends. You can't be. Your personal chemistry doesn't agree.

"Oh, yes, you can be careful not to do anything that might upset her, you can stay out of her way at critical moments, remember all her whims and try to cater to her, but that isn't liking her, and it isn't getting along."

Her face was an intriguing triangle under the sweep of brown hair, her eyes were green and shining.

"Do you know," she went on, "I think people in this business—the acting business—are all of them shy and sensitive. Most of them are, at any rate. I know I am.

"When I was applying for my first job on Broadway, I was lucky. I had a car and could drive to wherever it was I was going.

"If I had had to walk, I think I should have died in a gutter long before I got as far as the first agent's office!

"Undergoing that fearful agony of asking for a job, or to be given a chance, is enough to wear away any shy person. I couldn't have endured it if I hadn't been able to get in there quickly, say my say and get the answer. I died a thousand deaths every morning while I was getting ready. I was exhausted after the effort.

"But there may be an asset to actors in being shy.

"Perhaps it's because very shy people don't give out much to outsiders, because they are retiring and keep to themselves most of the time, they store up a lot of emotion and energy inside, so that instead of dissipating it here and there, and getting an outlet for self-expression in little dribs and drabs, they can suddenly overwhelm you when the chance comes with the power of their acting.

"Paul Muni and Greta Garbo don't go out in society. They very seldom see any one, they are quiet people who could in no circumstances be called the life of any party, yet when they get into a scene they have tremendous power and reserve."

The versatile Miss Hepburn prefers to divide her time between the stage and the screen. She intends to revive *Jane Eyre* again this season, on tour, and to do pictures between footlight engagements.

"It gives me variety," she explained, over her second cup of tea. "I learn a great deal from working on the stage, because I can measure what I've done in a play one night and correct my mistakes the next evening. If I fail on the stage, I know it's my own fault; but if I fail on the screen it may not be my fault at all. So many other factors enter into a screen play.

"Naturally, a lot depends on the actor if he succeeds; and a director can help a great deal. But in the end, the film cutter can make or break the picture.

"Talking of success in certain definite scenes, though:

"When George Stevens was doing his first important picture, *Alice Adams*, he was new as a director. I hadn't met him and he knew nothing about me. Early in the picture, as we shot it, there was a scene in which Alice comes home from a party.

"The script said that she comes in, stops at her mother's door and tells her: 'Oh, I had a lovely time!' then goes to her own room and falls weeping on the bed.

"But when I came on the set that morning prepared to do the scene, George said: 'Look, now, don't go to the bed. Go to the window, look out, and then burst into tears.' I said: 'All right.' I thought it was a good idea, less hackneyed and we ought to get something. But when I went to the window, felt the glass which was cold because of the rain outside, I froze up. I suppose I was startled out of my mood by the chill. At any rate, I couldn't cry.

"I tried, again and again, and the tears refused to come. I thought: 'What shall I do? What shall I do? He's a new director. He'll think I'm terrible. Why can't I cry?' And the more I worried, the less I could unfreeze. I knew I'd have to do something to bring on emotion.

"I blew up. I cried out: 'The script says for me to go to the bed. That's the way I learned it. Why do you have me learn it one way and then ask me to do it another way?'

"I knew I'd make him angry, and he shot back at me that if I could only do a scene one way, and wanted to collapse on the bed, I could go ahead. We had a hot exchange of insults and I was simply furious.

"The minute I felt the motion welling up inside I cried: 'Come on, give me lights—where's the camera?—Come on, I can do it now!' I did a good scene. I could do it because I was full of emotion.

"George Stevens didn't understand at first. He thought I was completely crazy. But when he saw the results he began to get my point and we were real friends."

The men in the road on the set repeated their queries as to the right direction, received Cary's conflicting replies with bewilderment, and Baby, in her cage, continued to snarl objections. On the word "Cut!" Katharine Hepburn selected a piece of cake and went on:

"That way of getting emotion may not be a good rule for any one else. I say there are no rules that apply to every one."

Laying down rules for this or that is hazardous, according to the young star.

"There are dozens of methods of getting your own way," she pointed out, "and you can use only the ones that fit your special personality. One person makes himself so objectionable that people give in to him for the sake of peace. 'Oh, let him have it!' they say. 'It's not worth all this bother!'

"Another puts you under a heavy obligation and then suggests that, after all, you owe it to him to do so-and-so, or give him this-and-that, and you do it, grudgingly maybe, but still you do it.

"Another overwhelms you, either with talk, flattery or unwelcome attention so that you let him get away with it in order to get rid of him.

"Others may trick you into giving way, and still others are straightforward and fair.

"I hate trickery and I dislike cajolery. I'd rather have someone say: 'Look, I'm taking this,' and make off with it, than suddenly wake up to the fact that I've promised something I didn't mean to give."

Alice L. Tyldesley



Katie enjoys a joke with Cary Grant between scenes of her latest picture, "Bringing Up Baby."

IS "Doug's" SUCCESSOR FOUND?



There's the authentic Fairbanks swagger about Flynn as the outlaw-earl.



Above, a recent portrait of that "broth of a bhoy," Errol Flynn.

Look out! Errol's drawn a bead on someone in "Adventures of Robin Hood."

ARE you an old-enough picturegoer to remember Doug. Fairbanks in his heyday?—in the days before he had any need to tack that "sen." to the end of his name in order to distinguish him from his long-shanked, swashbuckling son?

Ah, there was a man! A swashbuckler, if you like! Not Ronald Colman, Richard Dix, Jack Holt, Warner Baxter and Fredric March rolled into one could ever reproduce quite the flair for breathless romantic adventure, the sheer animal spirits, the lusty, gusty zest of life, the impudent snap of the fingers in the face of death, and the trained-to-the-second athletic condition that made Douglas Fairbanks one of the world's greatest names, and filled tens of thousands of dark, stuffy, flea-ridden "Electric Palaces" to suffocation on warm summer afternoons.

Uncrowned King of Hollywood was Doug., and richly did he deserve his title; he probably did more to build up the early prosperity of the film industry than any other single actor—and he did it with a contagious, light-hearted spontaneity that endeared him to the world.

At "Pickfair" he reigned supreme; and although his personal stock slumped when his divorce took the "fair" out of Pickfair, there are those of us who look back with considerable regret to the great days of the cinema when Doug. was King and Mary was Queen, and there were violins in the orchestra-pit, and no nasal American accents to remind us that the men-at-arms and pirates and robber barons came from apartment-houses on Sunset Boulevard.

Then came Doug.'s own sunset; he played in *Don Juan* at Elstree, for London Films; some bad films came out of Elstree before that, and plenty will follow, but I hope so much money and effort will not be turned to so little account.

The hero's fire was spent, his great days were over; we heard spasmodically of further ventures, of "come-back" productions—*Marco Polo* among them; but now there is a younger Marco Polo, and Doug. senior remains in retirement, so that the son is beginning to be known simply as Douglas Fairbanks, without the tag, by a generation of picturegoers who never knew his sire.

For a while it seemed that Doug. junior might follow in his father's footsteps; he has the fire, the impudence, the physical excellence; and truly he is so like his father that I have sometimes been startled by the resemblance, especially since he grew a "Fairbanks moustache."

But Doug. junior was not satisfied to swashbuckle in the traditional heroic way; he has always been more interested in sheer characterisation; in other words, he prefers acting to costumed gymnastics.

That is why you find him so frequently in villainous roles, or roles with at least a dash of villainy. He went one better than his father by making two British pictures; in the first, *The Amateur Gentleman*, he miscast himself rather badly; his second, *Jump for Glory*, gave him a chance to be a thief, although a charming one, and one who repented of his thievery; and he seemed far more at home in that.

Then we saw him as "Rupert of Hentzau" in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and probably no more gallant, agile, or scoundrelly Rupert has ever done his dark deeds on any stage or screen; but the obvious relish which he brought to the dirty work in that picture confirmed my theory that he would never be content with plain heroics.

For that, it would appear, you need someone who has never been a stage actor, and so is not too concerned with the technique of acting; someone who is willing to be mere dashing



"So there !" It's ludicrous now, but it was grand stuff when Doug. was Robin Hood.

Ever since Douglas Fairbanks, Senr., quitted the film arena, the world has awaited his successor—who now seems to have arrived,

declares Max BREEN

camera-fodder for the good of the picture; someone who is ready to sacrifice camera-angles for rapier-play, and facial expression for a grand mob scene—because it'll make a better movie.

Well, I believe they've got him, and his name's Errol Flynn; and he has many other qualifications of a new Douglas Fairbanks, too.

Warner Bros. evidently think so, for they have starred the young man in a new picturisation of a subject which has hitherto belonged to Doug, sen. by right of conquest—*Robin Hood*.

The silent version was an adventure-film in a double sense, for it represented one of the greatest adventures of his life.

When he made it, in 1920, his career was at something of a standstill; he knew he had to make a mighty splash, and accordingly he did it by building a bigger castle, and having larger crowds, and spending more money, and leaping higher and hitting harder and climbing more dizzily and fencing more skilfully than he had ever done before.

He threw every cent of his personal fortune (and, it was said, a good deal of spouse Mary's) into the making of *Robin Hood*. It cost . . . well, any large sum you care to mention; figures mean very little anyway. And it made a very much larger sum than it cost, and gave Doug.'s reputation another hearty boost.

With Wallace Beery as King Richard the Lion-Heart, Alan Hale as Little John (the same role that he is playing eighteen years later), and pale, swooning Enid Bennett as the lovely Lady Marian Fitzwalter — "Maid Marian" — they battled and roistered and robbed and loved through ancient Sherwood Forest, a few miles north of Malibu Beach on the road to Ventura. It is still called Sherwood Forest, and the last time I chanced that way the massive stone gateway of the Earl of Huntingdon's castle still stood for passing motorists to glance at curiously . . . one of the last links with past glories.

So the old Robin Hood passes from the scene, a spectator now on the sidelines. And what of the new Robin Hood?

Well, Flynn's a broth av a bhoy, bedad—as fine a gossoon as iver set fut out av Ould Oireland; only he doesn't talk like that.

He talks big, though; because he's done big.

When you've discounted twenty per cent. of his adventures as publicity fables, and written off another ten per cent. as just the national Irish devotion to embroidery as a fine art, you've still a sufficiently adventurous career left.

He was born in County Antrim, twenty-nine years ago next June, and grew up to six-foot-two before reason called a halt.

His dad was a professor of biology who worked in Belfast and in Dublin; and there the lad lived until he was sent to Paris, which was quite an experience for both Errol and Paris. After that he went to St. Paul's School, London, and finished up at Trinity College, Dublin.

Finished, did I say? He was only starting!

So much utter nonsense has been written about this young man that a legend has grown up round him; but when any publicity department begins to recite glibly: "Oh, yes, he was British magistrate, gold miner, sea captain, pearl fisher, rice buyer, explorer, soldier," then just reach for the salt.

He never was a British magistrate, you can bet your boots on that; and he never was a sea captain, either, though he has probably been kicked very hard by one, as many of us have who picked up a chancy living around the Seven Seas in our mis-spent youth.

Here's his story as he told it to me at Teddington, just before he left for Hollywood; and if I make the time-honoured and be-whiskered remark that it sounds as romantic as any film story, that's because there's really no other adequate standard of comparison.

In 1928, being then nineteen, he went to the Olympic Games in Amsterdam as a member of the British boxing team, and after that he put in four or five years below the Equator.

He discovered a thing called the British Territorial Constabulary to enlist in, and went down to New Guinea on a job of policing natives of various nationalities who worked on the plantations there.

Then, he told me, he grew "fed up" with that, and bought a small trading schooner for plying among the smaller South Pacific islands; but he didn't tell me he'd held a master's certificate—and I'm sure he wouldn't have left that out.

Anyway, the schooner ran, uninsured, on to a coral reef, and Errol was ready for the next chapter of his Odyssey.

It consisted of prospecting for gold in New Guinea; and out of that he claims to have made £10,000; but he touched only a measly two thousand of it, for the rest was invested in a syndicate which "bust."

The two thou' he "blued in Sydney on a binge," and, practically broke, he and a friend bought a small sailing boat which they hired out to a film company making South Sea travelogues.

Here Errol had his first taste of film acting in a small way, and then in an equally small way he turned to pearling and copra trading. But the film acting bug had got into his blood, and when he heard that a film was being made in Tahiti he "went to it."

It was *Mutiny on the Bounty*, a modest forerunner of the mighty Laughton epic; Flynn played the part of Fletcher Christian, later taken by Clark Gable—and who had a better right than Errol to the role, seeing that he claims direct descent from the true and original Fletcher Christian himself?

Incidentally, this suggests that Fletcher had children before his *Bounty* experience, for I'm sure Errol would repudiate the idea of having any Polynesian blood in his Hibernian veins.

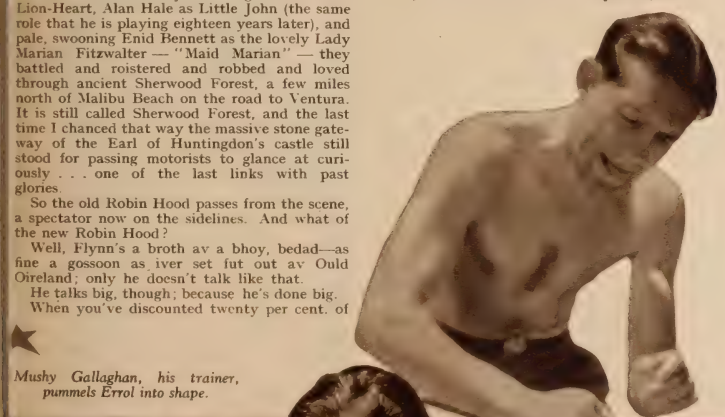
That film experience settled it; he would be a film actor or nothing; and to tell the truth he came perilously near to being nothing, for after coming home to England to become a film star he found that the initial stages—for him, at any rate—consisted of tramping up and down agents' stairs and almost starving before Warner Bros. at Teddington put him in a very poor quota quickie called *Murder at Monte Carlo*.

His was a silly role, wise-cracking in the presence of death and with other bad breaks, but it was enough to show that he had what it takes, and he was shipped off to Hollywood at £30 a week.

There, after two inconsiderable films (*The Case of the Curious Bride* and *Don't Bet on Blondes*) he fitted with a click into the skin of *Captain Blood*, and his weekly pay-envelope is now round about the £400 mark.

Green Light and *The Prince and the Pauper* did not mean a great deal for him, but *The Charge of the Light Brigade* did; and now after a spell of comedy in *The Perfect Specimen* he is up to the neck in *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

Verily a new Doug. Fairbanks—even to the rumours and denials of a divorce in the family!



Mushy Gallaghan, his trainer, pummels Errol into shape.





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"ELIZA"—COMES TO STAY

by Dennison THORNTON

Eliza Doolittle in Bernard Shaw's Pygmalion is a part that may easily make a star. It has been given to a young Lancashire girl, Wendy Hiller, who was quite unknown not so long ago, but who looks like staying in the limelight now.

Wendy Hiller, in character for the role of Eliza Doolittle, the dustman's daughter who is introduced into society as an experiment.

IT is not so long ago since a tall, fair, slender, unknown Lancashire girl was playing small parts in Manchester repertory and wondering, rather wistfully, whether she would ever be given a chance to prove her capabilities in a really important role.

Thanks to Walter Greenwood, the playwright, she was delivered from this uncertainty in almost breathless fashion.

The girl was Wendy Hiller, and Mr. Greenwood's famous play, *Love on the Dole*, provided her with the chance for which she had been waiting. Not only did she suddenly find herself playing to London audiences; she found herself hailed as the stage discovery of the year.

That was Wendy's first big step towards the stardom everybody predicted for her.

Now she is taking her second big step towards fulfilment of that promise. This time, on the screen.

For she has just been given the film chance of a lifetime—a chance which the experts say will bring her world fame.

She has been chosen (after scores of candidates had been tested and failed) as Leslie Howard's leading lady in the film version of Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*, now being made at Pinewood by Pascal Productions.

And if that isn't an honour I don't know what is. Think what it means!

A "plum" role in what promises to be one of the outstanding British film events of the year. Opposite one of the screen's biggest stars. With Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard as the co-directors. With Bernard Shaw as the author.

Naturally, Wendy is pleased. She has reason to be pleased—and proud. Opportunities like that are not everyday occurrences!

And if she feels a little nervous that, too, is understandable.

For Wendy, filmically unknown, now finds herself one of the central figures in a world-wide publicity campaign that is being conducted for this picture—a picture that is being made for the international market.

The eyes of filmgoers everywhere are being directed to her. Already she has won the admiration of theatre-going thousands; now she must earn the approval of film-going millions. What an ordeal!

Hollywood is watching her as a cat watches a mouse. It has tried to "capture" her before—and it has failed. But we shall come to all that presently. . . .

In the meantime, let us meet Wendy, talk to her, learn something about her and her ambitions.

To start with she is a true daughter of the North, for she was born near Manchester twenty-six years ago.

From her father, a business man, she inherited a logical mind and a level head; from her mother, a painter, artistic tendencies and possibly dramatic ability.

She is highly intelligent, idealistic, and values her artistic integrity above rubies.

She admits quite frankly that she would rather play a first-rate, true-to-life part for £10 than decorate a part, instead of bringing it to life, for £10,000.

Judged by conventional screen standards she is not pretty any more than, say, Katharine Hepburn is pretty. But there are more important considerations than mere prettiness in this film business. Talent and personality, for instance. And Wendy possesses both these qualities to a high degree.

It was while in her late 'teens that Wendy first developed the urge to become an actress. Having made up her mind, she went to the theatre regularly, made an intensive study of acting, read every book on the drama she could lay her hands on.

She joined a stock company, later securing a place with the Manchester Repertory Players. Her career in repertory was undistinguished in a series of minor parts. Then one day, a young man with a manuscript under his arm walked into the producer's office. The man was Walter Greenwood; the manuscript that of *Love on the Dole*. The play was produced with Wendy as the heroine.

Its success was such that arrangements were made to bring it to London with the original cast intact.

The rest is theatrical history. *Love on the Dole* became one of the biggest hits of the London season; and Wendy became an overnight sensation. Critics and public raved about her performance. Hollywood offers began to pour in for her services. . . .

Now, many a young actress in Wendy's position might easily have lost her head. Wendy did not.

She was grateful for her success, but she accepted it with calm and composure. She was sceptical. She was not altogether satisfied that she hadn't "arrived" too soon.

So, instead of yielding to Hollywood's tempting offers, she though things over carefully and decided to stick to the stage.

It was not that she disliked films. On the contrary, she is deeply interested in the cinema. It was with her future *as an actress* that she was chiefly concerned.

"Of course, people said I was crazy not to have gone to Hollywood," she says. "But looking at the future, I realised I had to live up to my *Love on the Dole* reputation, and at the same time I had to live it down.

"I have a horror of being typed, and I was afraid that Hollywood might type me—might try to build me up into a player who always features in the same kind of role. I had no desire to walk into filmland tagged as Wendy-Love-on-the-Dole-Hiller.

"Besides, the technique of the screen is so different from that of the theatre, that I felt studio work might, at that stage of my career, interfere with my development as an actress. I decided to make my acquaintance with the cinema at home rather than in a strange country I preferred to make my début in some small but interesting British film. That is why I appeared in *Lancashire Luck* which gave me my first insight into studio methods.

"*Pygmalion*, in which I play Eliza Doolittle, the dustman's daughter who is introduced into society with such devastating results, is my big opportunity. I realise how much my future as a film actress depends on it, and naturally I am terribly anxious to be a success.

"Of course, I am both thrilled and honoured to find myself playing opposite Leslie Howard. He is such a magnificent artiste, and so charming and kind. He has been wonderfully helpful to me and has spent hours giving me advice and tips and showing me how to get the best results before the camera.

"How did I get my part in *Pygmalion*? Quite accidentally. Mr. Gabriel Pascal, the producer, had been searching for some time for the type he wanted. But none of the players he considered met with the approval of Bernard Shaw.

"One day he visited Birmingham and while there a friend suggested he might like to go over to Malvern for the theatre festival.

"There he saw me in one of the festival plays. Evidently I impressed him, for he immediately telegraphed Bernard Shaw and asked him to come and see me.

Before I could realise what had happened I had been signed up for the film!"

If Wendy is satisfied with her work in *Pygmalion* she may go to Hollywood. But if she does go it will be only on condition that she is allowed to have a "voice" at story conferences. She refuses to be forced into stories and parts, giving little scope, if any, for histrionic ability. And she does not want to lose her individuality. . . .

"What I would really like to do after *Pygmalion*, she says, "is to appear in a film version of *Love on the Dole*. I have no patience with people who argue that because it deals with social conditions and problems, with slums and unemployment, it is too sordid and depressing for the cinema. After all, what about *Street Scene* and *Dead End*? Both were social. Both dealt with realities. Both were successful in England and America.

"I believe producers have greatly underestimated the intelligence of the film-going public. I am convinced that that public is ready to see and to appreciate the presentation of really serious and important social problems on the screen—provided, of course, there is a good story. For this reason I am convinced that as a film *Love on the Dole* would be a sensation."

Well, such are the views of Wendy Hiller. . . . Now, picturegoers, what do you think?

CRACKERJACK

Tom Walls has Lilli Palmer, the glamorous little continental artiste, as leading lady in his new film which is being produced at Pinewood. Our cameraman took the accompanying pictures on the set during production.



Lilli Palmer snapped applying the final touches to her make-up. She is being assisted by the diminutive Bobby Gall who also appears in the picture.



Director Albert de Courville rehearses Tom Walls and Lilli Palmer in a love scene for the picture. It should be easy with Lilli as the heroine.





Above you see Albert de Courville rehearsing Lilli Palmer in a bath tub scene and on the left you get an idea of how it will look in the film. De Mille has nothing on this !



Food—for "Food for Scandal." But Carole Lombard, the star, Ralph Bellamy, Marcia Ralston and Isabel Jeans were just enjoying some between-scenes conversation when our camera-man called.

Shots with our CANDID CAMERA

Right: The cast of "Highway Racketeers" are all coffee drinkers (statisticians estimate that they shift four gallons daily). They even have their own individual cups. Caught in the act are Evelyn Brent and Anthony Quinn.



Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris receive instructions from Director Stanley Logan before going into a big scene for "Everybody Was Very Nice." Everybody may have been very nice, but did you really bump that eye on the door, Wayne?





Above: Leslie Howard on holidays in the Tyrol with his wife and daughter and Gabriel Pascal, who will produce "Pygmalion," his next picture. Left: Barry K. Barnes and Jack Hawkins take Director Maurice Elvey for a ride on the "Who Goes Next?" set.



As in all good fairy stories, of course, there is a handsome young prince, who eventually rides away with our heroine on a noble charger.



Walt Disney's "Snow White," symbolic of all that is beautiful and good in the world.

HOLLYWOOD'S *New Sweetheart*

AND she's not a sex queen either, although she has been involved in a spot of trouble with the British Censor. She's Snow White, heroine of Disney's £250,000 full-length cartoon version of the Grimm fairy tale, which is now showing in the West End. Hollywood fell in love with her at the most spectacular première since *Hell's Angels*, and stellar tears trickled unashamedly down expensive stellar make-up when she died after eating the poisoned apple.



And here are the Seven Dwarfs. Our reviewers tell us that Grumpy and Dopey very nearly steal the picture.



Above: A striking example of Disney's composition. This is the first time that the artist has attempted to animate human figures on the screen.



Above: The dwarfs take Snow White into their home. She has the domestic virtues, too; she keeps house for them.





Above and left: When Snow White, the orphan princess, escapes into the woods after her wicked step-mother, the Queen, who is jealous of her beauty, has ordered a huntsman to murder her she is befriended by all the birds and beasts of the forest. They lead her to the house of the Seven Dwarfs.



Joyce (Bette Davis) backed up her decision by cramming all the furniture within reach against the door. By getting out of his window and in at hers Basil (Leslie Howard) solved the problem

IT'S *Love* I'M AFTER

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Warner.

HAVING quarrelled for the hundredth time with his leading lady, Joyce Arden, Basil Underwood, world-famous Shakespearean actor, on returning to his hotel suite after his performance on New Year's Eve, fell a victim to acute depression.

"What have I done that Miss Joyce should be so unreasonable, Digges?" he groaned to his devoted dresser and confidential valet.

"Now to prove that I'm not as bad a fellow as Miss Joyce thinks, take this scribbling block. I'm going to show you there aren't enough hairs on my head to number the good deeds I've done this past year."

"Yes. Don't you mean my head, sir?" Digges inquired, pushing back his toupee to reveal a shining cranium.

"Don't be facetious. First I want a hundred points for the benefit performance I played, and a hundred for the critic I didn't punch in the nose."

"Yes, sir, but what about the alderman's wife in Philadelphia, sir? Minus two hundred, I should say."

Then there's the darling with red hair and green eyes in Denver—I'm afraid we add up as a bit of bad odour," Digges opined. "But there's hope for you, sir. This is the season for making good resolutions, for turning over a new leaf."

"Huh! I'd have to turn over the whole Public Library. By the way, Digges, an extraordinary thing happened when I was talking to Miss Joyce through the party wall dividing our dressing-rooms in the theatre."

"When Miss Joyce was declaring she'd never do a play with you as long as she lived?"

"That was only because I said I could smell onions when she, a most unmannerly Juliet, kissed my dead lips as Romeo. As I was telling you, I had a visitor, a girl who had been out front in one of the boxes. I'm not sure whether she worshipped me or my performance but I think it was both. Anyway she came to tell me that she adored me, before she disappeared out of the room—a wraith without a name."

"I fancy she was very much in the flesh in the corridor, sir. Miss Joyce described her as a 'twit!'"

"She was a wraith, Digges, tall and slender, almost beautiful, with her dark eyes and hair and a constraining voice—well, perhaps I'd better go and tell Miss Joyce about my resolutions."

Telling Miss Joyce was not so easy, owing to the lady's denying entry into the communicating room, where she backed up her decision by cramming all the furniture within reach against the door. By getting out of his window and in at hers, however, Basil solved the problem. His persistence was rewarded. She having called him a cad and threatened to send for the police and he, having picked her up and flung her over his shoulder, the hooters and sirens chose to proclaim the passing of the old year.

Sunk in the depths of the sofa where Basil had deposited her, Joyce relented.

"Happy New Year," she sobbed.

"An inspiration. Let's get married. Now. We'll drive to a cash and carry place. I'm not the man to dilly-dally."

"We've said this a dozen times before."

"But I'm a changed man, I swear. Digges, we're going to be married. Nothing can stop us." Holding Joyce in his arms, little did Basil guess than in two minutes he was to be recalled to his room to interview a young man who reminded him of nothing so much as the second grave-digger. His name was Henry Grant, son of the financier who had pulled Basil out of the Wall Street slump of 'twenty-nine.

Money, however, was not Henry's trouble. Briefly he stated it. He was engaged to a Miss Marcia West whose affections, he declared, Basil had appropriated.

"Never heard of Miss Marcia West," Basil affirmed. "Have we, Digges?"

"Not unless you've been cheating, sir."

"I didn't suggest you knew each other. I only said Marcia was in love with you," Henry claimed, "and I call on you to help me."

"It's *The Loving Triangle* all over again," Basil declared. "You know the play, Henry—my greatest hit. I fall in love with an unknown girl who turns out to be the sweetheart of my old friend. In the third act, I sacrifice myself, go to stay at the girl's home, insult her people, maltreat her. Having thoroughly disillusioned her, she married the fiancé."

"It might work; I mean the last act."

"Now, Henry, you're not proposing to make a practical application of what I've told you. To begin with, I'm on tour. I've to be in San Francisco on Monday."

"But you've got the week-end. I could drive you down to Marcia's place and you could do as you did in *The Loving Triangle*."

"My art's for the stage. I don't run round giving benefit performances. Mind you, I realise that men in my position rouse flutters in the hearts of silly girls and don't stop to think we're making a mess of some perfectly happy lives."

"Well, you're making a mess of mine all right and you ought to do something about it."

"Henry, I'd give my right arm to help you, but right now I've an engagement."

"When the market crash caught you, did my father say: 'Basil, old man, I'd give my right arm to help you, but I've an engagement?' Of course not. Put your date off."

"Don't do it, sir," Digges entreated.

Alas! A few more words from Henry and Basil's thoughts had taken another turn. How easily he might lose the bad odour, in other words turn last season's debit account into a credit, by sacrificing his and Joyce's personal wishes to a friend's behest. While Digges was fervently hoping that Miss Joyce would see the postponed wedding in that light, Henry was agreeing to wait in the lobby to drive Basil to Westchester where he could play the cad before the family of Marcia West.

Joyce meanwhile, attired for the ceremony in a black cire frock and bewitching hat, which suited her ingenuous beauty, had to be approached.

"Are you playing me up again?" she demanded dangerously as with a difficult clearing of the throat, Basil achieved the fatal phrase: "put the wedding off."

"Certainly not, dear. Now, don't get excited. Remember your glands."

"If I hadn't been hypnotised, I'd have known you'd do this to me. No, I won't marry you to-morrow, Basil, nor any other to-morrow. That's final."

Which it was in the sense that Basil, for his part, was determined not to retreat from carrying through his act. Besides the entry into the West home, which his agile brain was planning, was to be such an outrage against manners, it would send the pestilential actor and his servant back into the car, and Marcia into her affianced's arms.

Long past midnight, Henry drew up at their destination. Peering through the wrought iron bars of the entrance, Basil shouted for the butler.

When ultimately he appeared in his dressing-gown, Basil demanded entry as *the* guest of the week-end. Having with difficulty gained admission and loudly termed the spacious hall as a hovel, he mounted the palatial stairs, rapping every banister rail loudly with his cane and shouting: "Basil Underwood is here. Get up." Down in due course, in various night attire, came the agitated household, consisting of Mr. West, his middle-aged sister, a child of fourteen, called Gracie, and various maids.

Basil, without knowing names, was sorting out his impressions and still singing when he stopped suddenly. The dark-eyed young woman in perfectly fitting satin pyjamas, coming along the corridor, he had seen too recently and under too interesting circumstances for non-recall. She was the wraith, momentarily seen of Joyce, the wraith who had invaded his dressing-room that evening, the worshipper of Othello, Hamlet and Romeo.

"Basil Underwood," she cried in her constraining voice.

"You're Marcia West?"

"Don't go," he entreated, as Mr. West bore down upon them. "You did invite me for the week-end, didn't you?"

"Marcia, get this lunatic out of here," Mr. West ordered.

"Don't mind father, Basil. He wouldn't understand. How did you know me—oh! never mind, I'm delighted you're here. I'll show you your room."

Ignoring Digges, who was des-

(*Continued on page 20*)

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IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER—*Continued*

perately trying to convey the need for instant departure, Basil allowed himself to be installed in the guest suite.

The short night was not too short for him to invent the next act in the farce which was to convert him into a better man by morning. Having assumed his spotted scarf, college blazer and white trousers, he sent Digges ahead to the family breakfast table to demand a kipper for Basil Underwood and if no kippers were forthcoming, to make the dickens of a fuss.

Judging by Mr. West's indignant remarks which Basil, about to take his cue, overheard, Digges' performance had been highly successful.

"What! no kippers! Basil, entering, demanded fiercely of the valet.

"We have eggs," Mr. West's middle-aged sister supplemented.

"We have kippers," spoke up a charming voice. Marcia, who had evidently left the room on a piscatorial search, faced Basil.

"I ride every Sunday morning. I'd love to have you ride with me," she added wistfully. So alluring she looked in the morning sunlight, that but for Digges' warning whistle Basil must have capitulated. To strengthen antagonism, he switched the conversation to moles, complaining of the two on Marcia's pretty face and advising her to get to a nunnery.

"Hamlet, act three, scene one," Digges sighed.

"You're a beast, I hate you," Marcia sobbed. "That's me, last act, last scene," her hurried exit enabled Basil to observe to Henry who had been its silent witness. "A short run, but, er, a smash hit, eh?"

"I'll never be able to thank you enough," Henry said fervently.

"It's I who should thank you, my dear boy, for giving me a chance to restore my self-respect. Pack the bags, Digges."

Ten minutes later, remarking to the valet how glad Miss Joyce would be to see them in time for a noon wedding, Basil coming down the main stairs, was stopped by Gracie. Gracie with a mark on her cheek where it had been pressed to a keyhole, danced up and down with excitement. "She's going to cut off her moles. Marcia is," she explained. "Gee, I heard her tell Henry Grant she was crazier about you than ever."

"Come, sir. Remember our noon wedding," Digges implored.

None the less, since it was clear to Basil that he had roused the slap-me-again-I-love-it complex in Marcia, she had still to be disillusioned. Determined to leave no loose ends, he sought out Henry. "Don't be discouraged, old man. My repertoire isn't nearly exhausted. I'll think out something more drastic." A garden fête had been planned for the afternoon. Before its opening Basil had come to a decision.

"Your girl's a realist," he confided to Henry by the seclusion of a yew hedge. "She's not to be taken in by an actor's tricks. I'm going to get down to earth and talk to her like a father. There she is calling me now. Wish me well, Henry. Coming, Marcia—coming."

Before he could cross the lawn to meet her, Digges appeared from behind the hedge, full of apologies for eavesdropping.

"So many times you start talking like a father and end up by talking like something else," he lamented. "If only you'd wait."

"I've thought it all out, Digges. This is the only thing to do."

"Let me go with you, sir."

"All right. If you're fretting. Follow me, but stay out of sight. Now if you could think of a signal when I——"

"Oh, sir, how about one of my bird calls, the ones I used to do in vaudeville before I became your dresser, sir? How would you like my wood lark, or the bobolink, perhaps?"

"I'll leave it to you, Digges."

Feeling decidedly more comfortable, Basil entered upon a promenade of the Italian garden with his love-sick lady. Adroitly, having compared the colour of the flowers she was carrying, to her cheeks, he transferred her talk of wedding bouquets to Henry and married bliss. Through their strictly platonic remarks, Basil was disturbingly aware of bird calls and whistles. Impossible that they should hear from Digges. And yet——"

"I thought I heard some fool little bird whistle," Basil divulged at length.

"That's not surprising. Come with me." He followed Marcia to an aviary stocked it seemed with every variety of rare and vocal bird.

Slightly disorganised, but still master of himself, Basil when pleaded with to talk about Basil, adhered to the topic of grease paint, until Marcia persisted with a sigh.

"You're a very lonely person. I see that now."

"Yes—yes—I'm utterly lonely. You're very sweet."

Disregarding a definitely human type of bird call, Basil allowed Marcia to nestle up beside him on the bench. "Last night when I saw you in your dressing-room," she hurried on, "I didn't know if it was you or the parts you play that I love. Now I know it's you."

"You're sure it's not just a schoolgirl infatuation."

"Hold my hands, dear. Feel them trembling. Is that puppy love or isn't it? If it is, it's as real to me as the thousands you've known." Something had started crowing now in good earnest.

"My dear, it's impossible," Basil cried, looking into her eyes. "You're only twenty and I, I'm incapable of loving any woman for more than a year, a month, a week."

"But what a week! What a month! What a year!"

"What a mess!" he added and closed his mouth on hers. "In a week, a month, a year, he looked up to see Joyce standing by the hedge. In the dim distance stood the panting Digges whose frantic quackings accompanied by arm flappings, had induced Joyce only a few moments before to think that he was slimming..

"Why, you're Joyce Arden," Marcia cried.

"And you're the young lady I saw coming out of Mr. Underwood's dressing-room. Cool, but wives have so few rights now-a-days."

"You're married?"

Basil acknowledged himself stymied. What could he do, but admit the fair impeachment. Certainly he thereby administered the knock-out to Marcia who left them forthwith. But Joyce, though Basil went into the whole story of the pact with Henry, was impossible to placate. First she screamed, then locked herself in Basil's room. Before he could try to get in, Marcia came to him. As in the case of kippers and moles, so she had got over Basil's marriage. It was not his fault, she said, that he had met Joyce before he met her, and as for the kiss in the garden, that was real, anyway.

Basil, helped by guests who conveniently came their way, put off further discussion. When ultimately, having pretended to shoot himself outside Joyce's door, she opened to him, he found no consolation. Joyce, in pointed phrase, disclaimed friendship with a man who, if he married Marcia, would be served up with love for breakfast, lunch and supper.

Appalled at the mere thought, Basil resorted unwisely to compromise as an expedient to make Marcia flee from him in terror. Far from fleeing, she was hailing his forced entry into her room as noble, when Henry, warned by Gracie, the eavesdropper, made a third in the affecting scene. Not wanting it generally known that he couldn't hold Marcia's affections, he naturally denied Basil's claim to be acting from the highest altruistic motives.

Indeed, he even went so far as to accuse Basil of double-crossing him, denounce him as a Thespian fraud and knock him cold.

Aware that insults could go no further, Basil, on recovery, magisterially ordered Digges to pack quickly.

Their double exit this time was achieved. The lift man deposited them at the hotel suite.

"Well, Digges, it's just you and I together from now," Basil said on entry. Alas! he was to be the victim of bad timing. Far too swiftly on his words, Marcia came forward from the sofa.

"I knew you'd follow me here," she triumphed.

"Don't say you want to compromise me. Think of your father. Think of Henry," Basil groaned.

"Mister Henry's here," Digges announced respectfully, returning from the adjoining room. Leaving Digges to deal with Marcia, Basil braced himself for the interview. But instead of a fire-eating Henry, he found in him a rival for the self-sacrificing act. "All I want is for Marcia to be happy," Henry declared. "I know when I'm beaten. Take her. She's yours."

"But I don't want her, old man."

"She wants you."

"She can't have me. It isn't fair. After all, I did this as a favour to you. You can't reward me by letting me hold the bag."

Really frightened, Basil was insisting on the point, when Marcia, breaking into the room, flung herself into Henry's arms.

"Do you love me all that much?" she implored.

"Of course he does," Basil hastened to assure her. She turned on him a glance of pure hatred. "Meddlesome old nuisance. Who asked you to interfere in our affairs," she demanded. "I heard every word you just said. I've studied psychology. I know what you are. You're an exhibitionist. All actors are. You're an actor and not a very good one, either."

"My dear little ninny; we're all actors. Henry, too. Who was it said: 'All the world's a stage?'"

Wounded to the core, Basil proceeded with the quotation. A poor actor was he? He'd show her.

Nearing the end of Jacques' profound speech on the Seven Ages of Man, he glanced towards the door. Long, long ago Marcia and Henry had made their exit. Good, but not enough.

"Do you realise this silly business has lost me the one woman I can't live without?" Basil inquired mournfully of Digges, who had appeared to applaud the peroration's finish. The door opened and there she stood, Joyce, with her blue eyes and enchanting smile. Has she met Marcia and Henry on their way down in the lift and learned the truth about the whole affair; also of the goodwill of Marcia who still thought of her as Mrs. Underwood? Basil was never to know. All he did know was that Joyce was looking at him intently—strangely.

"D-d-don't move. Just let me look at you. Something about you is different, darling. I don't know what it is, but you look another man. It may be the light of course, but there seems to be a—a halo round your head."

"Ah! and I thought it was all inside."

"And you did it all for me."

"All. Pack the bags, Digges We're flying to Las Vegas to get married."



Down in due course, in various night attire, came the agitated household.

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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

JAMES CAGNEY has now returned to the Warner fold, but *Something to Sing About* he made for First National, and it is one of the most entertaining pictures we have seen him in for some time.

It was directed by Victor Schertzinger, who is coming over here to produce the screen version of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and, while not in the true sense of the word a musical, it has some exceedingly tuneful numbers composed by the director, and also a dance item or two performed with near-Astaire efficiency by the star.

The film also introduces us to a fairly recent studio acquisition, Evelyn Daw, who shapes well as an actress and also sing extremely well.

The story is one which takes you behind the scenes in Hollywood, and it does it with the maximum of amusement and a general air of levity as well.

James Cagney plays the role of a successful dance-band leader in New York, Terry Rooney, who is taken by a talent scout to Hollywood, where he proceeds to make his first picture.

The producer's idea is not to allow him to think he is good, and he gets disheartened. The final straw comes when, in a fight sequence, he discovers that he is really being beaten up. After "cut" is called, he carries on the fight, and eventually makes havoc in the studio.

He then leaves, rings up his girl in New York, marries her, and goes on a honeymoon in a cargo steamer.

The producer and studio are in a panic because Terry has proved a box-office sensation and they cannot find him. Finally, he is located and signed up on a long-term contract. His wife, Rita, has to pretend to be his secretary to keep up the former glamour angle, and this eventually leads to all sorts of complications, which include his leading lady, who publishes a report that he is engaged to her.

Later, things are straightened out and domestic happiness reigns once more supreme.

There is a very human touch underlying all the fooling and the characters are convincingly drawn.

James Cagney is in excellent form as the irresponsible dance-band leader and Evelyn Daw is good as his wife.

A clever study of a temperamental foreign star is given by Mona Barry; an actress, by the way, who seems to be sadly neglected.

Gene Lockhart is good as the producer and William Frawley scores as a dynamic publicity agent.

An old-timer, Richard Tucker, is well in character as a director.

The picture rather tails off towards the end, but generally there are plenty of good lines, well-devised situations, and broad humour.

The partial eclipse of James Cagney has been a loss to the screen, and it is hoped that he will make a decided come-back.

The fact that he is playing the lead in an important picture, *Boy Meet Girl*, rather points to a welcome Cagney revival.

SECOND HONEYMOON

● This is nearly a very good picture—but not quite. The trouble with it is that it is patchy. Situations are well developed and then neglected, and there is at times an unconscionable slowness in the tempo, which does not accord with the somewhat "crazy" lines on which the farce is built up.

Loretta Young, always attractive personally and usually at her best in comedy, gives a vivacious and amusing performance as Vicky, a young woman who, having divorced her first husband for his irresponsibility and married a man who could give her a more ordered life, meets up again with the former and finds she is still in love with him.

Tyrone Power is very good in the role of husband number one, a playboy who cannot conceal the love he still holds for his ex-wife, and Lyle Talbot is well cast in contrast as the more solid spouse.

A clever little character study comes from Stuart Erwin as Power's valet, and a newcomer, Marjorie Weaver, is distinctly promising as a girl with whom he falls in love.

Marjorie Weaver, an undergraduate of the University of Indiana, won a beauty contest whilst in her final year at the University, and looks to me like one of those rarities—a competition winner who will make good.

She has played a few small parts during the past year, but this is her first role of any real importance. She is appearing next in *Sally, Irene, and Mary*.

I have digressed rather from the picture, but I think it is worth your while making a note of this little actress.

EXTASE

● Virtually a silent picture with sound effects and very occasional superimposed dialogue, this Czecho-slovakian picture dealing with an inhibited woman who finds a brief period of ecstasy with a lover is chiefly interesting for its brilliant camera work and carefully worked-out pictorial symbolism.

As a story it is very slowly developed and is apt at times to become tedious.

Eve marries an elderly man, who never consummates their marriage. She goes back to her home and divorce proceedings are instituted. One day she falls passionately for an engineer she meets whilst out riding and gives herself to him. They arrange to meet in the town.

The engineer, Adam, asks for a lift from a stranger, who turns out to be Eve's husband, and the latter, recognising one of his wife's trinkets in the man's hand, decides to crash the car. However, his nerve fails him and he collapses.

Adam takes him to the hotel where he is meeting Eve. Eve arrives, and she and Adam dance and dine together. Suddenly a shot rings out; the husband has committed suicide. The ecstasy is ended and Eve secretly slips away from Adam. Later he is seen still working on the road, and Eve is happy in the possession of a baby.

Hedy Lammarr is rather heavy and stilted as Eve, but she touches the requisite note of passion when required. Aribert Mog is good as Adam, and so is Zvonimir Rogoz as the husband.

The picture is reminiscent of the German silent technique, which had reached the pitch of perfection before the arrival of the talkies; it suffers, too, from its faults, slowness, and an excess of preciousness indicated by over-emphasised pictorial symbolism.

The theme, however, is sincerely handled and is cinematically expressive. There are some artistically handled nude sequences which occur when Eve goes bathing and meets Adam naked whilst she is running to catch her horse, which has bolted.

Eve's frustration in her desire for motherhood is emphasised by the natural breeding of horses and the introduction of the virile life of the countryside; the natural contrasted with the unnatural.

Characters are ably drawn, but it is a pity that the director thought fit to keep the tempo so slow; a rhythmic increase would have been much more in accord with the theme.

On the Screens Now

***THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA

First National. American. "U" certificate. Biographical drama. Runs 115 minutes.

PAUL MUNI	Emile Zola
GLORIA HOLDEN	Alexandrine Zola
JOS. SCHILDKRAUT	Captain Alfred Dreyfus
GALE SONDERGAARD	Lucie Dreyfus
DICKIE MOORE	Pierre Dreyfus
ROLLA GOURVITCH	Jeanne Dreyfus
DONALD CRISP	Maitre Labori
GRANT MITCHELL	Georges Clemenceau
JOHN LITTLE	Charpentier
LUMSDEN HARE	Mr. Richards
MARCIA MAE JONES	Helen Richards
GILBERT EMERY	Minister of War
HARRY DAVENPORT	Chief of Staff
PAUL EVERTON	Asst. Chief of Staff
RALPH MORGAN	Commander of Paris
WALTER KINGSFORD	Colonel Sandherr
HENRY O'NEILL	Colonel Picquart
ROBERT BARRAT	Major Walsin-Esterhazy
LOUIS CALHERN	Major Dort
ERIN O'BRIEN MOORE	Nana
MONTAGU LOVE	M. Cavaignac
ROBERT WARWICK	Major Henry
FRANK SHERIDAN	M. Van Cassell
MORRIS CARNOVSKY	Anatole France
VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF	Paul Cezanne
CHARLES RICHMAN	M. Delagorgue
FLORENCE ROBERTS	Madame Zola

Directed by William Dieterle. Story by Heinz Herald and Geza Herczeg based on the life of Emile Zola. Previewed November, 6, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams, appeared in our issue of November 27, 1937.

After a rather dull opening, which shows Zola's struggles, this picture develops into strong, sincere drama and gives Paul Muni, in the title role, one of the best parts of his screen career.

Briefly, the plot shows how Emile Zola, seeker and ruthless dispenser of truth, writes his way from poverty to riches. In later years success causes him to become smug, but he is shaken from the lethargy of respectability when Mme. Dreyfus comes to him with proof that her husband is the innocent victim of a military intrigue.

He then publishes his famous "J'Accuse," and his stern condemnation of political hypocrisy results in a trial for libel. He is found guilty, but escapes to England to continue his campaign. Finally, Dreyfus is vindicated, but death takes Zola, and it is left to his country to honour him posthumously.

Muni dominates the film and is immense in both his reading of the "J'Accuse" article and in the court sequences.

Joseph Schildkraut is sensitive and convincing as Dreyfus.

Gale Sondergaard is admirable as Dreyfus' wife, and Gloria Holden as Madame Zola and Erin O'Brien Moore as the prostitute who inspired Zola's famous novel, "Nana," are both very good.

***IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Satirical comedy. Runs 91 minutes.

LESLIE HOWARD	Basil
BETTE DAVIS	Joyce
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	Marcia West
ERIC BLORE	Digges
GEORGE BARBIER	William West
PATRIC KNOWLES	Henry Grant
SPRING BYINGTON	Aunt Ella
GEORGIA CAINE	Mrs. Kane
VEDA ANN BORG	Elsie
BONITA GRANVILLE	Gracey Kane
VALERIE BERGERE	Joyce's Maid
E. E. CLIVE	First Butler
THOMAS POGUE	Mr. Hinkle
SARAH EDWARDS	Mrs. Hinkle
HARVEY CLARK	Mr. Babson
GRACE FIELDS	Mrs. Babson
THOMAS MILLS	Second Butler
ED. MORTIMER	Mr. Kane

Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The story freely based on the film appears on pages 18 and 20. Previewed January 29th, 1938.

One of the best satirical pictures of the year, with Leslie Howard emerging from his dreamy, philosophical roles and showing us that he can be just as good as a straight comedian. His interpretation of a "ham" actor is just perfect, neither under- nor over-stated.

He is cast as Basil, the darling of the stalls as well as the gods, who, while he falls frequently and heavily for feminine flattery, always goes back to his leading lady, Joyce, with whom he is as delighted to quarrel as to make love.

The main issue of the story is Basil's entanglement with an infatuated girl whom he promises to disillusion in order to restore her to the arms of her fiancé! The complications are piquant and involved, but in the end he is content to see the young lady safe in the arms of her lover, and himself back with Joyce and ready to quarrel at any moment.

Bette Davis is brilliant as Joyce and plays up to Leslie Howard admirably.

Other notably good performances are given by Olivia de Havilland as Marcia and Eric Blore as the actor's faithful valet.

**MADAME X

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate.

GLADYS GEORGE	Jacqueline Fleuriot
WARREN WILLIAM	Bernard Fleuriot
JOHN BEAL	Raymond Fleuriot
REGINALD OWEN	Maurice Dourel
WILLIAM HENRY	Hugh Fariman, jun.
HENRY DANIELL	Lerocle
PHILLIP REED	Jean
LYNNE CARVER	Hélene
EMMA DUNN	Rose
RUTH HUSSEY	Annette
LUIS ALBERNI	Scipio
GEORGE ZUCCO	Dr. LaFarge
CORA WITHERSPOON	Nora
JONATHAN HALE	Hugh Fariman, sen.
ADIA KUZNETZOFF	Captain Durcas

Directed by Sam Wood. Previewed November 6, 1937.

The sentiment is laid on with a trowel in this, the fourth or fifth version of the famous tear-jerking melodrama which wafted Pauline Frederick to fame and fortune.

It is well done of its kind and played in true melodramatic fashion, though Gladys George, in the role of the mother, who, turned out of her home by a stern husband and finally sunk in degradation, shoots a man in order to save her son's name from being besmirched, is apt to be over theatrical.

As the son, who is a barrister and defends his mother, John Beal is also guilty of over-acting.

However, Warren William is very good as the husband, as is Henry Daniell as the blackmailer.

(*Continued on page* 24)

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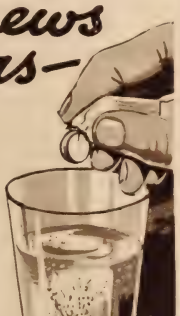
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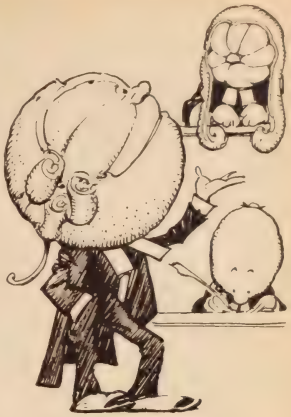
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REVIEWS—continued

**SHE'S NO LADY

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Crook comedy. Runs 62 minutes.

ANN DVORAK.....Jerry Brown
JOHN TRENT.....Bill Mallory
HARRY BERESFORD.....Uncle John"
GUINN WILLIAMS.....Jeff
AILEEN PRINGLE.....Mrs. Douglas
ARTHUR HOYT.....Mr. Douglas
PAUL HURST.....Policeman
THOMAS JACKSON.....Detective

Directed by Charles Vidor.

A somewhat novel crook story, in which all the characters appear to be trying to double-cross each other. The end is a conventional one, with the hero and heroine turning out to be on the side of law and order. The suspense element is, however, generally well maintained and the acting is good.

Ann Dvorak shows what a clever comedienne she can be as the heroine and John Trent is effective as the hero.

The remainder of the cast is also well up to standard.

**THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

General Film Distributors. British. "U" certificate.

JACK BUCHANAN.....Dave Harber
MARA LOSSEFF.....Madame Isobella
WILLIAM KENDALL...Thornwall D. Beamish
DAVID HUTCHESON.....Teddy Carson
H. F. MALTBY.....Lord Beckley
ATHENE SEYLER.....Miss Prinney
SARA ALLGOOD.....Mrs. O'Reilly
ANTONY HOLLES.....Marillo
DAVID BURNS.....Ballyhoo" Bangs
CHARLES STONE.....Orchestra Leader
ANDREA MALANDRINOS.....Head Waiter
WALLY PATCH.....Commissionaire
BARRY LUPINO.....An Inebriated Gentleman
MORRIS HARVEY.....Baltavian Ambassador
C. M. HALLARD.....Lord Morgan
SAM WILKINSON.....A journalist
RAWICZ AND LANDAUER, AND THE FOUR NEW YORKERS.

Directed by Jack Buchanan and Lee Garmes. Screen play by Ralph Spence.

While it is all pretty thin stuff, Jack Buchanan's admirers will doubtless find this comedy to their liking. The star breezes through it gaily as an aeroplane designer who falls in love with an opera star and succeeds both in becoming famous and winning the lady.

The latter is played by a newcomer, Mara Losseff, who is fair and sings tunefully.

David Hutcheson supplies somewhat laboured comedy as the star's friend, a composer, whose song Jack Buchanan tries to sell to his operatic conquest.

Two good character studies are given by Athene Seyler as a secretary and Sara Allgood as an Irish landlady.

Jack Buchanan sings and tap dances in a rather over-prolonged cabaret sequence.

*THAT'S MY STORY

General Film Distributors. (Universal) American. "U" certificate. Newspaper melodrama. Runs 62 minutes.

CLAUDIA MORGAN.....Janet Marlowe
WILLIAM LUNDIGAN.....Howard Field
EDDIE GARR.....Jenks
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Sheriff Otis
RALPH MORGAN.....City Editor Carter
BERNADENE HAYES.....Bonnie Rand
CHARLES WILSON.....Editor Cummings
HARLAND BRIGGS.....Sheriff Allen
EDWARD GARGAN.....John
CHARLES TROWBRIDGE.....Martin
MURRAY ALPER.....Blackie
JERRY MANDY.....Eddie

Directed by Sidney Salkow. Based on the story "Scoop" by Vee Terrys Perlman.

Conventional newspaper story, dealing with the rivalry of a reporter and a sob-sister and their subsequent romance.

It is a mixture of inconsequential comedy and melodrama, and can hardly be called convincing. It has its amusing moments, however.

Acting generally is quite sound.

*THE GIRL IN THE TAXI

A.B.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Musical farce. Runs 71 minutes.

FRANCES DAY.....Suzanne
HENRI GARAT.....Rene Boislurette
JOHN DEVERELL.....Emil Pomarel
LAWRENCE GROSSMITH.....Baron des Aubrais
HELEN HAYE.....Delphine
JEAN GILLIE.....Jacqueline
MACKENZIE WARD.....Hubert
BEN FIELD.....Dominique
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....Charency
JOAN KEMP-WELCH.....Suzanne Dupont
ALBERT WHELAN.....Alexis

Directed by Berthomieu. Adapted from the musical comedy by George Okonkowsky. Music by Jean Gilbert.

Frances Day does her best to infuse an up-to-date note in this somewhat out-moded farce, which relies for its theme on the assumption that Paris is a very "naughty" city.

It has its moments, but its main attraction is the tuneful music, which still carries the charm for which it was noted in pre-war days.

Lawrence Grossmith is quite good as a hypocritical moralist and Mackenzie Ward is sound as his son.

Neither Henri Garat nor Jean Gillie is called on to do much.

c*WINDJAMMER

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Sea drama. Runs 58 minutes.

GEORGE O'BRIEN.....Bruce Lane
CONSTANCE WORTH.....Betty Selby
WILLIAM HALL.....Captain Morgan
GAVIN GORDON.....Forsythe
BRANDON EVANS.....Commodore Selby
LAL CHAND MEHRA.....Wiley
BEN HENDRICKS.....Dolan
LEE SHUMWAY.....Yacht Captain
STANLEY BLYSTONE.....Peterson
FRANK HAGNEY.....Slim
SAM FLINT.....Bishop
ALBERTO BAFFERT.....Monk
JACK CHEATHAM.....McNeil
JERRY FRANK.....Bilgey
TED STANHOPE.....Piper
KERNAN BRIPPS.....Roberts
WARREN JACKSON.....Jansen
TAYLOR WOODS, BOB BUTT.....Yacht Crew

Directed by Ewing Scott. From an original story by Major Raoul Haig.

A thin sea story, in which George O'Brien acquits himself well as a state attorney who is trying to serve a subpoena on a commodore on his yacht, and is forced to stay aboard and work his passage. He falls in love with the commodore's pretty daughter, and later is useful in dealing with a gun runner who sinks the yacht and takes the party aboard.

Constance Worth is weak as the heroine. There are some good comedy touches and occasional thrills, but as a whole there is not a lot to it.

*LARCENY ON THE AIR

British Lion. American. "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 61 minutes.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON.....Lawrence Baxter
GRACE BRADLEY.....Jean Sterling
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....W. MacDonald
PIERRE WATKIN.....Kennedy
SMILEY BURNETTE.....Jimmy
GRANVILLE BATES.....Professor Sterling
WILLIAM NEWELL.....Andrews
BYRON FOULGER.....Pete
WILBUR MACK.....F. J. Thompson
MATTY FAIN.....Burke
JOSEPHINE WHITTELL.....Miss Nelson
CHARLES TIMBLIN.....Swain

Directed by Irving Pichel. From an original story by Richard English.

An exposure of the patent-medicine racket in America provides sensational melodrama of a not too convincing but, nevertheless, popular order.

Robert Livingston is sound enough as a doctor who crusades against dangerous patent cures and is finally able to nail down the crook who exploits them.

This latter role is vigorously played by Pierre Watkin, while Grace Bradley is effective as the heroine, the daughter of a professor, who aids the doctor in his self-imposed task.

There is a fair amount of suspense and a thrill climax.

*WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Triangle drama. Runs 84 minutes.

LORETTA YOUNG.....Ina
WARNER BAXTER.....Dr. Judd Lewis
VIRGINIA BRUCE.....Steve
JANE DARWELL.....Mrs. Krueger
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Dr. Thepserg
MAURICE CASS.....Pompout
MINNA GOMBELL.....Constance
MARGARET IRVING.....Mrs. Cunningham
GORDON ELLIOTT.....Bruce Thomas
ELISHA COOK, JUN.....Glen Wylie
BREWSTER TWINS.....Speciality
PAUL HURST.....Bill
HAL. K. DAWSON.....Dr. Hedges
GEORGE ERNEST.....Red
GEORGES RENEVENT.....Nick
SPENCER CHARTERS.....Uncle
CLAIRE DE BREY.....Miss Farrell
LON CHANEY, JUN.....Chauffeur
CHARLES JUDELS.....Chef
STANLEY FIELDS.....Delivery Man
OLIN HOWLAND.....Doorman
JAN DUGGAN.....Supt. of Nurses

Directed by Walter Lang. Screen play by Kathryn Scola, Darrell Ware and Lamar Trott. Pre-viewed December 4, 1937.

Warner Baxter finds himself in this picture in the position of wanting two women to make him really comfortable—his wife and his extremely capable head nurse.

He is cast, as a doctor and, in spite of his magnetic personality, is unable to make much of the extremely trite story which deals with the relations between the two women concerned.

Loretta Young is attractive as the wife and Virginia Bruce good as the nurse, but they can make little headway with the banal material at their command.

THE SCHOONER GANG

Butchers. British. "U" certificate. Nautical melodrama. Runs 71 minutes.

VESTA VICTORIA.....Mrs. Truman
PERCY HONRI.....Adam
MARY HONRI.....His Daughter
BILLY PERCY.....Freddie Fellowes
GERALD BARRY.....Carleton
FRANK ATKINSON.....Ben Worton
BETTY NORTON.....Mary Truman
BASIL BROADBENT.....Jack Norris
IRIS TERRY.....Francis Dayne
JOHN ROWAL.....The Weasel
RALPH RAWSON.....Roper
TUBBY HAYES.....Zeke

THE GERRARD QUARTETTE

Directed by W. Devenport Hackney.

Somewhat old-fashioned music-hall acts are interspersed in this very artless melodrama, dealing with an ex-convict who steals a necklace and proceeds to double-cross his associates.

He hides the jewels in an aspidistra belonging to his sister, proprietress of a waterfront inn, and when he has been killed by the gang she finds it, and is able to claim the reward for the benefit of her daughter and her fiancé.

Vesta Victoria, as the proprietress of the inn, puts over a song or two well, but the acting generally is poor, and the whole production mechanical and out-moded.

SLAVES IN BONDAGE

B.I.E.D. American. "A" certificate. White slave melodrama. Runs 66 minutes.

LONA ANDRE.....Dona
DONALD REED.....Philip Miller
WHEELER OAKMAN.....Jim Murray
JOHN MERTON.....Nick
RICHARD CRAMER.....Dutch
WILLIAM ROYALE.....City Editor
EDWARD PIELE, SEN.....Detective Captain
LOUISE SMALL.....Mary Lou
MATTY ROUBERT.....Good Looking Freddy"
SUZANNA KIM.....Fan Dancer

Directed by Elmer Clifton.

Cheap sensationalism of an unpleasant order, which mistakes suggestiveness for entertainment.

It deals with white slavery, and the characters are as unpleasant as the incidents they are called upon to enact.

TWIN FACES

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Romantic melodrama. Runs 67 minutes.

ANTHONY IRELAND.....{ Jimmy the Climber / Michael Wentworth
FRANCESCA BAHRLE.....Judy Strangeways
FRANK BIRCH.....Ben Zwegi
IVAN WILMOT.....Levenstein
PAUL NEVILLE.....
Asst. Commissioner Strangeways
FRANK TICKLE.....John Cedar
VICTOR HAGEN.....Inspector Coates
GEORGE TURNER.....Maurice

Directed by Laurence Huntington from a story by Douglas Reekie.

A tedious plot of mistaken identity, in which Anthony Ireland plays the roles of a cat-burglar and the nephew of a famous art dealer on whom he tries to cast suspicions for his thefts.

It is all very naive and obvious, with the camera work as practically its only asset.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference Index*

***THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA
***IT'S LOVE I'M AFTER
**MADAME X
**SHE'S NO LADY
**THE SKY'S THE LIMIT
*THAT'S MY STORY
*THE GIRL IN THE TAXI
*cWINDJAMMER
*LARCENY ON THE AIR
*WIFE, DOCTOR AND NURSE
THE SCHOONER GANG
SLAVES IN BONDAGE
TWIN FACES

What the asterisks mean—
**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Action For Slander (2)	...	*Jan.* 22
Another Dawn (2)	...	*Jan.* 15
Big Business (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Blazing Sixes (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Blonde Trouble (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2)...		*Jan.* 8
Café Metropole (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
Captains Courageous (4)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Double Wedding (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Dr. Syn (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Easy Living (3)	...	*Jan.* 15
Edge of the World, The (3)	...	*Jan.* 8
Firefly, The (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Footlight Heiress (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Forlorn River (2)c	...	*Feb.* 5
Go-Getter, The (2)c	...	*Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3)	...	*Jan.* 1
High Wide and Handsome (2)		*Jan.* 22
Hit Parade, The (2)	...	*Jan.* 15
It's All Yours (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Keep Fit (2)c	...	*Feb.* 19
Kid Galahad (3)	...	*Jan.* 22
Knight Without Armour (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Let's Make a Night of It (2)		*Jan.* 29
Lovely to Look At (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Man Betrayed, A (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Midnight Madonna (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
New Faces of 1937 (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
North of the Rio Grande (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c	...	*Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2)	...	*Jan.* 8
Rustler's Valley (2)c	...	*Feb.* 19
Sing and Be Happy (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Souls at Sea (3)	...	*Feb.* 12
Squeaker, The (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Star is Born, A (3)	...	*Jan.* 15
Stella Dallas (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Sunset in Vienna (3)	...	*Jan.* 15
Super Sleuth (2)c	...	*Feb.* 12
Thirteenth Man, The (2)		*Feb.* 19
Victoria the Great (4)	...	*Dec.* 25
Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938 (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Way Out West (2)	...	*Jan.* 15
Wee Willie Winkie (2)c	...	*Dec.* 25
Who's Your Lady Friend? (2)		*Dec.* 25
Wild and Woolly (2)c	...	*Feb.* 12
Wild Money (2)	...	*Jan.* 1
You Can't Have Everything (2)		*Jan.* 22

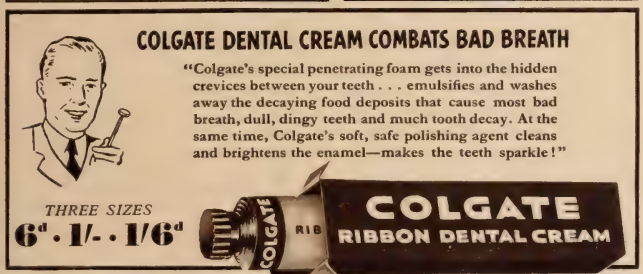


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'DON'T HAVE FADED FAIR HAIR'

ADVISES
MARY ROSE of the "Daily Sketch"

Tells How to Restore Glamorous Colour to Darkened, Faded Fair Hair

"Yes, she was pretty a few years ago, but you know how these blondes fade." . . . Poor girl she actually overheard this remark about herself. She came to me heard-broken. "It *was* catty," I said. "But there was also a certain amount of truth in what she said. Your hair used to be so lovely and it is so dull and faded-looking now—it makes your very complexion look the worst of blond hair," she wailed—"it *goes off* in colour . . ." "It need not," I said firmly. "Come with me—I'm going to buy you the most marvellous shampoo—it'll bring back all those golden lights—make your hair soft and fair and pretty—without any harmful dyes or bleaches. It's called Sta-blond."



Without injurious bleaching you can now wash darkened fair hair 2 to 4 shades lighter and not change its natural appearance.

Later I met my friend—her hair had regained all its shining blond beauty—it seemed to make her complexion look fairer—more pink and white—her eyes looked bluer too!" . . .

Sta-blond (pronounced—Stay-blond) does everything promised by every other shampoo (whether soapless or otherwise). *But*, it does something more! It washes mousy, darkened, fair hair 2-4 shades lighter, brings back its golden beauty—keeps light hair from darkening. *And* its precious ViteF stops and prevents brittleness and dandruff. Your perm holds longer too—Get your Sta-blond to-day.

Like Mary Rose, Beauty Editors of many newspapers and magazines advise their "fair" readers to use a shampoo made specially for fair hair.

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D.A.5

A SLAM FOR SLAMMERS

Try Standing Farther Back

SO many film-slammers resemble yokels who, visiting an Art Gallery, stand near a canvas, and see less than the long-sighted enthusiast who stands well back.

The Slammer's peculiarity is lack of proportion in criticism. Laughton, Bergner, Taylor and other stars are just so much "return" for his admission money; seldom does he regard the film world as akin to a Palace full of interest.

Yet such it is with portrayal of *life*—jostling, vulgar, commonplace, heroic, self-sacrificing, mirth-provoking, filth, poverty, glamour, crime, kindness, love, lucre, beauty, talent.

If, after taking this wider view, the inveterate Slammer isn't a little ashamed, let him sneak out, and buy himself (or herself) an ancient magic-lantern !—*R. James Haswell, 77 Grange Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.*



The caricature of Marlene Dietrich is the seventeenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Losing Caste

● Breathes there an exhibitor with grit so great that he will announce "This is a film for the serious minded," when advertising a certain attraction?

I have heard members of the audience laughing during beautiful moments in films, heard sniggers break out when trick photography was being shown. *But I have yet to see any offender ejected for ungentlemanly or unwomanly conduct.*

In "silent" days the "chucker-out" was much in evidence. Now that office is defunct. Which leads one to the inevitable conclusion that exhibitors are more afraid of losing the shillings of offenders than the respect of the rest of the audience.

If this conclusion is correct, the exhibitor is bound to lose caste in the eyes of thousands. Rather a foolish idea in order to retain a few shillings.—(*Mrs.*) *Edith Race, 46 Southey Crescent, Sheffield, 5, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

If Only . . .

● If I were but Clark Gable
And you were Marlene D.
Then no one would be able
To laugh or sneer at me.
While you, my dear, would never feel
You lacked your share of sex appeal.
You'd wear a coat of sable,
I'd evening dress with glee
If I were but Clark Gable,
And you were Marlene D.

As we sat at a table
In Nice or gay Paree,
Our placing would enable
Your fans to gaze and see.
They'd crowd round for your autograph;
Then you'd get haughty, stare and laugh,
"Oh, please remove this Babel,
Dear Clark I want my tea."
If I were but Clark Gable,
And you were Marlene D.

When we stars have a label,
We can't be ordin'ry,
We're utterly unable
Our normal selves to be;
So if our valet one fine day,
Excitedly should come and say,
"Sir, here's Sam Goldwyn's cable,
He offers millions, see,"
I'd yawn if I were Gable,
You'd stare like Marlene D.

We have no racing stable
No swimming pools have we—
Because I'm not Clark Gable,
And you're not Marlene D.

—*Leon Jacobs, 8 Oxford Street, Kidderminster, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Brickbat As Scheduled

● I'm very glad that "Thinker" warned Elizabeth Fletcher to expect brickbats from Leslie Howard's fans.

How any fan of his could stand by and hear one of the greatest actors on the screen and stage accused of "lifeless impassivity" I don't know.

If she listened to *Hamlet* on the radio, perhaps she'll realise how the great acting quality of his voice deems any bodily or facial action unnecessary.

But please don't think I'm admitting that there is no expression in his face, for whose features could express the love-sick young Romeo more vividly than his? Not Gary Cooper's I fear.

One of the greatest things I admire about Leslie Howard is that he has escaped being typed.

He isn't a Clark Gable or a Robert Taylor (thank goodness), but is an individual dreamy personality. I for one hope he will always remain so.—(*Miss*) *Margery Mileham, 192 Gower Street, Euston Square, N.W.1.*

(*This is only one of a huge pile of brickbats received.—"Thinker."*)

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films ?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

Who's Who

Nino Martini

● One of Italy's gifts to the movies, this operatic star was born in Verona on, July 8, 1905. He intended to be an engineer, but his father's death when Nino was in his teens forced him to give up the idea. Instead he took advantage of a naturally fine singing voice and went on the concert stage.

Jesse L. Lasky, the film producer, heard him in Paris in 1929 and signed him for Hollywood, but the sound recording of those days was poor and he failed to get across. Martini returned to Europe, but in 1931 again visited America, as leading tenor with Philadelphia Grand Opera Company.

By 1935 good musical films had become popular and Lasky, remembering the young Italian, sent for him and starred him in *Here's to Romance*. He has subsequently scored in *The Gay Desperado* and *Music for Madame*.

The singer is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and grey-green eyes.

Raymond Massey

● Was born in Toronto, Canada, on August 30, 1896, and was educated at Appleby School, Ontario, Toronto University and Balliol College, Oxford. He served in the war with the Canadian forces in France, where he was wounded, and in Siberia.

Massey made his first appearance on the stage at the Everyman Theatre in 1922. A number of successes in plays like *Glamour*, *The Rose and the Ring*, *The Constant Nymph* and *The Shining Hour* followed.

Films include : *The Speckled Band*, *The Old Dark House*, *The Face at the Window*, *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *The Shape of Things to Come*, *Fire Over England*, *Dreaming Lips*, *Under the Red Robe*, *The Prisoner of Zenda* and *The Hurricane*.

Raymond Massey is married to Adrienne Allen, the actress. He is 6ft. 1 in. tall and has dark hair and brown eyes.

Jessie Matthews

Celebrates her birthday next month—on March 11, to be exact—and if she has a cake she will be entitled to blow out thirty-one candles. Jessie, as most people know now, was born in London, one of a large family not blessed with a superabundance of the world's goods. As a child she played in the streets round about Berwick market, and was educated at the council school in Soho. After school hours, inspired by her elder sister, she studied elocution and dancing.

Her first appearance on the professional stage was on May 15, 1923, when she got a job in the chorus of *The Music Box Revue* at the Palace Theatre. An engagement in *Charlot's Revue* followed and led to her eventually becoming Gertrude Lawrence's understudy in the show. Her big chance came when the revue was staged in America. One night Miss Lawrence fell ill, and Jessie, taking over the part, scored a big success. On the company's return to England in 1926 she was promoted to leading lady, and at the age of 19 she achieved a triumph that brought London to her feet. It was the first of a series of big successes including *This Year of Grace*, *Wake Up and Dream* and *Evergreen*.

For a long time, Jessie was chary of films, but when she was finally won over to the movie medium it immediately became evident that her personality was particularly suited to the screen. *There Goes the Bride*, her first picture, had the critics raving about her, and in her subsequent films, *The Midshipmaid*, *The Man From Toronto*, *The Good Companions*, *Friday the Thirteenth*, *Waltzes from Vienna*, *Evergreen*, *First a Girl*, *It's Love Again*, *Head Over Heels* and *Gangway* she has become probably our most important feminine star. So far she has rejected all offers (and there have been many of them) to go to Hollywood.

Jessie has just completed *Sailing Along*. The star has been married to Sonnie Hale, who has directed most of her recent pictures, since 1931.

She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and has dark hair and eyes.

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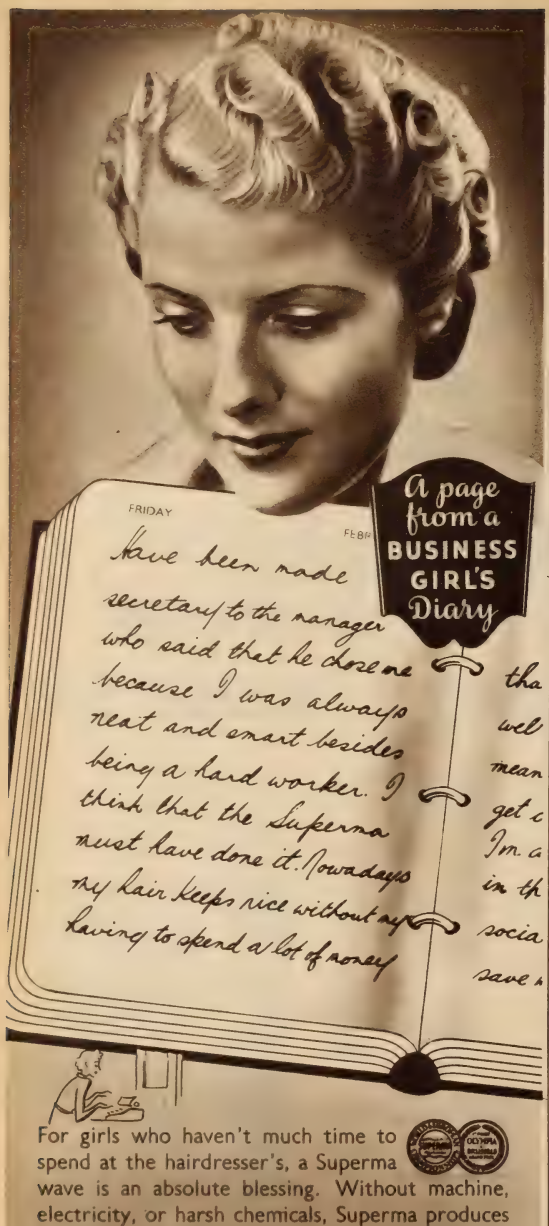
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WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MACHINELESS PERM

LET GEORGE DO IT!

P. S. (Upminster).—The chief characters in the series of films about the *Jones Family* are played by Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, Russell Gleason, Kenneth Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson, Florence Roberts and Billy Mahan. (2) Write to Eleanor Powell, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

J. E. O. M. (Streatham).—(1) Ronald Sinclair, b. Jan. 21, 1924, Dunedin, New Zealand; he is 4 ft. 10 in. tall, weighs 85 lb. and has blue-grey eyes and brown hair. He is scheduled for *Brothers* with Freddie Bartholomew for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) (2) Mickey Rooney, b. Sept. 23, 1921. His latest film is *Boy of the Streets* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.)' (3) Release dates as follows : *Dead End*—April 4, 1938; *Big City*—Jan. 31, 1938; *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry*—May 9, 1938; *Ebb Tide*—May 16, 1938; *Souls at Sea*—Feb. 14, 1938; *Easy Living*—Jan. 17, 1938; *Stage Door*—March 21, 1938; *Prisoner of Zenda*—March 14, 1938. (4) Luise Rainer had to retire from the cast of *Madelon* owing to her ill health. (5) Ronald Colman is scheduled for *Sometimes It's Fun* for Selznick International (U.S.A.) and *Fancy Free* for Hal Roach (U.S.A.). (6) Photographs are obtainable from the Postcard Salon 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2/6 a dozen, of all the stars you mention excepting David Niven and Billy and Bobbie Mauch.

Regular Reader (Co. Cork).—Biographies as follows : Gordon Jones, b. Alden, Iowa, April 3, 1912. He is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 195 lb., has brown wavy hair and hazel eyes and is married to an old school friend. His latest film is *There Goes My Girl;* Alan Marshal, b. Jan. 29, 1909, Australia. He is 6 ft. 1¼ in. tall, weighs 165 lb., has dark brown hair and brown eyes and is not married. Latest film, *I Met My Love Again.* Tim Holt is the son of Jack Holt and is about seventeen years old, is 6 ft. tall. Latest film, *Gold is Where You Find It.* George E. Stone, b. May 1, 1904, Lodz, Poland. He is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, weighs 110 lb. and has dark brown hair and brown eyes, not married. Latest film, *Clothes and the Woman.*

The Two 'E's Fan (Yorks).—(1) Mr. Penny's (Richard Goolden) first film is *Mr. Penny Takes the Air.* (2) I am sorry, but we have no details of fan clubs for either Edward Everett Horton or the Mauch Twins. (3) Write to Miss Dorothea Rupp, 1015 Bellevue Road, San Bernardino, California, U.S.A., for details of a fan club for Errol Flynn. (4) Latest films : Edward Everett Horton—*College Swing;* Errol Flynn—*The Adventures of Robin Hood;* The Mauch Twins—*Penrod and His Twin Brother;* Ronald Colman—*Sometimes It's Fun.*

Film Fan (Nottingham).—No, Buddy Clark does not sing for Jack Haley in all his films. He "dubbed" for him in *Wake Up and Live* because Darryl Zanuck did not consider Jack Haley's voice suitable for the film. (2) Nino Martini's latest film is *Music for Madame,* with Joan Fontaine; and Michael Bartlett is scheduled for three films for Republic (U.S.A.).

L. C. (1)—Asterisks awarded in the Reviews section of this magazine as follows : *Call of the Wild* and *Secret Interlude,* two; *Mutiny on the Bounty,* four; *San Francisco* and *Rose Marie,* three. (2) Joan Bennett played opposite George Raft in *Woman Tamer.* (3) The stars scheduled for *Test Pilot* are Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore.

J. G. (Isle of Wight).—The music in *History is Made at Night* was "La Campasita" which is recorded on H.M.V. (G.V.25), Parlophone R.221 and Decca F.3677. (2). Yes, Simone Simon is now 23 years old—she was b. April 23, 1914. (3) Deanna Durbin was b. Dec. 4, 1922. (4) No, pictures of the actual Coronation of Their Majesties King George and Queen Elizabeth were not included in the film *The Prince and the Pauper.*

F. G. (Leeds).—Sonja Henie, b Oslo, April 8, 1913, her latest film is *Happy Landing,* with Don Ameche. (2) *Thin Ice* was the original title of *Lovely to Look At,* which will be released on Feb. 7, 1938. (3) Most of the stars employ secretaries to answer their fan mail. It would be impossible for the stars to attend to this job personally as well as their film work.

S. C. (Poplar).—George Murphy, b. July 4, 1903, Newhaven; he made his theatrical debut in *Good News* in London in 1927. His latest films include *London by Night, Broadway Melody of 1938, The Women Men Marry, You're a Sweetheart.* Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

Greta (Glasgow).—Robert Cochran, b. 1908, Glasgow; write to him c/o London Films. His latest film is *Against the Tide.*

F. C. (Lincs.).—Yes, photographs of Alice Faye can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Office Girl (Leicester).—I am sorry, but we did not publish either a centre spread or the story of *The Three Maxims.*

J. B. (Warrington).—Rex Harrison, b. 1908, Huyton, Cheshire; he has dark hair and is over 6 ft. tall, is married and has one son. His latest film is *Over the Moon* for London Film Productions.

Hugh Williams Crazy.—(1) Hugh Williams' films since 1934 include : *All Men Are Enemies; A Woman of the World; Elinor Norton; David Copperfield; Let's Live Tonight; Lieut. Daring, R.N.; The Last Journey; Her Last Affaire; The Amateur Gentleman; The Happy Family; Gipsy; Side Street Angel; The Windmill; Perfect Crime; Brief Ecstasy; Dark Stairway; Bank Holiday* and *The Norwich Victims.* Write to him c/o Warner Bros. (British). (2) *Brief Ecstasy* will be released on March 7, 1938. (3) Billy Milton's films since 1935 include : *Aunt Sally; Music Hath Charms; King of the Castle; One in a Million; Someone at the Door; A Star Fell from Heaven; No Exit; The Dominant Sex; Aren't Men Beasts; Cross My Heart; Spring Handicap; Saturday Night Revue; The Last Chance.* Write to him c/o Associated British pictures (Eng.). (4) Photographs of Billy Milton, Hugh Williams and Ivor Novello are obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

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Banish your anæmia by taking these pills now. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.—Every girl in the country should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.



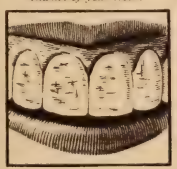
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Make sure your tooth paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send coupon below for free sample). Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouthwash and Odol Denture Powder

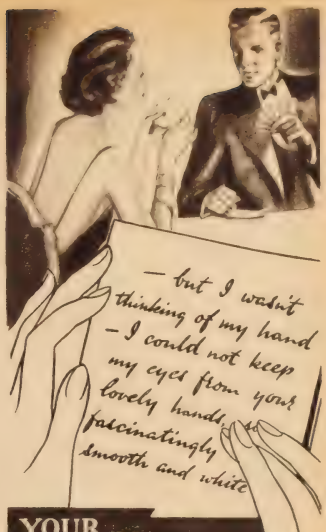
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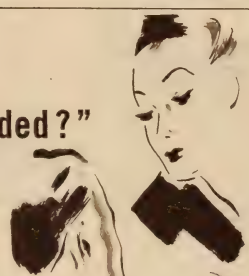
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"Can enlarged pores be avoided?"



"Yes—in 9 cases out of 10"

SAY SKIN SPECIALISTS

Enlarged pores result when the mouths of pores are forced open. This happens when you use a powder containing materials which swell when moistened.

Nose pores are affected first because they are larger than other pores (see diagrams on the right). Tiny grains of powder sometimes lodge in them. If these grains swell when moistened by the skin, they force open the pores—permanently enlarging them.

Coty "Air Spun" powder never enlarges pores because it contains no materials that swell. And there is no orris root in it to irritate the skin, no artificial adhesives to blanket pores.

If you have a delicate skin, don't fail to try Coty "Air Spun" powder. In the wide range of lovely shades, you'll find there's one that's just right for you. Ask specially to see the fashionable new *Miblonde* and *Brunat*. In 2 sizes—1/3 or 2/3. (The 2/3 size contains twice as much powder.) From your favourite shop, or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, London.



Enlarged illustration of skin showing how nose pores (bottom) are larger than ordinary pores (top).



Tiny grains of powder easily lodge in nose pores. If these grains swell when moistened, notice how the pores are forced open and enlarged.



Coty AIR SPUN

THE FACE POWDER THAT STAYS ON BETTER

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHAT a joy it is to think of new Spring clothes. It adds fresh zest to life. It may be an old joke but nevertheless it remains an ever new truth that a new hat is the finest feminine tonic in the world.

What are we going to wear in the coming season?

Well, as far as colours are concerned we are to go all pastel and delicate. We shall try as far as possible to look like bits of Dresden china. The colours chosen for the Spring are all beautiful variations on the blues, the pinks and the palest greys.

Black will remain popular, for it is always the standby of the really smart woman, but it will be black to which is added a dash of colour. There is a particular shade of green that is wonderfully smart with black, and there is also a becoming shade of pink that is a perfect accompaniment.

Just a word, however, about the wearing of black. Take stock of yourself very carefully before you choose to wear black. Black is the perfect frame for the immaculately groomed woman. It needs a perfectly dressed head, a hat that is the last word in chic, irreproachable gloves, stockings and shoes and the smartest thing in handbags. And lastly, a clever make-up.

Consider all these things carefully. Unless you can honestly say that the above gives a good description of yourself, avoid black. For without these qualifications it looks merely dowdy, something like some hastily bought mourning.

Let us return for a moment to the colours. The pink that is so successful with black as a background is to be used in conjunction with grey, and also with blue. For instance you may choose a spring suit of pale grey. With it you may wear a blouse of a slightly deeper tone of grey, and in contrast a pink hat, or again a pink hat with a suit of the delicate fashionable blue.

Soft shades of mauve and wine colour are also being shown, but beautiful as they are, I always think mauve is essentially the tint for the older woman particularly if she has white hair. But mauve in conjunction with blue is heavenly.

You may introduce a mauve belt on your blue frock, or even mauve gloves with your suit, if you like gaily coloured gloves.

Naturally these pastel shades have led on to the use of flowers as trimmings for spring hats. Already the shop windows look like some gay Continental flower market. Here again the pinks, the blues and the mauves prevail, with the inevitable use of violets. In fact violets lead the way in the matter of trimmings. On this point, I personally cannot pretend to be over enthusiastic. Violets always strike me as being the flower for the older woman. Of course, if you are sweet eighteen you may wear them and get away with it. But if you are nearer thirty, it seems to me that violets add something to your apparent age. But there, they are *the* flower of the season, so please yourself. Don't heed my personal prejudice.

Logically, this great swing over in the matter of colours in fabrics has a decided influence on the question of tints for make-up. Delicate clothes are going to call for delicate shades in cosmetics.

It doesn't need much imagination to see that all the vivid shades of lipstick such as the orange and the raspberry tints would simply shriek in conjunction with pastel hues.

The effect to be aimed at is nearer the traditional story of English beauty,—that is the cream and roses of Victorian novelists. It needs to be done with skill, for carelessly applied your pink and white effects come perilously near the Dutch doll business. But used with artistry it can be very lovely, particularly in the warmer weather when there are no cold winds to add a hint of blueness.

The foundation is all-important. It must be that creamy white that is near the magnolia tint.

To wear with the new blues you need a rouge that is a soft red with a lipstick to match. The foundation to go with them is a darkish rachel.

The new pink demands a rouge that is also a clear pink with matching lipstick and over this you may get a lovely effect by the use of two powders, a pale cream first followed by a dusting of a creamy pink.

Greys look best when accompanied by a make-up consisting of peach foundation with dusty pink rouge, powder to match, and a lipstick of clear red, that does not clash with the pink.

◆ ◆ ◆

Redhead Ann.—The plastic operation would probably cost your friend about one hundred guineas. Send a stamped addressed envelope for treatment for red veins. The condition may be improved, but it is very difficult to cure.

◆ ◆ ◆

Ponty.—Sorry, your letter is far too lengthy to answer in this column. Send a stamped addressed envelope for reply. Have it sent to your local post office marked "to be called for" if you do not wish it sent to your home.

◆ ◆ ◆

Helena May.—Use a liquid foundation with powder to match in peach colour.

◆ ◆ ◆

Fat Legs (Berks.).—Use a reducing lotion on your legs together with regular massage with a rubber roller. Roll upwards from the ankles.

◆ ◆ ◆

A. Webb (Stockport).—Use a liquid foundation instead of a cream.

◆ ◆ ◆

H. Jones (Ottershaw).—Please send stamped addressed envelope.

◆ ◆ ◆

Sweet Sixteen (Glasgow).—The local hospital would probably give you light treatment for your skin troubles.

◆ ◆ ◆

I AM always pleased to help readers solve their beauty problems. Send your letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Leslie Fleet, 37 Butterfield Road, Southampton, for :—

Take My Tip
Don't Tell the Wife
Pay Day
Woman Chases Man

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to : E. C. James, 45 The Grove, Gravesend, Kent, for :—

Whispering Tongues
Her Husband's Secretary
More Than a Secretary
The Scoundrel

Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for :—

Artists and Models
Whoopee
This is the Life
You're Telling Me

Mrs. G. W. Coutt, 39 Augustus Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, for :—

Stolen Holiday
Don't Tell the Wife
Blackmail
I Promise to Pay

Miss Molly Mycock, 21 Darwin Avenue, Buxton, for :—

Pennies from Heaven
Falling for You
Take My Tip
Feather Your Nest

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

'10 minutes to wait—so Mine's a Minor!'

says Mercia Swinburne to George Relph



In boxes **15** for **6**^{D} 30 for 1/-
In tins 30 for 1/- 60 for 2/-

PLAIN · CORK OR RED TIPS

After the performance, Mercia Swinburne enjoys a quiet game of chess with her husband, George Relph, in their Chelsea flat. We shall be seeing them both in a new play soon.

'Minors' are inexpensive, but not 'cheap.' They are a quality brand—made of the same tobacco and packed with the same care as much dearer cigarettes. *And they last the full 10 minutes.*

• *For that leisured ¼ hour — De Reszke Majors 20 for 1/-*

De Reszke MINORS

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For the Veins, Arteries and Heart



The Great Revitaliser

A Good Circulation: The Real Basis of Health

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Read What Users of Elasto say:

- *"No sign of varicose veins now."*
- *"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."*
- *"All signs of phlebitis gone."*
- *"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."*
- *"Now walk long distances with ease."*
- *"Elasto has healed my bad leg."*
- *"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."*
- *"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."*
- *"Varicose veins now gone after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
- *"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."*
- *"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."*
- *"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."*
- *"Now free from piles."*
- *"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."*
- *"I am now free from pain."*
- *"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.*

Elasto Cures Through The Blood

Elasto dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, piles, heart weakness—to name but a few of the main ailments associated with bad circulation — *are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.* Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. Elasto does not patch you up; it actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

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Elasto is not a "mushroom" remedy, it was not invented overnight; it crystallises the researches of eminent physiologists, pathologists and physiological chemists over a period of more than 100 years and is prepared with great skill and with a careful regard for scientific detail by highly trained men possessing a special knowledge of the properties and functions of the blood.

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This offer is too good to be missed!

ELASTO (Dept. 191),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

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THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR ELASTO—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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No. 354 (New Series), Vol. 7. March 5, 1938

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



The GIRL who Defied GOLDWYN

Andrea LEEDS



'10 minutes to wait—so Mine's a Minor!'

says June Clyde



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In tins 30 for 1/- 60 for 2/-

PLAIN • CORK OR RED TIPPED

Waiting for the boat train to come in — Miss June Clyde snapped with a De Reszke Minor at Victoria Station. She is now in Hollywood but expected back here soon to play in a new picture. Probably her greatest recent film success was in 'Aren't Men Beasts.'

De Reszke Minors are low in price because they are slightly smaller than standard size. For all that, they last the full ten minutes—and are made from exactly the same tobacco, and with exactly the same care, as more expensive cigarettes.

De Reszke MINORS

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1.

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

● *An Open Letter to ANDREA LEEDS*

GIRL DEFIES GOLDWYN—*So* WHAT?



DEAR ANDREA LEEDS,

Well, well, well, you're getting quite a big girl now, screenically speaking, of course. Big enough, perhaps, to be told some of the Facts of Film Life. You know them all already? No, we don't really believe that you're one of the you-can't-teach-us-anything brigade. You're far too charming, and your screen work so far, if immature, does at least show signs of intelligence.

One of these days, when we have the time and get round to it we intend to write a Manual for Movie Beginners. It'll save us a lot of trouble in the long run.

In the meanwhile, however, we'll just have to be content with bringing a few of the eternal verities of film-making to your notice here.

In the first place, and we mean it in no offensive, or even critical, sense, you should face the fact that you are one of the screen's spoiled darlings. You are, you know. Most screen artistes reach the heights only over the long,weary roads of unceasing work, hardship and struggle.

Andrea Leeds in pensive mood. This open letter provides her with further food for thought.

Greta Garbo "modelled" hats, cavorted in custard-pie comedy and battled to film success through sweat and tears under the far from gentle tutelage of Mauritz Stiller (you ask her about Stiller's methods if you get the opportunity); Joan Crawford kicked her legs in the chorus and, once having got a footing in movies, developed herself from a dancing daughter into a dramatic actress by the sheer force of her own efforts; Carole Lombard took over a decade in her foot-by-foot ascent from the bathing beach on the old Mack Sennett lot to a star dressing-room at Paramount; Norma Shearer nearly starved for six months on the studio doorsteps before she got her first chance in films and then she had to fight her way up from the Westerns.

You stepped to stardom almost straight from a college classroom as a result of Director Howard Hawks seeing you in an amateur film made by the University of California Dramatic Society.

Your luck didn't stop with the initial contract, either. As you know, some hundreds of girls are "signed up" by the studios on similar (and frequently more impressive) credentials every year without ever getting so much as "bit" in a film subsequently.

You not only got a nice part in a "hit" picture, *Come and Get It* (a part that, so far as it called for acting ability, could have been played by any competent ingenue), but your debut was sponsored by Samuel Goldwyn, who, because he keeps few players under contract, is able to devote the full force of one of Hollywood's most powerful publicity machines to the glorification of his newcomers.

In other words, at the very outset of your career you not only shared the glory earned by one of the most successful pictures of its year, but your own part in the success was exploited to the fullest possible value. Mr. Goldwyn, naturally, saw to it that the contribution to the picture of the only principal actually under contract to him should lose nothing in the telling.

Your subsequent martial adventures in the studio were also calculated to be highly gratifying to the natural and understandable vanity of a girl just out of her 'teens.

Cast for the vamp role in support of Miriam Hopkins in *Woman Chases Man*, you promptly stunned Hollywood by walking out of it. Hollywood had scarcely recovered consciousness when, suspended from the pay roll and farmed out to Radio by the aggrieved Mr. Goldwyn, you promptly stunned it again by being so good in *Stage Door* that the producer relented, hung up the "come-home-all-is-forgiven" sign at the old homestead and gave you the feminine lead in his precious £400,000 *Goldwyn Follies*.

It was indeed a famous victory. The film world, which knows its Samuel Goldwyn, is still talking about it. Mr. Goldwyn is not a man of quarrelsome disposition, but, like most rugged individualists, has his own views and holds to them strongly.

As he might put it himself, he has been quarrelled with by experts.

The floors of almost every studio in Hollywood are littered with the corpses or stained with the gore of strong men, powerful executives, spectacular stars, and Napoleons of the industry who, in the course of the last twenty years or so, have had the temerity to clash with the Goldwyn will.

We mention this because we should hate you to think that we under-estimate the magnitude of your triumph.

We should hate still more to think that you yourself *over-estimate* it.

We prefer to hope that you will realise that you owe something to the most fortunate series of "breaks" enjoyed by any young actress for years. The *Stage Door* role (the only strong part in the picture), following *Come and Get It*, was a chance in a thousand.

That "Girl Who Defied the Film Kings and Got Away with It" line may be a good slogan at the moment, but we are far more familiar with it as an epitaph on the tombs of promising talkie careers.

It does not pay any young amateur dramatic society actress to acquire a reputation for "knowing better than her producers." Film production, indeed, would be impossible if it did.

We are looking forward to seeing you in your first feminine lead in *The Goldwyn Follies*, and we think that you will have the good sense to appreciate that a feminine lead in a picture written by Ben Hecht, lavishly produced and featuring some of the most popular stage and radio figures of the day, is not the same thing as carrying a film on your own shoulders.

You see, you have a long way to go yet, and because we like you we hope you'll get there.

The Editor

WE ARE

all the gossip

- Long, Hard Summer Ahead
- Cinema War on Crazy Hats
- Song Birds on the Wing
- Ginger Rogers as "Menace"



Evelyn Brent is making good progress in her come-back campaign. Here she is in a dramatic moment with Anthony Quin in "Highway Racketeers."

EACH year we hope and pray, rather than expect, that something will be done about the poor quality of summer screen programmes. This year the possibility, it seems, is even past praying for. The chief reason is shortage of product; with British production at a standstill pending the arrival of the new Act and Hollywood feeling an economic pinch, film famine is on the way. There is even a threat that double-feature programmes will have to be abandoned.

Hollywood production is in almost as bad a mess as British at the moment. The plain trouble, as we warned them months ago, is that the big producers have been spending too much money with nothing to show for it in the form of increased entertainment values. Although picture costs have increased alarmingly in the last twelve months there are probably not more than three studios whose "A" product has been consistently good, let alone outstanding in that period.

Open war has broken out between the movie manufacturers and the exhibitors. The latter accuse the former of making pictures with money instead of brains, while the film kings retort that the slump has been brought about by lack of showmanship on the part of the theatre owners.

◆ ◆ ◆

That is as it may be, but we are going to feel the effects in our cinemas in the coming months. The movie moguls have had the spree, but we're going to suffer the hang-over.

The industry has actually been reduced to reviving the big films of the last few years, some of which were not so hot even when they were new.

Among those scheduled for re-issue are such museum pieces as *Mata Hari*, *The Front Page*, *Hell's Angels* and *Scarface*. Others are *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, Cagney's *Picture Snatcher*, William Powell's *Lawyer Man* and *High Pressure*, and Gable's *Manhattan Melodrama*.

British films are cashing in on the Will Hay boom by re-offering *Dandy Dick* and *Those Were the Days*.

The latter title is at least appropriate to the situation.

Costly Crazy Comedy

Curiously enough, one reason for increased production expense is the crazy comedy fashion. They cost more than straight drama. High-salaried stars have to be employed (Carole Lombard gets £30,000 odd for ten weeks' work), and they have to be supported by expensive casts. Crazy comedy scripts, moreover, are difficult to write. Those who can write them can also, as the saying is, practically "write their own tickets" as well. Even then whole teams of them have to be employed to supply the large number of gags required. Amusing situations take longer to film, too, for the timing must be perfect.

In the case of drama, background music can usually be found to fit the mood of scenes without difficulty. It has to be specially written for crazy comedy—a big item. Rodgers and Hart, for instance, were paid £10,000 for their job on *Food for Scandal*, the new Lombard frolic.

Finally, the characters in crazy comedy are invariably millionaires, and their antics must be chronicled in settings fitting their wealth.

Lombard Age Mystery

● Carole Lombard, by the way, is the latest star to emulate Mae West and Joan Crawford, who are notoriously mysterious about their ages.

"I am twenty-six," declares Carole blandly in her latest publicity bulletin.

"Carole Lombard was born Carol June Peters on October 6, 1909," declare all the reference books.

Work it out for yourselves.

Oh! Those Hats

● Will any masculine reader join me in declaring war on the hideous eccentricities of this season's feminine hat fashions?

These high-crowned monstrosities, apart from offending the aesthetic senses, are becoming so great a menace in movie theatres that I foresee a revival of the bad old pre-war days when all film programmes were preceded by a notice requesting "ladies to remove their headgear."

Even in modern, well-raked theatres it is impossible for one to get a full view of the screen when one has the misfortune to be placed behind one of these miniature Mount Everests of millinery.

I personally am retaliating now by invariably wearing my oldest (and tallest) top hat to the pictures, only removing it on polite request, after, of course, glaring balefully at the requester. I then spend the rest of the evening nursing it resentfully on my knee the while I keep up a muttered running commentary about the cheek of some people who think they own the place. That makes 'em feel uncomfortable and keeps 'em in their place—if it doesn't make 'em move, in which case I am enabled to go through the whole thing again.

Leg Loveliness Defined

● Pardon our blushes, but have you beautiful legs? The reason I ask is that a fool-proof definition of what constitutes the perfect feminine underpinning has at last emerged from Hollywood, headquarters of leg art, and I thought you might like to see how you stand.

The formula has been discovered by Mr. Lewis E. Gensler, the Broadway and Hollywood musical comedy producer. According to Professor Gensler a lovely leg is nothing more than two parabolic curves, one of which starts two inches above the other, that sweep to a graceful union at the ankle.

That is the first part of the theorem. The second is this: the widest part of the leg below the knee should be exactly twice the width of the narrowest portion right above the ankle. In other words, the ratio for this is two to one. For exact determination of this equation, Gensler suggests the use of calipers.

"This formula," he says, "allows a necessary latitude for the determination of beauty in the legs of girls who are tall and short, heavy and thin."

Divas Are Doomed

● The vogue for film opera (or rather the Hollywood hybrid developed round the operatic stars) is nearly over and the divas are doomed. The songbirds are already flitting away from the screen scene.

Radio Pictures have let Lily Pons and Nino Martini go, and it is considered unlikely

FACING A FILM FAMINE

that Paramount will make any more pictures with Gladys Swarthout.

Nothing is definitely scheduled even for Grace Moore, who started the cycle.

"A Menace to Marriage"

● The nonsense that is written and spoken about film stars! Would you say, for instance, that Ginger Rogers is a menace to marriage? You wouldn't?

Nevertheless the other day a learned professor at Teachers' College Columbia University, Doctor Goodwin Watson, solemnly singled her out as an example of what film stars do to increase the divorce rate.

"Many women," declares the doctor, "go back to prosaic husbands after seeing screen lovers and are thoroughly dissatisfied. And it also works the other way. A husband, after seeing Ginger Rogers on the screen, does not want to go back to a prosaic wife. Such a situation helps to increase the divorce rate considerably."

The Best-dressed Men

● Talking of fashions (we were just now), I see that Dolly Tree, the M.-G.-M. fashion creator, has selected the ten best-dressed male stars as seen through feminine eyes. Here's her list :—

Clark Gable.....tweeds
Robert Taylor.....sport clothes
Tyrone Power.....costume
William Powell.....spats
Adolphe Menjou ... ...morning attire
Allan Jones.....bathing trunks
Don Ameche .....full dress suits
Pat O'Brien .....uniforms
Alan Mowbray..... Russian blouses
Dick Powell .....hats

For "general utility" (whatever that may mean) Miss Tree picks Fredric March.

Short Shots

● Ginger Rogers and James Cagney are to be teamed in *On Your Toes*, a musical—And Ronald Colman is to be starred in *If I Were King* last filmed in 1920 with William Farnum—Yet another usherette is making a bid for film fame; her name is Patricia Farr, and you'll see her in *All-American Sweetheart*—Kay Francis has had a small movie theatre built into her new home—Gary Cooper has purchased a 3,600-acre ranch in Arizona.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan sends It Hot from Hollywood

THE SONJA HENIE REVOLT

SONJA HENIE, I hear, is at loggerheads with Twentieth Century-Fox, and has asked the studio to cancel her contract, which calls for very handsome remuneration.

The little star, however, makes so much money at skating exhibitions that she does not worry about the prospect of being unable to appear in the movies.

Sonja objects, not to salary, but to working hours, declaring that her physical condition has been impaired by being compelled to work from early morning until well into the evenings. She points out that she fainted while working in her latest film, *Happy Landing*.

My prediction is that Sonja will win her point, will work in the films under a shorter schedule, and will continue to appear in her skating exhibitions, which yield her a tidy fortune.

This little girl from Scandinavia is such a terrific box office attraction that the studio can scarcely be blamed for trying to make as many pictures with her as it can.

Kidnappers Beware !

● Harold Lloyd's home and family have been guarded night and day by armed men ever since 1932, when the star received anonymous notes threatening harm to his children unless $6,000 was paid.

"G-Men" are studying these missives, as they believe that the writer may have composed other kidnapping letters.

Harold promises "a warm welcome" to anyone who attempts to molest his family.

An Odd Birthday Party

● In Hollywood most couples are friendly even after the marital ties have been dissolved, but Ernest Westmore, make-up expert, and his ex-wife, Ethelyn Claire, top the list.

The divorced pair gave a birthday party for their three-year-old daughter, Ethelyn Louise Westmore, at a Hollywood restaurant, and later took her on a ride to the beach.

Truthful Ladies

● Irene Rich is planning an "Over Forty" club, membership limited to actresses who have tarried upon the earth for more than two score years

The beautiful Irene has two daughters who graduated from college several years ago, so she is obviously eligible, but other actresses who have no offspring are not likely to be eager to join the group.

A better idea is to adopt the plan of the State of California, where voters merely swear that they are more than twenty-one. A "More Than 21" Club would be immensely popular.

Faithful Watch Dog

● It took Joan Crawford exactly forty-five minutes to get from the driveway to her front door the other day.

(*Continued on page 6*)



Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, proudly display a model of their new home. In the meanwhile Grace's film plans are indefinite.



A sea-going blonde. Dorothy Howe, Paramount's latest discovery, from Dallas, Texas, boards the yacht "Wanda" for marine scenes for "Her Jungle Love."

All the Gossip—*continued*

The distance is very short, but the reason for the delay was Jumbo, the star's Great Dane, for during her vacation in New York, Jumbo had completely forgotten his mistress and, according to his past training, refused to let the "stranger" enter.

As the servants were used to the dog's barking at passers-by, no heed was given to Jumbo's voice as he barred the way.

It was only when Joan located a watchman that she was allowed, with his O.K., to enter her own home.

Hollywood Says That—

Victor McLaglen thinks the California school system is the finest in the world.

◆ ◆ ◆

Shirley Temple really likes spinach.

◆ ◆ ◆

Claude Rains is writing a book on his experiences in the theatre.

◆ ◆ ◆

Wayne Morris, the new he-man star, is taking up tap dancing and singing.

◆ ◆ ◆

Brian Donlevy is an expert bugler.

◆ ◆ ◆

Virginia Fields, although English, is Hollywood's greatest consumer of hamburgers.

◆ ◆ ◆

Sonja Henie sticks to one colour scheme per year, and it's blue for 1938.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

ONE for UNCLE SAM

I THINK I mentioned recently, in telling you about the new Bernard Shaw film, *Pygmalion*, which is starting at Pinewood studios, that the producer, Gabriel Pascal, was hoping to sell the picture extensively in the United States of America.

Now I'll go one further, and say he *expects* to.

Proof of this lies in the fact that he is taking the (as far as I know) unprecedented step of making two distinct versions of the picture concurrently, one for British and one for American consumption.

The reason for this is the large amount of Cockney dialect contained in the film, which would be incomprehensible to the great American public.

So "dustman" will be changed to "garbage-man" in the overseas edition, and "toff" will become "dude."

Does anyone but Bernard Shaw ever use the word "toff" nowadays, I wonder? In case you weren't born when its use died out, it's an up-to-date term for "swell" or "masher."

Greek To Them

● Come to that, I also wonder how general is the use of the word "dude" in America, apart from "dude ranch"; but I presume Mr. Pascal will have consulted the competent authorities about that, before embarking on the expensive project of making a second version.

Naturally, not all the scenes will have to be duplicated—only those in which such obscure terms occur.

A moment's reflection will recall to mind a whole host of ordinary words which would be Greek to the Nebraskans . . . except in so far as a large number of them are Greeks.

For instance, a tram-shed becomes a car-barn, the guard of a train is a conductor, the hood of a car is a top, and the bonnet is a hood, while the bumper is a fender; pudding becomes dessert, milk (in your tea) invariably becomes cream, a biscuit is a cracker and a scone is a biscuit, while a cracker is a bon-bon. . . .

It just goes on and on.

I have known certain words to be altered for American consumption, but to make two separate versions argues a go-getting spirit which deserves to get the business.

They Like Shaw

● I don't see why this shouldn't be a wow in the States.

After all, Leslie Howard (who plays the modern Pygmalion, a professor of phonetics who turns a Cockney girl into a Society woman) commands a huge following, and the American nation is also keenly interested in Mr. George Bernard Shaw, not because they have read him or seen his plays, but because he has been so rude to them.

I wonder how film audiences (not only across the Atlantic, but here as well) will react to little Wendy Hiller, who plays Eliza Doolittle, the modern Galatea.

Although easy on the eyes, she is no raving beauty, and to centre the interest of a £150,000 production on her argues a touching faith in her ability.

So far she has appeared in only one film, an unpretentious Quota effort made at Pinewood and called *Lancashire Luck*. Apart from that her chief claim to our attention is the fine job she made in a fine stage play, *Love on the Dole*.

Horatio Howard

● It will certainly be a very big feather in her bonnet if she does get away with this Cockney part, for she has been in danger of being labelled "Lancs."

Alone with the firm of Howard and Hiller we have, so far, Wilfred Lawson (as the dustman and/or garbage-man), Marie Lohr, Joyce Barbour, David Tree, Scott Sunderland, Everley Gregg, and Leueen McGrath.

Incidentally, I gather that Leslie Howard is not best pleased by the rumours which have been flying around to the effect that he would be playing Lord Nelson in the postponed Herbert Wilcox film about Lady Hamilton, which is to star Anna Neagle as Emma.

I did not repeat the rumours here because I was pretty sure they would be found to be baseless, and I wanted his authority for denying them.

They Started It All

● Actually, it has been one of Howard's plans for some time past to play Lord Nelson if and when the opportunity should arise, and it has also been a pet project of Messrs. Warner Bros. in Hollywood to make a film featuring the Hero of Trafalgar.

I think you will find that these two things will happen together and become one thing.

Speaking of sending our goods across the Atlantic, it has always been a puzzle to me that no film—or, at any rate, none of any importance—had ever been made about the men whose courage and initiative first rendered such a thing possible; the Pilgrim Fathers.

After all, they are one of our greatest links with the enormous Continent which contains Canada and the United States, and there is no



doubt that their trials and tribulations would furnish enough adventure and romance for a thundering good film.

Other people have evidently thought the same way, for I hear that two authors (appropriately one British and one American) have collaborated on a book, which will soon be published by Messrs. Constable, based on the life of William Brewster, a prominent Pilgrim Father, and depicting the trials of the Pilgrim Fathers under James I, their sojourn in Holland, and their epic voyage to America in the "Mayflower" in search of a land where their religious beliefs would be unquestioned and they could worship as they liked, unhindered.

Mayflower to Mayflower

● The authors are Irvyn Leroy, a former New York newspaper man, and Michael Sadleir, a well-known novelist and expert in Victorian bibliography, and they have put in two years in research on the subject.

And now (again appropriately) they have sold the film rights to Erich Pommer, head of Mayflower Productions, who can be trusted to give this national subject the treatment it deserves.

No one who saw his production, *Fire Over England*, can have any doubt as to his ability to handle a romantic costume subject.

Mayflower's current production, *St. Martin's Lane*, is going very strong. I looked in at Elstree the other day and found Laughton's lodging-house room strewn with wreckage as though a gale had blown through it.

Actually, what had happened was that Charles, in his character as a "busker" or entertainer of pub crowds and theatre queues, had shut up in his room the little guttersnipe girl whom he was rescuing from the gutter, and she had registered protest by smashing up everything in reach, and was just about to pick up a sewing-machine and hurl it through the door when her host and gaoler reappeared.

Treat for Vivien

● If I were not afraid the shock might be too much for you, I might break it to you (but *so* gently !) that the fierce little guttersnipe is no other than our friend Vivien Leigh, whom we have seen so long playing how-do-you-do-isn't-it-a-lovely-day parts that I had almost forgotten she could do anything else.

Make no mistake, she can, and how she's enjoying it !

The last time I had much speech with her was while she was playing in *Dark Journey*, which was an exciting film but one that hardly called for one hair of her dark head to be disturbed.

She appeared bored and discontented; now, at Elstree, she is eager, vivid, and popular—the reason being that she is not one of those accommodating people who are satisfied to collect a large pay-cheque weekly and do nothing of any consequence.

Of course, since *Dark Journey* and *Storm In a Teacup*, she has been a vamp in *A Yank at Oxford*, but we haven't seen that yet, and anyway, I gather that it isn't any very great shakes of a part. Maureen O'Sullivan gets all the feminine chances in that picture.

In reply to my query about whether Vivien would have to dance much I was told no, only a few steps. So that settles *that*.



Tracy Brothers . . . Spencer and Carroll, who are inseparable on and off the M.-G.-M. lot. Carroll acts as business manager for his famous brother.

Tough Mugs

● There have been strenuous doings down at Islington, where the new Will Hay picture, *Convict* 99, is nearing completion.

Do you remember the prison riot sequence in the Hollywood-made film, *The Big House*, in which hundreds of convicts threw their tin mugs in the air because they disapproved of the quality of the breakfast-gruel?

Well, Director Marcel Varnel has seen the funny side of that occurrence, and so will you when you see it repeated in *Convict* 99. In the free fight which occurred in the prison refectory, no fewer than 122 mugs were completely ruined, and a great many of the prisoners' own mugs were in a sorry state.

However, they could take it, for a call had gone out for tough characters, and practically every prize-fighter available was roped in to impersonate every kind of "lag" from a "lifer" downward.

Out Of Date

● Will Hay himself had a curious experience the day I was at the studio.

He had been "called" to appear in an ancient dress-suit, which had been supplied by the wardrobe department.

Being unfamiliar with it, Will was fumbling idly in the pockets, when he suddenly pulled out two grimy bits of paper.

"What's this?" he muttered, and then his eyes goggled through the famous glassless pince-nez, and he exclaimed "My hat !"

His discovery consisted of two perforated tickets bearing the printed title "Batley Amateur Thespian Society," and were for two seats, A10 and A12, at a performance of *Iolanthe* at the Hippodrome, Batley.

And the date was December 18, 1914.

They had been waiting in that pocket for twenty-three years, during which the coat must have been worn by dozens of people, for it has spent most of its lifetime in the Gainsborough wardrobe.

"It just shows how honest people are, not to feel in pockets that don't belong to them," I pointed out.

"Well, there's nothing like that about me," Will observed. "These are going into my scrap-book."

Will Bones

● You remember *Sanders of the River* ?

A great deal of dissatisfaction was expressed by readers with the character "Bones" as portrayed by Robert Cochran. They complained that it was nothing like the silly-ass subaltern described by Edgar Wallace in the "Sanders" books.

Well, the new one is to go to the other extreme, and be so silly-ass that we shall probably have a squeal from Wallace devotees that it is being overdone.

But I shouldn't think there would be many complaints, for the part is to be played by Will Hay, in *Bones*.

Once more he will be accompanied by Moore Marriott and Graham Moffatt, this time respectively as captain of a decrepit African river launch and general factotum (I almost wrote fat-totum) to Will.

This setting should provide a magnificent opportunity for Will's famous "reaction" type of humour.

Before that he will probably make a film called *Chicago Ben*, for which several well-known American actors are to be imported from Hollywood to play gangster roles.

What's the matter with Noel Madison and Charlie Farrell, who are both here already?



Claudette Colbert as she appears in her latest picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

Step-sisters

● I wondered how long it would be before we had a British reply to that highly successful Hollywood effort, *Stage Door*.

It's come, boys and girls, it's come. Gaumont-British and Gainsborough, operating jointly, are to make a costly musical production entitled *A Girl Must Live*, which is described as "a fast-moving satirical tale of the private lives of the ladies of the chorus."

Certainly they have done themselves proud in the matter of girls for this, for Margaret Lockwood, Renee Houston, and Lilli Palmer will co-star.

Gee, G-B., it had better be good !

MAN or Woman?

Florence Rice and Robert Young debate the question of which sex fares best in films.

IN a town like Hollywood, where the unknown to-day is the star to-morrow and every mob scene has its quota of former luminaries, perhaps it's natural that they refer to everything as "the breaks."

"If I'd gone to Carmel one day, I'd be an employee in a bank instead of a leading man," says Robert Young, with his familiar tight-lipped smile.

"If a rabbit hadn't jumped through a windshield, I'd be in the automobile insurance business," adds Warner Baxter.

Wherever you go people talk about the break they didn't get or the one that meant success or how so-and-so owed everything to that marvellous break.

"But, after all, it's men who really get the breaks in life as well as in pictures," said Florence Rice. "If I could do it all over again, I'd choose to be born a boy. Girls start with such a terrific handicap."

We were at her beach house, an oasis of beauty set among gigantic oil wells beside the sea. Her bedroom windows, shades rolled high, looked out on the sweep of ocean now bathed in a rosy sunset glow.

"Look at these two pictures:

"A girl and a man are cast for the two leads in a film. The call is out for 9 o'clock in the morning. The girl must get up at 6 o'clock, even if she lives ten minutes from the studio, as I do, in order to have her hair dressed and be made up and costumed and on the set on time. The man can hop out of bed just in time to make it to the studio with ten minutes to change his coat, pat on a little powder or brush his hair. Men seldom wear make-up these days, but if they do, it's a brief matter.

"But the man's advantages go beyond that. For some reason, writers always make the man's part better or stronger than the girl's, unless the story is a vehicle for a woman star. In any ordinary script they favour the man. I notice this even when in the original story as published, the girl had more to do. Somehow in the re-writing to film form the man is allowed to dominate.

"In the matter of clothes, too, girls lose. Men have few changes. What there are, evening clothes, street, business, sport, can be worn time and again without being especially noticed. Men's styles don't change much, and three or four outfits will do an actor for several pictures. He can pick them all out at once and make a few fittings do for all.

"A girl has anywhere from half a dozen to two dozen changes; every picture finds her with scores of fittings—standing, standing, standing. She can't wear the simplest suit for another picture. Oh, no, she must be fitted for another, almost exactly like it, but just different enough.

"A few men have beauty treatments, I suppose, and there are barber shops, but that's nothing to the hours on end a girl must spend in a beauty shop. Hair and nails, eyebrows and make-up, we seem to be always having something done."

She spread her manicured fingers in a hopeless little gesture.

"On a picture, so far as I can see, the only time a girl gets a break is when a cameraman wants a pretty shot and there is a man and a girl in it. In that case, he would probably favour the girl with special lighting because he would think her an important item in his picture. But even this can't be counted on always."



Robert Young complains that Don Ameche gets the girl (who happens to be Simone Simon) in their new picture, "Josette."

Outside of the picture world, Florence can see no equality in the standing of male and female.

"Things aren't as bad as they once were," she admitted, with a toss of her blonde head. "Only the other day I saw a strip of pictures illustrating an eminent authority's advice on etiquette of several years ago. It seems she said no nice girl would carry a latchkey. Heavens, no; her mother or some other responsible member of the family must sit up for her if she is to be out late and let her in when she rings the bell. Imagine that!

"Nobody says anything about latchkeys to us to-day, but just the same we aren't as free to come and go as are men. There are still dining rooms not open to women without escorts. Girls travelling alone must put up with greater inconvenience. A woman abroad, if unaccompanied, receives little consideration.

"Personally, I would much prefer to go to a party by myself, as men do; then if it turns out to be dull or I am tired or have an early call, I could leave without consulting anyone else. Or stay later, if I'm having a good time. But no, I must go with an escort or stay at home. That



Warner Baxter (above) on the other hand, is one of many masculine stars who go on for ever.

doesn't seem fair. But it's take it or leave it, for a girl."

In romance, too, man has all the advantage, according to the young actress.

"A man and a girl meet, let's say," she brought two coral-tipped fingers together on the silken quilt. "If the man falls in love with the girl, he can let her know how he feels. If she doesn't return his affection, he can continue to pursue her, and even if she isn't interested in him, she is flattered. She is never really annoyed at his attention, and he knows he isn't making himself ridiculous to other people by trying to win her.

"'Good old Bill,' his friends say. 'He'll wear her down in time!'

"But do they say, 'Good old Elsie!' if the girl happens to be the one who falls in love with the man and he doesn't care six beans about her? Oh, no! If Elsie tries to attract Bill's unwilling attention in vain, they say, 'What a fool Elsie's making of herself! Why doesn't somebody stop her?'

"People make fun of her, and Bill isn't flattered, he's bored.

"'You should run away from him, Elsie,' people advise her. But what guarantee has she that he will follow if she does run? None.

"To-day, I admit, that we are more fortunate than girls were a few years ago, for we have gained some independence. There is no great to-do over it because a girl wants a career. It is taken more or less for granted that daughter will expect to do something outside the home, even if only temporarily. She is trained along some line in more enlightened families.

"At the same time, a girl, if she wants to be popular, must still be careful not to appear to have too many brains. Men don't like them, or else they are afraid of them. Unintelligence isn't at quite such a premium as it once was, but no man likes to think a girl knows as much as or more than he does.

"All men like helpless little things—in theory, anyway. I can understand that it must be nice to seem strong and wonderful to protect and guide the pretty little darling while she is pretty and young. It must be rather a strain after she has grown elderly and plain and unromantic. And when the man isn't feeling well, or has lost his job, broken his arm or become involved with the law, it might be a good idea to have a woman around with a few ideas of her own and some way of lifting instead of leaning.

"Back to who gets the breaks. . . . Men get them, but more is expected of girls from the time they can walk. When they are little, people say: 'Little ladies mustn't do this—or girlies shouldn't be so noisy,' but they also say: 'Boys will be boys' at anything short of murder. It doesn't occur to them that girls will be girls, too!"

"Nobody gets a break where babies, animals or toy trains are concerned!" grinned Robert Young, from his seat by a pool table on an M.-G.-M. set.

A toy train, laden with toast, sugar, pepper, salt and cream, was making its erratic way around the table. It was Bob's script instruction to capture the cargo, piece by piece, within a given time, the while he prepared and ate his breakfast. The train, in its aggravating way, was always either too soon or too late, or it broke down, dropped a car or missed a connection, in the middle of a "take."

For two and a half hours, the actor attempted to outwit the toy while I looked on. Then I gave up. How long Bob contended with the thing, I don't know.

"Talking about breaks," he continued, three days later, over on Twentieth Century-Fox's *Josette* set, "no man ever got the best break on another studio's lot. Don Ameche gets Simone Simon in this picture. Is that nice?"

But he's willing to go part of the way with Florence Rice and admit that there's no doubt men are generally favoured in pictures, if not in life.

"Take one thing: With men, age needn't be an enemy or the end of ambition. It doesn't matter that a man is ten or fifteen years older than the girl in a story, and a man like Warner Baxter can play leads for a long time and gradually begin doing uncles and fathers while still important on the screen.

"Women seem to fade from pictures. Ruth Chatterton and Alice Brady could probably go on doing screen roles if they found the right vehicles indefinitely, but the average girl simply disappears. Some of them marry and retire, some go into other fields.

"In production, it's the usual thing for a director to be considerate of the women in the cast, but after all he is bound to make the best picture he's capable of making, so he gives every one a good break on the set. It's in the cutting room that one gets a break over another. They can cut out the finest performance ever given and build up the worst. If a girl happens to photograph like a million dollars, chances are you will see more of her on the screen, whether or not the man opposite is the better actor. You must have beauty in pictures and heaven knows most men are no treat for sore eyes."

Bob is of the opinion, however, that women get away with things more easily than do men.

"How many women murderers are hanged?" he queried, with a laugh. "And when a girl does something idiotic, all she need do is say: 'Oh, poor me! Wasn't that silly?' and people pat her back. Nobody thinks she deliberately swindled any one, she didn't understand, the foolish child. But a man is supposed to know what he's doing, whether or not business is a deep mystery to him, and he's held responsible.

"In the marriage line, too, a girl may angle for and land a very wealthy old man and apparently people think no less of her, if they don't applaud her acumen. Let a boy go after a wealthy old woman and see how he rates! Not that I hold any brief for him myself.

"However, women have the worst of things as concerns birth. Having stayed by my wife through childbirth twice, I take off my hat to women forever. No man could stand it. Women are endowed with amazing courage and I think them wonderful.

"It used to be that men went to war and women and children waited and wept. You might say that women got the breaks then. But that's over."

In all this discussion of breaks, Bob points out that luck and opportunity don't come to every man.

"I suppose some of us dodge it, unknowingly," he observed. "My success seems to have depended on being on hand when I meant to be somewhere else. I'd decided that I couldn't get into any studio and had accepted a job in a Carmel bank, when my brother argued me out of going for a day or so. An agent had listened to Morris Ankrum, of the Pasadena Playhouse, where I'd done a few things, and was looking for me. If I'd left town, chances are he'd have let me go.

"The screen test was a chance, too, because M.-G.-M. merely let me stand in with Karen Morley and Anne Dvorak, who were making tests for special roles, and the test director asked me to stay late to do a test with a Santa Barbara girl who was coming in. He was annoyed at being kept and finally decided to give me the best of the scene in order to take it out on the girl. Next thing I knew I was signed for stock.

"It was because Helen Hayes' husband was able to insist on a remake of her first picture that I got a break. I played the son, an unimportant role in the first version. In the second, it was the male lead. The picture was the film of the year, Miss Hayes got the academy award, and I was no longer unknown."



The contestants. On the left: Battling Bob Young; on the right, Fighting Florence Rice. Who gets the decision? Well, you're the judge.

Alice Brady, "one of the few women stars not handicapped by the passing of youth."



Jean Muir has an infectious laugh as well as a keen sense of humour.



She also has one of the loveliest profiles ever seen on the screen.

a REBEL COMES TO TOWN

I HAVE never tried to deceive PICTUREGOER readers into thinking I am in sympathy with studio rebels as such.

In my articles in these pages on Miriam Hopkins, Katharine Hepburn, and Frances Farmer, I think I have made it abundantly clear that these ladies, for all their undoubted charm and talent, are to me merely a sharp pain where the chicken got the axe.

Softening no edges, pandering to no popularity, sparing no feelings, I have adversely criticised their off-hand, defiant, like-me-or-lump-me attitude toward an industry which has put golden opportunities in their way and strewn the rocky path to stardom with dollar-bills and such-like amenities.

So I hope I shall not be accused of any sympathy with rebellion in general when I say that I found my latest rebel the most attractive, irritating, intriguing, annoying, charming, exasperating, perplexing young person I've met for some time.

She's Jean Muir, now playing with Diana Churchill and Peter Murray Hill in the Associated British picture *Lovers' Knot* at Elstree.

You may not like Jean; in fact, you may actively dislike her.

But I defy you to be indifferent to her.

I have known many famous personalities to pass through the British studios—sensitive plants like Elisabeth Bergner, Richard Tauber, Marlene Dietrich, Miriam Hopkins—and a few to whom one is inclined to pin a placard: "DYNAMITE—HANDLE WITH CARE!"

But seldom have I met one whose presence made itself so strongly felt as this personality girl, who has been frittered away on simpering parts so long that she became known in Hollywood as "the demure Miss Muir."

I wonder how anyone in their senses ever managed to cast her for demure roles?

It's true she has a beautiful face, which in repose wears a soulful expression until her dimples suddenly break into view and you realise she has only been framing some shattering remark to your undoing.

That soulful expression must have misled the Burbank producers into thinking there was an ingènue mind behind it; and were they wide of the mark!

Even if they overlooked the firm chin and the brooding, resentful look that sometimes strays into the grey-green eyes, they can hardly have failed to notice the broad shoulders, the strong young body, the straight back, the long slim feet ("bigger than Garbo's" she tells you frankly), and the firm handshake, all of which shout "character" in vociferous tones.

Next to her beauty, which is startling, the thing that strikes you most forcibly about her at first meeting is her handshake.

She has a grasp like a man's—one, in fact, such as few men have in these dainty days; neither is she addicted to pump-handling or piston-strokes—she gives you a warm, firm, friendly grasp and leaves it at that. As far as I am concerned she could hardly have a better visiting-card.

Then I was afforded a glimpse of the firmness of mind directing that handshake.

We were to lunch together; and someone suggested the studio restaurant.

The Muir eye flashed, and in about twenty seconds I knew exactly why she was not going to lunch in the studio restaurant and where we *were* going to lunch. There was no "Don't you think . . ." or "Personally I'd rather . . ." The Muir mind was made up, and what the Muir mind thinks the Muir tongue says—explicitly.

So we sat in the dining-room at the Red Lion and sipped our sherry and she told me in about eight admirably chosen words what she thought of British sandwiches.

That is one of the girl's attractions; she says what she thinks.

If you happen to be the object of her thoughts, it may also be one of the girl's drawbacks.

"You're a Socialist, I believe?" I observed, by way of a conversational opening.

Out was thrust the firm chin, wide opened the grey-green eyes, up went the shapely level brows.

Below we have Jean in a characteristic "you've got to prove it" attitude.



A full-length portrait of one of the most interesting of the younger Hollywood actresses, who is at present playing at Elstree.

by Max BREEN



The subject of this interview with Peter Murray Hill in her current film, "Lover's Knot."

"What makes you say that?" she demanded, with as much apparent resentment as if I'd called her a she-wolf.

"Simply that I understood you were," I explained patiently.

"Oh! Well, I'm not! Just because I happen to be able to quote statistics about malnutrition, that's not to say I'm a Socialist!"

"The fact of your memorising such statistics," I pointed out, "suggests that you're at least profoundly interested."

"A Socialist," Jean stated flatly, "is one who has a remedy. I have none, because I don't know enough about it."

And the subject, I realised, was closed. Just like that.

When she realises she knows nothing about a subject, she says so, and talks about something else as soon as possible. If, on the other hand, she feels she *does* know a subject—whether she actually does or not—she tells you about it, definitely, incisively.

She knows Scotland, for instance, as well as I know Madagascar, which I confess is very little; but she feels quite competent to instruct all and sundry about things Scottish (or, as she says, Scotch) because of the Scots (or, as she still says after correction, Scotch) blood in her veins.

One half of her comes from Ayrshire, the other from Yorkshire, though she was born in New York; her real name is Fullarton, with an "a," but rather than spend her professional life arguing about that "a" she dropped the Fullarton and adopted the family name of Muir.

But although she is not reckless with her money, her canny Northern blood has no taint of meanness; her dresser told me a tale of her generosity which would probably embarrass Jean greatly if I printed it here; and the electricians also have something to say about her open-handedness.

She was educated in New Jersey, and later at the Sorbonne in Paris, and from all accounts her school-days must have been pretty grim, for she was a lanky misfit, an ugly duckling who had as yet shown no traces of the swan into which she was to grow, and with little talent for participation in games and sports organised by other children.

In a well-known phrase, she wanted to play what *she* wanted to play when she wanted to play it.

And not unnaturally, after a while, she found herself playing alone.

But there is plenty of grey matter sizzling behind that classic brow, and it didn't take her very long to "get wise to herself" as the dowagers say on Fifth Avenue; she evolved a personality which would attract attention, and at the same time preserve her integrity.

That athletic figure came in handy, and she captained the school basket-ball team; and then an understanding teacher observed that she needed an outlet for her pent-up emotions, and introduced her into the Dramatic Club, where she could emote to her heart's content; and for two years she reigned as its president.

At this stage she seemed destined to become a surgeon; but those firm hands never held a scalpel, for gradually in her mind the warm rich glow of the footlights overcame the cold light of the operating theatre, and she decided—as so many hundreds of thousands of girls have decided since Thespis of Icaria first donned his mask—to be an actress.

I used the word "destined" just now, and certainly it would seem that Destiny had some say in the matter, for on her return from Paris she had as fellow-passengers across the Atlantic an English company bound for New York to play *Bird in Hand*.

On arrival the manager took her to the Shubert office, and five days later Jean had her first professional engagement—as understudy to the leading lady of *Bird in Hand*.

Then the leading lady obligingly fell ill, and Jean played the part with conspicuous success.



Few Hollywood actresses can convey spiritual beauty better than Jean Muir.

Next she did a season in "stock," and developed her very considerable talent; and while she was playing in *Saint Wench* on Broadway a Warner talent scout came snooping round, spotted her, hastily borrowed a nickel, and dashed out to the nearest public telephone.

Warner Bros. promptly provided a dotted line for her to sign on, and her screen career began.

It didn't begin too auspiciously; her first film was *Bureau of Missing Persons*, and all she had to do was to be a corpse lying on a floor. The chief value of that has been to provide her enemies with a rather obvious wisecrack.

However, she *didn't* stay dead, although a good many of the roles they put her in hardly came to life despite her vivid personality.

With the exception of *As the Earth Turns*, one of those modest efforts which occasionally turn out to be great successes, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, she has played in no film which I should care to describe as important.

Yet she has a great deal of talent, abundant vitality, and, as I think I mentioned, far more than her fair share of good looks.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to the reason for Warner Bros.' consistent failure to exploit her possibilities to the best advantage.

It has been said, by those who profess to know, that Jean's "choosiness" about her roles has been the cause of her being relegated to such undistinguished films.

She appears to have "stepped off on the wrong foot" by declining to play parts that didn't appeal to her; and knowing Warner Bros.' uncompromising attitude toward their players I wouldn't mind betting she was in the right.

Still, a reputation for being "difficult" sticks like glue, and Jean Muir is labelled REBEL in large letters.

She *is* a rebel—but not chiefly against film production; she is a natural and implacable rebel against injustice, indecision, stupidity, inefficiency, blah, and particularly that pandering to hysteria which is so dear to the box-office.

Her heart is in the Theatre; it's a stout heart, with tender spots.

Her last British film was a Quota offering made at Teddington about two years ago, called *Faithful*; and I believe she had no intention of playing in another; but she came over to appear in the Priestley play *People at Sea*, and when that ran aground she was just on the point of returning to America when she was offered a completely unsympathetic role in *Lover's Knot*.

She accepted it because it was unsympathetic and gave her an act; and I believe she's right.

I have very little hope of getting to know Jean Muir better; her drawbridge is up and her guns are trained.

But I shall try very hard some time to gain the friendship of Jean Fullarton.

I have a feeling it would be well worth having

NEXT WEEK

MAX BREEN writes an intimate and informative article about one of the screen's most vivacious and talented artistes, Claudette Colbert who has recently achieved a triumph opposite Charles Boyer in "Tovarich." Our popular contributor presents a new angle on the star, who can lay claim to be the most accomplished comedienne in films to-day, and shows you how, without being aggressively "commercial," she has one of Hollywood's finest business brains.

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IN

Lovely to Look at



20th CENTURY FOX

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in charge of Production

Cert. U

Meet Charlie McCarthy, Hollywood's latest sensation. The glamour queens love him, his witticisms are the talk of the film colony parties and the terror of the film colony's great—but once he was just a stump of white pine . . .

£5 FILM STAR— and he's MADE of WOOD

PYGMALION carved Galatea from a block of marble and fell madly in love with his sculptured creation; Svengali hypnotised a commonplace, untalented Trilby and made divine music issue from her lips; but when Edgar Bergen hewed Charlie McCarthy from a chunk of wood he relegated himself to the position of stooge to a wooden wit who is the reigning sensation of the entertainment world.

From a mere stump of white pine to one of America's most celebrated personalities briefly summarises the meteoric rise of Charlie McCarthy.

From an obscure place in a battered old suitcase, he rose to a stellar position in the firmament of luminaries where he is adored by beautiful women and makes an entire world laugh at his fearless jibes at the great and near-great.

He has entertained the crowned heads of Europe and the lepers of Venezuela. He has kow-towed with Dorothy Lamour, Clark Gable and Mae West.

So endowed with human qualities is Charlie McCarthy that he is one of the *realest* people in the world.

Unfettered by taboos or conventions, he speaks whatever is on his mind. Whenever his lacquered lips open, a world stops to listen and laugh.

His bright, biting wit and saucy comments spare no one from the highest to the lowest. He is never tongue-tied in the presence of the mighty and even derives a keen delight in besting them during the ensuing verbal jousts.

Were anyone else to utter the caustic comments that flow glibly from his mouth, there would be the devil to pay.

Since his recent advent in films, Charlie McCarthy has gone a long way from those days seventeen years ago when he was a ragged, unsophisticated urchin with a single shabby suit to his name.

To-day he ranks among the best-dressed men in Hollywood. For his sartorial grandeur, he thanks Samuel Goldwyn in whose two million dollar musical extravaganza, *The Goldwyn Follies*, he is now appearing.

Producer Goldwyn decided that Charlie's wardrobe was too meagre. The studio tailors immediately set to work and their numerous conferences and consultations resulted in the creation of Charlie's present enviable wardrobe.

Charlie's clothes are always expensively tailored and he prides himself that no one can wear them as well as he.

In addition to his white tie and tails, Charlie boasts several business suits, a dinner jacket, numerous sports outfits and the one bit of apparel he had wanted for many years—a genuine camel hair polo coat.

"Now," he cracks, "no one can mistake me for anything but a successful actor."

Dummy though he is, Charlie gets as much loving care as the Dionne Quintuplets. Father, valet, masseur and make-up artist to Charlie is Edgar Bergen, the famous ventriloquist, who is solely responsible for Charlie's existence.

Prior to each appearance before the camera, Charlie gets a stimulating shampoo after which his tousled, red locks are carefully combed and his fingers manicured with a wooden file.

No "softie" is Charlie, but for art's sake he endures a touch of eye shadow and a bit of lip rouge and admits it works wonders when the final photographic effects are produced.

The last touch is a shine on his shoes, and Charlie's ready to flash his dynamic appeal before the cameras.



Charlie McCarthy and his "Svengali"—Edgar Bergen.

But—oh-oh, Charlie's been talking out of turn again so Bergen has to put an out-of-joint jaw back where it belongs with a pair of pliers.

Charlie was carved out of a block of wood by a Chicago carpenter who got £5 for the job, but he is so important that his birth records are kept in the Government files in Washington. The "birth records" of the piece of pine to which Edgar Bergen has given such startling animation, are the documents that patent, register, copyright and trademark Charlie.

Whenever Charlie opens his mouth to flirt with Andrea Leeds, Helen Jepson or Zorina, the movement is protected against imitation. Even Charlie's name cannot be used in vain without incurring the wrath of Uncle Sam.

Although every girl cries for him and the boys think him a "regular guy," Charlie has basked in the spotlight of fame without a single threat from an imitator.

"It may be that imitators find the job too difficult," Edgar Bergen observes, for although he has hired one woodcarver after another to try to duplicate Charlie, almost every attempt to capture the enigmatic personality has failed. Whenever this happens, Bergen becomes a trifle more careful of his wooden waif and lavishes more than the customary affection and attention on him.

Together, the two have gone a long way from travelling all over the world in second-rate vaudeville to the big-time circuits; from vaudeville to smart night clubs to radio, and finally to the apex of all entertainment levels, motion pictures.

In fact, they're practically sitting on top of the world now—and Charlie says there's no place like it, providing he's resting on Bergen's knee.

Bergen, who is Svengali to the wooden dummy, first conceived Charlie in the kitchen of his mother's home when he was just sticking around fascinated by the procedure of making apple pies.

Just for a joke he made the steaming pies murmur, "Hello! Hello!" as they were being removed from the oven.

Mrs. Bergen looked at the pies in amazement, and not being a superstitious woman, she was a little annoyed rather than frightened.

"I did it!" Eddie burst out. "I made that noise, mother. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, don't let me catch you playing those tricks again." And Eddie didn't—not in his mother's kitchen—for he soon discovered that instead of being reprimanded for his ventriloquism, people were actually willing to pay money to hear it.

At this time, Bergen conceived the idea of Charlie McCarthy, his inspiration being a street-urchin newsboy with an impish face and bright red hair.

He soon put his wooden associate to practical use entertaining small children between serials in the old Victoria Theatre in Chicago.

During the summer, he and Charlie worked in Chautauqua. Stimulated by his success as an entertainer, Bergen made up his mind to pursue a theatrical career, but he wanted to go to college and decided to do both things at the same time.

Again Charlie McCarthy came to his rescue and was largely responsible for earning Bergen's college education.

Charlie himself, incidentally, is the only dummy to have attended Northwestern University and even then displayed much promise for the future. Although he wasn't voted as "the most likely to succeed" he has gone far beyond his many classmates.

After college, Bergen and Charlie travelled widely on a circuit that took them through every state in the Union and finally accepted a London engagement. At the Grosvenor House they performed before a smart audience that included Barbara Hutton and Lady Furness and their entire repertoire was completely exhausted before the enthusiastic observers would let them leave the stage. From there they went to Edgar's native Sweden where they performed before the Crown Prince and then on to Russia, Iceland and South America.

Upon his return to the United States, Bergen worked at engagements for a while until the climactic night at Elsa Maxwell's party when before such distinguished celebrities as Noel Coward and Rudy Vallee, he found himself the sensation of the party.

Vallee lost no time in bringing his prize to the radio. When Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy were booked for a week's trial in the Rainbow Room, there were faint misgivings in the air. But he remained to break all existing records that the elite rendezvous boasted.

Bergen himself is a shy, retiring young man in his early thirties who has mastered the art of ventriloquism to perfection.

He will tell you he envies Charlie for his outspoken manner and his brilliant repartee, but there's no doubt that Charlie is merely a medium for the many things Bergen would never have the nerve to say.

Charlie McCarthy is more than an impish, freckle-faced dummy. He is Edgar Bergen's second self—probably his real self. Charlie can get away with things that Edgar Bergen wouldn't even dare breathe.

He is thoroughly fearless and makes the sages of Hollywood shudder at his dazzling comebacks and withering wisecracks that would ordinarily be accompanied by a "smile-when-you-say-that" auxiliary.

The opportunity of taking root in Hollywood especially satisfies Charlie from the crown of his custom tailored silk hat to the soles of his made-to-measure shoes.

"Since I've played my first love scenes with Vera Zorina, the continental dancer, and with Andrea Leeds in *The Goldwyn Follies*," he says, "I never want to leave Hollywood. The girls here are beautiful and Goldwyn sure knows how to pick 'em."

When asked what he would do if Edgar Bergen should ever leave him, Charlie McCarthy's voice becomes a bit wistful and with a tear in his throat he says if that should happen he has made a vow never to speak again.



FREDRIC MARCH

Fredric has been keeping busy lately. On the screen he has been seen in "Nothing Sacred" and "The Buccaneer," and since then he has appeared in a play on Broadway (though it only ran a few nights). He will probably try conclusions with the New York stage again; he has long cherished an ambition, in his own words, "to give the theatre the licking I never gave it before I made a success in films."

SHOTS *with our* CANDID CAMERA



Fernand Gravet, who returns to the screen in "Food For Scandal," "in conference" with Director Mervyn Le Roy.





(Above) Mr. and Mrs. (Joan Blondell) Dick Powell sign the register on arrival at the premiere of "Hollywood Hotel," of which Dick is the star. (Left) Rudy Vallee escorted Rosemary (left) and Priscilla Lane. *For pictures of the film see pages 16 and 17*



He-man as family man. Pat O'Brien with Mrs. O'Brien and their daughter, in the garden of their Hollywood home.



Hollywood sisters Lola and Rosemary Lane achieve something of a record by both scoring hits in the film.



Dick Powell is a saxophone player and crooner in Benny Goodman's Band who wins a film contract.



The pi
of Lou
journal

Hollywood HOTEL

The film city continues with its own version of the strip-tease dance. Dick Powell is the star of the latest screen expose of the real Hollywood beneath its garments of glamour, and this time, of course, it's set to music. Lola Lane plays a temperamental film queen.



Above: A striking example of the lavish stage sets of "Hollyw
Busby Berkeley, famous for



is of interest to the screen debut arsons, Hollywood's most famous een here with the late Ted Healy.



The temperamental Lola and her leading man, Alan Mowbray, have Dick Powell sacked from the studio.



Unable to get film work, Dick has to take a job as a waiter in a "drive-in" lunch stand.



Hotel." The picture was directed by tacle.

Crooner Powell, of course, comes into his own in the end when he is the hit of the show in the "Hollywood Hotel" radio programme.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Warner



Seated, Tatiana (Claudette Colbert) received a successive kiss on the hand from Monsieur Chauffourrier-Dubieff, Governor of the Bank of France, and Count Feodor Andreevitch Brekenski, Pretender to the Russian throne.

Tovarich

WHEN the Grand Duchess Tatiana Petrovna Ouratieff transferred potatoes, bottled peas, sardines and other comestibles from the provision shop counter to her string bag, without intending to pay for them, she was not a victim of kleptomania.

She was hungry, and she had a firm belief in the good saints of Russia helping to satisfy that hunger without the necessity for breaking into a last hundred-franc note.

Moreover, her husband, Mikail, otherwise Prince Ouratieff, one-time aide-de-camp to His Imperial Majesty the Czar, was hungry, too. Therefore, Tatiana, leaving him in their one-room apartment on the top floor because his single shirt was being washed, sallied forth into the Paris street, armed with the string bag and the hundred-franc note in case of emergencies.

Alas, the saints were not complacent that morning! Tatiana, adding two bottles of champagne to a bulging bag, came unexpectedly face to face with the shopkeeper. Into his hand went the hundred-franc note. While waiting for change and looking round for other objects which might not be missed, the bag was seized by a trio of guttersnipes, who were making off with it when a gendarme gave chase.

Tatiana had seen that gendarme before. Only five minutes since he had been an interested spectator of her counter transaction, had even expatiated on the need of keeping an eye open for possible thieves. The sight of him, with baton raised in pursuit of the youngsters with the bag, was too much for her composure. She took to her high heels (of compact slimness and most graceful limbs was the Grand Duchess), raced up the apartment stairs, flung open the door, and called upon Mikail to help her.

"Tatiana—these gentlemen," Mikail reproved. He wore his pyjama coat and, for lack of trousers, his nether half was draped in bedclothes. Yet, with his forceful eyes, he gave an impression of dignity, notwithstanding the two gentlemen to whom he referred were attired in morning coats and carried silk hats.

Tatiana had no more time than to grasp these facts before the gendarme and his three small victims, followed by a panting shopkeeper, forced an entrance.

"A fine bag for stealing, but your wife's an amateur; you should train her better," one boy piped up.

"I'll have you know, whatever my wife does, she does perfectly," Mikail reproved.

"Thank you, my pigeon." A second and most unexpected bouquet followed Tatiana's acknowledgment. The gendarme elicited the shopkeeper's astounding contention that, not only had madame bought two bottles of champagne without waiting for change for a hundred francs, but was an excellent customer who paid spot cash for everything.

"If you don't explain what this is all about, I shall faint right away," Tatiana gasped as the gendarme, having given her the well-stocked bag and the urchins the benefit of the doubt, marshalled them and the shopkeeper downstairs.

"Perhaps I can explain," said one of the visitors, "if His Highness will introduce us." Seated, Tatiana received a successive kiss on the hand from Monsier Chauffourrier-Dubieff, Governor of the Bank of France, and Count Feodor Andreevitch Brekenski, Pretender to the Russian throne.

"The gendarme's conduct just now," the Governor pursued," was simply the result of the extreme police vigilance and discretion of France. In this district, not so much as an artichoke is stolen without discovery; but your grocer, madame, is instructed to look the other way. The bills for your provisions receive careful attention from four departments, and are finally settled by the office of secret funds for payment."

"Then—then the saints have not been feeding us!"

"Don't worry, madame. We are astounded by your ability to live on so little, and will leave you now to enjoy an excellent dinner as guests of France."

But even after the bearded gentlemen had left, Mikail having tossed a couple of artichokes into the Governor's silk hat, by way of a parting gift, no meal could be thought of. Mikail must tell his Tatianuska of the object of the recent visit. It appeared that His Imperial Majesty the Czar, before the revolution, had deposited the major portion of his gold in Prince Ouratieff's name in the bank of France. The money, having accumulated, was worth forty billion dollars.

Briefly, Count Feodor Brekenski, as Pretender to the throne, had come to Prince Ouratieff's top-floor room to entreat him to advance the whole sum to start a counter-revolution.

"He talked grandly about my being the liberator of Russia, the restorer of the throne," "Mikail continued, "but how could I squander forty billion dollars on a scheme foredoomed to failure? No, Tatiana; little one, it was a crowned Czar who entrusted the money to me, and to a crowned Czar it will be returned."

"Didn't I hear the Count say that Commissar Gorotchenko was in Paris?" Tatiana said thoughtfully, with a shudder for the bearded, saturnine, though handsome member of the Soviet, who had submitted Mikail and herself to physical torture, yet winked an eye at their escape from the Loubianka prison.

"He did say so; but what's the difference? The Count can assure me that the money would be safer with him till Doomsday. Who's that? Come in, neighbour Martelleau."

A thin-faced little man had arrived to plead for his wife, whom he described as the "little woman," and her day-old baby, both of whom were starving.

"I'm sorry. We have nothing left," Mikail said sadly.

"Yes we have." Tatiana, snatching up the string bag, gave it to him. Martelleau's pathetic gratitude, though it warmed their hearts, could do little to fire the inner chill. "Even our hundred francs gone. Couldn't we draw a few from the bank?" Tatiana pleaded.

"Not a sou," Mikail declared. "If I do, to-morrow we'll be living at the Ritz. "I may be a hero, but I'm a Russian hero. I may be willing to die on the spot, but, once retreat, always retreat."

An impasse! Providentially, Martelleau, looking in to say that the "little woman" didn't care for caviar, but that he had eaten it himself, brought a newspaper which averted catastrophe.

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Thus, Martelleau, reading from the advertisement column and thinking aloud what he would do when the little woman was well, set two loyal artistocrats in search of employment.

References were supplied by Tatiana, writing as the Grand Duchess Petrovna introducing two of her former servants, Tina and Michel. Wearing the Russian colours as a scarf, Mikail, his sword thrust down the inside of his trouser-leg, left the attic, where the crazy bed in token of farewell collapsed suddenly and entirely.

Praying to the saints, they encouraged each other by saying that what they had done in Petersburg for the Czar they could do for the Czar in Paris. True, they might have been unlucky. They might have found at Number Four, Avenue de Tourville, a Monsieur Dupont

(*Continued on page* 20)

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TOVARICH—*Continued from page 18*

not addicted to headaches and who was fussy about foreign accents among his staff.

They might have found a Madame Dupont entirely unappreciative of hairdressing as an art, and her two children, Georges (aged eighteen) and Helene (a year younger), antipathetic to everything Russian.

As it turned out, however, Monsieur Dupont, racked with headache at being unable to find a missing dress shoe and having only one daily Abigail, a rotund cook, Louise, to answer bells, declared he was long past the stage of being fussy about accents. Moreover, his headache was sensationally cured by a draught concocted by Mikail (albeit it contained gunpowder) ten minutes after he and Tatiana had been taken on trial.

Madame Dupont, too, having exhausted the patience of two hairdressers by continually jumping up from the dressing-table on some ridiculous errand, professed herself delighted with Tatiana's skill as coiffeuse. Further, Georges, after his parents had left the house for a dinner engagement, was to discover that Mikail could not only clean foils, but was a far better fencer than himself. Finally, when Helene, having applauded the combat which took place on the grand staircase, found that Tatiana tuned a guitar and sang charming songs, she was quick to supplement her brother's praises of things Russian.

That night and for several in succession, Tatiana and Mikail yielded to Georges' and Helene's demands that they should play poker in the kitchen. Georges was no better player than he was fencer, but at three in the morning, despite having lost most of his month's allowance, he was eager for another round. Mikail tried without success to dissuade the young man from playing for high stakes and, when inevitably he lost his all, was only too willing to return him two hundred francs as a loan.

Sometimes the unsaintly hours kept were enlivened by Mikail's attempt to teach the young people Russian, Particularly he explained that Tovarich, meaning comrade, was a word of Bolshevik origin and hated by the aristocrats. Privately, Helene thought Tovarich Mikail, a lovely appellation and "Tovarich Mikail, I love you," the sweetest phrase in any language. For it was plain that, in an entirely innocent way, Helene was as much in love with Mikail as Georges was with Tatiana.

"My poor pigeon, isn't it awful to be so attractive?" Tatiana sighed, aware that Monsieur Dupont, as well as his son, had succumbed to her charm. To which Mikail,conscious that sentimental glances had been cast at him by Madame Dupont as well as her daughter, answered :—

"Yes, darling, it's awful; but one gets used to anything."

On the occasion of a dinner for eight given by the Duponts to various distinguished guests, however, events occurred which Tatiana and Mikail found impossible to accept with entire calm.

Monsieur Dupont delivered the first challenge to serenity. He began a long preamble about not wanting to hurt the feelings of those who had been employed in royal Russian families, but the evening's guests, he said, were to be international representatives of Dutch, French, and English oil concerns.

"Come to the point, Charles," Madame Dupont interrupted. "Our guest of honour will be Commissar Gorotchencko."

"The man who once put a lighted cigarette between my late master the Prince Ourtieff's fingers," Mikail couldn't help exclaiming. Tatiana, looking exquisite in the lace-collared black frock, worn with lace apron, uniform which fitted her better than ever it had her predecessor, was to receive the next shock. Having appeared in the reception-room, she was standing near Madame Dupont when Lady Khargann, draped in metalled brocade, sitting next to her hostess on the sofa, gasped, rose and curtseyed.

"You rang, madame?" Tatiana said evenly. She was obliged to stand while Lady Khargann continued : "Your housemaid, my dear Madame Dupont? But this is the Grand Duchess Petrovna. I met her several times in Petersburg." Having received her instructions to lay another place for dinner, an impulsive lady having brought an uninvited escort, by name Alphonso, Tatiana got away.

It was no less disturbing, however, to overhear Monsieur Chauffourrier Dubieff, who had just arrived, greeting Mikail, who had come in to inquire if cocktails were to be served, as an honoured friend.

"I am delighted to see you, sir. It is true I am dining here, but not at the same time as the guests," was Mikail's method of beating a retreat.

Worse was to follow during dinner. Tatiana, about to hand *hors d'oeuvres*, was horrified to find the nine guests, also her employers, rising to their feet at her entrance.

"Madame, I think you would be more comfortable if you sat down," Tatiana allowed herself to say when she reached Madame Dupont.

She dared to look at the Commissar on madame's right. His good looks and pointed beard showed to advantage in evening dress. His voice, precise, musical, whether giving an order for execution or asking for a glass of water, was answering Madame Dupont's query about the revolution.

"Then you're the one who burned Michel !" she said suddenly.

The Commissar appeared not to notice the remark, and Tatiana's pride rose high, for Mikail who, with perfect steadiness, advanced with a light for his ex-torturer's cigarette.

"I am surprised at revolutionary talk causing so much interest," the Commissar continued after a few delicate puffs. "Those were such desperate days, madame, that a certain amount of torture—of butchery, even—were justified. The man, of whom you spoke just now, I burned because he had in his hands a sum of money which would have saved thousands of lives."

Tatiana, serving cutlets to Monsieur Dupont, saw that in agitation he was piling his plate, and reminded him *sotto voce* that he had as many as he could eat. Whereupon he said "Heavens, yes !" and hurried them back on to the dish. Meanwhile, Tatiana was not to escape hearing herself described by the Commissar as a particularly beautiful lady who had been allowed to get away on a foggy night from prison to Finland by boat.

"Naturally, the man who ran that motor-boat was shot," the clear-cut refined voice continued.

Tatiana's agitation, well concealed till she and Mikail had finally descended to the kitchen, found vent in lamenting a real cause. Madame Dupont, always inclined to make difficulties where none existed, only too naturally had decided that she couldn't stand the strain of having members of the Russian nobility as servants. Louise, quick to hear the news of their discharge from the odd man, was already in tears, saying good-bye, putting on her hat to go home, and advising Mikail and Tatiana to join a Union, all in one breath.

"Don't forget to put out the milk bottles," were her parting words, choked with sobs. "The m-m-milkman's been complaining again."

Their hearts were heavy as the door closed. One thought cheered them : they had promised to take Georges and Helene to a real Russian New Year's fête, but only after the washing-up was finished.

Covering the black frock with an overall, Tatiana was at the sink and Mikail on his way with hot water for the bedrooms, when a voice said : "Can I come in?" All her Russian capacity for dislike flamed in Tatiana as she saw the Commissar. He asked to see Mikail. She told him to take a chair and keep seated. For five minutes they exchanged veiled vituperations. Coming out of the transparent film of politeness, Tatiana had openly wished the Commissar's eyes burned out and the sockets filled with Siberian salt by the time Mikail joined them.

Only the fact that Tatiana's presence in any house implied she was hostess saved Mikail from taking his wife's advice to throw the Commissar out with the help of the coal tongs.

"I have come to ask a favour," he continued coolly. "I want a cheque for forty billion dollars."

"Now, Mikail, you can kill him."

"You remember the map in the Czar's room in the winter palace?" the Commissar persisted. "A map of all the Russias. Baku and Petrovolst, our richest oil-fields, will, of necessity be sold to foreign buyers unless you let me have that cheque."

"The money belonged to the Czar, and to the Czar it shall be returned."

"And who was the Czar, if he was not Russia? Madame, your Highness, consider generations of English, French, Dutch, Americans digging Russian soil, exploiting our resources, draining the country's life blood."

"You want me to do it?" Mikail asked, turning his dark eyes upon Tatiana. Unwittingly the plate she was drying slid from her fingers. "The first you've broken," Mikail said, and to her joy, as he helped her collect the pieces, added : "You can tell Chauffourrier - Dubieff and the others that Baku and Petrovolsk are not for sale."

"I shall deliver your message," the Commissar said formally. Characteristically, Mikail, having made his decision, seemed to forget having made it. Talking about the broken plate, commenting on the indifferent china, and wondering what Madame Dupont would deduct for it from their wages, he omitted to write the cheque until reminded.

Tatiana shed a few tears as she helped Mikail to spell "billion." Orthography had never been his strong point. They stifled regret at leaving the Duponts, when the Commissar had gone, by hurrying to change. Re-entering the kitchen, they found Georges and Helene, ready for the festivities; toasting each other and singing the Russian National Anthem.

"Isn't it rather strange finding you all in here?" Monsieur Dupont, appearing with his wife, wanted to know. Georges had no answer. He was staring at the medals with which Mikail's dress suit was covered. "And the Legion of Honour," he gasped.

"All taken out of pawn with my winnings at poker, Monsieur Georges," whereat the boy, eyes starting from his head, exclaimed almost reverently : "Look at Tina !"

Cloaked and wearing a shimmering court dress of white and silver, crossed by a blue riband, a coronet sparkling above her fair fringe, Tatiana came forward. "I, too, played poker," she smiled.

"What a pity you have to be born a Grand Duchess when good servants are so hard to get," Madame Dupont sighed. "But you do see how impossible it is for you to stay, don't you?"

"On the other hand, you're not thinking of walking out on us to-night," Monsier Dupont hurriedly corrected. "A nice way to repay our kindness !"

"Mikail and I would sooner cut ourselves in pieces than inconvenience you, monsieur and madame."

"Then you must certainly stay till we find two servants as good as you."

"But, monsieur, where will you find such people?" Mikail inquired.

"Then you'll promise to stay, even if it takes a very, very long time?"

"If it takes years and years, we shall stay, monsieur."

"Good ! Then you're re-engaged on an almost temporary basis. Come along, my dear,"

Not forgetting, in their joy, either to put out the milk bottles or the rubbish pail, Prince Mikail and the Grand Duchess Ouratieff escorted the young people to welcome in the Russian New Year.



Tatiana shed a few tears as she helped Mikail (Charles Boyer) to spell "billion" while the Commissar (Basil Rathbone) waited.

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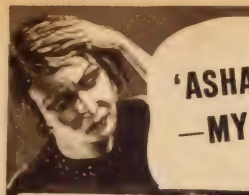
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DOES GROW HAIR

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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

LANCER SPY

A RATTLING good spy melodrama, ingenious in situation and, even if it is rather highly coloured, interesting throughout.

The love interest is not allowed to predominate and is kept in its proper perspective, the main drama relying on the exploits of an Englishman, disguised as a German baron, moving in high army quarters during the war.

George Sanders, the newcomer who has already played some small parts, assured his future by an exceedingly clever performance. He appears both as the German baron and his double, an English naval officer.

The former is captured and after studying him and learning all about him, the latter gets into Germany; it being given out that the baron had escaped.

He fools everybody except the chief of intelligence, who is suspicious and is finally able to unmask him, but not before he has achieved the object of his espionage.

George Sanders dominates the picture, but the remainder of the cast all give convincing characterisations.

Lionel Atwill as a British intelligence officer, Joseph Schildkraut as the Prince Ferdi der Schwazwald, a friend of the baron, Sig Rumann and Peter Lorre as German intelligence officers, are all noteworthy, while Maurice Moscovich is fine as a German general who takes a liking to the supposed baron.

The woman in the case is admirably played by Dolores Del Rio. She is a counter spy who falls in love with the Englishman, and having learnt his secret sacrifices herself for him. In contradistinction to most spy plays, there is no love making—the hero in this case being married and having a child in England.

Generally, the atmosphere is quite convincing and there is not a single strident American accent to mar the proceedings. In that respect it is a model of good casting and reflects much to the credit of Gregory Ratoff, the well-known actor, who directed it.

SUBMARINE D-1

● Stories dealing with submarines have all had a strong family likeness, chiefly because no one has been able to produce one that does not include the sinking of the craft and the consequent thrilling escape of the imprisoned men. By the very nature of things, that is bound to be the highlight.

Submarine *D*-1 is conventional in this respect, but the production values are exceedingly good and it provides first-class robust entertainment of an action-ful and thrilling order.

Wayne Morris is excellent as a young sailor who is always at loggerheads with his superior officer chiefly because they both admire the same girl. He acts easily and naturally and has many of the qualities which first endeared Gary Cooper to the public.

As his friendly rival, Pat O'Brien is stolidly efficient, but he is rather apt to walk through the part.

George Brent scores as the commander of a submarine which is sunk during manoeuvres, two of the crew being rescued by means of a deep sea diving bell, the invention of himself and Pat.

There is only a slight love interest, but it is well supplied by Doris Weston. Comedy is introduced by Frank McHugh, who is on top of his form.

The background of the story is an American submarine base, and the sea shots are excellent and provide the American navy with some first-class propaganda.

There is a great deal of interest in the training of men for submarine service and convincing thrills in the sinking of the *D*-1.

Characters are well drawn and, as a whole, the picture provides very good entertainment of a robust and virile order.

LA MORT DU CYGNE

● Against a background of ballet training this film presents a moving and finely realistic story of a young girl who has the love of dancing firmly planted in her mind, together with a vast admiration for a prima ballerina, which leads her to commit a crime for the sake of her idol. The whole thing is admirably directed and the atmosphere is wholly realistic.

Janine Charrat gives a remarkably fine study of Rose Souris, a little pupil of the ballet at the Paris Opera House, who worships the prima ballerina, Beaupré. When she learns her idol is being replaced by a foreigner, Nathalie, she takes away the support from a trap-door and Nathalie, whilst performing "La Mort du Cygne," falls through it and injures her leg permanently.

Rose is at first aghast at what she has done, but since it restored her favourite to prominence she salves her conscience.

Then Nathalie takes a position as instructor at the Opera House, and Rose becomes her favourite pupil; she hopes to realise in her the ambitions that she herself could now never attain.

Eventually Rose's secret is revealed, and at first Nathalie threatens her with prison, but finally the exquisite dancing of the child softens her heart and she goes on with her training.

Beaupré is enacted charmingly by Yvette Chauvire, star of the Opera Ballet, Paris, while Mia Slavenska is sincere and impressive as Nathalie; she is the star of the Jugo-Slavian Theatres' Ballet. The dancing of all three is exquisite. A cast of juveniles gives splendid support.

The picture takes us behind the scenes of the ballet opera and gives a faithful idea of the training and heartburnings of the corps de ballet. Characterisation is exceedingly good, and the settings of the stage and opera house are authentic and impressive.

The story holds one and is full of human detail touches, while the various ballet excerpts are artistically introduced and do not in any way hold up the development of the story proper.

On the Screens Now

***THE TOAST OF NEW YORK

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Biographical drama. Runs 108 minutes.

EDWARD ARNOLD.....Jim Fisk
CARY GRANT.....Nick Boyd
FRANCES FARMER.....Josie Mansfield
JACK OAKIE.....Luke
DONALD MEEK.....Daniel Drew
THELMAS LEEDS.....Fleurique
CLARENCE KOLB.....Vanderbilt
BILLY GILBERT.....Photographer
GEORGE IRVING.....Broker
FRANK M. THOMAS AND RUSSEL HICKS.....Lawyers
OSCAR APFEL.....Wallack
DUDLEY CLEMENTS.....Collins
LIONEL BELMORE.....President of Board
ROBERT MCCLUNG.....Bellhop
ROBERT DUDLEY.....Janitor
DEWEY ROBINSON.....Beefy Dolan
STANLEY FIELDS.....Top Sergeant
GAVIN GORDON.....Major
JOYCE COMPTON.....Mary Lou
VIRGINIA CARROLL.....Virginia Lee

Directed by Roland V. Lee. Based on "Book of Daniel Drew," by Bouck White, and the story "Robber Barons," by Matthew Josephson. Previewed January 15, 1938.

Edward Arnold is again seen in an American period story as a man who makes a fortune and loses it.

He is cast as Jim Fisk, who starting as a pedlar, made a fortune in cotton during the Civil War, became more and more ambitious as he grew more successful, and finally ruined himself trying to corner gold.

The romantic part of the story is his love for a chorus girl on whom he lavished money and eventually married.

In the end a man he had ruined shoots him, which allows for a happy future for his wife who had married him not for love but out of sheer gratitude for all he had done for her.

Edward Arnold gives a strong character study and there is both drama and comedy in his financial transactions. The final sequences when he tries to corner gold are very well put over.

Cary Grant is rather stilted as Fisk's partner who falls in love with his wife, but Frances Farmer registers a personal success as the chorus girl.

Two excellent character studies are given by Donald Meek as a sanctimonious humbug, and Jack Oakie as another of Fisk's partners.

***THEY WON'T FORGET

First National. American. "A" certificate. Sociological drama. Runs 95 minutes.

CLAUDE RAINS.....Andy Griffin
GLORIA DICKSON.....Sybil Hale
EDWARD NORRIS.....Robert Hale
OTTO KRUGER.....Gleason
ALLYN JOSLYN.....Bill Brock
LANA TURNER.....Mary Clay
LINDA PERRY.....Imogene Hayfield
ELISHA COOK, JUN.....Joe Turner
CY KENDALL.....Detective Laneart
CLINTON ROSEMOND.....Tump Redwine
E. ALYN WARREN.....Carlisle P. Buxton
ELIZABETH RISDON.....Mrs. Hale
CLIFFORD SOUBIER.....Jim Timberlake
GRANVILLE BATES.....Detective Pindar
ANN SHOEMAKER.....Mrs. Mountford
PAUL EVERTON.....Governor Mountford
DONALD BRIGGS.....Harmon
SYBIL HARRIS.....Mrs. Clay
TREVOR BARDETTE.....Shattuck Clay
ELLIOTT SULLIVAN.....Luther Clay
LEONARD MUDIE.....Judge Moore
WILMER HINES.....Ransom Clay
FRANK FAYLEN.....Reporter
EDDIE ACUFF.....Drugstore Clerk
HARRY DAVENPORT, HARRY BERESFORD, EDWARD MCWADE.....Confederate Soldiers

Directed by Mervyn LeRoy from a novel by Ward Greene. Previewed November 13, 1937.

The prejudices which apparently are still held in America by Southerners against the Yankees, and also that most terrible expression of mob psychology, lynch law, form the basic theme of this finely dramatic and gripping picture. Side issues to the main theme introduce political and yellow-press journalism. I recommend it particularly to all who appreciate strong realistic drama.

Edward Norris is extremely good as a Yankee schoolmaster in a Southern town who, when a girl is found murdered in the college, is accused of the crime.

In an atmosphere of the utmost prejudice he is found guilty, and when the Governor succeeds in getting him reprieved he is seized by a mob and lynched.

Claude Rains is brilliant as the prejudiced District Attorney, who thinks a conviction will put him in running for the governorship, and Otto Kruger is also convincing as the defending counsel.

Gloria Dickson is extremely sympathetic as the accused man's wife, and Allyn Joslyn scores a personal success as a reporter to whom a scoop meant more than conscience.

**ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Spectacular extravaganza. Runs 80 minutes.

EDDIE CANTOR.....Ali Baba
TONY MARTIN.....Yusuf
ROLAND YOUNG.....Sultan
JUNE LANG.....Princess Miriam
LOUISE HOVICK.....Sultana
JOHN CARRADINE.....Ishak
VIRGINIA FIELD.....Dinah
ALAN DINEHART.....Boland
DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE.....Prince Musah
RAYMOND SCOTT QUINTET.....Themselves
PETERS SISTERS, JENI LE GON.....Specialities
MAURICE CASS.....Omar, the Rug Maker
WARREN HYMER, STANLEY FIELDS...Tramps
PAUL HURST.....Captain
SAM HAYES.....Radio Announcer
DOUGLAS WOOD.....Selim
SIDNEY FIELDS.....Assistant Director
FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK.....Chief Councillor
CHARLES LANE.....Doctor
PEARL TWINS.....Speciality

Directed by David Butler. Based on a story by Graham Baker and Gene Fowler.

Eddie Cantor is in good form in this spectacular screen extravaganza, and there is a lot of really bright fooling as well as excellent photographic and production qualities. The trouble is that it deals to a great extent with American politics and satirises Roosevelt's New Deal, neither of which subjects are likely to interest audiences in this country very particularly.

However, as a mixture of song and slapstick in an Arabian setting, it entertains quite pleasantly.

Roland Young is amusing as the Sultan and Douglas Dumbrille makes a convincing villain.

The story is actually the dream of a screenstruck youth who is given a small part in an Eastern spectacle and loses consciousness through an accident.

c**THE SINGING MARINE

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 105 minutes.

DICK POWELL.....Bob Brent
DORIS WESTON.....Peggy Randall
LEE DIXON.....Slim Baxter
HUGH HERBERT.....Aeneas Phinney
JANE DARWELL.....Ma Marine
ALLEN JENKINS.....Sergeant Mike
GEORGE (DOC) ROCKWELL..."Doc" Rockwell
LARRY ADLER.....Himself
ROSE KING.....Fanny Hatteras
MARCIA RALSTON.....Helen Young
GUINN WILLIAMS.....Dopey
VEDA ANN BORG.....Diane
JANE WYMAN.....Joan
BERTON CHURCHILL...J. Montgomery Madison
EDDIE ACUFF.....Sam
HENRY O'NEILL.....Captain Skinner
ADDISON RICHARDS.....Mr. Fowler
JAMES ROBBINS.....Sammy
MIKI MORITA.....Ah Ling
PIERRE WATKIN.....General
HARRY WOOD.....First Marine Sergeant
HARRY WOOD.....Second Marine Sergeant
TETSU KOAMI.....Chang

Directed by Ray Enright. Music and lyrics by Harry Warren and Al Dubin.

In spite of the conventionalities of the plot of this musical, which is of the local-boy-makes-good variety, it entertains because of good incidental humour and excellent song numbers lavishly presented by Busby Berkeley.

(*Continued on page* 24)

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REVIEWS—*Continued*

Dick Powell has little material as the hero, a bumptious marine who becomes a hit on the radio and has to be put in his place by his comrades, but he makes the most of it.

A promising newcomer, Doris Weston, handles the *ingénue* role capably, and Hugh Herbert supplies most of the comedy.

c**LAW FOR TOMBSTONE

General F.D. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 58 minutes.

BUCK JONES.....Alamo Bowie
MURIEL EVANS.....Nellie Gray
HARVEY CLARK.....Doc Holliday
CLAR STOCKDALE.....Judge Hart
EARL HODKINS.....Jack Dunn
ALEXANDER CROSS.....Bull Clanton

Directed by Charles Jones.

You can usually rely on Buck Jones to give you a good run for your money in a Western, and he acquits himself well here as a Texas ranger who is sent to Tombstone to end a reign of terror inaugurated by crooks.

The dramatic qualities are above the average in Westerns, and there is quite a good deal of conviction both in character and situation.

Muriel Evans gives a worth-while performance as the heroine.

**THE BRIDE WORE RED

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Society comedy. Runs 102 minutes.

JOAN CRAWFORD.....Anni
FRANCHOT TONE.....Giulio
ROBERT YOUNG.....Rudi Pal
BILLIE BURKE.....Countess Di Meina
REGINALD OWEN.....Admiral Monti
LYNNE CARVER.....Maddelena Monti
GEORGE ZUCCO.....Count Armalia
MARY PHILLIPS.....Maria
PAUL PROCASI.....Nobili
DICKIE MOORE.....Pietro
FRANK PUGLIA.....Alberto

Directed by Dorothy Arzner. Screen play by Leo Siesinger and Bradbury Foote. Previewed November 27, 1938. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of December 11, 1937.

Starting extremely well, this picture becomes conventionally sentimental towards the end and lets one down rather badly.

Joan Crawford, taking herself a little too seriously for the role she is playing, is cast as a cheap cabaret singer, Anni, whom a drunken wealthy man presents with enough money to stay at a very smart country hotel, where he knows a playboy friend of his, Rudi Pal, is also stopping, for a fortnight.

Anni sets herself out to win Pal, who is engaged, and succeeds in doing so; but in the end it is a quizzical postman, who had taken her at her face value, who wins the matrimonial stakes.

Robert Young is good as Pal, but Franchot Tone is rather heavy and not too convincing as the romantic postman.

Billie Burke scores as a socialite, and Reginald Owen contributes a clever study of a retired admiral.

The Austrian settings are picturesque.

c*THE LEGION OF MISSING MEN

Pathe. American. "U" certificate. Foreign Legion melodrama. Runs 62 minutes.

RALPH FORBES.....Bob Carter
BEN ALEXANDER.....Don Carter
GEORGE REGAS.....Garcia
HALA LINDA.....Nina
JAMES AUBREY.....Bilgey
PAUL HURST.....Muggsy
FRANK LEIGH.....Colonel Laurente
ROY D'ARCY.....Sheik Ul Ahmed

Directed by Hamilton MacFadden.

Straightforward melodrama, put over briskly, with plenty of thrills of a conventional order. The story deals with two brothers in the Foreign Legion, the elder of whom sacrifices himself for the younger when he gets into scrapes.

Ralph Forbes is good in the former role and Ben Alexander is quite sound as the latter, although he hardly suggests the Englishman he is supposed to be.

The romantic note is supplied exotically by Hala Linda.

Good supporting studies are given by Paul Hurst, Roy D'Arcy, and James Aubrey.

*LEAVE IT TO ME

British Lion. British. "A" certificate. Broad extravaganza. Runs 71 minutes.

SANDY POWELL.....Sandy
IRIS MARCH.....Joan
FRANKLYN DYALL.....Sing Tu
GARRY MARSH.....Sergeant
DAVY BURNABY.....Sir William
JACK HOBBS.....Special Guest
CLAUDE HORTON.....Butler
DORA HIBBERT AND NICHOLAS BIRS.....Speciality Dancers
GEORGE PENCHEFF AND JACK PYE.....Wrestlers

Directed by Herbert Smith.

Sandy Powell appears in this broad farce as a simpleton who wants to become a policeman, and, although his material is neither original nor subtle, he manages to put over the personality that has secured his popularity on the stage and over the air.

He appears as a policeman, a harem queen, an all-in wrestler, a professional ballroom dancer, a Chinese mandarin, and a private detective—in short, a one-man show.

*MEN OF STEEL

British Lion. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 63 minutes.

GRANT WITHERS.....Tons" Walker
BEATRICE ROBERTS.....Susan
RANNY WEEKS.....Bill Reardon
JUDITH ALLEN.....Elaine Witworth
WILLIAM NEWELL.....Porky
PIERRE WATKIN.....William Reardon
ROGER WILLIAMS.....Steve
GEORGIA CAINE.....Mrs. Witworth
GRETA MEYER.....Hilda
EDGAR NORTON.....Jarvis
HARRY DEPP.....Smalley
EUGENE KING.....Zimick

Directed by William Nigh.

Quite a good little comedy drama of an unpretentious nature, played against the background of a steel mill.

Grant Withers is virile and likeable as the son of a mill owner who, under the terms of his father's will, has to serve an apprenticehsip under the tough mill boss.

This latter role is also well played by Ranny Weeks.

It is the conflict between these two and their efforts to get the better of each other which supplies the story motive.

The feminine interest is quite well supplied by Beatrice Roberts and Judith Allen.

*CHANGE FOR A SOVEREIGN

First National. British "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 72 minutes.

SEYMOUR HICKS.....King Hugo
VIOLET FAREBROTHER.....Queen Agatha
CHILI BOUCHIER.....Countess Rita
AUBREY MALLALIEU.....Baron Breit
BRUCE LISTER.....Crown Prince William
HYDE WHITE.....Charles
RALPH TRUMAN.....Archduke Paul
DENIER WARREN.....Mr. Heller
FLORENCE VIE.....Mrs. Heller
DAPHNE RAGLAN.....Katrina Heller
GEORGE LANE.....Kunk
PERCY LE FRE.....Stigge
BILLY WATTS.....Peter

Directed by Maurice Elvey. Based on an original story by Seymour Hicks.

Seymour Hicks carries this rather thin Ruritanian farce on his own shoulders. He plays a dual role, that of a king who likes to go away for a holiday as one of the people and his double, a flirtatious alcoholic who is temporarily enthroned.

The double causes a crisis by his behaviour, and the real king returns just in time to avert catastrophe.

Chili Bouchier is good as the intriguing wife of an Archduke who has his eye on the throne.

The development is hardly subtle, but it scores sometimes in a broad, boisterous manner.

*THIS WAY PLEASE

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy with music. Runs 72 minutes.

CHARLES "BUDDY" ROGERS.....Brad Morgan
BETTY GRABLE.....Jane Morrow
NED SPARKS.....Inky Wells
MARY LIVINGSTONE.....Maxine Barry
PORTER HALL.....S. I. Crawford
LEE BOWMAN.....Stu Randall
JIM AND MARIAN JORDAN.....Fibber McGee and Molly
CECIL CUNNINGHAM.....Miss Eberhardt
WALLY VERNON.....Bumps
ROMO VINCENT.....Trumps
JERRY BERGEN.....Mumps
RUFE DAVIS.....Sound Effects Man

Directed by Robert Florey. Based on a story by Maxwell Shane and Bill Thomas.

There is a certain amount of novelty about the locale of this comedy—it takes place behind the scenes of a super cinema and pokes good fun at cinema routine.

The story, however, is very thin, and the picture relies more on its dance and musical items.

Betty Grable is sound as an usherette who falls for the band leader, played by Charles Rogers, who is also agreeable and versatile.

Ned Sparks and Mary Livingstone make an amusing comedy team.

*FIFTY-SECOND STREET

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 82 minutes.

IAN HUNTER.....Rufus Rondell
LEO CARRILLO.....Fiorello
PAT PATERSON.....?.....Margaret Rondell
ELLA LOGAN.....Betty Malina
SID SILVERS.....Sid
ZASU PITTS.....Letita Rondell
MARLA SHELTON.....Evelyn
DOROTHY PETERSON.....Adela Rondell
COLLETTE LYONS.....Minnie
AL SHEAN.....Klauber
KENNY BAKER.....Benny

Entertainers.

JACK WHITE COOK AND BROWN
ROCCO AND SAULTERS JERRY COLONNA
GEORGIE TAPPS AL NORMAN
AND THE 52ND STREET GIRLS

Directed by Harold Young. Screen play by Gwen Jones.

Indifferent musical romance, which fails to register, in spite of the efforts of Leo Carrillo and Ian Hunter, who both give good performances.

Its story, which provides a thread on which to hang a number of "turns," deals with Rondell, the scion of an old American family, who scandalises his prim sisters living in 52nd Street by marrying an actress. This is in 1912.

Three years later his wife dies and he sends his little daughter to school in England.

Gradually the character of 52nd Street changes, and speak-easies spring up there. After the 1929 crash, Rondell opens up a night club, which proves highly successful.

He keeps this from his daughter, but eventually she, too, becomes an actress, and his prim sisters also open up a cabaret; and so the character of 52nd Street completes its transformation.

Ian Hunter is personable as Rondell and Leo Carrillo a good contrast as a street musician who becomes a night-club proprietor.

The romance is supplied by Pat Paterson, as Rondell's daughter, and Kenny Baker.

*BRIEF ECSTASY

A.B.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Triangle drama. Runs 71 minutes.

PAUL LUKAS.....Professor Paul Bernardy
LINDEN TRAVERS.....Helen Bernardy
HUGH WILLIAMS.....Jim Bernardy
MARIE NEY.....Martha Russell
RENEE GADD.....Girl Friend
FRED WITHERS.....Gardener
HOWARD DOUGLAS.....Mr. Coleman
FEWLASS LLEWELLYN Director of Steel Company
PETER GAWTHORNE Chairman of Steel Company
NORMAN PIERCE.....Landlord

Directed by Edmond Greville. Scenario by Basil Mason.

A conventional and novelettish triangle drama, which relies far too much on the long arm of coincidence to be very convincing. Its main assets are the polished acting of Paul Lucas, who makes the character of a middle-aged professor, married to a young wife, natural and attractive and the good technical qualities of the production generally.

Linden Travers is adequate as the young wife, who had previously been in love with an aviator who comes back into her life and nearly ruins her happiness.

As the aviator, Hugh Williams is quite good.

An excellent study of a sex-starved woman is given by Marie Ney as the professor's housekeeper, who is secretly in love with him and fans the flame of jealousy whenever possible.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

***THE TOAST OF NEW YORK
***THEY WON'T FORGET
**ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN
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c*THE LEGION OF MISSING MEN
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*THIS WAY PLEASE
*FIFTY-SECOND STREET
*BRIEF ECSTASY

What the asterisks mean—

**** An outstanding feature.*
*** Very good.*
** Good.*
* Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Action For Slander (2) ... *Jan.* 22
Another Dawn (2) ... ... *Jan.* 15
Big Business (2) ... ... *Jan.* 1
Big Fella (2) ... ... *Jan.* 1
Blonde Trouble (2) ... ... *Feb.* 5
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2)... *Jan.* 8
Café Metropole (2) ... ... *Jan.* 1
Double Wedding (2) ... ... *Feb.* 12
Dr. Syn (2) ... ... *Feb.* 12
Easy Living (3) ... ... *Jan.* 15
Edge of the World, The (3) ... *Jan.* 8
Firefly, The (2) ... ... *Feb.* 19
Footlight Heiress (2) ... ... *Feb.* 12
Forlorn River (2)c ... ... *Feb.* 5
Go-Getter, The (2)c ... ... *Jan.* 8
Good Earth, The (3) ... ... *Jan.* 1
High Wide and Handsome (2) *Jan.* 22
Hit Parade, The (2) ... ... *Jan.* 15
It's Love I'm After (3) ... ... *Feb.* 26
It's All Yours (2) ... ... *Feb.* 5
Keep Fit (2)c ... ... *Feb.* 19
Kid Galahad (3) ... ... *Jan.* 22
Knight Without Armour (2) ... *Jan.* 8
Let's Make a Night of It (2) *Jan.* 29
Life of Emile Zola, The (3) ... *Feb.* 26
Lovely to Look At (2) ... ... *Feb.* 5
Madame X (2) ... ... *Feb.* 26
Man Betrayed, A (2) ... ... *Feb.* 19
Midnight Madonna (2) ... ... *Jan.* 8
New Faces of 1937 (2) ... ... *Feb.* 5
North of the Rio Grande (2) ... *Jan.* 8
Oh, Mr. Porter (3)c ... ... *Jan.* 1
One Mile from Heaven (2) ... *Jan.* 8
Rustler's Valley (2)c ... ... *Feb.* 19
She's No Lady (2) ... ... *Feb.* 26
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Star is Born, A (3) ... ... *Jan.* 15
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Super Sleuth (2)c ... ... *Jan.* 15
Thirteenth Man, The (2) ... *Feb.* 19
Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938 (2) ... ... *Feb.* 19
Way Out West (2) ... ... *Jan.* 15
Wild and Woolly (2)c... ... *Feb.* 12
Wild Money (2) ... ... *Jan.* 1
You Can't Have Everything (2) *Jan.* 22

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SHOULD "TRAILERS" BE ABOLISHED?

Spoiling Our Zest for the Film

WHY don't they stop showing "trailers"?

They *are* unnecessary, because the films are almost always assured of oceans of publicity through the Press.

After they've been reviewed by the film papers, the weeklies and the dailies, the general public gets quite a good idea of the plot and characters.

It's too much of a good thing when some exhibitors are so pleased to secure a "hit" of the season that they insist on showing a long trailer for three or four successive weeks beforehand.

Wouldn't *you* feel rather tired of seeing the big moments of the film so many times in advance and lose your inclination to see the show? I know I often do!

I wish you'd agitate for the abolition of trailers. All this preliminary expense could be saved and extra value could be put into the actual films.—*D. Hamlin, c/o 32 Rochester Street, Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*



The caricature of Edward G. Robinson is the eighteenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Divine Discontent

● Many of your correspondents seem unjustifiably impressed by the progress of films in the last thirty years.

Except for the somewhat dubious—and misused—advantage of dialogue, and a cautious fumbling for colour, no major development in the principles of film production has occurred since *The Birth of a Nation.*

This may not matter so much from the angle of entertainment, but where is the long-promised development of films in other departments?

The scientific use of films marches at a snail's pace; their educational use—in schools and colleges—is still negligible, except in certain Continental countries.

Advertisement by film, of mighty potential value, is at present mixed irritatingly with our screen entertainment, instead of invading the hoardings as it might do—especially by night.

The Church is now rapidly taking to the use of films; can it be that it will show us a lead, as it did in the case of books and plays?

It is time someone did!—*(Miss) C. Florence Mackenzie, 16 Hillfield Mansions, Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, N.W.3, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Lights! Lights!

● I am going to get a re-fill for my pocket-torch and take it with me on my next visit to one of our local cinemas and then, whether the management like it or not, I am going to light my own way to a seat, willy-nilly!

Too often have I lost my friends, and apprehensively felt my way down steps in the blackness after a heartless usherette has whizzed off into invisibility, flashing (?) a blob of illumination the size of a tapioca seed in all directions save that in which I seem expected to go.

Too often have I wriggled and craned my neck this way and that, while others in a similar dilemna have halted in despair before my line of vision wailing: "Where am I?" or a dirge to that effect.

I have even grabbed such lost ones by the coat-tails, lowered a seat beside me and pulled them into same, in my earnest and excusable desire to see what was taking place on the screen.

Mark me, I appreciate that the idea of everyone following suit and making a habit of taking their own lighting arrangements to this theatre suggests some rather awkward possibilities; but all the same—that's my threat—and I stick to it!—*Daphne Audrey Wills, Moss Cliffe, Selcroft Road, Purley, Surrey, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Identifying Stars

● How many stars does the *average* cinema-goer know both by sight and name? I don't mean the enthusiasts, but the great bulk of cinema-goers. The answer is—precious few! And for that the producers are to blame—particularly the British.

And yet paradoxically the average cinema-goer, if he chooses at all, chooses his films by the names of the stars in them—hence the importance of star-building.

Producers spend vast sums in advertising their stars, and still they overlook the best method of the lot. They do not *force* us to associate their leading players' faces and performances with their names.

After a film has ended and before the newsreel, why should not the players take their bow in the form of a trailer with captions: YOU HAVE JUST SEEN VIVIEN LEIGH IN *STORM IN A TEACUP.* LOOK OUT FOR HER AGAIN IN *THE FIRST AND THE LAST.*—*Oswald Moor, 14b Ladbroke Terrace, W.11.*

(It sounds obvious; when are we going to see it done?—"Thinker.")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

Who's Who

Lester Matthews

● No relation to Jessie. Was born in Nottingham on December 3, 1900, and ran away from school at the age of 16 to join one of his father's stock companies. He spent the next few years on tour playing more than 150 roles in Shakespearean and modern drama.

His first big part on the London stage was in *The Maid of the Mountains*.

Matthews' first film was *Shivering Shocks*, and he appeared in a number of British pictures including *Fires of Fate*, *The Man at Six*, *Blossom Time* and *Secret Agent*.

Lately he has been concentrating on a Hollywood career. Recent films: *Thank You, Jeeves*, *15 Maiden Lane*, *Crack Up*, *Lloyd's of London*, *The Prince and the Pauper* and *Lancer Spy*.

The actor is 6 ft. tall and has dark hair and dark eyes. He is married to Anne Grey.

Billy and Bobbie Mauch

● The talkies' most famous twins were born in Brooklyn on July 6, 1924. Their mother herself taught them singing, and at six they were performing at charity affairs.

A radio audition launched them as professionals and, soon after, a Warner scout spotted Bobby in a New York play.

The studio was at the time searching for a boy to play the juvenile Anthony Adverse, and Bobby was signed for the role. The contract stipulated that the deal should include Billy as well, so the latter was put to work as his brother's stand in.

It really didn't make much difference, as no one in Hollywood could tell Billy from Bobby; the boys, at any rate, hint that they fooled the studio by swapping places more than once.

Bobby followed *Anthony Adverse* with *Penrod and Sam* and then it was decided to use both the boys in *The Prince and the Pauper*, which turned out to be an excellent casting arrangement.

Ken Maynard

● This famous cowboy star hails from Texas. He was born in a small town named Mission on July 21, 1895. Though he was the son of a building contractor, most of his childhood was spent on the family ranch.

By the time he was eight he was an expert horseman and could imitate most of the rope tricks of the men employed on the ranch.

When he was twelve he ran away to join a wandering show. His father brought him back, but it happened at least once again before Ken was persuaded to settle down to complete his education at the Virginia Military Institute, from which he finally graduated as an engineer.

By 1914, however, he was appearing regularly as a trick rider and roper in the circus ring. It was as a circus star that he was signed for films round about 1920, and he has since foiled the villains and saved the old homestead for the heroine as the hero of dozens of horse operas, the latest including: *Western Courage*, *Lawless Riders*, *Avenging Waters* and *The Cattle Thief*.

Ken is 6 ft. tall; black hair and grey eyes.

Tim McCoy

● Colonel Timothy John Fitzgerald McCoy, to give him his full name and title, was born in Saginaw, on April 10, 1891. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall and has fair hair and blue eyes.

The son of an American army officer, he was educated at Ignatius College, Chicago. He emigrated to Wyoming when young and became one of the greatest authorities in the United States on the Red Indians. He was later engaged by the Government for work on the Indian reservations. During the war he served with distinction in the United States Cavalry.

It was as an Indian authority that he originally came to films. He was engaged as interpreter and adviser during the making of *The Covered Wagon*. Someone, impressed by his athletic physique, graceful carriage and ingratiating smile, suggested that he act in westerns instead of just advising on them. He was an immediate success in *War Paint* and has been one of the half-dozen leading western stars ever since.

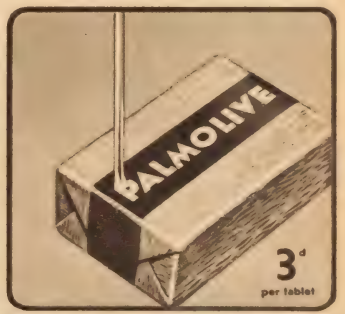
Recent pictures: *Roaring Guns*, *Bulldog Courage*, *The Man from Gunton*, *The Outlaw Deputy*, *The Westerner*, *Justice of the Range*.













2C-3



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LET GEORGE DO IT!

LESLIE HOWARD FAN (Natal).—Yes, Leslie Howard has announced his intention of devoting his time to producing films in the near future. At the moment he is scheduled for *Pygmalion*, to be made over here. He is to star in this film with Wendy Hiller and to co-direct with Anthony Asquith. (2) Norma Shearer has commenced work on *Marie Antoinette*. She has not made a film since *Romeo and Juliet*. (3) Madeleine Carroll's films since 1935 include: *The Dictator; Thirty-Nine Steps; The Secret Agent; The Case Against Mrs. Ames; The General Died at Dawn; Lloyd's of London; On the Avenue; It's All Yours; The Prisoner of Zenda*. She is scheduled for *The River Is Blue* with Henry Fonda. (4) Leslie Howard was born on April 3, 1893, in London.

M. O. (Guildford).—Music in *Camille* as follows: Ah! fors' e lui che l'anima," from Verdi's *Traviata*, played by orchestra at beginning and during emotional scenes. "Invitation to the waltz," by Weber, played by Greta Garbo and continued by Henry Daniell on the piano. The polka danced by Greta Garbo was called "Galop," by Johann Strauss and was arranged by Herbert Stothart. (2) Write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer re still pictures of *Marie Walewska* and *Camille*. (3) Music in *The Painted Veil*: "Lullaby," "The Austrian Peasant Song"; it is not published.

O. J. (Westcliff).—We published an art plate of Tullio Carminati with Mary Ellis in the summer, 1935, issue of this magazine, and an article entitled "A Prince of Good Fellows"—Nov. 17, 1934. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free; 7d. for Summer No.

CONNIE.—(1) The chief players in *The Guv'nor* included: George Arliss; Gene Gerrard; Frank Cellier; Patric Knowles; Viola Keats; George Hayes; Henrietta Watson and Mary Clare. (2) Florence Vie's films include: *Oh, What a Duchess; To Be a Lady; Change for a Sovereign*. Write to her c/o Warner Bros. First National (British).

J. B. (Hants).—Music in *The Great, Ziegfeld* as follows: "I Wish You'd Come and Play with Me" and "It's Delightful to be Married," sung by Luise Rainer. "Queen of the Jungle," "My Man" and "Yiddle on Your Fiddle," sung by Fanny Brice; "You Never Looked So Beautiful," sung by Virginia Bruce; "If You Knew Susie" sung by Buddy Doyle; and "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," sung by Stanley Morner.

F. B.—Release dates as follows: *The Perfect Specimen*—May 20, 1938; *Artists and Models*—March 21, 1938; *Prisoner of Zenda*—March 14, 1938; *Live, Love and Learn* and *School for Husbands*—March 28 1938; *Stand In*—April 11, 1938; *Vogues of* 1938 and *Keep Fit*—Feb. 21, 1938; *Ebb Tide*—May 16, 1938; *Angel*—April 25, 1938; *The Sky's the Limit*—Feb. 28, 1938; *Toast of New York*—March 7, 1938.

M. J. (Swansea).—Maureen O'Sullivan, b. May 17, 1911, and Jane Withers, April 12, 1927. Both their photographs can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

PICTUREGOER (Sussex).—No, Harpo Marx is not really dumb.

J. W. (Hants).—I suggest you write to *The Stage Magazine* for details of people who have appeared exclusively on the stage.

FILM FAN.—(1) Jane Baxter took the part of Vicki in *Blossom Time*. (2) Eleanor Powell b. Nov. 21, 1913; John Barrymore, b. Feb. 15, 1882; Juanita Quigley, b. June 24, 1931. (3) Yes, Clark Gable sang himself in *Saratoga*, and the late Jean Harlow sang herself in *Platinum Blonde*.

D. A. G. (Iselworth).—Graham Moffat, b. Dec. 6, 1919; he has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs 13 stone and is 5 ft. 6½ in. tall. His films include: *A Cup of Kindness; Roadhouse; The Lairdy Bryant; Stormy Weather; Where There's a Will; It's Love Again; All In; Windbag the Sailor; Good Morning, Boys; O Kay for Sound; Gangway; Dr. Syn; Oh, Mr. Porter*. (2) You must obtain a pass from a studio executive if you wish to visit any of the British studios.

L. C. (Tottenham).—Write to Harry Roy c/o Joe Rock Studios, Elstree, and to Nat Gonella c/o Leonard Urry, 110 Jermyn Street, W.1.

REGULAR READER.—Music in *Guns and Guitars* as follows: "Riding All Day," sung by Smiley Burnette and "The Cowboy Medicine Show," "Guns and Guitars" and "Dream Valley" sung by Gene Autry; music in *Big Fella*—"Lazin'," "Roll Up, Sailorman"; "You Didn't Oughta Do Such Things"; "River Steals My Folks from Me"; "I Got a Robe"; "Ma Curly Headed Baby," sung by Paul Robeson, and "One Kiss" and "Harlem in My Heart," sung by Elizabeth Welch.

FILM FAN.—(1) *Artists and Models* released March 21, 1938, and *Angel*, April 25, 1938. (2) We published front-cover portraits of the late Jean Harlow in the Feb. 22, 1936; Oct. 3, 1936; Nov. 21, 1936; and April 10, 1936 issues of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (3) Music in *Saratoga* was "The Horse with the Dreamy Eyes" and "Saratoga."

MUSICAL (Seven Kings).—(1) George Sanders took the party of Curly Randall in *Find the Lady*. (2) Photographs of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, address above. (3) As far as we can find out the locust scene in *The Good Earth* was achieved by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photographers and some members of the cast going to Cedar City, Utah, where there was a plague of insects of the grasshopper class—similar to locusts—and filming the scenes there.

P. S. C. (Glos).—(1) Addresses as follows: Robert Taylor, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Bing Crosby and Mae West, c/o Paramount (U.S.A.); Ginger Rogers, Radio (U.S.A.); Vivien Leigh, c/o London Films (Eng.); Jessie Matthews, c/o Gaumont British (Eng.); Charles Laughton, c/o Mayflower Productions (Eng.).

G. B.—(1) We have no record of the date of the late Ross Alexander's first marriage, but his first wife died on Dec. 6, 1935. He married Ann Nagel on Sept. 17, 1936. His first picture was *The Wiser Sex* and his last *Ready, Willing and Able*. He died on Jan. 2, 1937.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

Will members of the MERLE OBERON FAN CLUB please note that Jimmy Gait has been appointed Secretary of the British Chapter and any communications should be addressed to him, but Sydney Briggs is still handling the membership side. Prospective members are invited to write to Sydney Briggs at 27 Belgrave Road, South Shore, Blackpool, whilst old members are invited to write to Jimmy Gait at 56 Overstrand Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, S.W.11

• • •

THE STAGE, RADIO AND SCREEN CLUB has been personally formed by Miss Hermione Gingold, with Eric Maschwitz as Vice President, for all those really interested in the English theatre, the future of broadcasting and the screen. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, 172 Crampton Street, S.E.17.

• • •

The Secretary of the HARRY ROY CLUB, Mr. Reg. Goddard, wishes to inform members that he has now moved to 69 Whitehorse Lane, Mile End, E.1, to which address all inquiries, etc., should now be sent.

• • •

Will all readers please note that the BOBBY HOWES CLUB, recently announced in this magazine, has had to be given up, and Miss Coulson is now starting a club for VICTOR JORY. All readers who are interested should write to Miss Coulson, Sydney Villa, The Avenue, Church Road, Hadleigh, Essex, for full particulars. Mr. Jory will send an autographed photograph to each member and parties, outings, concerts, etc., will be held regularly.

• • •

Will all FAN CLUB SECRETARIES please note that, in order to keep our files up-to-date, we should be obliged if they would let us know at once of any alteration in their plans, change of address or closing of the club, etc.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 354 (New Series) Vol. 7. March 5, 1938.

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Advt. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2. *Telephone:* Temple Bar 2468.

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"I tried 'NATURAL' in a dozen makes of face powder—but only one gave my skin this perfect look" says LADY ANNE HILL



Lady Anne Hill is the sister of the Earl of Cranbrook and was Lady Anne Gathorne-Hardy before her marriage on February 9th to Mr. G. Heywood Hill. She has blue eyes, brown hair and a flawless, creamy skin. She wore, for this portrait, a gown by Charles James, the well-known designer.

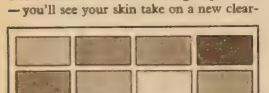
"I ADMIT my skin wasn't as clear and radiant as I would have liked," Lady Anne Hill told us. "But I never thought of blaming my powder. For the Natural shade I was using was the best of at least a dozen I'd tried.

"Then on a week-end visit I had to borrow face powder from my hostess. Hers was Pond's Natural—and, in the box, it looked very like mine.

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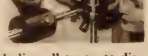


● At just one shop in London, 14 different Natural shades were found. The tints above show the difference in tone between some of them. Several looked almost exactly the same. Only the Pond's Natural was scientifically blended to give true, lovely skin colouring.

For though Pond's shades, in the box, look much like other powder shades—yet, on the skin, they make a great difference.

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Face Powder

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

THE right foundation is of the greatest importance in ensuring a successful make-up. Otherwise you may leave home looking perfect, but before a couple of hours are passed, your make-up is just a mess.

Some young girls write to tell me that they never use a foundation at all, but put the powder straight on to the skin. This is a great mistake. However flowerlike your skin may be, powder applied direct is likely to be absorbed and so spoil the fine qualities of the skin and cause ugly open pores.

If your skin is less than perfect, then you need a good foundation to level out its uneven qualities and provide a smooth base for the powder. What kind of foundation you use depends entirely upon the type of skin you have, whether, roughly speaking, it is greasy, normal or dry.

Most English women are credited with having a skin that is dry and fine, although this isn't true of adolescents.

This kind of skin is generally suited by one of two kinds of foundation. A protective cream is often successful or alternatively a thickish kind of liquid foundation of the "balm" type. The foundation that must at all costs be avoided is the liquid one. Excellent for certain skins, it is too drying and irritating for a fine skin.

Some girls have a twofold problem inasmuch as the skin is dry with the exception of the nose which tends to get greasy. In such cases a compromise is required. Balm or protective foundation for the face and a spot of vanishing cream for the nose, or even one of the special "no shine" preparations.

There are many foundations for the slightly oily and the definitely greasy skins. For the greasy a jasmine cream is good, for the definitely oily, a lotion or liquid foundation is best. It generally succeeds in giving that matt petal-like appearance that is so much desired.

Here again it may be found more successful to use the liquid on the face with a dab of vanishing cream on the nose. As there are degrees of oiliness, it may be necessary to experiment with foundation lotions until the right one is found. If the lotion is too drying, you find the skin getting a rough and crepey appearance.

It is safe to try first with a really mild foundation, only going on to something stronger if it is absolutely necessary. If a mild preparation suits the face, one can always fall back upon a "no shine" preparation for the nose, as I said before.

It is a drawback of the fine English skin, that as one gets older it is apt to become weatherbeaten in appearance. The blood vessels are near the surface and so are particularly sensitive and easily become congested. I am often asked for a simple cure for this veined appearance.

The truth is that there is no simple cure. Much can be done to help the condition, but it is impossible to cure it by any simple home treatment. In really bad cases, electrical treatment is given. But it is somewhat expensive and not necessarily successful. It is better avoided if possible.

The secret of successful foundation for such a skin is a mild liquid foundation in a peach tint with powder to match. When I say peach, this should be modified by the proviso that the foundation should be a tone darker than the skin. The powder should match, and if rouge is used it should be slightly pinkish. This helps to even out the pinkness of the veins and produces a natural effect.

At night time a green foundation cream with a green powder to match gives good results and tones down the too florid appearance.

The red-head is in a class by herself—so much so that many of the best known manufacturers of cosmetics, produce a range of preparations that are specially labelled "Red-Head."

The skin that accompanies red hair is nearly always pale and ultra sensitive. It burns easily in the sun and chaps equally easily in the wind and the cold. It freckles with or without provocation, and is often irritated by creams and other cosmetics that suit the ordinary sensitive skin.

Fresheners and astringents should always be avoided and a velvety colourless day cream used as a foundation. The face powder too, should be of specially fine quality and texture.

An ageing skin is generally best suited by a base of the powder-cream kind. It should be colourless, but followed by a warm-toned but not too dark powder.

New Design in Brassieres

Does your brassiere allow you to breathe? Probably not in comfort. That is why "pivotal control" the outstanding feature in the new range of Kemfit brassieres is such an admirable advance in brassiere design.

Cleverly placed elastic connecting bands allow for breathing. They adjust themselves instantly to every movement of the body without in any way affecting the perfect set of the brassiere. With this design there can be no sagging, riding up or straps to cut into the flesh.

There is a model for every figure, from the full bust with perfect diaphragm control, to the figure that is really too slight for beauty and needs a brassiere that gives an accentuated line. Prices range from 3s. 11d. upwards.

★ ★ ★

IF you are in doubt about your make-up or the treatment that should be given to your skin at night, do please write and let me know your troubles. A stamped addressed envelope enclosed with your letter will ensure a reply by post. Send the letter to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

★ ★ ★

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79, Robsart Street, S.W.9, for :—

The Tunnel
Lights Out
Mistaken Identity
The Man Who Kissed His Wife

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to :—

Miss E. Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilledale, Durham City, for :—

Lost
Night Key
Sensation
His Night Out

Miss B. Kaye, Heymoor Common, Shepley, Nr. Huddersfield, Yorks., for :—

Love Letters of a Star
Careless Lady
Scandal for Sale

F. E. Spink, Conistone, Skipton, Yorks., for :—

They Met in a Taxi
Love on Wheels
The Crash
Good-bye Love

H. Crane, 96 Lark Lane, Liverpool 17, for :—

Murder at the Cabaret
Nancy Steel is Missing
Killer at Large
She's Dangerous

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.



carried unanimously

All in favour? . . . . carried . . . . another proposition settled. And as the familiar words "Have a Cigarette?" pass around it is plain to see Player's are also "carried unanimously." The familiar lifebuoy packet "Medium" or "Mild" is everywhere . . . . And there's generally a sound reason for such solid public preference . . . . in this case particularly sound—"It's the Tobacco that Counts."

BOTH BLENDS CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN
10 for 6^{D} 20 for 11½^{D} 50 for 2/5

Player's Please

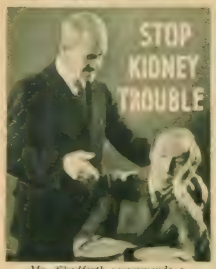
MEDIUM OR **MILD**



N.C.C.427A

NATURAL TREATMENT

FOR KIDNEY TROUBLE



Mr. Shadforth recommends a sufferer to try "Shadforters"

JUST soothing, healing, cleansing balsams and oils with other remedial ingedients, which the best doctors recommend and compounded by a leading pharmaceutical chemist. Sufferers from Cystitis, Disturbed Nights, Prostatitis, Sciatica, Stricture, Gravel, Gall Stones, Kidney or Bladder troubles where these remedies are needed should go at once to their nearest chemist, and ask for **"Shadforters"** (Shadforth Brand Bladder Comforters—Prescription 285).

Prices: 1/4 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

Pain, congestion and irritation subsides. The mind is relieved. Start now, and find new comfort in life.

Mr. Shadforth's valuable book (P.G. 326) on Bladder & Kidney Troubles. post free on request.

Below are further examples of "Shadforth" Prescriptions most in use at this season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist is your guarantee.

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HEADACHE—SCIATICA—INFLUENZA

All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by **"Shadspro" Compound,** the new pain-killer **(No. 263).** This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices : **6d.** (10), **1/3** (25), **2/-** (50), **3/6** (100 tablets).

In exceptionally painful cases use a **Neuritis Cachet (No. 622A).** Prices : **3/-** (6) and **5/9** (12).

The best external application to use with above is **"Shadrub."** Prices : **6d.** and **1/-.**

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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Avoid Blood Pressure breakdowns ! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The **"Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio Sclerosis** rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now. Prescription No. 1108/T.** Prices : **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

Descriptive Book (P.G. 342). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

PILES! Quick Relief Without Operation

This Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Pile Pills (No. 394).** Prices : **6d.** (12), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

Descriptive Booklet (No. P.G. 325) Price **2d.** *Post free.*

NEURASTHENIA

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS, LOSS OF MEMORY, DEBILITY, DEPRESSION, LASSITUDE

Nourish your Nerves and each new day will bring renewed Joy in Living

You can pull through. Depression, Brain-Fag, Loss of Memory, Debility and Neurasthenia are conditions and not diseases. **"Shadphos" Tonic Tablets** —act like magic. You are brighter in an hour, and a new man in two days. A proved remedy. Prices : **1/-** (12), **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100) and **17/-** (300) tablets. **Prescription 470.**

Special Book dealing with Nerve Troubles (P.G. 323). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

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Stop Coughing all night. Get quick relief and comfort with this Prescription.

One of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories, prescribed for common Coughs, Colds and Chest Troubles in Adults when Asthma and Bronchitis are absent. Gives quick relief and comfort; promotes restful nights; good for aged patients. When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic. **Shadforth Prescription No. 617.** Prices : **1/6** (makes 1 pint), **3/-** (makes 2 pints). **Use this soothing, warming Lung Tonic and stop that cough.**

The best application for Chest and Throat is **"Shadrub" (No. 913XX).** Prices : **6d.** and **1/-.**

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

WITHOUT INDIGESTION, ACIDITY, GASTRITIS

Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION (No. 1077)

POPULARLY known as "White Lions," dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Price : **6d.** (24 Lions), **1/4** (72 Lions), **2/6** (144 Lions), **7/-** (432 Lions), with Directions.

Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (P.G. 314) Price 2d. post free

NASAL CATARRH, HEAD COLDS

Pharyngitis, Laryngitis, Catarrhal Infections



An effective nasal antiseptic of the ephedrine class is now provided in **"Shadrinol."** It is packed with a pipette for placing drops in the nose, applying to back of the mouth and throat. It quickly relieves Nasal Catarrh, Head Colds, Coryza, Hoarseness, Laryngitis (occasionally Bronchitis and Asthma) and general catarrhal congestions of the mucous membranes of nose and throat. Complete with directions. Price : **1/3** Refills at **1/3** (fills 2 bottles). **Prescription No. 1445XL.** The best internal remedy to use with "Shadrinol" is **Lung Tonic (No. 617)** (see above).

The Shadforth Booklet (No P.G.348) on this subject is supplied at **2d.** *post free.*

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A necessary adjunct to the toilet of every woman. Antiseptic, deodorant, health and vitality giving. Supplied in compressed tablets with directions for making at bed-time. **(No. 645L.) Tubes at 1/-.**

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AN OILY SKIN

especially an oily face, in man or woman, quickly regains and retains its normal healthy appearance by the regular use of **Shadforth's Ox Gall Obesity Soap (Prescription No. 986).** Recommended by specialists everywhere. In Tablets at **1/3** each.

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Shadforth Prescriptions are obtainable from your nearest chemist, including all branches of Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., or privately packed and post free at these prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,

Dispensing Chemists & Medicine Specialists.

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Prescription That Always Gives Relief

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices : **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), **13/-** (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling.

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Bridging WOMAN'S DANGER YEARS

Smooths Out the Problems of Middle Life

Just the thing to get you through those difficult years and re-establish your health. A gentle tonic for stomach, heart, nerves and blood—exactly what your doctor gives you. Does not purge or constipate. Improves appetite and complexion. Removes depression and languor. Gives courage, hope and a new lease of life. Also the best tonic for anæmic girls and nursing or expectant mothers. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 2457—the Critical Time Tonic.** In boxes at **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144), and **13/-** (432 pills).

Booklet (No. P.G. 345). Price **2d.** *Post free.*

The best morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, Gout, Rheumatism, Feverishness, Obesity, etc. Drink it **first thing every morning.** Tasteless with your tea. **For Sparkling Eyes, Clear Complexion, Tip-top Fitness and Joie de Vivre.** Prices : **3d., 6d.** and **1/-** in air-tight canister.

NEVERILL "OLD SALTS"



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Picturegoer

The Screen's M... ...lar Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Claudette COLBERT'S Secret Ambition



NEW "SMOKY" SHADES

ARE SMARTEST FOR YOUR NAILS!

Women of fashion everywhere were quick to adopt the vogue for Cutex "smoky" shades that started on the Continent. You're sure to like them, too, because their soft, vibrant glow is flattering to your fingertips. Ask to see Cutex "Old Rose," "Light Rust," "Rust," "Robin Red." All new shades come in the improved Cutex Polish which applies easier and wears longer without chipping or peeling. Made in Great Britain. 1/6 and 9d.



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. . . REMOVED BY THE SIMPLE PROCESS OF SHAMPOOING.

EVAN WILLIAMS DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO (BASED ON PURE SOAP) IS A SIMPLE AND PLEASANT SCALP TREATMENT THAT REMOVES DANDRUFF AND ALLAYS IRRITATION.

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EVAN WILLIAMS
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6P Shampoo.

A BOTTLE.
SUFFICIENT FOR TWO GOOD SHAMPOOS.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST



HALF-AN-INCH on a dry brush—but *it must be* KOLYNOS—to ensure attractive teeth and firm, healthy gums. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of KOLYNOS, the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste. Try it.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

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Actual and authentic copies of the styles worn by your movie favourites. We bring direct to your home many fascinating shoes with all the allure and "chic" for which Hollywood is noted. Send cash with order or C.O.D. and any styles will be sent by return, carriage paid.

Your money refunded without question if not entirely satisfied.



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57. "Luise." The New High Lace, Tricky Triple Side Straps, American Round Toe. 3 or 4 inch Heel. In Patent, etc., Suede Saddle. Black, Brown, Navy, 12 11



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STAR SHOE CO. ★ Albion Place, Leeds

Drooping and Dejected Girls

LIVES MADE MISERABLE BY ANÆMIA

Anæmia is responsible for more suffering amongst girls than is generally known. Just at an age when she should be at her best many a girl's life is rendered miserable by this all too common ailment.

Instead of the bright bonny girl she once was, she begins to droop and become pale, languid and listless. She has no energy, every little effort leaves her breathless. Her head aches horribly, she shuns her friends and is dejected and miserable.

There is only one way to brighter, better health for the anæmic girl: that way is to reinvigorate the feeble body with new blood—the rich healthy blood that imparts new vitality to the whole system, and restores womanly charm, with the bright eyes and red lips that tell of perfect health. Thousands of girls and women know that Dr. Williams pink pills create this rich blood of health; they know that these pills restore strength more surely than any other medicine yet discovered.

Free yourself now from the blight of anæmia and weakness by taking a course of Dr. Williams brand pink pills. All chemists sell them, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.—No girl or woman should miss reading the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.E. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

An Open Letter to ROBERT TAYLOR

MATINÉE IDOL makes good



Robert Taylor is no immaculate tailor's dummy in this exclusive shot from "A Yank at Oxford"—and his descent from perfection has pleased his fans in America.

DEAR ROBERT TAYLOR,

Whatever the British reaction to your British-made picture, *A Yank at Oxford*, America seems to have taken it to its heart. It is an unusual experience for us to hear an English picture (and if not a true blue dyed-in-the-wool, 100 per cent. English effort, *Yank at Oxford* is near enough as doesn't matter) hailed as a come back for a great Hollywood star whose career happened to be facing something of a crisis. And it will, at least, satisfy Americans who may have wondered that there really is nothing fundamental in the English climate that makes the production of good pictures impossible on English soil.

Your personal success in the picture, coming at a time when, even your best friends would concede, it was needed, is particularly gratifying. The star system in films may not be the ideal, but while we have it we must have stars who can make it worth while. Your experiences in the last few months must have gone a long way toward making up for your comparatively effortless initial journey to film success. You are not the first star who has been almost overwhelmed by the weight of the troubles of stardom after having had an easy start. We can understand that what you must have felt most bitterly in the troubled days when you were being assailed from all sides with those "Pretty Boy Taylor" witticisms was that the situation was none of your fault. We on the inside knew it; the public did not.

We have mentioned the merits of the star system. It also has its obvious faults. If the recent public reaction against Robert Taylor (which, we imagine, worried the M.G.M. studio more than it did you) has taught Hollywood a lesson on the foolishness of exaggerated ballyhoo and the "over-selling" of its personalities, it will have been well worth while.

Your case has provided a perfect example of the dangers of over-boosting a star. You came into films just an average, good-looking young American with a lot of ambition to succeed in pictures, a little talent and less experience. The rush of feminine fan mail after your first three or four pictures decided the studio that it was harbouring a potential matinee idol in its midst. By your fifth picture you were a star.

Some achieve greatness; you had it thrust upon you. The publicity department got busy investing your most prosaic everyday activities with the aura of glamour. The columnists were "tipped off" first that Irene Hervey and later Barbara Stanwyck were madly in love with the new *femme rave*. Along the way even the sacred name of Greta Garbo was dragged through a "Garbo loves Taylor" campaign in aid of *Camille* and the glorification of the irresistible "Heart Throb Bob."

In the meanwhile, other departments at the studio were working with equally feverish energy. Beauty experts, after solemn conclave, gave you a new hair line, while the efforts of the entire wardrobe, make-up and camera departments were concentrated on creating a perfect modern Adonis to live up to the ballyhoo and the series of great lover roles assigned you by the powers up above.

The reaction was inevitable. The full force of it descended on you during your trip to England to make *A Yank at Oxford*, when the newspapermen sneered in headline type about "the beautiful Mr. Taylor" and asked if you had hair on your chest.

You handled the situation with considerable tact and level-headed calm. Here in England we got to know you as a likeable young man with no delusions of grandeur about your acting ability, and modest enough to be grateful and thrilled about your success.

Nevertheless, in the last few months your fame has hung in the balance.

A Yank at Oxford seems to have settled the issue on the right side. To use an Americanism, we are "glad for you." From now on your career should be established on a sounder and more lasting foundation.

All the signs so far, moreover, are encouraging. The sensational publicity has been dropped and in your next two pictures, *Three Comrades* and *North-West Passage*, you will doubtless welcome the opportunity to get away from "Great Lover" roles.

The Editor

all the gossip

- What Will Dietrich Do Now?
- Claudette Tells on Cooper
- Shirley Temple Goes Brunette
- Valentino Relics in Film

WHAT will Dietrich do now? The question is intriguing the film world at present. Although it is some weeks since she packed up and left the Paramount lot, Marlene is, at the moment of writing, still in Hollywood (and very prominently, according to the social bulletins, which record her vigorous and frequent defences of her title as the film colony's "Big Apple" champion at the local night spots).

So far, if there has been any rush on the part of other Californian studios to secure her services, news of it has not leaked to the outside world.

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Rightly or wrongly, Hollywood has the impression that the parting did not exactly result in Paramount breaking down and weeping. Though her price is £50,000 a picture, the Dietrich has been a prestige rather than a box-office star. All her films, since the departure of Josef von Sternberg, moreover, have been produced to the accompaniment of storm and stress. Producer Ernst Lubitsch kept the peace between the star and Frank Borzage during the making of *Desire*, but she was continually at war with Gary Cooper's business manager, who alleged, to put it bluntly, that she was demanding too large a share of the camera.

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It is no secret that after *Angel*, the beautiful friendship that once existed between the famous Fraulein and Lubitsch himself, was sadly strained. Ernst, at any rate, is reported to have declined to direct her again in *French Without Tears*. Mitchell Leisen was also offered the assignment, but rejected it.

Marlene, under the tutelage of Von Sternberg, has acquired her own ideas of film technique and among complaints by executives who have worked with her, is one that she always insists on more close-ups than it is usually considered a picture can carry.

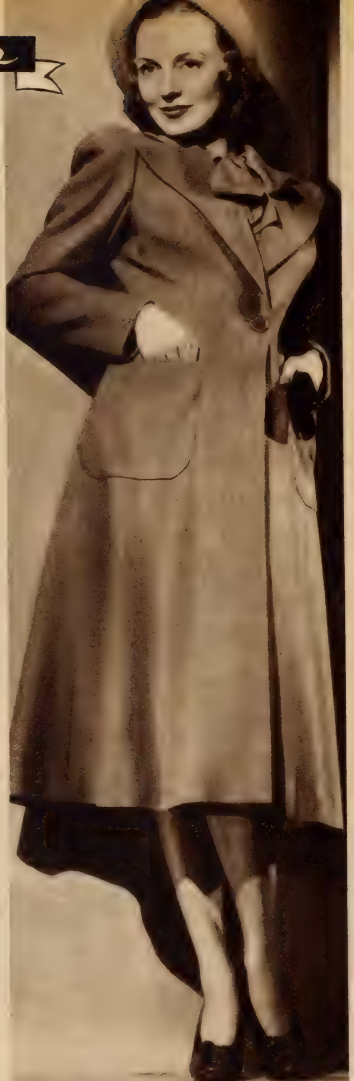
◆ ◆ ◆

During her sojourn at Paramount, what is more, she was not regarded as any publicity agent's dream. The ballyhoo department was far from fond of her. Some of her statements to the press, as when she expressed her view that "There may be an American gentleman, but I've never met one" (that was in the pre-Fairbanks, jun. era), nearly brought on several severe attacks of heart failure in the studio. Her further remark that she intended to make pictures in England, "where the masses have good taste," was also hardly calculated to be pleasing to Paramount's American cash customers.

So, generally speaking, the actress's future is causing considerable speculation. She may, of course, go to Metro if Greta Garbo eventually decides to stay home this time, an unlikely eventuality.

Her friends do not take very seriously the story that Dietrich will return to make pictures in Germany. In the first place, the German industry, with its limited market, couldn't begin to satisfy her salary demands.

Perhaps she will come to England. If she does, her pictures will have to be good. At £50,000 a time even Dietrich is a luxury in the present state of the British film industry.



Andrea Leeds introduces a fashion in this street ensemble, featuring the new short-length tailored coat.

Dreadful Disclosure Dept.

● This week's bombshell is tossed by the fair hands of Claudette Colbert.

There must be quite a number of young ladies in the world who wouldn't mind sitting on Gary Cooper's knee, but Miss Colbert goes on record with the disclosure that Gary has defects in this respect.

Well, perhaps she ought to know. She had to perch on the Cooper knees for eight hours for one scene for *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*—and she says they're too sharp and bony for comfort!

New Shirley Temple?

● Film circles are interested in a rumour that Darryl Zanuck has another Shirley Temple up his sleeve. The mysterious youngster is reported to be a five-year-old girl and the company is said to be grooming her to step into the roles which Shirley has grown out of now.

In the meanwhile, Shirley, herself, is definitely turning into a brunette. The once golden curls are taking on a much deeper shade of brown.

Mrs. Temple isn't doing anything about it. She has never permitted any kind of dye to be used on Shirley's hair and takes the view that the fans would prefer to have the child star as she is than to know that artificial aids were being used in the studio.

Model Makes Good

● This seems likely to be a vintage year for talent. Here's another new name for your note book : Vicki Lester. Some time ago Walter Wanger imported ten New York artists' models to Hollywood for his *Vogues of* 1938. Among them was Vicki, only she answered to the name of Dorothy Day then.

Mervyn Le Roy saw her in the picture and was so impressed that he signed her and changed the "Dorothy Day" to "Vicki Lester" (which, you may recall, was Janet Gaynor's screen name in *A Star Is Born*).

After she had appeared in *The Great Garrick* and *Fools For Scandal*, Le Roy, who has now moved to M.-G.-M., agreed to release her so that she could take up a contract calling for featured billing at Radio. Executives at the latter studio think she is a future Carole Lombard.

Valentino Relics in "Kidnapped"

● The cutlasses and swords with which Rudolph Valentino once fought in such pictures as *The Sheik* and *Blood and Sand*, will again be seen in a film.

Ralph Forbes, who owns the Valentino collection of Arab weapons, will use them in a battle at sea for a scene for Robert Louis Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, which Twentieth Century-Fox is filming.

Valentino gave the cutlasses and swords to Ernest Torrence, one of his best friends, and after the death of Torrence, they were given by his widow to Forbes.

Forbes had wanted to use them in a picture but it wasn't until he was cast in *Kidnapped*, that the chance came.

17 Mile Dance

● Although a comedy dance number shows on a theatre screen for only two or three minutes, it requires more than 17 miles of foot motion to make, Joan Davis, eccentric dancing comedienne, discovered on the musical comedy set of *Sally, Irene and Mary*.

The popular comedienne reported to the stage ready to test one of her numbers with a pedometer. At the conclusion of her dancing number, "I am a Gypsy," Joan checked the pedometer to discover she had travelled exactly 17.6 miles.

Fan Mail Can Make a Star

● The influence of fan mail on producers, an oft-debated question, is shown in the selection of some half-a-dozen players and pictures that will be made this year.

Olympe Bradna, hailed as the first new star of 1938, was picked to co-star with Gene Raymond in Paramount's *Stolen Heaven*, as a result of her work in *Souls At Sea*. Thousands of letters from a world-wide audience poured into the studio praising the little French girl.

Partly because of his fan letter "applause" on the same picture, George Raft was selected for the role opposite Sylvia Sidney in *You and Me*, which was specially written for him.

Dorothy Lamour received more letters following her first picture, *The Jungle Princess*, than most new players receive in a year. The reception of that picture led the Paramount story department to choose *Her Jungle Love* as a starring vehicle for Miss Lamour. The film, made in Technicolor, has just been completed.

Roach's Daughter In Films

● Concealing her identity under the name of "Diane Rochelle," 18-year-old Margaret Roach, daughter of Hal Roach, the film pro-

MYSTERY OF MARLENE

ducer, won a role in Pete Smith's new screen speciality, *Modelling For Money*.

Graduating from Marymount School last June, after studying in Switzerland and at Westlake School for Girls, Miss Roach announced to her parents that she wanted to make a career for herself. Her father agreed to the idea if she could make good on her own and arranged for her to work as an extra in his own picture, *Swiss Miss*.

Margaret decided that she liked pictures, took the name of Diane Rochelle, and started to crash Hollywood. She made her first dent in the lines a few weeks ago when she got a job as an extra in *Marie Antoinette*, starring Norma Shearer. It was on this set that Pete Smith saw her and, unaware of her identity, selected her for her first part, *Modelling For Money*.

Well, it's a good story, anyway.

Short Shots

● Spencer Tracy got a salary rise of one thousand dollars a week after *Mannequin*—Contrary to expectations, Robert Taylor took no English suits back with him to Hollywood; only an overcoat—Friends report that William Powell is his old self again—Gracie Allen wants to know if *Gone With the Wind* is a sequel to *The Hurricane*—Luise Rainer has been writing a novel—Rudy Vallee returns to the screen in *Gold Diggers in Paris*—Marlene Dietrich seen the other day wearing sandals and with her *heels* painted red.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.



Tense moment in "Bulldog Drummond's Peril," with Louise Campbell and John Howard.

Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

POWELL ADOPTS WIFE'S BABY

DICK POWELL has legally adopted 3-year-old Norman Scott Barnes, son of George Barnes, ace cameraman, and Joan Blondell, now the wife of Dick.

Barnes gave his consent to the adoption.

Powell, Barnes and Miss Blondell are all under contract to the same studio, Warners.

Fame's Reward

● Deanna Durbin, clever child singer, realised that she had reached the top of the movie ladder when she was asked to place her hand and footprints in the concrete forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Mary Pickford was the first star to be so honoured. The forecourt is now studded with the hand and footprints of movie celebrities.

Doug's Good Deed

● Douglas Fairbanks, jun., while appearing in an RKO-Radio film with Irene Dunne, was required to throw two dozen roses to a milling crowd seeking Irene's autograph.

To insure against possible retakes, the property man had twelve dozen American Beauty roses on hand, but everything went smoothly and there were ten dozen left. Doug bought the roses from the property man.

There were numerous conjectures as to who the lucky girl would be.

Everyone around the studio was surprised when they learned who got the roses.

It was a little old lady who sells violets at the studio entrance. She reaped a good harvest selling the roses, explaining that a nice-looking young man came out of the studio and gave them to her.

An attractive newcomer to films is Florence George. You'll be seeing her—in Paramount pictures.

Career Insurance

● Joy Hodges, pretty young actress, declares that she cannot marry Robert Wilcox, film actor, because a $125,000 career policy issued by Lloyd's prohibits her marrying whilst the policy is in force.

The insurance document also provides that the lady must not smoke, drink or do anything that might affect her standing in the movies.

It looks as though Lloyd's is an enemy of Cupid.

On the Air

● Robert Taylor, like many other film stars, is not overlooking the radio and the handsome sums it pays to celebrities.

So, shortly after his return from England, he became master of ceremonies for an important radio programme.

Bread On the Waters

● When William Powell was a struggling young actor, he secured a part in *Sherlock Holmes*, starring John Barrymore, which was made at a New York studio. Dressing-room space was scant, so Barrymore let the obscure actor share his cubicle with him.

A few weeks ago Barrymore arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to play King Louis XV in *Marie Antoinette*, starring Norma Shearer.

Powell had left word that Barrymore was to be given every attention usually accorded to him,

(*Continued on page* 6)

and turned his portable dressing-room and make-up man over to the actor, thus returning the favour of eighteen years ago with interest.

Lucky Children

● Jane Withers draws a handsome salary from 20th Century-Fox, but the amount is nothing like the $5,000 a week she is receiving for making personal appearances.

Judy Garland is newer to the films, and therefore only receives $3,000 a week for similar work.

In the good old days movie stars made personal appearances gratis, and were glad to do so.

But those days are gone forever.

Famous Pony Dies

● Paul Kelly's polo pony dropped dead after carrying his master through three chukkers of polo.

The horse, Miss MacKaye, attracted attention all over the United States just two years ago. Paul Kelly held a nation-wide contest among his fans to name the pony. The ten names Paul and his wife, Dorothy MacKaye, liked best were written on slips of paper, tied to separate lumps of sugar and placed in a huge sombrero. Then, whilst the newsreel cameras ground, the pony daintily picked her own name, Miss MacKaye, from the lot.

The winner of the contest, Miss Gladys Campbell of Santa Ana, California, was awarded a bronze statuette of the pony.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

NO BOOM YET

I'M afraid I can't put my hand on my heart this week and declare that the studios are full of excitement.

A number of readers, perturbed by my reports of the slow-down round about London, have written asking me to outline the position clearly and simply.

Well, this is it.

At the Associated British studios at Elstree, A.B.P.C. are making *Lover's Knot* and Mayflower are going strong with the new Laughton film *St. Martin's Lane*. That's two.

Fox-British have a film on the floor at Wembley called *Second Thoughts*. I wish I could believe that title referred to their recent decision to close-down this studio, but I'm afraid it doesn't.

At Islington, Gainsborough are making the Will Hay rib-tickler, *Convict* 99, and at Denham the final touches are being put to *Over the Moon*, the Merle Oberon comedy which has been in front of the cameras for over three months.

That's five.

The Answer's a Lemon

● Down at Walton-on-Thames, George Smith Productions are deep in a Quota film called *Chez Louis*, while at Pinewood the Tom Walls picture, *Crackerjack*, is holding the floor.

I hope you're keeping count.

Then there's *Bedtime Story* at Cricklewood, and *Meet Mr. Penny* at Welwyn, and if I haven't lost count that's nine.

Ealing studios are dark and silent, and so is Beaconsfield. There is nothing doing at Hammersmith, or the Rock studios, the gateman has his feet up at Sound City, Warner Bros. might just as well be Yawner Bros. at Teddington, and at Worton Hall, Isleworth, there is a silence that can be heard half a mile away.

That sounds rather like a Bedtime Story for the British film industry, but it isn't really quite as bad as that.

There are a few stories in preparation here and there; for instance, at Rock, Elstree, *Germinal* is being prepared for Josef von Sternberg to direct, and at Pinewood, *Pygmalion* and *A Spot of Bother* are liable to take the floor at any moment.

But on the other hand at least two of those I mentioned above, *Bedtime Story* and *Meet Mr. Penny*, are likely to be finished by the time you read these lines, which will leave production round about the nine-films mark.

And that's a very low-water-mark indeed.

The Duke's Boys

● Two others have just been finished—*Stepping Toes* and *Almost a Honeymoon*.

Taking them in that order, *Stepping Toes* is a starring vehicle for Hazel Ascot, and is no relation to either *Get Off My Foot* or *Elephant Boy*.

It has been made by U.K.—Two Cities (which



A happy shot of Shirley Temple with "Rowdy," her pet cocker spaniel, in the garden of her Hollywood home. Shirley is going brunette (see page 4.)



John Litel and George E. Stone in "Alcatraz Island," Hollywood's latest prison story.

is a new combination on me, but doubtless a workable one), for distribution for British Independent Film Distributors, whether that means anything to you or not.

You'll probably attach more importance, as I do, to the fact that it gives little Hazel Ascot a chance to do her song-and-dance stuff, and puts over a few elaborate production numbers.

I arrived at Sound City just in time to see them doing the grand finale, when a hundred and fifty boys (no, I didn't count 'em) from the Duke of York's camp at Dover, performed the "Parade of the Toy Soldiers" for which it appears they are justly famed.

All this took place on a set representing Dover Castle, and the boys, accompanied by their own regimental band, were led by Hazel Ascot as the regimental mascot.

And was that a day out for her!

Another Temple

● Here's the cast of this one: Enid Stamp Taylor, Jack Barty, Wilson Coleman, Edgar Driver, Ernest Butcher (those two seem to go together, automatically), Ivan Samson, Marjorie Battis, Richard Cooper, Henry Latimer, Charles Sewell, and Rita Linden.

John Baxter produced this one as well as directing it; and inasmuch as Hazel Ascot is one of our British candidates for the Shirley Temple Stakes, I propose to see it.

The other one, *Almost a Honeymoon*, which has been neatly tucked into the can at Welwyn, is a film version of the famous stage farce by Walter Ellis (author of *A Little Bit of Fluff*) which had a successful run at the Garrick Theatre.

In the film we have Tommy Trinder, who is better known on the music-hall stage, Linden Travers, who is gradually making her way into the front rank of British screen girls, Edmund Breon, who was responsible for most of the laughs in the highly successful *French Leave*, Vivienne Bennett, Frederick Burtwell, Arthur Hambling, Aubrey Mallalieu, Betty Jardine, Julie Suedo, Ian Fleming, and Wally Patch.

That sounds to me like a mighty good cast for the purpose.

Norman Lee, who has directed more screen farces than any other British director, "megged."

Force of Farce

● Walter Ellis farces are having a vogue, for the current Admiral film at Cricklewood, *Bedtime Story*, is from another of that successful farce-maker's plays.

By the time you see this one it will probably have changed its label, since I understand there is a clash somewhere. I heard one mooted—*She Should Have Been in Bed*—but I think it's more than a little doubtful whether this will be adhered to.

When I arrived at Cricklewood and found the place thick with naval officers in tropical uniform I thought Admiral Films must be living up to their name, but I found that they belonged to another production which is also on the floor, but is strictly not in my province, being a naval film which Educational and General Services, Ltd., are making.

I dare say the name, Admiral Films is an unfamiliar one to you. It's one of those concerns which turn out inexpensive pictures which are bought by the American companies to satisfy their Quota requirements, and as a rule their output is distinguished by the name of the distributing company, such as Paramount, M.-G.-M. or Fox.

The Greene Finger

● But I feel you ought to know about Admiral, because this is one of the companies which turns out, not mere Quota fodder, but reasonably good entertainment for a very moderate cost indeed—a cost which would probably surprise you very much in these days when £120,000 invested in a film is a mere bagatelle . . . except to the unfortunate people who have invested it.

Victor M. Greene, who is the moving spirit behind Admiral Films, is one of those down-to-earth business men who realise that in selling entertainment the most important thing is to have something entertaining to sell.

You'd be surprised how often this little point is overlooked.

The consequence is that he has produced a dozen films in the last fifteen months, this period embracing one of the worst slumps which the British film industry has ever groaned under.

Only one of these has shown a loss, the others all having made very handsome profits for their sponsors; *The Luck of the Irish*, for instance, after breaking records over here, ran for two weeks on Broadway, New York as first feature, and *Behind Your Back* was booked for thirteen weeks at the Carlton Theatre in London.

So it seems that Mr. Greene has the formula.

Competence

● Realising that he can't afford star names, Victor Greene concentrates on having the parts well played by competent actors; in *Bedtime Story*, for instance, he has Lesley Wareing, Jack Livesey, Eliot Makeham, Michael Bazalgette, Jonathan Field, and Dorothy Dewhurst.

Three, at least, of those names may not be familiar to you, although they are well known to theatre audiences; but Victor Greene believes that, failing a Garbo or a Shearer, you want a good story well told; and I believe he's right.

Bedtime Story is about a schoolgirl whose eccentric bachelor uncle, in a weak and slightly sozzled moment, orders a full evening outfit for her, right down to the skin, with alarming, not to say sensational, results.

I wasn't at all surprised to find that Lesley Wareing looked ravishing in these things; what did impress me was her perfect impersonation of a schoolgirl in gym costume.

As a matter of fact, I have a feeling she thoroughly enjoyed the romp she had in the schoolgirl sequences.

Rush Order

● The settings seemed to me to be a good deal more elaborate than we usually see in a Quota film; and I think we shall have no fault to find with the photography, which is by the expert who photographed *Edge of the World*—Ernest Palmer.

Talking of photography, I have been seeing some beautiful craftsmanship at Elstree.

By courtesy of Erich Pommer and Charles Laughton I had a private view of some of the latest "rushes" of the current Mayflower film, *St. Martin's Lane*.

As a general rule, producers are chary of letting journalists see their "rushes" (unedited shots from the film in production) because they feel that they may be criticised adversely, which would not be fair in the case of an unfinished piece of work.

But as soon as I saw these rushes I realised why Messrs. Pommer and Laughton did not mind my seeing them. Interested as I was in the production before, this glimpse of what we are to see on the screen made me far more so; for one thing, I saw a Charles Laughton whom I haven't seen before—a Cockney ex-sailor, and you know what sailors are, and they aren't anything like the Charles Laughton of either *Barretts* or *Bounty*.

For another thing, Vivien Leigh bore out the impression I had of her on the floor—that we are to see her *acting*, which she has hardly had a chance to do for the screen.

It Moves

● In addition to this, the camera-work has that lovely soft luminous quality which we are accustomed to having only from very distinguished cameramen who have sufficient prestige to be able to demand time to place their lights as they want them and move their cameras about.

Jules Kruger is one of those—and does he move that camera about! I really felt as if I were in the same room with Charles and Vivien, moving about to get a better look at them.

You can't do that with a quickie, because there simply isn't time, when the whole production has to be completed in a fortnight instead of about ten weeks.

Jules Kruger was responsible for the very interesting photography in the French film, *La Bandera*—the best Foreign Legion picture I've ever seen—and he also photographed the first Mayflower production, *Vessel of Wrath*.

Yes, if you like London and Cockneys on the screen as they really are, keep your eye skinned for *St. Martin's Lane*.

Shaven Walls

● They are making a film down at Pinewood which sounds to me like a crackerjack—and it evidently sounds the same way to Gaumont-British, who are making it, for they are calling it *Crackerjack*.

In it, Tom Walls plays Jack Drake, who does a little safe-cracking, but in a purely sporting way, of course, so as not to disgrace the old school tie.

He has shaved off his moustache and taken to a monocle, and as if that were not sufficient disguise he assumes four or five other disguises in the film.

But he hasn't got the disguise business entirely to himself, for Lilli Palmer, and Charles Heslop appear in a couple of disguises each.

It is taking the continuity-clerk all her time to keep check on this bewildering array of personalities.

Albert de Courville is directing this one, and here is the rest of the cast so far—Noel Madison (returning to gangster roles after one straight part in *Sailing Along*), Leon M. Lion, Bobby Gall, H. G. Stoker, Edmund Breon, Margaret Davidge, Hal Walters, Fred Withers, Ethel Griffies, Charles Hillier, Henry Longhurst, Michael Shepley, and Muriel George.

Any complaints?

NEXT WEEK

Hollywood is famous for its habit of bringing unknowns to the surface. Sometimes they sink, sometimes they swim—but they have to be good to swim.

One of the latest is Alice Faye, now in "In Old Chicago," at the Tivoli, London; and in an intimate article in next week's PICTUREGOER, *Max Breen reveals the reasons why this comparative newcomer is likely to stay with us.*

If you want to be well-informed—don't miss it!

OUR SIXTH Gold

For the sixth year in succession, PICTUREGOER asks its readers to award "Gold Medals" to those artistes who, in their opinion, have given the best performance in the releases of 1937. Below we publish the conditions and objects of the ballot.



Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in the screen version of "Romeo and Juliet."



Robert Young, Claudette Colbert, and Melvyn Douglas in "I Met Him in Paris."

SIX years ago when we started a ballot in which our readers could vote for and honour those artistes whose work on the screen seemed to them to be most deserving, we hardly expected that the PICTUREGOER Gold Medals would attain such a high status as they have done. They are now regarded as one of the most signal honours that can be paid to a screen actor or actress.

This is directly due to the amazing response of our readers to our invitation for them to vote for what they consider to be the two most meritorious performances of the year. Our last ballot broke all records and we are hoping that this year you will help us to top even that.

We think that most of you will agree that a chance to pay tribute to the stars who have worked so hard to entertain you is not to be missed and the small amount of trouble to which it puts you is well worth while.

So once again we are asking you confidently to send in your votes and help to maintain the prestige of an award which you have already made world-famous.

The rules governing the ballot are extremely simple but they are important because it is our object to make it not a popularity contest, but a real appreciation of acting merit.

That being the case, we ask you to read them carefully and adhere to them.

PICTUREGOER will present a gold medal to the actress who, in the opinion of the majority, has given the finest performance in films released during 1937, and another for the greatest individual performance by an actor in the same period.

It is important to bear in mind that only those pictures released in 1937 are eligible for consideration. Votes recorded for performances in any other film will be disqualified.

Remember you can only vote for *one performance by an actor and one by an actress, and that you must only record those votes once.*

Last year some readers apparently thought that it was a popularity contest and that they could return votes each week that the ballot was kept open.

We cannot insist too strongly that the awards are for merit only and we count on your support to keep them as such.

Do not, for instance, send in the names of your favourite stars with a list of the pictures in



Irene Dunne as she appeared in "Theodora Goes Wild."

Medal Award

which they appeared, and always remember that films shown in 1937 but not *released* in that year are not eligible.

The ballot is open to all artistes, whether British or foreign, and featured players and character artistes are as much entitled to your consideration as the reigning stars of the year.

We are not asking you, in effect, which is the greatest *picture* of the year, but which is the finest *performance*, and that might well have been given in a film which was not, as a whole, great in itself.

In order to refresh your memories, we publish on this page a list of the films to which Lionel Collier awarded three and four stars last year, and which contained some fine performances.

But please do not look on it as a complete list of those pictures from which you are expected to make your choice. If we had more room at our disposal we would print all the two-star productions as well.

It is difficult in a ballot of this description to avoid giving voters an impression of editorial bias and for that reason we have refrained from giving a list of the stars and from commenting on the performances which they gave in any particular picture.

It may, however, be of interest to give you a list of the percentage of votes received by the first ten actors and actresses in last year's ballot.

They were as follows :—

		Per cent.
1.	Gary Cooper—*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*	16
2.	Ronald Colman—*A Tale of Two Cities*	15
3.	Robert Donat—*The Ghost Goes West* ...	12
4.	Errol Flynn—*Captain Blood*	7.5
5.	Charles Laughton—*Mutiny on the Bounty*	6
6.	Paul Muni—*The Story of Louis Pasteur*	5
7.	Clark Gable—*Mutiny on the Bounty* ...	4.2
8.	Spencer Tracy—*Fury*	4
9.	Leslie Howard—*The Petrified Forest* ...	3
10.	Fredric March—*The Dark Angel* ...	2.6

And the women :—

1.	Nova Pilbeam—*Tudor Rose*	15.5
2.	Greta Garbo—*Anna Karenina* ...	15
3.	Bette Davis—*Dangerous*	7
4.	Claudette Colbert—*Under Two Flags*... / Merle Oberon—*The Dark Angel*	6
5.	Marlene Dietrich—*Desire*	4.5
6.	Anna Neagle—*Peg of Old Drury* ...	4.2
7.	Jean Arthur—*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*	4
8.	Luise Rainer—*Escapade*	3.5
9.	Jeanette MacDonald—*Rose Marie* ...	3
10.	Claudette Colbert—*She Married Her Boss* ... ... / Katharine Hepburn—*Sylvia Scarlett*...	2.9

PREVIOUS GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1932-33
RONALD COLMAN for ARROWSMITH
MARIE DRESSLER for EMMA

1933-34
CLIVE BROOK for CAVALCADE
NORMA SHEARER
for SMILIN' THROUGH

1934-35
CLARK GABLE
for IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
GRETA GARBO for QUEEN CHRISTINA

1935-36
LESLIE HOWARD
for THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL
ELISABETH BERGNER
for ESCAPE ME NEVER

1936-37
GARY COOPER
for MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN
NOVA PILBEAM for TUDOR ROSE





Above, Deanna Durbin in "Three Smart Girls" and, left, Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook in "Victoria the Great."

The voting lists will not be kept open very long and we do urge all of you to send in your postcards as soon as possible, so as not to miss the opportunity of honouring those artistes who have deserved your applause and thanks.

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the names of the artistes of your choice—two only, remember—and the titles of the films in which they appeared and which in your opinion entitles them to the awards.

Address it to—

Award of Merit,
"Picturegoer."
Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, W.C.2.

And please let us emphasise once more that you can only vote for one performance by an actor and one by an actress, and that you can only record those votes once.

As we pointed out in the beginning of the article, last year created a record in the number of votes received.

We are perfectly confident that our readers will surpass that this year. We have the biggest circulation of any fan paper in Europe and the value of the opinion as expressed by its subscribers cannot be over-estimated.

You are putting the seal of approval on producers' work as well as paying that well-deserved mead of tribute to an artiste whom it is impossible to applaud in any other manner.

Only two artistes can receive the awards it is true, but there is also a wealth of satisfaction for the others who are placed high in the voting list.

Take your pen now, before you forget, and send us your votes, and in so doing give yourself the satisfaction of feeling that you are giving something in return for a performance that has probably thrilled you and on which you look back with pleasure.

Some 1937 releases which have contained fine performances

VICTORIA THE GREAT
CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS
TOPPER
LOVE IS NEWS
STORM IN A TEACUP
CALL IT A DAY
FAREWELL AGAIN
I MET HIM IN PARIS
MAKE WAY FOR TO-MORROW
MAYTIME
LOST HORIZON
QUALITY STREET
YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE
FIRE OVER ENGLAND
CAMILLE
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE
TAKE MY TIP
WINGS OF THE MORNING
STOWAWAY
THE TEXAS RANGERS
SAN FRANCISCO
THE GREEN PASTURES
THE PLAINSMAN
THREE SMART GIRLS
THE GAY DESPERADO
COME AND GET IT
TALK OF THE DEVIL
LOVE ON THE RUN
THE GREAT BARRIER
LIBELLED LADY
BELOVED ENEMY
THEODORA GOES WILD
ROMEO AND JULIET
MANHATTAN MADNESS
O.H.M.S.
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD
EDUCATED EVANS
SING, BABY, SING
DODSWORTH
MY MAN GODFREY
TO MARY WITH LOVE

She WANTS TO BE Loved

Claudette Colbert has had ambitions, and many of them have been fulfilled. Here the secret of her greatest ambition of all is told

by Max BREEN

IF I were asked who is the best business-woman among the prominent Hollywood actresses, I should be inclined to say, not Mae West, but Claudette Colbert.

Mae has a great aptitude for figures (no joke intended, but have it your own way), for rentals, grosses, royalties, percentages, commission. She has applied a minimum of education and talent to a maximum of money-making, and therefore may be deemed to be a successful business-woman.

But Mae has made the common Hollywood mistake of overselling herself. She has got hold of a good formula—please note I use the word "good" in the sense of "profitable"—and has rashly assumed that she can work on it for ever and in an ascending arithmetical progression.

And Mae now finds her stock is low—almost as low as some of her lines.

Claudette Colbert, even if she were flashy and vulgar-minded by nature, would never make a mistake like that, for behind that extremely pretty face, the innocent eyes, and the guileless expression there is a cool, shrewd, French business brain ticking away evenly, steadily, undismayed by millions and undazzled by fame.

Little Lily Chauchoin comes of a long line of French housewives, and I have yet to find a better business-woman than the average French housewife, who has a purpose and pursues it unswervingly.

By the way, let's have a spell of pronunciation.

What do you call Claudette? When she first adopted her surname she called it Coal-*bare*, with a trill of the "r" as delicious and elusive as a marron glacée; but lately she is reported to have made a concession to American tastes by pronouncing it *Col*bert, as though it were a close relation to Gilbert the Filbert.

Her true and original name of Chauchoin, however, is an even tougher nut to crack; if you ever have to pronounce it, which seems unlikely, I recommend something in the nature of *Sho*-shwongh, with the "g" throttled-down pretty severely.

What has this shrewd young woman, with the disarming smile, the lovely eyes, and the shapely legs, made of these attributes?

Well, she has capitalised them into several million dollars of good American money, and they remain some of the best assets possessed by any American industry in this day and age, because they seem likely to continue making profits for a very long time to come.

In addition to these assets, Claudette started out with a certain amount of talent—or rather perhaps it would be more accurate to say an uncertain amount, for it cut very little ice.

She began her film career in a silent picture made in New York, called *For the Love of Mike*. It was a case of a new young director trying his wings with a new young leading lady, and though the lady was Claudette and the director was Frank Capra, the film was relegated to the Small Potatoes class and failed to win an award even there; and she went back to the stage.

However, she did play in some successful talkies, including *The Hole in the Wall* and *The Lady Lies*, before her first Hollywood venture about eight years ago in *Manslaughter*, which laid a reasonably firm foundation for her career.

Right back in those early days, when you were very likely still at school, Claudette Colbert had made up her mind about one important aspect of her career; she was going to be an actress, not a leg-show.

It was that little point of difference that first caused her to leave silent pictures and return to the stage; it became a battleground in her first really successful picture, *The Smiling Lieutenant*—and she won the battle; and since then, although we have often been afforded generous glimpses of the famous Colbert underpinnings, characterisation has been the main feature of her performances.

Herein lies much of the secret of her continued success; for as she very intelligently realised, a girl has only one pair of legs, of which the public may reasonably to expected to grow a little tired in time; whereas there is an unlimited number of characters for her to play, and these are apt to keep the public interest ever fresh and new.

"Dam' clever, these Chauchoins."

However, it should be noted that the star's most successful efforts to date are those that have combined characterisation with silk stockings.

For instance, Cecil B. de Mille, whose estimate of the average picturegoer's mentality may have been accurate a dozen years ago, but seems a trifle too low to-day, put her into *The Sign of the Cross* and *Cleopatra*.

In the former she was on exhibition, you may remember, as the Empress Poppaea in her famous bath of asses' milk. In *Cleopatra* she gave a very good imitation of Claudette Colbert in period scanties.

Neither did anything towards enhancing her reputation as an actress.

Again, she appeared in two films in which her legs were modestly concealed—*Under Two Flags*, which shoved them into clumsy French infantrymen's boots, and *Maid of Salem* . . . and oh, the pity and waste of that long, grey Puritan gown!

So much for history. 1066 and All That has given other actresses' careers a fresh impetus, but it has done precious little for Claudette.

On the contrary, her greatest successes have been scored in modern comedies—in *It Happened One Night* (for which she gained the Academy Award), *Three-Cornered Moon*, *The Bride Came Home*, and *She Married Her Boss*.

And now *Tovarich*.

There was a great deal of speculation, not to say heart-burning, about *Tovarich* in the making.

In the first place, it seemed doubtful whether Claudette, a French girl with an American background, could be convincing as a Russian countess. Since the film has been seen, a number of critics, both professional and amateur, have declared that she is nothing at all like a Russian countess.

They didn't mention whether they had ever known a Russian countess outside the covers of a novel.

Now let *me* tell one—and it happens to be a true one.

Eighteen years ago I knew a refugee Russian girl, daughter of a General of the Imperial Army, who had been brought up at the Court of the Czar.

In looks, manners, morals, charm, and general atmosphere she closely resembled the Claudette Colbert of *Tovarich*.

Not, however, in accent, which was decidedly broken; and that was another cause for soul-searching when the film was made. Seeing that Charles Boyer must perforce speak with a foreign accent, should she not also?

After grave deliberation, the authorities decided "No."

So she speaks "straight" American in the film; and that, to my mind, merely indicates that she has learned to speak English better than her film husband Boyer has; such things frequently happen in real life—though I must admit it



Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer in a scene from her latest film, "Tovarich."



Off the screen, Claudette has made herself extremely popular with everyone.

Below: "The pity and waste of that long, grey, Puritan gown!"





A charming portrait of the subject of this article.



"In Cleopatra she gave a very good imitation of Claudette Colbert in period scanties."

seems to be most frequently the husband who is quicker to learn.

In these articles about screen personalities it is sometimes difficult, though desirable, to resist criticising the picture and thus trespassing on the preserves of my colleague Lionel Collier.

On this occasion I will content myself with saying that *Tovarich* is essentially not my kind of picture, being satire that descends in parts almost to farce, and that I enjoyed it more than I have any other film for a long time.

To this enjoyment Claudette, with her beauty and her skill and her lovely sense of comedy and her great sincerity, contributed more than anyone.

Now, Claudette being the excellent business-woman she is, surely it isn't too much to hope that she will henceforward stick to this kind of story (when she can get it!) and eschew such excursions into costume drama as she has made in the past?

For a good many months we have been threatened with Miss Colbert as a film Joan of Arc.

Well, of course, it isn't fair to prejudge a picture, but really that reminds me of the title of Jessie Matthews's forthcoming picture, *Asking for Trouble*.

Bernard Shaw's recent announcement that Elisabeth Bergner is to be cast as his *Saint Joan*, suggests that we may be spared Claudette's version.

We know Claudette can play emotional scenes when required.

So far she has managed her own affairs with conspicuous success. To crash Broadway as an obscure student of an acting academy, and from that vantage-point to make herself one of the uncrowned queens of Hollywood is no mean feat.

Uncrowned? The Academy Award is one pretty good crown; the fact that she is paid £30,000 for each picture and makes two pictures a year is another.

Do you realise that, for every film in which she plays, her salary alone is equal to the total cost of half a dozen British Quota quickies?

And she's usually worth every penny of it to the more fortunate companies employing her.

In fact, Claudette is one of the six Hollywood actresses at the very top of the tree, and if you imagine I'm going to say "The five others are Garbo, Dietrich," and so on, you're screwy.

No names, no interminable arguments.

Anyway, there's no room for argument about Claudette; she's established, and wealthy, and now happily married to Dr. Joel Pressman, and she has a house (quite a nice house—it cost her £30,000), and so you'd think she would be satisfied. Not she!

Once, some years ago, in Hollywood, Claudette told me what she wanted—what she was really out after.

I told her I had just come from lunching with Will Rogers; and I saw I'd touched a spot.

"That man!" she said eagerly. "How everybody loves him! That's what I want to be. Of course, it would be absurd to compare myself with Will Rogers, but he's the model I've set for myself; I want to live as he's lived, work as he's worked, win people's hearts as he's done.

"I suppose," she added, "you might say that is really the height of my ambition—to be a likeable human being; just to be loved."

Well, we've seen how successful she has been in that endeavour "on"—whenever she has been permitted to *be* a human being, and not a quasi-Poppaea.

And she is certainly extremely popular "off" both in the studio, where they call her "the Frantic Frog," and among her many acquaintances and her few intimates.

Yes, this is good business—first-rate business; but although she has such a good business head, that isn't the reason why she's pursuing this desirable end.

It's for no other reason in the world than that she's Claudette Colbert, whose heart is even stronger than her head.

A NEW SERVICE

WE should like to draw our readers' attention to a new feature which will be presented each month, a review of gramophone records with film interest. The first article appears on page 26 of this issue.



SAID PLUM THE SWEEP, THERE'S NO DISPUTE — IN ROWNTREE'S YOU CAN TASTE THE FRUIT!

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LIGHT FAIR HAIRED

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Scientists now know why skin beauty often vanishes before 20 years of age. As we get older the body uses internally more and more of the "skin-vitamin," which is responsible for rebuilding skin-tissue. So the skin suffers!

A NEW development in face creams! A cream that does more to beautify the skin than has ever been possible before! Because it puts into the skin the substance essential for rebuilding skin tissue — the "skin-vitamin."

Four years ago doctors discovered that one certain vitamin heals skin with marvellous efficiency. They found, also, that harsh skin conditions are often due to the lack of this same vitamin.

Some foods contain it. But too often the body uses it up internally. Also, exposure constantly removes from the skin what supplies it does receive. Then the skin suffers — becomes rough, scaly, harsh, old-looking.

Pond's had this "skin-vitamin" put into Pond's Cream. Tests of this new cream were carried out by leading biologists over 3 years. They showed astonishing results! Skin that had lost beauty because of lack of the "skin-vitamin" became smooth, fine, and supple again — after 3 weeks' daily application of Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin."

Women who tried this cream asked for more, declaring their skin looked brighter, clearer, was smoother and finer.

Now the active "skin-vitamin" is in *all* Pond's Creams: in Pond's Vanishing Cream, in Pond's Cold Cream. These creams are unchanged except for the new ingredient — not Vitamin F, not Vitamin B, but the "skin-vitamin," Vitamin A.

Every jar and tube of Pond's Creams now at chemists and stores contains the "skin-vitamin." The creams sell at the same prices — in the same jars and tubes. You use them as before. Try Pond's Cream with the "skin-vitamin." Get some *today*.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM softens and smooths the skin instantly for powder, nourishes, holds powder on. Use it before powdering. Use it at bedtime. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."

POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses, clears, softens and smooths the skin. Pat it in briskly to stimulate the under-skin; it fights off blackheads, blemishes; reduces pores; nourishes, smoothing out lines. Use it at night, in the morning, and to remove powder. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."

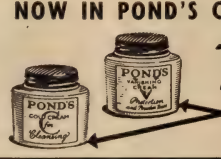


THE LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HOME

"I really didn't see how Pond's Creams *could* be better than they already were. But I've tried Pond's Creams with the 'skin-vitamin' in them — and I have to own they *are* even better!"

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A LONG TIME BETWEEN Laughs— and why



by Harold LLOYD

Filmgoers often wonder why the front rank comedians take so long to make their pictures. Here one of the greatest of them frankly tells you the reason and gives you an insight into the difficulties of comedy making

NOT that it is important, but it might amaze you to look back over the motion pictures you have seen during the past year and note the paucity of comedies you can recall.

Even if you are an inveterate picture-goer and see two or three a week, you probably can count the comedies you have witnessed on the fingers of both hands.

And the reason?

Stories!

Insane asylums are full of people who have suffered financial and health reversals, and for various and sundry other reasons, but the comedians of the screen to-day are rubbing elbows with the most likely asylum candidates, and all because of STORIES.

Seldom a day passes that we do not receive a letter or are asked why we do not make more pictures, and there is only one answer—STORIES.

If you were to pick up a paper and on turning to the cinema section you read where a comedian had just paid £25,000 for a story you certainly would rate him a sure candidate for the booby hatch. Yet there would be every essence of truth in the article.

It has been nearly fifteen months since we released a picture. Ever since the cameras stopped grinding on *The Milky Way* we have been searching for a story. Six months ago we had what we regarded as an excellent idea. Thousands upon thousands were poured into the developing of the plot and it was ready for final approval when the King of England decided to abdicate.

And why should that affect us?

Our story happened to centre around the romance of a commoner and the daughter of a king. Of course, it had nothing to do with the lives of the now Duke of Windsor and his Duchess, but rather than run the risk of offending our British audience, we discarded the story.

All over again began the chase for a desirable angle. Thousands of dollars more began to pour out in the pursuit, and again weeks and months went by. Finally we hit upon another idea, and at the time of writing we are developing what we feel will be a conspicuously amusing adventure romance.

Producers of the drama can take *East Lynne* or *Way Down East* and film them in a dozen different manners and under as many titles, and audiences will react most favourably to them.

But let a comedian put an old gag into a picture and forget to give it the most up-to-the-minute treatment and he will lay the biggest ostrich egg in the world. Old gags are still good gags, but the energy and time spent in formulating unusual settings for them make it advisable to develop entirely new "business."

Every once in a while, however, a grand spot comes up for an old gag dressed in new clothes, and, if you happened to see *The Milky Way*, there was a perfect example in the scene where I jumped over a hedge and landed in a pool of water. Noah invented this gag, but it was mighty good to us in 1936.

Constantly the comic must look for new material. Every field is combed—stage, literature, radio—but invariably the hunt ends if not in oblivion, in an original idea.

Talking pictures have immeasurably widened the field of light comedy, that is, comedy dependent on dialogue and situation.

In a much smaller measure they have helped action comedies, for nothing replaces action. The talkies did bring Broadway into comedies, developed their finesse, and set motion picture funsters thinking in terms of higher-class comedy treatment.

But with it all, the comedian who has built up a reputation for swift-moving comedy attempts suicide jumping into slow-moving pictures wherein he must depend upon lines for laughs.

That takes us back to the fact that £25,000 comedy stories are not fantastic. In fact we could add £12,000 to that figure and still not be outside the realm of fact.

Three Men on a Horse cost almost that sum for the screen rights, but the story was virtually tailored for pictures as well as for the stage. That type of story comes along only once in a blue moon. We had such a "natural" in *The Milky Way*.

Yet even in these instances, funny as they were structurally, it took a bag of gold to develop them into the laugh-getters you saw on the screen.

As for the field of literature, sure there are many published stories which seem fitted to our particular needs. Many of our friends throughout the country write us regarding different magazine yarns they would like to see us do. We read them by the dozens, but always there is some drawback to their desirability.

What then goes to constitute a story that would come under our category of possibilities?

Let's analyse the story we are currently developing in *Professor, Beware!* It has, to start with, a timeliness that should appeal to American audiences as well as to film enthusiasts the world over.

And that is most important, for without success in foreign markets we could never meet the financial outlay demanded by present-day first-rate comedies.

Secondly, it has adventure with a large dash of romance. But most essential of all, it offers innumerable opportunities to be studded with the kind of visual comedy, or "gags," without which no comedy of the type expected from us would be acceptable.

The most usual drawback to stories suggested to us are their insincerity, their forced comedy, and broadness.

There are still some comedians on the screen who can forget the sincerity angle, but once having stamped yourself as a delineator of sincere stories, as I have attempted to do through the years, you cannot ever get away from it.

Audiences have progressed with pictures. Radio has contributed to this education, but not, of course, in a visual sense.

Until the perfection of television, the air lanes must, of necessity, carry their complement of wisecracks and puns.

The good visual gag, rightly presented, is worth even more to-day than it was in the earliest motion picture. Sound has given the comic the two additional allies of dialogue and sound, but his principal weapon is still visual "business."

And they all must be tied together with story.

Plots cut as thin as boarding-house ham were all right in days of yore, but now would go as far with audiences as a pound of Hamburger in a kennel full of Great Dane dogs.

A comedian's idea of heaven would be a drawer full of stories which were designed to be readily "gagged" and filmed at the rate of two a year. In recent years our ambition has been to turn out a picture each six months, but somehow the difficulties have always proved too great and we have found ourself left with a discarded script and a headache.

But don't be chagrined if after reading this article you type your idea and submit it through the mails to us, only to have it come back within the next few days marked "Not read."

While we are constantly on the look out for material, we, together with every other studio in Hollywood, cannot accept any scripts unless submitted through recognised literary agents. This is for our mutual protection, eliminates claims of infringement, and simplifies the already difficult task of sifting the salmon eggs from the caviar.

There's a pastime we don't envy the Russians.



The Harold Lloyd unit at work at the Los Angeles docks on a scene for the star's new picture "Professor, Beware."



ALICE FAYE

IF the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences were to consult us about an award for the most improved actress of the year we're not sure that our vote wouldn't go to Alice Faye, who in the last twelve months or so has developed from a rather too blonde and brittle Broadway "cutie" into one of the screen's most important musical comedy stars. You will see her next in "You're a Sweetheart," which has been showing in the West End, and the long-awaited re-make of "Sally, Irene and Mary"

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA



Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable, and Myrna Loy, a mechanic, a test pilot, and a test pilot's wife in "Test Pilot." They were snapped on the plane which Gable flies in the film between scenes.



Wayne Morris and Priscilla Lane receive some final instructions from Director Stanley Logan before filming a scene for "Everybody was Very Nice" at Warner Bros. studios.



Arriving at work. . . . Virginia Bruce drives her own roadster to work, and parks it outside her dressing room. She wears the dark glasses to protect her eyes from the morning sun. Miss Bruce has just finished her latest part in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Arsene Lupin Returns." She is now at work on "Wooden Wedding" with Robert Montgomery.



Danielle Darrieux signing portraits at Universal studios.



Martha Bellows (Martha Raye) having got somewhat rough with a man she is in love with, Scoop McPhail (Lynne Overman), is in turn given a rough time by a group of sailors at Scoop's instigation.



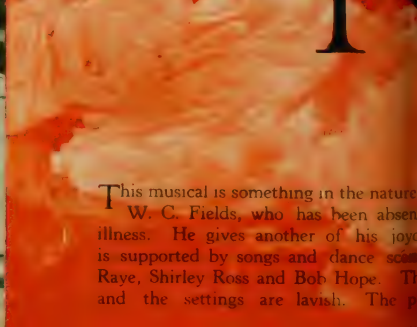
The BIG B



This is Martha Bellows making passionate love to Scoop which leads to the rough handling she gets in the scene pictured above.



Bob Hayes (Leif Erikson), who has invented a radio device to pick up power on a newly designed liner, comforts Dorothy (Dorothy Lamour) who has become engaged to a man who has three ex-wives chasing him for alimony.



I

This musical is something in the nature
W. C. Fields, who has been absen
illness. He gives another of his joy
is supported by songs and dance sca
Raye, Shirley Ross and Bob Hope. T
and the settings are lavish. The p



S. B. Bellows (W. C. Fields), brother of the owner of the liner which is attempting to break the record, is told to board the ship's rival because he is so unlucky, but gets on the former by mistake and nearly causes disaster.



Buzz Fielding is put behind bars his three ex-wives, Cleo (Shirl Ross), Grace (Grace Bradley), a Joan (Dorothy Howe). The turnk is Rufe Davis.

ROADCAST of 938

Young and INNOCENT

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Gaumont British-General Films.



IN the middle of the excitement prevailing outside the local County Court over an escaped prisoner, Erica Burgoyne the Chief Constable's daughter, found that her car was being commandeered in the name of the law.

She remembered the prisoner in whose search she was being asked to join—Robert Tisdall. She had in fact brought him to, only a few days ago, from the faint, to which an all-night questioning from police-court detectives, had made him succumb. She remembered his dark hair and eyes and the boyish face which looked as if it couldn't belong to a criminal.

Yet Robert Tisdall was to be tried for the murder of Christine Clay, film star. Her dead body had been found on the lonely beach at Reresby and near to it, the belt with which she had been strangled. The belt obviously belonged to a man's raincoat. The fact that Robert Tisdall who had been seen running away from the body, owned a raincoat which he alleged to have been stolen, constituted a major piece of evidence against him.

All this Erica gleaned from the local paper, though she missed the thrill of seeing the prisoner, wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, purloined from his short-sighted lawyer, make a getaway while being ushered into the dock.

"All right Erica. Let the Sergeant do that," Mr. Burgoyne was saying in front of the County Court entrance. By "that" Mr. Burgoyne meant the choke on his daughter's car.

Strictly speaking Erica's car wasn't a Rolls. It was not even a glossy unit of mass production. Enough said that it possessed a petrol choke operated by string, a dickey, but no self-starter.

Small wonder, considering the nearly empty state of her tank into the bargain, plus the weight of two constables she was escorting, in the middle of a slightly uphill moorland road, Erica stopped dead.

"You'll never catch him that way. You go on. I shall be all right," she assured. Having seen the two stalwart members of the force continuing their journey in a farm cart, on the top of a drove of pigs, Erica pushed the car hard in the hope of starting the engine.

She was still pushing when a boyish face with dark eyes and dark hair appeared above the opposite running board.

"Robert Tisdall—you must be mad. D'you know who I am?" Erica demanded.

"You're the Chief Constable's daughter and my ministering angel. You brought me round marvellously."

"You haven't a hope of escaping," Erica declared as the engine coughed into action. "After getting petrol the first thing I must do, is tell the police."

Alas! after investigation and a fill-up from a wayside pump, Erica's purse proved empty. The young man paid. "How far is it to *Tom's Hat* carman's shelter on the Gilchester road?" he inquired of the countryman in charge. Ignoring his instructions, Erica drove to a grassy flat in front of a derelict mill and curtly ordered her passenger out.

"But this isn't *Tom's Hat*," he objected.

"I know, but it's the best thing you can do."

"Aha, I've won you over."

"You have not."

"Yes. It's too risky for you to drive me to *Tom's Hat* where I believe my raincoat was stolen, by daylight, so when it's dark you're coming back to drive me over before closing time."

"How can you joke when you know what'll happen if you're caught?"

"I can because I'm innocent. You don't believe that do you? I wish you did. Now what are you going to do?"

Her answer was to leave. At lunch, which she took with her father and four young brothers, talk naturally veered round the escaped prisoner. Mr. Burgoyne intimated that he must be short of money as he had parted with ready cash to the lawyer. By the time David, Chris and Stanley had voiced the opinion that Mr. Tisdall must ultimately starve to death with rooks pecking his eyes, Erica's mind was made up. With the mongrel Towser on the passenger front seat, she cranked up. The young man's face as he emerged from a pile of hay in the mill loft, seemed reward enough for daring.

"You do think I'm innocent," he challenged.

"Not at all. I only brought money for the petrol. Here."

"Thanks—but what's in that parcel?"

"I—don't know. Good-bye." Yet she had to stay to watch him disclose the loaf, cheese and butter she had brought, his first sight of food since the previous afternoon.

"You see why I made a dash for it this morning," he said between bites. "If I can find my raincoat and the belt, I'm cleared. Why must Christine have been killed that way?"

"Did you know her well?"

"Very slightly. I did her a good turn once, but I'd no idea she'd leave me a big legacy. I almost wish she hadn't. The police seem to think it a motive for crime."

Erica's unaccountable relief changed to alarm, as Towser at the mill door barked furiously. Neither of the young people realised that Robert had tossed the wrapping from the cheese out of the window, thereby attracting the attention of Sergeant Ruddock and his assistant who were on their way to investigate.

"That's done 'em," Robert breathed, as, having scrambled down from the mill window, the pair, under the very noses of the law, hustled Towser into the car and were well away. "No good waiting till dark, next stop, *Tom's Hat*. Can you remember the petrol-pump man's directions? A mile to the cross-roads and take the left fork. That'll be the end of our troubles."

"Your troubles you mean. Can't you see you've made me run away from Sergeant Ruddock who taught me to drive? My father's Chief Constable. I must be on their side."

To her astonishment, Robert's voice was asking her to take the wheel.

"I'm sorry. Forgive me. Of course you must drive straight back." Why, after that, she took the left fork leading to *Tom's Hat* instead of the right fork back to town, she didn't stop to ask herself. Having drawn up by the primitive looking carman's shelter, she insisted that Robert might be recognised if he went in.

Entering herself, she found it nearly full, and having ordered tea and cake from the man in charge, took her cup to a trestle table between a tramp and a lorry driver. Her choice was lucky. From a leading question, she discovered that a certain Old Will, a china mender, had been much teased on his last visit, for wearing a brand new raincoat which he said a bloke had given him.

"Shut your blinkin' mouth. Leave Old Will alone," came the unexpected order from a truculent customer, silencing Erica's informer with a cuff on the jaw. In a trice a free-for-all had started. Erica, lithe and small, dodged blows and achieved an exit when she found to her horror that Robert had left the car and was fighting his way through the mob while shouting for her.

"I'm here," she cried, and seeing blood on his forehead, dragged him to the tiny spasmodic trickle of a drinking fountain, where she was thankful to find the cut no more than surface. "You were quite right. The coat was stolen. An old tramp got it, but his friends wouldn't let me hear any more," Erica explained removing the last traces of damage with her handkerchief.

"Hey Guv'nor," an ex-combatant spoke up in passing. "If you want Old Will, the china mender, you'll get him late to-night at Nobby's Lodging House at Gilchester, about thirty miles along the main road.

"All you have to do now, is to get the coat back from the tramp," Erica said on their way back to the car.

"I'm glad you took that left fork," he said. "Well, it's good-bye and many thanks. You should be getting back." Their hands unclasped. "How are you going to get there?" Erica asked in spite of herself.

"Perhaps I'll get a lift in a police car. There should be one along soon." Not so much the words as the flash of the smile which went with them, won Erica. Ten minutes later cruising along a straight road between trees, she was outlining their next move.

"I've thought it all out about coming with you. My aunt lives about two miles from Gilchester. I can call on her and quite truthfully tell father later where I've been."

"To salve your conscience, eh?"



Erica (Nova Pilbeam) pulled up and Robert (Derrick de Marney) helped the tramp (Edward Rigby) out of his coat.

"If you like. I needn't stay any time and we can be off again. You stay; I shan't be two minutes," she added as she turned the car into the drive.

"Right. I shan't feel too safe sitting here."

A twenty minutes wait followed which Erica could only feel was part of a nightmare. She had chosen a most inopportune moment to make her call. Her cousin Felicity, aged seven, was having a birthday party. The butler assured Miss Erica that her aunt would be most hurt if she didn't go in.

The conjuror was nearing the end of his performance as Erica tip-toed past the lines of watching children to where her aunt was sitting. A commanding lady who contrived usually to have her commands obeyed, she beckoned Erica to a chair and insisted on her staying to help with the distribution of crackers and supervision of games.

Alone, Erica might have managed, though she might be on thorns at keeping Robert waiting. But when her uncle, having found him outside in the car, hospitably dragged him in to join the entertainment, Erica felt like disappearing with the conjuror's rabbit.

A game of Blind Man's Buff in which aunt was chosen as Blind Man, enabled the guilty pair to slip away, unfortunately not before Robert had misinformed that lady that his name was Beechcroft Manningtree, and later that it was Beechtree Manningcroft. This together with a few false shots about his supposititious profession which Erica had described to her aunt as advertising and which Robert, not knowing this, guessed to be connected with music, was enough to send the lady to the telephone. News of Erica's male companion and his doubtless false identity, therefore, shortly reached Mr. Burgoyne in his study.

Meanwhile, Erica, at the wheel nearing Gilchester felt an increasing depression. At Lemming village a sergeant emerging from the police station, announced the receipt of a message from Mr. Burgoyne for his daughter. Would she telephone him right away? Before Erica had time to think that her aunt must have watched them take the Lemming road, the sergeant was recognising Robert as the escaped prisoner.

"Step on it," Robert urged. Mechanically, she trod on the accelerator, relaxing speed when the first thrill of departure was over.

"God! we seem to be crawling," Robert cried.

"It's awful running away like this with an escaped man. It means I'm an accessory. I'll get ten years. Poor father."

Nevertheless her foot jammed down on the accelerator pedal. "You've got to get that coat, Robert."

He said nothing, letting her run the gamut of inner conflict. It was dark by the time he drove her into the siding of a Gilchester main-line. Trains leaving the station roared past and under a bridge.

"People in them eating, actually eating," Robert said. "You wait till the coat's in our hands and we dangle the belt under the goggling eyes of the police. We'll go through a seven-course dinner, second helpings and champagne and I'll carry you all the way home."

She was tongue-tied even when he put on a uniform hat pinched as he said from a nearby hut, and started removing his coat, to don a railwayman's.

"How do I look?—Erica—darling—say something." The pleading look, the scared voice, the word "darling," made the ache at her heart seem unbearable.

"D—don't think me silly, but I'm so terribly tired," she confessed.

In an instant his gentle hands were putting his coat round her. His voice, tender as she had never heard it, made tiredness vanish momentarily. "What can I do, dear? Perhaps you'd better get along home."

"No. I'm going to see it out now."

"You're marvellous. You have a nap. You'll be perfectly safe here. Towser, you look after her." Curled up on the seat, Erica vaguely heard herself saying: "I don't want anything to happen to you," before she fell asleep.

She woke in broad daylight to Robert's cry of "Erica! Start her up." Robert himself was bundling a man with a large face, a seedy looking overcoat and shabby hat in the back seat. "Pinched him out of Nobby's doss house," he explained. "He's Old Will and he's keeping his mouth shut. We've got to make him talk." Missing a train by inches, they gained the open road where Towser, yapping and sniffing at Old Will, settled the question by causing Erica to pull up. Whereupon, Old Will, muttering something about "it's my cheese he smells" removed the seedy overcoat.

"That's mine all right," Robert cried, seeing the raincoat underneath. With shaking fingers he helped the tramp out of it. Triumph was short lived. An exhaustive search revealed no belt.

"There was no belt when the bloke gave it me," Will declared.

"Then it was my belt that was used—what did you say the man who gave you the coat looked like?"

"Some feller—I don't know who 'e was. All I can say is 'e blinked, like as if 'e 'ad a twitch—like this."

"The police will never accept that evidence," Erica declared as Old Will's face returned to normal.

"Why not? I'm respectable," he argued.

"We'll talk about it later," Robert insisted. "Police will catch up with us soon. Did you see their car nearly crash into the milk lorry as we came away from the siding? Where's the best place to hide?" He chose the old mine workings from Will's two alternatives. From the moment they left the main road to run into the soft ground, Erica felt afraid. The grassy covering of pits was treacherous, the shafts below feet deep. Suddenly she felt the car sinking. Robert and Old Bill with surprising agility had managed to leap out. She stood up in the seat. Robert's hand as he knelt over the edge of the shaft was extended to its fullest capacity. Could she reach those fingers of his, that now seemed near, now just out of reach? With a terrific effort as she felt the car leaving her, she touched safety. Clinging desperately, with Robert's help, she struggled to terra firma.

"Police are here—run," she heard Robert say. To her bemused brain came the thought of Towser. "He's been left behind, I must get him," she cried.

"Don't be a fool. They'll get him all right."

"You may be all right. I'm going back." Running blindly, she stumbled into the arms of a policeman and realised with a sob of gratitude that Robert and Old Will were nowhere to be seen.

Towser's recovery could hardly compensate Erica for being questioned by her father's detectives. "All I know is Mr. Tisdall's innocent. He couldn't kill anything. He's much too kind and gentle," she declared. Lunch with the boys' interminable questions had to be got through somehow. In the middle, Erica received a call to her father's study. Mr. Burgoyne, finding that she persisted in shielding an alleged murderer, showed her the written letter of his resignation as Chief Constable and ordered her to her room for the time being.

Erica hardly knew how long she had been sobbing, when a noise at the window made her look up. "Robert," she cried, and melted into his arms.

"Did Old Bill find the man with the twitch?"

"No. I've decided to give myself up. That's why I came back. I want you to tell them that I forced you into it, and say 'Good-bye.' There was no belt in the coat pocket, when they found it in the car?"

"Nothing but a box of matches from the Grand Hotel."

"I must go now. Old Will's waiting."

"Do, while I'm not looking." Trembling, she took away her hands from his and covered her face. His voice reached her.

"Erica, did you say matches from the Grand Hotel? Then the murderer of Christine was and perhaps still is, at the Grand Hotel."

The following afternoon, Erica and Old Will, wearing an astounding outfit of clothes purchased from the local pawnbroker, occupied a table for two in the Grand Hotel ballroom.

"Can't see no bloke with a twitch. We've bitten off more than we can chew," was the conclusion reached by Will after an hour's fruitless watching of the crowded floor. They tried dancing as a better means of observing faces at close quarters, but Will's method of leaving his full weight on Erica's toes, kept her eyes willy-nilly on the floor.

"I'm afraid its no good duckie. The cops have been watching us for a quarter of an hour," Will declared.

"They're probably looking for Mr. Tisdall," Erica said sadly.

She was right. A waiter brought a message. Would she join Mr. Burgoyne outside? Mr. Tisdall had given himself up. Leaving the ballroom with a highly gratified Will, Erica realised that the coloured band had stopped playing abruptly. A crowd gathered at the dais. Apparently the drummer who had been in an extreme state of tension all the afternoon, had collapsed.

"Can we do anything?" Erica asked. They found the man surrounded by his colleagues in an anteroom. She saw at once that he seemed more hysterical than faint. As she bent over him, the eyelids and forehead contracted suddenly. The eyes themselves were lost sight of, then re-appeared. Undoubtedly here was a man with a twitch.

"Look at that! Will someone wipe his face?" she cried. A cloth was produced. Under it, the negro black faded away, leaving the face of a middle-aged man in the grip of terror.

"You gave an old tramp a raincoat, didn't you?" Erica demanded. "What did you do with the belt that belonged to it?" The drummer, started, twitched and broke into a fit of hoarse laughter. "What did I do with it? Twisted it round her neck and strangled the life out of Christine Clay—wish I hadn't—damned funny—couldn't get rid of that twitch—all the evening—damned funny."

In the shelter of her father's arms, Erica looked over her shoulder at Robert. "Father, don't you think we should ask Mr. Tisdall to dinner?" she said.

REVIEWS by Lionel Collier

WALT DISNEY has produced a cartoon masterpiece in *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, and has fully justified the three years he and his craftsmen have spent on the production. It is what we expected from him; but, none the less, the more one considers the difficulties he has overcome and the inexhaustible stock of ingenuity and skill which the picture displays, the greater becomes one's admiration for the creator.

It is difficult, in reviewing a cinematic cartoon of this magnitude, to avoid using a surplus of superlatives, but it is also impossible not to touch on certain aspects critically, and maybe adversely, because it is so great in its general design.

Disney has followed the Grimm Brothers' fairy tale faithfully, except that he has avoided to a large extent the touches of sadism in which the brothers usually indulged at some time or another in their tales.

The death, for instance, of the Queen who, transformed into a witch, sends Snow White into a deathlike trance by making her eat a poisoned apple, is not so cruel as in its original conception. She is chased by the Seven Dwarfs who have been protecting the Princess, and meets her death by falling over a cliff during a thunderstorm.

On the other hand, he has certainly introduced horrific scenes which fully justify the censor's "A" certificate.

There is, for instance, a nightmare flight through the woods by the Princess as she runs from the Queen, who had planned to have her murdered. To a child's mind, I could imagine this to be particularly terrifying and lasting in impression, especially if he or she were unaccompanied by an adult at hand to calm such fears.

There is something very macabre, too, about the transformation of the Queen—a stylised version, by the way, of our old friend, the silent-screen vamp—into a witch, and a shot showing a skeleton in a dungeon, with one bony arm stretched out towards an empty water-jug, appears to be entirely out of place and gratuitous.

In striking contrast to these instances of the macabre—which, incidentally, are brilliantly executed—are the delicate touches associated with the animals which Snow White meets in the woods.

These are not caricatured, and their animation is perfectly astonishing in its flowing grace of movement. Indeed, one of the most delightful sequences in the film is when they take Snow White to the Dwarfs' cottage and help her to tidy up the place.

The Dwarfs themselves are excellently characterised, and have all the whimsicality that Disney knows how to introduce so well. The one that steals the picture is Dopey, a variation of the village idiot, who does not speak at all. He is a clown *par excellence*, and one could wish that he might be allowed to appear in further cartoon features.

What strikes one most forcibly is the wealth of expression and detail touches that have been introduced in regard to the Dwarfs and the animals.

This has not been so happily achieved in the case of the conventional human beings as represented by Snow White, the Prince, and the wicked Queen.

Actually, there is more character in the fly which settles on one of the Dwarf's noses and goes to sleep than there is in Snow White who, in spite of delightfully flowing animation, still remains a doll.

The Queen, as I have indicated, is a sort of reincarnation of the early Hollywood vamp, and she, too, strikes a note that is alien to the general trend of the fantasy. When she becomes a hideous old witch, and thus a caricature, she blends with the surroundings more harmoniously.

All this leads one to the conclusion that Disney should refrain from introducing "straight" human characters into his cartoons. In this respect he cannot be creative, as he has been with the Dwarfs, Donald Duck, and the host of creatures with which he has regaled us.

Another feature of the picture is the sense of stereoscopy that has been attained. The backgrounds are exquisitely done, and there is always a depth about Disney's work which never ceases to be a cause for admiration.

The colour, too, is remarkably fine and adds to the impression that is generally paramount that these creatures cannot possibly be just lines drawn on paper. Such is the sense of realism they impart by their motivation.

After seeing this picture and being wholly enchanted by it, I should like to make a plea that Disney should reconsider his plan of making *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking Glass*, which would offer an unrivalled field for that magic pencil of his. But, please, Mr. Disney, let Alice be a real person, as you once suggested she should be.

On the Screens Now

c***100 MEN AND A GIRL

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Comedy-drama with music. Runs 83 minutes.

DEANNA DURBIN.....Patricia Cardwell
ADOLPHE MENJOU.....John Cardwell
ALICE BRADY.....Mrs. Frost
EUGENE PALLETTE.....John Frost
MISCHA AUER.....Michael
and
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI.

Directed by Henry Koster. Screen play by Bruce Manning, Charles Kenyon and Hans Kraly. Previewed December 25, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of December 18, 1937.

A perfect combination of music and comedy which puts Deanna Durbin still more firmly in the front rank of screen artistes and is refreshingly original in plot and development.

The star who, whilst still retaining her charm of manner and unsophistication, acts with the assurance of an old timer.

The part of a young girl, daughter of an out of work musician, who succeeds in getting an orchestra of unemployed men conducted by a famous conductor, suits her and she makes the character human and natural.

Adolphe Menjou has not a great deal to do as her father but he, too, turns in a sound character study.

As his friend, a flautist, Mischa Auer is noticeably good and some excellent comedy is supplied by Alice Brady as a brainless socialite and Eugene Pallette as her husband who is tricked into sponsoring the unemployed orchestra.

The comedy moments are exceedingly good and while full dramatic licence has been exercised in the credulity of the plot, it has real human feeling behind it and well drawn recognisable characters.

The music, for a change, is mostly classical and it is exceedingly well presented. Deanna Durbin sings Mozart's "Hallelujah" brilliantly and Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor, appears in person. That his conducting is excellent goes without saying but he also proves himself no mean actor.

c***THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

United Artists. American. "U" certificate. Ruritanian Romance. Runs 103 minutes.

RONALD COLMAN.....Rudolf Rassendyll —King Rudolf V.
MADELEINE CARROLL.....Princess Flavia
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, jun. Rupert of Hentzau
MARY ASTOR.....Antoinette de Mauban
C. AUBREY SMITH.....Colonel Zapt
RAYMOND MASSEY.....Black Michael
DAVID NIVEN.....Fritz von Tarlenheim
LAWRENCE GRANT.....Marshal Strakencz
IAN MACLAREN.....Cardinal
BYRON FOULGER.....Johann
HOWARD LANG.....Josef
RALPH FAULKNER.....Bersonin
MONTAGUE LOVE.....Detchard
WILLIAM VON BRINCKEN.....Kraftstein
PHILIP SLEEMAN.....Lauengram
ALEXANDER D'ARCY.....De Grautet
BEN WEBSTER.....British Ambassador
EVELYN BERESFORD.....British Ambassador's Wife
BOYD IRWIN.....Master of Ceremonies
ERNEST KING.....Lord High Chamberlain
AL SHEAN.....Orchestra Leader
CHARLES HALTON.....Passport Officer
SPENCER CHARTERS.....Porter
ELEANOR WESSELHOEFT.....Cook
HENRY ROQUEMORE.....Station Master
LILLIAN HARMER.....Station Attendant
PAT SOMERSET, LESLIE SKETCHLEY.....Guards at Lodge

Directed by John Cromwell. Adapted from the novel by Anthony Hope by Wells Root. Previewed November 20 1937.

The daddy of all Ruritanian romances which was a triumph for Lewis Stone when he appeared in it as a silent picture, ages a little, but nevertheless comes up as very good entertainment as a talkie.

It has been very well put over with full romantic values and excellent spectacle.

Ronald Colman draws a sound contrast between the two characters and makes love most convincingly to the Princess Flavia; he finally has to leave her to the King, whom he has saved from assassination.

Madeleine Carroll hardly strikes a regal note as Flavia, but she has sufficient beauty to carry the part.

As Black Michael, Raymond Massey is too theatrically villainous to be quite convincing, but I certainly liked the braggadocio and impudence of Douglas Fairbanks, jun., as Rupert.

Aubrey Smith comes right into his own as the faithful Captain Zapt and David Niven scores as Fritz von Tarlenheim, the King's aide-de-camp.

**BACK IN CIRCULATION

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Comedy-melodrama. Runs 82 minutes.

JOAN BLONDELL.....Timmy" Blake
PAT O'BRIEN.....Bill Morgan
MARGARET LINDSAY.....Arline Wade
JOHN LITEL.....Dur Eugene Forde
EDDIE ACUFF.....Murphy
CRAIG REYNOLDS.....Snoop" Davis
GEORGE E. STONE.....Mac
WALTER BYRON.....Carlton Whitney
BEN WELDEN.....Sam Sherman
REGIS TOOMEY.....Buck
GRANVILLE BATES.....Dr. Evans
GORDON HART.....Dr. Hanley
SPENCER CHARTERS.....The Sheriff
HERBERT RAWLINSON.....District Attorney Saunders

Directed by Ray Enright.

The American yellow press appear to be coming in for some hard knocks these days and in this picture which is full of pep and action it receives another, tempered, of course, by reference to the honesty of some of the people engaged in journalism.

Joan Blondell is both forceful and feminine as a star reporter who makes up the past of a woman suspected of murdering her husband, but who later does a volte face and helps to prove her innocence.

As the persecuted wife, Margaret Lindsay is natural and sincere, while Pat O'Brien is very well cast as a ruthless city editor.

**COUNSEL FOR CRIME

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Legal drama. Runs 60 minutes.

OTTO KRUGER.....William Melton
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY.....Paul Maddox
JACQUELINE WELLS.....Ann McIntyre
THURSTON HALL.....Senator Maddox
NANA BRYAN.....Mrs. Maddox
GENE MORGAN.....Friday
MARC LAWRENCE.....Edwin Mitchell
ROBERT WARWICK.....Asa Stewart
STANLEY FIELDS.....George Evans

Directed by John Brahm. Story by Harold Shumate.

Otto Kruger gives an interesting characterisation in this story of paternal sacrifice. He is cast as an unscrupulous lawyer who faces a death sentence on a murder charge rather than betray the fact that his illegitimate son who is prosecuting him, should know of his parentage. It is a human and complex study well put over.

Douglass Montgomery, too, is thoroughly convincing as the son, and Jacqueline Wells make the most of the conventional love interest.

**HOT WATER

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy. Runs 58 minutes.

JED PROUTY.....John Jones
SHIRLEY DEANE.....Bonnie Jones
SPRING BYINGTON.....Mrs. John Jones
RUSSELL GLEASON.....Herbert Thompson
KENNETH HOWELL.....Jack Jones
GEORGE ERNEST.....Roger Jones
JUNE CARLSON.....Lucy Jones
FLORENCE ROBERTS.....Granny Jones
BILLY MAHAN.....Bobby Jones
JOAN MARSH.....Bebe Montaine
MARJORIE WEAVER.....Isabel Enfield
WILLARD ROBERTSON.....Dr. Enfield
ROBERT GLECKLER.....Hal Lynch
ARTHUR HOHL.....Walter Whittaker
SELMER JACKSON.....Maxwell
JOSEPH KING.....Mayor Roberts

Directed by Frank Strayer. From an original story by Ron Ferguson and Eleanor de Lamater.

Another of the Jones family series which keeps up an exceedingly high standard of quietly amusing entertainment of a domestic order.

In this instance, Pa Jones is induced to stand as mayor in opposition to the crooked proprietor of a notorious night club and it leads both him and his family into plenty of trouble.

Jed Prouty is as good as ever and the family are exceedingly skilfully portrayed.

**TAKE IT FROM ME

First National. British. "U" certificate. Broad farce. Runs 78 minutes.

MAX MILLER.....Albert Hal
BETTY LYNNE.....Lilli Maguet
CLEM LAWRENCE.....Timber Wood
BUDDY BAER.....Kid Brody
ZILLAH BATEMAN.....

(Continued on page 22)

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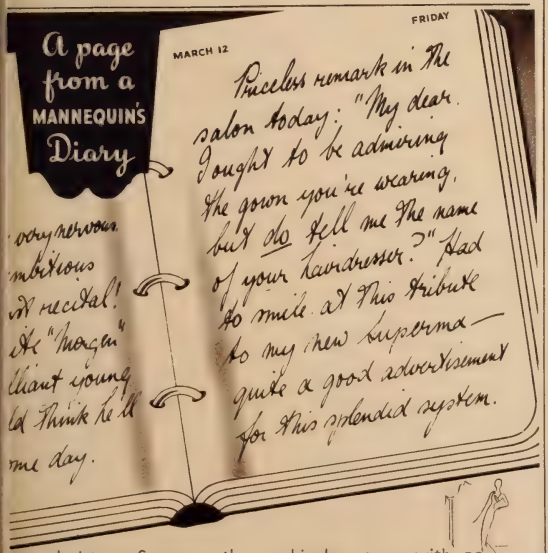
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JAMES STEPHENSON.....Lewis
CHARLOTTE PARRY.....Mrs. Murphy

Directed by William Beaudine. Story by J. O. C. Orton and John Meehan, jun.

Max Miller breezes loquaciously through this farce which contains many well-timed gags and is generally more original and subtle than the usual run of British comedies.

It deals with a British boxing manager stranded in America with his would-be champion, a somewhat dumb boxer.

The latter is adopted as her protégé by a certain Lady [redacted] after he has knocked out her former favourite in a private scrap.

He sails with her to England, followed by the manager who strikes up a friendship with a gold-digger who believes him to be a millionaire.

Discovering that he is as poor as she is, she double-crosses him and eventually takes Lady [redacted]'s protégé away with her.

All the parties concerned meet in a café in Paris later, and a general fight ensues which eventually ends in Lady [redacted] again transferring her affections.

Betty Lynne is good as the unscrupulous gold-digger and Zillah Bateman effective as the amorous Lady [redacted].

Buddy Baer is good too, as the would-be champion.

*THE MAN WHO CRIED WOLF

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "A" certifcate. Murder mystery drama. Runs 66 minutes.

LEWIS STONE.....Lawrence Fontaine
TOM BROWN.....Tommy Bradley
BARBARA READ.....Nan
ROBERT GLECKLER.....Captain Walter Reid
FORRESTER HARVEY.....“Jocko”
BILLY WAYNE.....Halligan
JAMESON THOMAS.....George Bradley
MARJORIE MAIN.....Amelia Bradley

Directed by Lewis Ro. Foster.

Lewis Stone, that veteran character actor, gives a smooth and well modulated performance as an actor who engineers a perfect crime. He had established an alibi by giving himself up as the murderer in several killings before he actually committed one himself.

His plans, however, are upset when the murder is pinned on his own son.

It is not very water-tight in plot and rather theatrical, but Stone's acting helps carry it.

Tom Brown is sound as the son.

*CARNIVAL QUEEN

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 66 minutes.

ROBERT WILCOX.....Art Calhoun
DOROTHEA KENT.....Marion Prescott
HOBART CAVANAUGH.....Professor Sylva
G. PAT COLLINS.....Bert MacGregor
ERNEST COSSART.....J. Spalding
JANOTHAN HALE.....Robert A. Jacoby
HARRY TYLER.....“Fingers”
RAY BROWN.....Chief of Police
DAVID OLIVER.....“Chuck”
BILLY WAYNE.....Hanlin

Directed by Nate Watt. Based on the novel “Love in the Mud,” by Richard Wormser.

Conventional crime story played against a circus background with Robert Wilcox giving a good performance as the manager of a travelling show and Dorothea Kent as the proprietress who unmasks a number of her performers as bank robbers. The latter's speaking voice, however, is rather strident.

*SWEETHEART OF THE NAVY

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Novel comedy-drama. Runs 61 minutes.

ERIC LINDEN.....Eddie Harris
CECILIA PARKER.....Joan Whitney
ROGER IMHOF.....Commander Lodge
JASON ROBARDS.....Bumper
DON BARCLAY.....Pete
ETTA MCDANIEL.....Lily
REED HOWES.....Andrews
EDWARD WALLER.....Klump
BENNY BURT.....Fitch
BERNADENE HAYES.....Mazie
CULLY RICHARDS.....Andy
JOHN T. MURRAY.....Carson
ART MILES.....Jack
HENRY ROQUEMORE.....Jones
FRED MURRAY.....Henry
VANCE CARROLL.....Steve

Directed by Duncan Mansfield.

Eric Linden, who makes an excellent youthful lover, is not well cast as a two-fisted candidate for the Annapolis Naval College who fights a Fleet champion to help pay off the debts of the heroine of the piece.

Cecilia Parker is attractive in the latter role but neither of the pair finds the material very much to their liking.

The plot is bolstered up with knockabout, songs and spirited comedy.

*THE WOMEN MEN MARRY

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Triangle drama. Runs 59 minutes.

GEORGE MURPHY.....Bill Raeburn
JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON.....Jane Carson
CLAIRE DODD.....Claire Raeburn
SIDNEY BLACKMER.....Walter Wiley
CLIFF EDWARDS.....Jerry Little
JOHN WRAY.....Brother Nameless
PEGGY RYAN.....Mary Jane
HELEN JEROME EDDY.....Sister Martin
ROLLO LLOYD.....Peter Martin
EDWARD MCWADE.....Brother Lamb
TOBY WING.....Sugar
LEONARD PENN.....Quinn
WALTER WALKER.....“Pop”

Directed by Erroll Taggart. Screen play by Harry Ruskin, Donald Henderson, Clarke, and James E. Grant.

The story of how an outraged husband is prevented from killing a man who had seduced his wife after seeing the murderer of a friend of his hanged.

It is all rather clumsily put together and has little real point and the artistes concerned do not do much to add either to the conviction of the plot or its interest.

It is a mixture of artless comedy and macabre melodrama.

The PICTUREGOER'S
quick reference index

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*SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST
*MR. SMITH CARRIES ON
*THE BIG SHOT MACUSHLA

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

by Lionel Collier

*SOPHIE LANG GOES WEST

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Romantic crook comedy. Runs 61 minutes.

GERTRUDE MICHAEL.....Sophie Lang
LEE BOWMAN.....Eddie Rollyn
SANDRA STORME.....Helga Roma
LARRY CRABBE.....Steve Clayson
BARLOWE BORLAND.....Archie Banks
C. HENRY GORDON.....Sultan of Padaya
ROBERT CUMMINGS.....Curly Griffin
JED PROUTY.....J. H. Blaine
RAFAEL CORIO.....Laj
GUY USHER.....Inspector Parr

Directed by Charles Reisner.

Fairly amusing dialogue helps to put over this crook comedy which concerns itself with the theft of two diamonds, their concealment, and their reappearance.

As a jewel thief posing as a script writer, Lee Bowman is sound and Gertrude Michael is good as another jewel thief who teams up with him and eventually decides to go straight.

The real villain of the piece, Larry Crabbe, does not manage to conceal his identity for a moment.

*LITTLE MISS SOMEBODY

Butchers. British. "U" certificate. Sentimental melodrama. Runs 78 minutes.

BINKIE STUART.....Binkie Sladen
JOHN LONGDEN.....Jim Trevor
KATHLEEN KELLY.....Mary Gray
MARGARET EMDEN.....Mrs. Peacher
RODDY HUGHES.....Moggs
VIVIENNE CHATTERTON.....Amelia Sparkes
HAL WALTERS.....Albert Sims
MARIE AULT.....Martha Gribble
D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.....Mr. Borden
JANE CARR.....Mrs. Borden
GEORGE CARNEY.....Angus Duncan
ERNEST SEFTON.....Archibald Mortimer
C. DENIER WARREN.....Jonas
CYNTHIA STOCK.....Nurse Smythe
J. FISHER WHITE.....Old Tim Shirley

Directed by Walter Tennyson.

Unabashed sentimental melodrama which sets out almost exclusively to exploit the ability of the child star, Binkie Stuart, who succeeds in being quite attractive in spite of the fact that the juvenile angle is definitely overstressed.

The plot is frankly novelettish and deals with the trials of a small farmer who looks after his dead friend's motherless daughter, and comes in conflict with the local squire who tries to adopt the girl legally because he has secret knowledge that she had inherited a fortune.

John Longden does well as the farmer, but D. A. Clarke-Smith is too melodramatic as a squire. Supporting characters generally are quite effectively drawn.

*MR. SMITH CARRIES ON

Paramount. British. "A" certificate.

EDWARD RIGBY.....Mr. Smith
JULIEN MITCHELL.....Mr. Minos
FREDERICK CULLEY.....Mr. Fane
BASIL LANGTON.....Jerry Stone
DOROTHY OLDFIELD.....Hilary Smith
MARGARET EMDEN.....Mrs. Smith
H. F. MALTBY.....Sir Felix
FRANKLYN BELLAMY.....Mr. Williams
DOROTHY DEWHURST.....Miss Merrilees
JO MONKHOUSE.....The Night Watchman

Directed by Lister Laurance. Story by John Cousins and Stephen Clarkson.

Too much dialogue and not enough action militate against the success of this story of high finance in which Edward Rigby gives a clever character study of a confidential clerk who after his employer had been accidentally shot, hides the body and carries on a big deal which if it failed would ruin hundreds of minor investors. He is successful, but charged with murder and later cleared.

Edward Rigby carries the film on his own shoulders although effective support is given by Julien Mitchell as his employer.

*THE BIG SHOT

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Gangster comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

GUY KIBBEE.....Dr. Bertrand Simms
CORA WITHERSPOON.....Mrs. Simms
DOROTHY MOORE.....Peggy Simms
GORDON JONES.....Chet Scott
RUSSELL HICKS.....Martin Drake
FRANK M. THOMAS.....A. O. Murdock
DONALD KERR.....Mac
PAUL GUILFOYLE.....Cullen
EDDIE GRIBBON.....Soapy
AL HILL.....Spots
TOM KENNEDY.....Bugs
DUDLEY CLEMENTS.....McQuade
JOHN KELLY.....Deuces
BARBARA PEPPER.....Mamie
MAXINE JENNINGS.....Gloria
GEORGE IRVING.....Police Chief

Directed by Edward Hilly. Story by Lawrence Pohle and Thomas Ahearn.

Guy Kibbee is the mainstay of this very improbable picture dealing with a country vet. who inherits the fortune of a racketeering boss and starts to clean up the town without being aware of the source from which his money came.

The fun derives from the simpleton's efforts to pit his wits against gangsters.

Cora Witherspoon over-exaggerates the role of a social aspirant and none of the rest of the cast shows to very good advantage.

MACUSHLA

Twentieth Century-Fox. British. "U" certificate. Drama. Runs 59 minutes.

PAMELA WOOD.....Kathleen Muldoon
LIAM GAFFNEY.....Jim O'Grady
JIMMY MAGEEAN.....Pat Muldoon
MAX ADRIAN.....Kerry Muldoon
E. J. KENNEDY.....Hugh Connelly
KITTY KIRWAN.....Old Bridget
BRIAN HERBERT.....Pat Rooney
EDGAR K. BRUCE.....Sean MacLaglen
MAUREEN MOORE.....Biddy
HERBERT THORPE.....Michael O'Donovan

Directed by Alex Bryce. From an original story by Alex Bryce.

This drama of gun-running and cattle smuggling on the Eire-Ulster border is a very hackneyed affair and except for the fact that there is much evidence of the brogue might have been staged anywhere.

The atmosphere generally is not too convincing and the settings are too cramped to be effective.

Pamela Wood does not do badly as the heroine Kathleen, and Jimmy Mageean as Pat, an Irish farmer who smuggles cattle, is breezy and true to type.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Action For Slander (2) ...	*Jan. 22*
Ali Baba Goes to Town (2) ...	*March 5*
Another Dawn (2)	*Jan. 15*
Blonde Trouble (2)	*Feb. 5*
Bride Wore Red, The (2) ...	*March 5*
Broadway Melody of 1938 (2) ...	*Jan. 8*
Double Wedding (2)	*Feb. 12*
Dr. Syn (2)	*Feb. 12*
Easy Living (3)	*Jan. 15*
Edge of the World, The (3) ...	*Jan. 8*
Firefly, The (2)	*Feb. 19*
Footlight Heiress (2)	*Feb. 12*
Forlorn River (2)c	*Feb. 5*
Go-Getter, The (2)c	*Jan. 8*
High, Wide and Handsome (2)	*Jan. 22*
Hit Parade, The (2)	*Jan. 15*
It's Love I'm After (3) ...	*Feb. 26*
It's All Yours (2)	*Feb. 5*
Keep Fit (2)c	*Feb. 19*
Kid Galahad (3)	*Jan. 22*
Knight Without Armour (2) ...	*Jan. 8*
Law for Tombstone (2)c	*March 5*
Let's Make a Night of It (2) ...	*Jan. 29*
Life of Emile Zola, The (3) ...	*Feb. 26*
Lovely to Look At (2) ...	*Feb. 5*
Madame X (2)...	*Feb. 26*
Man Betrayed, A (2) ...	*Feb. 19*
Midnight Madonna (2) ...	*Jan. 8*
New Faces of 1937 (2) ...	*Feb. 5*
North of the Rio Grande (2) ...	*Jan. 8*
One Mile from Heaven (2) ...	*Jan. 8*
Rustler's Valley (2)c ...	*Feb. 19*
She's No Lady (2)	*Feb. 26*
Sky's the Limit, The (2) ...	*Feb. 26*
Sing and Be Happy (2) ...	*Feb. 19*
Singing Marine, The (2) ...	*March 5*
Souls at Sea (3)	*Feb. 12*
Squeaker, The (2)	*Feb. 12*
Star is Born, A (3)	*Jan. 15*
Stella Dallas (2)	*Feb. 5*
Sunset in Vienna (3)	*Jan. 15*
Super Sleuth (2)c	*Feb. 12*
They Won't Forget (3) ...	*March 5*
Thirteenth Man, The (2) ...	*Feb. 19*
Toast of New York, The (3) ...	*March 5*
Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938 (2)	*Feb. 19*
Way Out West (2)	*Jan. 15*
Wild and Woolly (2)c ...	*Feb. 12*
You Can't Have Everything (2)	*Jan. 22*

Men must stand together

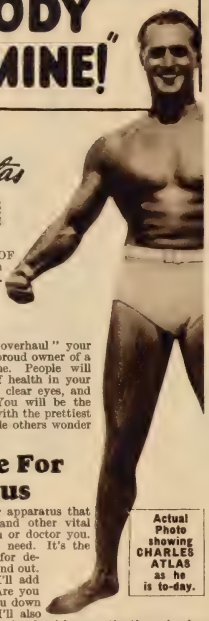


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THAT GIGGLY AUDIENCE

Does It Spoil your Enjoyment?

IN a certain town, my sister, in the company of an enthralled audience, sat, herself enthralled, through the beautiful but tragic romance of *Camille*.

In a different town, I, in the company of a tittering, painfully embarrassed audience, sat miserably uncomfortable throughout the same film.

It seemed sacrilege to laugh. I feel sure I could haye appreciated *Camille* as it should have been appreciated had the audience been more sympathetic and very much less "giggly." As it was I came away bewildered and disappointed from a picture my sister had praised to the skies. Yet we usually have much the same opinions concerning the various films we see.

As a result I am now strongly convinced that one's own opinion of, or reaction to, a film is entirely swamped by the general atmosphere pervading an audience.

A sympathetic atmosphere may cause you to enjoy even a very mediocre performance, whereas an unsympathetic atmosphere will probably ruin the best of films, as *Camille* was ruined for me.—(*Miss*) *B. Cownie* (*aged* 15), 8 *Fullarton Crescent, Troon, Ayrshire, Scotland.*



The caricature of Robert Young is the nineteenth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

The Long View

● The other day I took an eighty-year-old couple to see and hear the "Talkies"—the first time they'd seen the screen.

What the films were doesn't matter. But their comment does—and perhaps it'll be a lesson to blasé "fans." Each agreed that they'd had the happiest thrill of their lives, and that they wished they were young once again so that they could sample the movie miracle more often.

Fan critics must have their little grumbles—the stars don't twinkle enough, the story is verbose, the stunts are not spectacular enough, and lots more.

But taking the long view—is not even the dullest show more than value for money compared to what our grandparents knew, and is it not a fact that for the humble sixpence we get the services and talents of the world's greatest minds?

Do let them occasionally cease grousing—or borrow a magic-lantern.—*R. Wellas, Notts, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

Why We Criticise

● The number and variety of reader's letters printed in your columns prompts me to the thought that the movies must receive more criticism than any other art or industry. Nothing misses the eagle eyes of self-appointed critics—from Hepburn's acting to the annoying sale of ice cream during a film's showing.

So much criticism would, at first sight, imply that the movies are pretty bad. But I notice that we still flock to them in our millions, despite our flow of candid commentary! Why, then, do we criticise?

The reason is, I think, because films are a product of our democratic age, and, like all true democrats, we feel that we have a *right* to criticise. We believe that the motion-picture industry belongs to us and therefore our opinion does count.—*D. Hastings, 76, Liverpool Road, Liverpool 23, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Rescue Jessie!

● A few years ago, in a film called *The Good Companions*, I noticed a girl whom I had seen before but never taken very much interest in—Jessie Matthews—who was good, extremely good.

Henceforth I watched her progress with great interest and each new film confirmed my opinion of her, *Friday the 13th* and *Evergreen* both showed her to excellent advantage.

However, I saw her in *First a Girl* and knew that Jessie was not going to fulfil her early promise. Her acting was natural no longer, her voice "refined" and her clothes unbecoming.

What are producers doing to Jessie? How can she hope to achieve anything worth while if she goes on appearing in such nondescript efforts as *First a Girl* and *Gangway*?

How about a film of Jessie's own life in colour? The little girl of Soho born with dancing in her blood, working her way gallantly to the top. Here I can see excellent possibilities for a very human screen story which, treated in the right way, would set Jessie right back where she belongs.

This is indeed a cry from the heart—please somebody do something about Jessie!—(*Miss*) *Kathleen F. Marley, 20 Wallflower Street, W.12.* (*Hear, hear!*—"*Thinker.*")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

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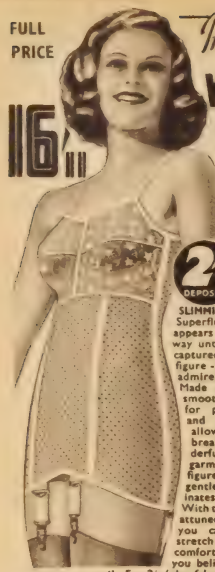


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MUSIC FROM THE MOVIES

AN interesting record, and one which has brilliant vocal qualities, is H.M.V. DA1558. It features Tito Schipa, the tenor, in two songs from the Italian film, *Vivere*, "Torne Piccina" and "Vivere," both exceedingly tuneful and sung with the artistry we have come to expect from Tito Schipa.



Grace Moore

Four exceedingly popular numbers are contributed in characteristic style by Elsie Carlisle, who certainly knows how to get the best out of sometimes very conventional and sugary ballads. They are "Here Comes the Sandman" and "Remember Me," from *Mr. Dodds Takes the Air*, on H.M.V. BD490 and "Little Old Lady," the song hit of the moment and "I Still Love to Kiss You Good-night," from *52nd Street*, on H.M.V. BD487.

Incidentally, the last mentioned number is played in correct dance tempo by Henry Jacques and his Orchestra on H.M.V. BD5318 and is definitely excellent for dancing.

Another vocal recording this week that Jack Hulbert's fans will doubtless like to add to their library is H.M.V. BD494. A record on which the star sings two hits from *Paradise For Two*, "When You Hear Music" and 'In a Paradise For Two."

Some good close harmony is given by the Three Musketeers on H.M.V. BD497. They give a tuneful, if conventional, rendering of "My Swiss Hill Billy," from *Lovely To Look At*.

As usual, Roy Fox and his Band provide some well orchestrated dance numbers, although, generally speaking, they are not particularly original in melody. "The Confession," from *True Confession* on H.M.V. BD5315, is a trifle dull, but there is a lot more pep in "Trusting My Luck" and "Souvenir of Love" (H.M.V. BD5319) from *Sailing Along*.

The piano is featured in a number from the *Merry-Go-Round of* 1938, played by Fats Waller and his Rhythm on BD5314. It is quite good, but not outstanding.

THE phenomenally mature voice of Deanna Durbin, whose 100 *Men and a Girl*, is generally released next week, is heard in two of the numbers she sings in the film, on Brunswick 02468B. Her "Brindisi; Liabiamo, libiamone' lieti callici," from Verdi's *Traviata*, one of the most popular of operatic arias, is particularly interesting and should appeal to the music enthusiast, as well as those who "don't know much about art, but know what they like." "It's Raining Sunbeams," on the reverse, is, in contrast, an example of good modern melody that gives Deanna an opportunity of showing her considerable vocal versatility.

Grace Moore is in lighter mood in both her offerings this month—on Brunswick 02400B. The famous prima donna contributes "Our Song," the theme song of her new picture of that title and "The Whistling Boy," a tuneful novelty number from the same film, both of which, while not notable from a musical point of view, should please the star's many admirers. Fred Astaire is no Caruso, or even a Crosby, though, as a composer of considerable merit, he probably knows more about music than the latter. It would seem that on the screen and stage his personality helps a lot to put his song numbers over and as a result his fans may be a little disappointed in the Astaire presented by the coldly impersonal gramophone record medium. However, on Brunswick 02533B, he has two first-rate Gershwin numbers from his solo starring vehicle, *Damsel In Distress*; "Nice Work If You Can Get It" and "Things Are Looking Up," in both of which he is accompanied by Ray Nobel's Orchestra. The former is enlivened by a typical Astaire tap dance, as is the dancer's version of "I Can't Be Bothered Now," from the same film, on Brunswick 02532B, which also features him in "A Foggy Day," both written for *Damsel In Distress* by George Gershwin, shortly before his death.

Talking of Bing, Crosby fans will like the crooner king in "It's the Natural Thing To Do" and "All You Want To Do Is Dance," from *Double or Nothing*. These two snappy numbers are recorded on Brunswick 02499A.

Another recording in the best modern tradition is Greta Keller's rendition of "Roses In December," the hit song from *Life Of the Party*. On the same record, the artiste gives us the popular "Bei Mir Bist Du Schön."

FOR those dance enthusiasts who are not tired of "Little Old Lady," Ambrose and his Orchestra offer an excellent version, with vocal chorus by Sam Browne, on Decca F6504 and "Sympathy," the waltz song from *The Firefly*.

Lew Stone and his Band contribute "Yours and Mine," a slow fox trot from *Broadway Melody of* 1938 and "The First Time I Saw You," a fox trot from *The Toast of New York*, on Decca F6507. Jessie Matthews' new picture, *Gangway*, has, at least, two tuneful numbers, "Moon Or No Moon," a slow fox trot, and "Gangway," a quick-step. They have been attractively recorded by Brian Lawrance and his Orchestra on Rex 9205B.

The harsh vocal eccentricities of Billy Costello ("Pop Eye the Sailor") are devoted to "The Teddy Bear's Picnic" and "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing," making Rex 9122B, a novelty record that may appeal to the undiscriminating and the very young.

Good impersonators are rare and Michael Moore is one of them. On Columbia F.B.1887 he gives some excellent impressions of various artistes including Charles Laughton and Ronald Colman under the title of "Film Fan's Fare."

TWO of the best numbers in *The Big Broadcast of* 1938, is "This Little Ripple had Rhythm" and "You Took the Words Right out of My Heart," played by Step Fields and his Rippling Rhythm Orchestra. He records them excellently on Regal M.R.2679.

Another good dance record is Columbia F.B.1898 on which Mantovani and his Orchestra play two fox trots, "I'm Always In the Mood for You" (from *Cotton Club Parade*) and "Don't Ever Change" from *Rhythm In the Clouds*.

Old timers will enjoy "Early Talkie Memories" on Regal M.R.2678, on which Joe Loss and his Band revive such classics of the first days of sound as "Sonny Boy," "Broadway Melody," and "Tip Toe through the Tulips."

Carroll Gibbons and his Boy Friends will add to their circle of both boy and girl friends by their rendering of selections from two recent films, *Hitting a New High* and *Big Broadcast of* 1938, which you will find on the two sides of Columbia F.B.1892, while another Columbia disc, F.B.1890, presents numbers from two more recent films—"Roses in December" from *Life of the Party* and "Rosalie" from the film of that name, both played as piano duets by Rawicz and Landauer.

Finally, two Regal Zonophone numbers. M.R.2689 features a popular Hit Melody, played on the organ by Henry Croudson; and M.R.2694 has "Rosalie" as a fox-trot and the quickstep "I Double Dare You," both rendered by Joe Loss and his Band.

Owing to pressure of space, "Who's Who" has been unavoidably held-over until next week.

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Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . ☐	Light . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
SKIN	Dark . . . . . ☐	
Dry . . . . . ☐	AGE	If hair is Grey, check type
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Over 35 . . . ☐	above and here . . . . . ☐
	Under 35 . . . ☐	

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

LET GEORGE DO IT!

BRADNA CROSBY FAN (Birkenhead).—(1) Olympe Bradna uses her own name for screen purposes; she was born Aug. 12, 1920, Paris, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 115 lb., and has dark brown eyes and black hair. She has not appeared on the stage in England, but has appeared in musical comedy in France, Denmark, Sweden and New York. She appeared in two French films before going to New York. Her films include: *Three Cheers for Love; College Holiday; The Last Train from Madrid; Souls at Sea.* She is scheduled for *End of the World*, with Bing Crosby, and *Dream of Love*, with Fred MacMurray. (2) The title of Bing Crosby's film with Beatrice Lillie was changed to *Doctor Rhythm.*

SIC INQUIT (Birmingham).—(1) Yes, Hugh Williams did appear in *Pride and Prejudice* on the stage in London last year; he took the part of Mr. D'Arcy. (2) Clark Gable has been married twice, to Josephine Dillon (mar. dis.) and to Rhea Langham (sep.). (3) The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. 6d. You must obtain an International Postal Order for the required amount from your local Post Office and enclose it with your letter to a film star in America. (4) Errol Flynn uses his own name for screen purposes. His wife, Lili Damita's real name is Lillian Carre. (5) We have no details of a fan club for Robert Donat. Write to Dorothea Rupp, 1015 Bellevue Road, San Bernardino, California, U.S.A., for details of a club for Errol Flynn. (6) Pronunciations as follows: Veidt—Fight; Rene—Reenee; Lorre—Law; Simone Simon—Seemoan Seemon; Dvorak—Vorjak; Lederer—Leaderer; Tauber—Torber; Leigh—Lee.

P. P. (Essex).—Write to Freddie Bartholomew, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, U.S.A. (2) Frank Birch took the part of Robert Blake and Ian Fleming that of Sir Geoffrey Hilliard in *School for Stars.*

TRACY FAN (Surrey).—(1) We published supplements of *The Good Earth* in the Dec. 18, 1937; of *Maytime* in the Dec. 16, 1937; of *Camille* in the Sept. 4, 1937, and of *San Francisco* in the Jan. 9, 1937, issues of this magazine. Back numbers, can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine St., London, W.C.2, for 3d. each post free. (2) It is quite possible that we shall do supplements of *Marie Walewska, Big City* and *Mannequin* in the future. (3) Henry Mollison, is about thirty years old, married Jane Welsh. (4) Romney Brent, b. Jan. 26, 1902, Saltillo, Mexico; he has dark hair and eyes, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and his real name is Romulo Larralde, married Gina Malo. (5) Henry Danield, b. Mar. 5, 1894, London; he has black hair and brown eyes, and is 6 ft. tall. (6) Herman Brix is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, weighs 203 lb. and is an Olympic Games champion. (7) Leslie Banks, b. June 9, 1890, West Derby, near Liverpool; married Gwendoline Haldane Unwin.

B. H. (Dublin).—(1) Details as follows: Carole Lombard, 5 ft. 4 in. tall, fair hair and blue eyes; Deanna Durbin, 5 ft. 2 in. tall, brown hair and blue eyes; Janet Gaynor, 5 ft. tall, golden brown hair and brown eyes; Simone Simon, 5 ft. 3 in. tall, brown hair and blue eyes; Freddie Bartholomew, brown hair and blue eyes; Loretta Young, 5 ft. 5 in. brown hair and blue eyes; Bonita Granville, about 15, brown hair and brown eyes; James Stewart, 6 ft. 2 in. tall, light brown hair and grey green eyes.

B. D. J. (Birmingham).—(1) Michael Whalen, b. June 30, no year given, Pennsylvania, is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 170 lb., is Irish. His real name is Joseph Kenneth Shovlin. Latest film, *Change of Heart* (2) Clair Trevor, b. New York City, March 8, no year given. She is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. Latest films, *Dead End* and *The Great Diamond Robbery.* (3) Gina Malo is 5 ft. 3½ in. tall, has dark hair and dark blue eyes; married Romney Brent. (4) Ann Ziegler has appeared in *Faust* (Foreign).

A. S. C. (Glasgow).—You are quite right. In the centre spread of Off the set stills of *Having Wonderful Time* the man watching Ginger Rogers playing table tennis was James Stewart.

J. S. (Portobello).—In *Wake Up and Live* Buddy Clark "dubbed" for Jack Haley, as Darryl Zanuck did not consider Haley's voice suitable for the role.

HELEN.—John Wayne has made *Adventure's End, Idol of the Crowds, I Cover the War, Winds of the Wastelands* since *California Straight Ahead.*

J. C. (Chelsea).—Addresses as follows: Tyrone Power, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.); Paul Muni, Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); Ronald Colman, Selznick International (U.S.A.); Romney Brent, London Films (Eng.).

B. R. (Essex).—(1) *Dangerous Holiday* will be released on June 6, 1938, the chief players are Ra Hould (Ronnie Sinclair), Hedda Hopper; Gunn Williams; Jack La Rue; Lynn Roberts; Jed Prouty and William Bakewell. (2) Birthdates: Douglas Scott; Dec. 31, 1925; Ronald Sinclair, Jan. 21, 1924; Freddie Bartholomew, March 28, 1924; Billy and Bobby Mauch, July 6, 1924.

E. J. (Ebbw Vale).—(1) We published a supplement of *Naughty Marietta* in the Oct. 5, 1935 issue and one of *Rose Marie* in the Oct. 31, 1936 issue of this magazine. But, unfortunately, both these issues are out of print.

TWINS ADMIRER.—Billy and Bobby Mauch were born July 6, 1924. They are making a series of films based on *Penrod and Sam* for Warner Bros.

M. F. E. (S.W.1).—Tullio Carminati's last film was *Sunset In Vienna* for General Film Distributors. You can obtain his photograph from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

D. H. (Bucks).—Lilli Palmer was born May 24, 1914. She has blonde hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 103 lb. Her latest film is *Crackerjack* with Tom Walls for Gainsborough. You can obtain her picture from the Postcard Salon, address above, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

READER (Staffs).—Anna Lee, born Dec. 31, 1913, Ightham Vicarage, Kent, is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, real name Joanna Boniface Winnifrith. She is married to Robert Stevenson.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

Will all readers please note that Miss Mary Penrose has changed her address to 79 Cowper Avenue, Burton-on-Stone Lane, Yorks, and all inquiries re the FILM STARS INFORMATION AND PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB should be sent to her at that address. This club now has branches in Birmingham and London, and inquiries should be addressed to Mr. D. G. Williams, 10 Spring Lane, Erdington, Birmingham 24, and Miss J. Adams, 10 Durham Place, Chelsea, London, S.W.3. A monthly club news sheet is published and an autographed photograph of their favourite film star is sent to each new member.

• • •

THE STREET SINGER CLUB invites fans to join. Please communicate with Miss M. Liley, 18 Vale Road, N.4, for full particulars of this interesting club.

• • •

Film Fans living in Buckinghamshire are invited to join the Buckinghamshire branch of the DICK POWELL FAN CLUB. This club has its own magazine and an autographed photograph is sent to all new members. Full details can be obtained from Gerald Ellis, Ray Lodge, Sussex Place, Slough, Bucks.

• • •

THE LESLIE PERRINS FAN CLUB welcomes new members. Members receive a personally signed photograph of Mr. Perrins and many new attractions are now arranged. For full particulars write to the Secretary, 32 (Over Lloyds Bank) High Street, Esher, Surrey.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 355 (New Series) Vol. 7. March 12, 1938.

Edit. Offices: Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow St., W.C.2.

Advt. Offices: 57 Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

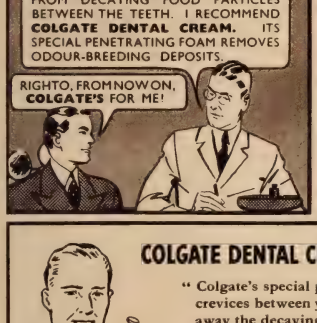
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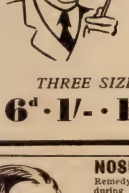












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"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with a generous **Free Sample,** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

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Whatever else may go to make up the ideal diet, BREAD is indispensable as the supreme source of energy. It ought to be the foundation of every meal. No other food can provide bodily energy so cheaply, so conveniently or so thoroughly.



BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H 394

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

A BALANCED diet is one of the main essentials to beauty. It is perfectly true to say that it is the foundation of your good looks. If you eat too many starchy foods, too little fruit, insufficient dairy produce, and far too many cakes and pastries, you must not be surprised that your skin is blemished, your eyes dull and heavy, and your hair lank.

But surely diet has nothing to do with hair, you may protest. Indeed it has. A dietician once gave a sample menu of simple staple foodstuffs that would keep hair in health.

It went something like this :—

Breakfast : Egg, toast, bread and and butter, marmalade.
Lunch : Grapefruit, fish, egg or cheese dish, toast, coffee.
Tea : Bread and butter, tea.
Dinner : Clear soup, steamed fish, grill or roast, green vegetables or salad, cooked, fresh or dried fruit, toast or crispbread.

There is nothing fancy about that diet. Notice that good bread and butter is suggested for tea instead of a bun or a pastry.

But it is not only hair and skin that benefits from balanced dieting. Unless you have some abnormal condition of health, if the diet is right, you cannot become too thin or too fat.

If you eat less food than your body normally requires, the body draws upon its own resources, and you not only lose weight, but your nerves and temper suffer as well.

If you eat more than you need or too many of the wrong kinds of food, the body stores up the excess as fat and the body weight increases.

Here is a meal of perfect balance. A good slice of meat, some potatoes and a green vegetable, a salad, a slice of wholemeal bread with a pat of butter. Fresh fruit with or without cream.

No fruit tart, you will observe with its combination of starch and acid to give you indigestion.

If you would include in your daily diet the necessary food elements and the proper balance, plan your menus from these foods :

One protein dish, one starchy dish, one dish of raw vegetables, some cooked vegetables, one of raw fruit, one pint of milk and wholemeal bread and butter.

Shall we elaborate these a little. Protein dishes include fish, meat, eggs and cheese.

Starchy foods include macaroni, spaghetti, potatoes, baked beans, cereals cooked as puddings and in the form of breakfast foods.

Raw vegetables include lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, celery. The raw fruits need no detailing. Dried fruits too are good for you and nuts if you can digest them. If you find them difficult they may always be put through a nut mill and rendered in a finely grated and more easily digested state.

So many women and those who do sedentary jobs are usually the greatest offenders, eat too much meat and sugar, too many cakes and biscuits instead of the more simple wholemeal bread and butter.

It is quite easy and satisfying to substitute egg, fish and cheese dishes for meat. This is important to adolescents who are suffering from pimples and blackheads, and to those who suffer from constipation. Fried and greasy dishes should also be avoided.

The grill can always be substituted for the frying pan, not only with advantage to health, but to palate as well. Grilling produces a more delicate flavour than frying, and the dish is more easily digested.

Simple foods, simply cooked, produce beauty of figure and skin. Do not imagine that it makes life dull. There is plenty of choice from simply cooked meat, good vegetable soups, vegetables conservatively cooked, milk and dairy produce.

These foods together with plenty of cold water taken between meals, ensure clear skin, bright eyes, slim figure, and bright glossy hair.

If you take alcohol, let it be in strict moderation and then not too many cocktails. Tea and coffee are good in moderation, but should be neither too hot nor too strong. Too much of either causes a sallow complexion with blotchiness.

It is a good habit to sip a glass of hot water last thing at night and again on rising. It is an internal bath that clears out impurities and prevents constipation.

Tessie (Dublin).—The white spots on your face are caused by the blocking up of tiny sebaceous glands. You should not squeeze them. Wash with mild soap and warm water and use a rubber sponge to tone up the circulation. At night time dab with a sulphur lotion. Buy this from any chemist. Tone up the general health and the whiteheads tend to disappear.

Sweet Seventeen (N.6).—So many young people suffer from blackheads. Send a stamped addressed envelope for detailed treatment.

Mrs. B.L. (Winchester).—If you find the use of depilatory wax painful you may rub on methol before use and some zinc ointment afterwards.

H. L. (Nottingham).—It is now definitely established that hair derives great benefit from the external application of substances rich in vitamins. There is only one logical way, of course, to apply them—that is in shampoo form. And the well-known Camilatone vitamin shampoo is exceptionally rich in them. I would advise you to give this shampoo a trial.

A. F. (Ilford).—You can buy a scientifically designed shoe for 12s. 11d.—which is less than the sum you have budgeted for your new shoes, and will allow for another pair of stockings. They are the Gayday make, and you can obtain from almost any shoe shop or straight from the Gayday Distributors, King's Cross, London, N.1.

* * *

A BEAUTY query accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope receives my immediate attention and a postal reply. Send your letter to Anne, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss R. Cullen, Field Gate House, Kenilworth, Warwicks., for :—

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Don't Get Personal
Born That Way
Just My Luck

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Devotion

W. A. Simpson, 2 Amiens Lines, New Quarters, Bulford Camp, Salisbury, Wilts., for :—

All In
The Ghost Train
Hellbound
The Devil is Driving

Mrs. E. Morgan, Bangor Castle Farm, Bangor, Co. Down, Northern Ireland, for :—

Heat Wave
Hot Saturday
Back to Nature
Tanned Legs

P. Timms, 6 Sunny Gardens Parade, Hendon, N.W.4, for :—

Take My Tip
Dames Are Poison
Once Bitten
Woman Wise

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "Titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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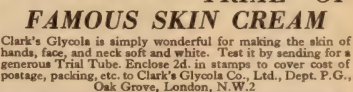
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Picturegoer

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After the performance, Mercia Swinburne enjoys a quiet game of chess with her husband, George Relph, in their Chelsea flat. We shall be seeing them both in a new play soon.

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DO OUR HEROINES DRESS BADLY?

DO British film heroines need lessons in dress and deportment? Most of our feminine stars have come in for criticism from the American experts in these departments.

Jessie Matthews was violently attacked by the woman's page editor of *Variety* last year over her costumes in *Head Over Heels*.

Among other things, she said, "Miss Matthews has a bony chest, so she wears a deep wide-V neckline to give every knob a break.

"She has a well-shaped head, so coiffs her bobbed hair to stick out and away from the smooth contour of her crown and thus conceal it.

"She has a lovely waistline, gracefully and accurately placed, so she wears white satin blouses and black velvet shorts that stop somewhere round her hips in an effort to move her waistline down. . . ."

◆ ◆ ◆

The latest British leading lady to arouse the ire of the same authority is young Nova Pilbeam, who is accused of "being inclined to hold her shoulders too high, elbows pinched in to the sides, with a great amount of eye batting to take care of the emotional scenes."

After reference to the plainness of her frocks in *The Girl Was Young*, the writer goes on to criticise her "shoes of that peculiar English type, with long flat vamps adding inches in length.

"With due respect to a great nation," she concludes, "British screen heroines get very little glamming of the pedal extremities."

"The last sentence is *Variety* English for British screen heroines are badly shod."

Shirley for "Scarlett"

● Now the secret of the "Scarlett O'Hara" role in *Gone With the Wind* is out at last.

David Selznick is waiting for Shirley Temple to grow up.

Mrs. Temple, by the way, has won the latest round in the war with the Jane Withers' camp at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Jane has been forbidden by the studio to do her impersonation of Shirley during her present personal appearance tour.

Gene Goes off Gold Standard

● Feel strong enough to stand a shock?

Paramount breaks the news with due solemnity that you'll have to get along without Gene Raymond's famous platinum blonde hair in *Stolen Holiday*, which, as a further matter of interest, introduces Olympe Bradna as the first star of 1938.

Andrew Stone, director of the picture, contended that Raymond's blonde hair, while attractive enough in the simple role of a hero, was not suitable for the *Stolen Heaven* part, because he is called upon to portray a European crook with a "dark" personality out of keeping with light, blonde hair, so the sacred locks are to be darkened four shades.

But wait till Jeanette MacDonald hears about this.

Incidentally, it has always been a mystery to me how Jeanette came to fall in love with a man who sings so badly as Gene does on the screen.

Now a Cartoon "Cycle"

● It was inevitable, I suppose, that the success of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* should be followed by a wild scramble by all the Hollywood studios to try to emulate it.

Disney himself is, of course, already at work on a second full-length feature, *Pinnochio*. Paramount has decided to go into the newly-created field at once, with a feature by Max Fleischer, screen father of "Popeye" and "Betty Boop," and is also considering the idea of a feature-length cartoon version of *Alice in Wonderland*, to which it holds the film rights.

M-G-M. will probably join in the rush, with *Babes in Toyland*, which was done as a comedy with Laurel and Hardy some time ago and is considered ideal cartoon material. Warners are talking of doing *Rip Van Winkle*.

Even Twentieth Century-Fox, which has no organisation for making cartoons, is trying to buy *The Wizard of Oz* from Sam Goldwyn for animating.



"Casually smart" sums up this new dress of heavy matt crepe, worn by Constance Bennett, still one of Hollywood's fashion leaders.

Short Shots

● Are the faces of the columnists red now that Kay Francis has come out into the open with her romance with German Baron Erik Barnekow; Kay has been married three times previously.—Jack Holt recently completed his 200th starring picture.—William Powell and Carole Lombard are to be co-starred again in *American Beauty*.—Fred Astaire is getting ready for *Carefree*, his next with Ginger Rogers.—Fay Wray and her scenarist husband, John Monk Saunders, reported to have separated after ten years of marriage.—And Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary the other day.

What's Gone Before

● I have news this week of an invention that should prove a boon in cinemas in these days of almost universal non-stop programmes.

It is a device to enable latecomers to pick up the threads of a picture by the provision of a brief synopsis of what has gone before.

The mechanism, invented by two Rochdale men, is housed in a cabinet fitted to the foot of the screen, and displays an illuminated tape which summarises the story.

The equipment is controlled from the operating box and, in a normal feature, will present the synopsis at intervals of six minutes, the stories being automatically brought up to time with the screened picture at that moment.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

"CHARLEY CHAN'S" TROUBLES

WARNER OLAND, who won fame as "Charley Chan," and then decided not to play the role any more, recently returned to Hollywood from Tucson, Arizona, after a heated dispute with his chauffeur and nurse.

The actor ordered his chauffeur to drive him to Mexico, but the latter refused and drove the car to the Tucson police station.

After telephone conversations with Oland's attorney and physician, the chief of police assigned a former deputy sheriff to accompany the Oland party back to Hollywood.

Shattered Romance?

● Hollywood was amazed when it learned that Paulette Goddard had signed a contract with Selznick International, and that she may be given the role of "Scarlett O'Hara" in *Gone With the Wind*. Speculation is rife as to whether Charlie Chaplin and Paulette have come to a parting of the ways.

Any ambitious actress would be tempted by a Selznick offer, for we all know that this astute producer has been highly successful since he organised his own company.

Making few, but invariably excellent produc-

(*Continued on page 4*)

An Open Letter to
WALLACE BEERY
Too Much Muscle and Mush

DEAR WALLACE BEERY,

I hope that on your present visit to Europe you are finding the same enthusiastic adulation that greeted you when you last crossed the Atlantic some three years ago.

I hope so, in the first place, because as a star who has been with us longer than most you deserve well of the film public, and in the second place because few stars so genuinely appreciate the admiration of that public.

And I hope so, too, because I'm not certain that the Beery of 1938 means quite the same to us as the Beery who was mobbed by enthusiastic admirers at the Palace Theatre on his last European trip.

◆ ◆ ◆

Marie Dressler was still alive (indeed, you were the first to break the news to us that her health was considerably worse than had been allowed to be generally known) and "Min and Bill," "The Big House" and "The Champ" were still fresh in our memories.

A lot of water has flown under London Bridge since then, and a lot of celluloid through the projectors. Movies have moved on but, much as we hate to say it, Beery has stood still.

Perhaps it is not entirely your fault (producers, we know, have quaint ideas about the conservativeness of public taste), but you've "gotten" into a rut. You're in danger of being "typed" to death. It is difficult to think of a Beery screen character since "The Champ" that has not been exactly like that character. It has come to the point where we know when we see your name above a film title that we are going to see just another story about a sottish but sentimental roughneck with a heart of gold.

◆ ◆ ◆

Even that picturesque villain, Pancho Villa, turned out to be just "the Champ" in a sombrero and surrounded by a million dollars' worth of production, and Stevenson's classic Long John Silver in "Treasure Island" merely another variation of Frances Marion's maudlin mountain of muscle and mush. That might have been bad enough in a limited number of Beery vehicles, but the inclusion of the familiar act in "Ah! Wilderness" nearly ruined that otherwise delightful picture, and all your recent talkies point to the conclusion that if you are not given a chance to do something different soon, M.-G.-M. will be running the risk of ruining one of its biggest stars.

It is bad enough for any actor to be "typed"; it's calamitous when a good actor is . . . and in the pre-"Champ" era you were one of the best in the business.

You are practically the last of the stars who have grown up in and with films. You have seen a lot of them come and go since the old Sennett days—and most of them went because the public got tired of seeing them doing the same things.

In other words, you're old enough screenically to know better. Wipe away those furtive tears, take your he-man act to the front office and demand a good strong meaty role for a change.

THE EDITOR.

all the gossip

(Continued from page 3)

tions, an actress has far better opportunity to score than in other major companies which specialise in quantity production.

To Them That Hath

● It takes money to be a successful extra in Hollywood!

Betty Kimbrough, age 28, and Herschel Graham, age 34, earned more than any other extras in Hollywood. Miss Kimbrough values her wardrobe at $5,000, while Graham considers his clothing cost him $2,000.

There are very few extras who have not at least $500 invested in clothes for studio wear.

Those who do not possess expensive clothing find it difficult to secure extra work except in mob scenes, where expensive garments are not required.

Gable's Autographs

● Clark Gable told me that he estimates he has signed over 2,000,000 autographs.

He said that the first time anyone asked for his signature was following the preview of *A Free Soul*. At the time the idea of anyone desiring his autograph was so surprising that he decided to keep a record of the number of times he answered the request.

It was easy at first but, as time rolled by, he lost count, particularly when surrounded by a large crowd.

"Pickfair" May Be Sold

● Gladys Swarthout, I hear on excellent authority, may purchase Pickfair, which has been unoccupied since Mary Pickford became Mrs. Buddy Rogers.

Buddy never liked the idea of living at Pickfair, the former home of Douglas Fairbanks, Sen., and built a house in the San Fernando Valley for Mary and himself.

Reward of Idleness

● Gustav Wally was singing in a Copenhagen theatre when Paramount brought him to Hollywood, hailing him as a second "Gary Cooper," due to the fact that Wally looks like Gary and is 6 feet 3 inches tall.

The Danish actor has been in Hollywood for six months. At first his salary was $500 a week, and then it was raised to $750. But he has not played a single role, although his salary cheque was delivered to him every week.

He has saved most of his money, and if, in

A charming new portrait of Gail Patrick, who makes a good living by being a bad girl on the screen.





What about the one that got away? Warren William seems to be telling a fishing story to Virginia Bruce and E. E. Clive, with whom he appears in "Wooden Wedding."

(*Continued from page* 4)

March, when his contract comes up for renewal, he is not re-signed, he will return to Denmark, grateful to the studio for its generosity, but still wondering why, if he was not used in pictures, he was paid so handsomely for doing nothing.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

MORE NEW ONES

STILL they come, the new productions, although it is scarcely any exaggeration to say that the whole production-industry of this country is tying itself in knots of apprehension of what new difficulties the new Quota Law may bring.

Still, films have to be shown in the cinemas, and so films have to be made; and the few hardy souls who are choosing these troublous times to "take the floor" will probably reap the reward of their enterprise.

We have been warned that Fox-British are likely to close down at Wembley in the near future; with this in view they are evidently determined to go down in a blaze of glory, for two films are in production there at the moment.

One is called *Second Thoughts*, and features Frank Allenby (a very accomplished actor whom I have seen more often on the stage than in films) and Evelyn Ankers.

Coming Up

● I've blown a fanfare of trumpets in these columns about Evelyn before; she's an extraordinarily good-looking girl, and has lately exhibited more than the average sense of drama.

With them are Frank Fox, A. Bromley-Davenport (a first-rate character actor), Marjorie Fielding, Alan Edmiston, Joan Hickson, and Billy Shine.

The other Fox-British one is a comedy, which Roy Kellino is directing.

Apparently with one eye cocked at *Mother o' Mine*, it's called *Father o' Nine*, and when I tell you that the paterfamilias is none other than our old friend of the robust humour and the whinnying laugh, Hal Gordon, you'll know what to expect.

With Hal are Claire Arnold, Dorothy Dewhurst (whom I saw just the other day on the set of *Bedtime Story*), and Jo Monkhouse.

Well, so much for Wembley.

At Cricklewood, where *Bedtime Story* has now been tucked up to sleep in its little tin cans, Eric



Hold the presses. Here's a great new screen love team: Gracie Allen and Edward Everett Horton. Their work in "College Swing" is said to be giving Powell and Loy some sleepless nights.



One of the first "stills" of Norma Shearer as she appears in "Marie Antoinette." She was snapped informally while conferring with Hunt Stromberg, who succeeds her late husband, Irving Thalberg, as her producer.

Humphriss is producing, as well as directing, a film with the intriguing title *Take Off That Hat.*

No, Ermyntrude, this is not a psychological murder story; it's a comedy; and a musical comedy at that.

Not for Me

● I understand Mr. Humphriss makes a speciality of gathering together a bunch of radio stars and personalities and stringing them together on a plot.

He was responsible for two such efforts last year—*Starlight Parade* and *Shooting Stars*—both of which, he tells me, made a lot of money.

Well, I never try to bring my own critical faculty to bear on films of this kind, because frankly they are not my cup o' tea; but they must be a great many people's cup o' tea, and I'm glad to see a great many people getting what they obviously want.

And I quite willingly Take Off That Hat to Mr. Humphriss for supplying it.

In this one are Scott and Whaley, Noni the clown, Gypsy Nina, Niga Anderson, the Hawaiian Islanders, the Sherman Fisher Girls, Billy Russell (now I'm on more familiar ground), C. Denier Warren and Fred Duprez.

Also they hope to rope in Debroy Somers and his Band, but I don't think that's quite fixed yet.

The name of Mr. Humphriss's company is Viking Films.

All Quietly

● Down at Walton-on-Thames, George Smith Productions have been busy making a film called *Chez Louis* (and, following up my recent remarks about pronunciation, you'd better call that Shayloo-ee until you get orders to the contrary).

George Smith is one of these secretive gents, so I haven't heard anything officially about this production, but I know a bloke who knows a bloke, and so I am enabled to break it to you that Maclean Rogers is directing (and given a reasonably good story, I don't know of anyone who can do you a better job for the money than Mac), and that our friends Dorothy Boyd and Leslie Perrins are playing the leads.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when Dorothy seemed headed for stardom; now she is completely disillusioned about this film racket, and accepts its vagaries with a cheerful philosophy which I admire.

One likes Dorothy very much.

As for Leslie Perrins, I'm always hoping he'll be in a film in which I can pop in and see him in the West End without having to dash round the suburbs or provinces to catch it.

He's one of our most polished actors; why waste him in quickies?

Bitter Days

● These are hard days for Elstree.

Recently in a daily paper I read an account by a sob-sister of the plight into which "the former British Hollywood" had fallen.

Well, if this good lady wasn't a little more accurate about the present conditions than she was about Elstree's past, we needn't place too much reliance on her report.

For instance, describing Elstree in its heyday

(*Continued on page* 6)



Ann Miller, who is rapidly dancing her way to film fame, in one of her numbers for "Radio City Revels."

all the gossip

(*Continued from page 5*)

she said that "blocks of luxury flats had begun to raise themselves in the fields round about," and "no one in the studio restaurant thought of tipping the waitresses less than a shilling."

They must have done it without thinking, then, for many's the humble twopence I've seen shoved under the plate; and as for the luxury flats, *I* haven't seen any yet; blocks of quite modest flats have been built, but chiefly during the last year or so.

The situation is quite bad enough without exaggerating it.

Two very fine studio premises, Rock and Amalgamated, are standing empty because no one wants to risk money by producing British films at a moment when no one can say how many British films are going to be required.

Virgin Soil

● Indeed, the Amalgamated studios, although they have been completed for about a year, have never been used yet.

The Rock studios have had a little desultory production in the last few months, but not nearly enough to keep all that administrative block and those mighty sound stages going.

I well remember the night we (the film scribes) gathered for dinner to wish John Henry Iles luck with his first venture into film production.

John Henry is the magnate who had so much to do with Belle Vue, Manchester, and Dreamland, Margate; his fortune went into the building of those magnificent Rock studios, and into making one or two pictures; and now he is a bankrupt.

And next to the announcement of this in a trade paper I saw a small paragraph announcing a meeting of creditors of Soskin Productions to arrange for winding-up the company.

Soskins Productions was the company associated with the building of the Amalgamated Studios.

Rock Firm

● However, the Iles crash will not affect production at the Rock studios.

Joe Rock is preparing to produce a film called *Germinal*, which will be directed by Josef von Sternberg . . . and you can't get his services for nothing.

So far he hasn't directed a British film—though he got a good way with *I Claudius*, before that ill-starred production was halted by Merle Oberon's motor-accident; and people who saw something of that picture have told me it was a magnificent job of work.

I understand *Germinal* is a British version of a Continental film, but I haven't heard much about it.

The British film industry is pretty resilient; personally I shouldn't be surprised to see Elstree buzzing with activity by the end of the year—and the other studios too, which are at present languishing in activity.

And nobody will be better pleased than your devoted Studio Correspondent.

Now here's an odd thing, I have noticed. At this moment, when British production is at a very low ebb, I am receiving rather more appeals than usual from people who want me to use my purely imaginary shoehorn and squeeze them into the industry.

For Crying Out Loud

● Especially do PICTUREGOER readers seem to be prolific in stories which are crying out loud to be filmed.

Now, as it happens, I have just been reading a new book on scenario-writing, by Frances Marion, of Culver City, well known as the world's highest-paid scenario-writer.

It's called "How to Write and Sell Film Stories"; and though I'm not usually given to reviewing books here, this seems an appropriate place in which to say something about this one.

Candidly, it's by far the best and most comprehensive volume I've ever read on the subject.

As a matter of fact, a great deal of what Miss Marion has to say can be applied to any form of fiction—her very trenchant remarks about characterisation, theme, and plot in particular; so the book is a good investment for any writer, especially a budding one.

She writes with authority, and her style is eminently readable.

No Admittance

● So far, so good.

But, unfortunately, the publishers, Messrs. John Miles, declared that "it admits the writer to the most lucrative market of his profession."

Well, maybe that's true in America; maybe the New Yorker or Floridan or Nebraskan has only to read this book and sit down and turn out film stories which will immediately be bought by the film companies.

In England it's different.

To begin with, our studios do not accept screen stories from "unknowns"; it's too risky.

They do one of three things. They buy a well-known novel and turn it into a scenario; or they do the same with a successful stage-play; or they buy an original story from either a well-known writer or someone connected with the studio (often through an agent). Some studios even have their tame writers kept on the premises to churn out original stories to order; I may remark that the product of such studios is not of a very high order.

Sound Investment

● As a rule, however, the way to sell your screen story is to make it into a best-selling novel, or a successful play, or both; and then to wait until the British film industry has recovered and sell the story for an enormous sum.

If, by the way, you propose to obtain employment in the scenario department of a studio, you should most certainly buy and read Frances Marion's book; it will be twelve-and-six well spent.

There's no better-paying proposition in the studios than a good original human character.

For example, British National have been fortunate enough to have got hold of "Mr. Penny"—that symbol of us all, who is embodied in the person of Richard Goolden.

Hardly any listener is unfamiliar with "Mr. Penny" on the radio; and at Welwyn Mr. Goolden is very busily transferring himself to the screen.

More and More

● In fact, he's been working all night and all day, because the film has to be finished in time to allow Mr. Goolden to transfer himself to the stage, in *Mr. Penny's Tuppence*, which he will produce himself.

After that he will make another film, *The Pennys* (or should it be "Pence?") *Abroad*, which again transfers Mr. Goolden—this time to the Continent.

And this will probably lead to an enormous series of "Penny" films, which sounds inexpensive, anyway.

Fabia Drake plays "Mrs. Penny," and I can't think of a better actress for the part; and also there to swell the fun are Vic Oliver, Hermione Gingold, Renee Gadd, Patrick Barr, Paul Blake, Betty Huth, Joss Ambler, and Kay Walsh.

Nothing the matter with *that* penn'orth.

SUCCESSFUL, FAMOUS, *but* UNSPOILED

by Joan Carter

Diana Churchill is the darling of Elstree. Everyone at the A.B.C. Studios likes her. There are reasons. Our contributor tells you about them below.



Diana Churchill can afford to smile. She is regarded as one of the most promising actresses on the British screen.

A WEMBLEY doctor's daughter is now Star No. 1 at Associated British Picture Studios at Elstree. And not only officially but in the hearts of the studio workers.

Blonde and unassuming Diana Churchill has made herself more popular at the studio than a star has ever done before.

When she comes to the studio at a quarter to eight every morning—after only sleeping for about five hours because she works in a play at night—she greets everyone with a bubbling smile and a cheery "Hello."

Her dresser "Pat" who has worked with her on all the four pictures she has made at Elstree, frankly adores her and looks after her like a mother.

Harry Davo, make-up chief at Associated British, who during his career has supervised the make-up of more stars than he can remember, says that he has never had anyone so charming to deal with as Diana.

The waitresses in the studio restaurant tell each other excitedly the news when they hear that Diana is going to make a new picture at Elstree. And they argue between themselves as to which of them shall take her fruit breakfast to her each morning.

And so it is throughout the studio where Diana is friendly and considerate to everyone from the director of her picture to the youngest "clapper" boy. And she is always the same.

No one at Elstree has seen Diana lose her temper or speak crossly in any way. And there are times when film-making must try the sunniest temperaments.

The only time that Diana ever got anywhere near to losing control at the studio was just recently on her latest picture, *Lovers' Knot*. She was playing in a very difficult and emotional scene in which everything seemed to go wrong, and the shot had had to be taken six times.

At the end of the sixth take Diana, for the first time in her career, fluffed her lines. She covered her face with her hands and then turned to director Paul Stein. "Well, I am afraid that I am going to throw a temperament for the first time in my life. I must go away somewhere for five minutes," she said.

That was all. Five minutes later she returned to the set and went through the scene perfectly.

A real trouper is Diana.

One of Diana's most nerve-racking moments at the studio was during the filming of *Housemaster*. The scene to be shot was one in which she and Rene Ray, as two wild girls from Paris, have to drive down a village street and crash into a bicycle ridden by Phillips Holmes.

In the first take car met bicycle and the actor was flung heavily to the ground. "It wasn't good, was it?" asked Phillips getting up and offering to do it again.

Diana clenched her hands and got into the car again. The second take was not much better from the cameraman's point of view. The third take was spectacular. Holmes was thrown off violently and his head hit the wing of the car as he fell. He lay quiet.

When the cameras stopped turning there was a rush to see if Phillips was hurt. But he was only bruised and slightly stunned. Diana was the real casualty of the morning's work. She was shaking like a leaf and really upset. She had been so afraid that Phillips would be hurt.

Diana was born at Wembley twenty-four years ago. She is the youngest daughter of a doctor and has two sisters. These sisters, being older than herself, have always looked upon her as a child. To-day, famous and lovely as she is, Diana still often goes home to be scolded by her sisters for being late for lunch.

Diana studied dramatic art at the Guildhall School of Music where she became a prize pupil. She left to study with Kate Rorke and to learn French acting technique with Mlle. Gachet. She made her first public appearance in 1931 at Canterbury and her first professional appearance at the Royalty Theatre, London.

After appearing at the Oxford Repertory Theatre for some time and in three revivals for Sidney Carroll—*The Rivals*, *Streets of London* and *The Country Wife*, Diana got her big chance when she was chosen to play the young wife in the Embassy Theatre production of *The Dominant Sex*, the Michael Egan marital comedy which later went to the West End and had a record-breaking run.

Her big chance in films came as the result of the illness of Gertrude Michael, the Hollywood star.

Diana was at Elstree playing a smallish part as the barmaid in the newspaper film, *Sensation*, when Walter Mycroft, Director of Productions at Elstree, had a cable with the news that Gertrude Michael, whom he had signed up to star in a screen version of *The Dominant Sex*, was too ill to come to England.

The picture was due to start in two days and he had to hunt hastily round for another star to play the role of Angela Shale. Just as he was negotiating with a well known actress Diana Churchill walked into his office with a query about her role in *Sensation* and he realised she was the person for the part.

Diana was hastily tested and then given the part—her first important screen role.

When the film was shown critics hailed her as the new British star sensation and Walter Mycroft rewarded her with a long-term contract.

Successful and happy as she is in her screen work, Diana does not want to give up the stage entirely. She likes to make two or three films a year and to appear in the same number of plays.

To-day she is regarded as one of England's most promising young actresses of both the entertainment worlds.

Her film contract and her plays have made her a well-to-do young woman but she still remains as simple and unspoiled as the little actress who used to charm undergraduates in her Oxford Repertory days.

She still lives at home with her family in Wembley and likes to try her hand at cooking now and then.

Her only extravagance is a very small one. She has a weakness for brightly coloured scarves, and buys a new one every week. If you see a little figure running over to the studio restaurant with a gay scarf tied gypsy-fashion round her head who waves excitedly at you, you'll know it's Diana Churchill.

Stay as sweet as you are, Diana. We need actresses like you who can become rich and famous without having their heads turned.

Building HER CASTLE OF DREAMS

by Max Breen



Very much alive is little Alice, as this picture shows.



Alice once appeared to be a budding Harlow.

Some careers come by chance, some are built up laboriously, stone upon stone Which is true in the case of Alice Faye? The answer is decisively given in this article



There is nothing wrong with the Faye streamline chassis, to judge by the above portrait from "In Old Chicago."

Alice has a strong dramatic role in "In Old Chicago," now to be seen at the Tivoli, London. Here she is with Tyrone Power.

DO you dream dreams? Do you picture yourself a great success at your job, or happily married, or wealthy, or a raving beauty? That's your castle of dreams; most of us have ours, but comparatively few of us ever set about *building* it—or if we do we get tired and discouraged after laying the foundations.

This is the history of a girl who is building her castle slowly, surely, brick upon brick, stone upon stone; and it looks like growing into a very imposing edifice.

In all her career Alice Faye has hardly made a single mistake; her progress in films may not have been spectacular, but it has been phenomenally steady, and is built upon a sturdy foundation.

She had one narrow escape, and, whew! was it narrow! She nearly became a schoolmarm.

Well, school-marms have their uses, of course, but frankly I should consider it a frightful waste of waist, so to speak, not to mention face, hair, and a pair of the shapeliest legs in Christendom *or* Hollywood, if Alice had spent her life sitting at a desk, perched on a dais, hearing grubby-nosed little urchins reciting "Twi-swunna-two" in a melancholy sing-song.

If there's any song-singing to be done, let Alice do it herself.

So, apparently, thought Rudy Vallee's lawyer; but by that time of her own accord she had snapped right out of all idea of pursuing the scholastic racket and right into the dignified profession of hoofer.

I feel it's time this article sorted itself out a bit; but I always get rather carried away by Alice.

I like a film-star to be vital; well, it's a debatable point whether Alice Faye is yet, in the strict sense of the term, a film star, but there's no possible room for doubt about her vitality. It comes right out of the picture at you. The girl's tingling with it.

I now, with a mighty effort, drop the lyricism and come down to cases; but I warn you, I'm liable to break out again at any moment.

Alice Faye's father's name was Leppert, and so was hers for a few years from May 5, 1915, which is the day she first delighted an audience by appearing in New York and giving a vocal performance. In other words, she was born. They tell me she was a lovely baby, and I don't doubt it. She's one still.

Her forbears on both sides are American through and through, having been there since Colonial times; her father's ancestors were



She may not have classic features—but don't you agree that she's attractive?

French and German, her mother's English and Irish. Several of her ancestors fought in the Civil War, which makes her a pretty good U.S. citizen.

The theatre fascinated Alice Faye almost from the word "Goo," but she had no anticipation then of ever returning the compliment; as I mentioned before, she was to become a school-teacher, and to her the theatre was just a delightful game.

Quite early-on, she began to sneak into stage-doors and come strutting out as she supposed a star might do, doubtless with a faint hope of being mistaken for one. She never got a bite, but it was a good game nevertheless.

Bright lass, little Alice. At school she shone in her classes, at home she won skating competitions, learned to swim (which proves that she never had any ambitions to be a Bathing Beauty), and developed a good seat on a horse.

In the summer holidays American kids are less given to playing than ours are, and more to a change of occupation—especially one that will bring in some useful pocket-money.

Purely with this end in view, at the tender age of thirteen Alice approached the Ziegfeld offices and tried to register for chorus-work.

"Go away, little girl," they said in effect. "You're far, far too young!"

So reluctantly she went away, but she was never the same potential school-teacher after that.

She clenched a set of teeth which well merited the hackneyed description "pearly". Too young? She'd show 'em!—wnich seems a logical thing for a show-girl to do.

She studied tap-dancing, and "tried it on the dog" in various amateur entertainments; and then she had another smack at securing a professional engagement . . . but without mentioning it to her family. Families are apt to register disapproval.

This time she was successful, and she found herself a grown-up member of the Chester Hale ballet company, with which she toured the Atlantic coast towns.

Then she came to New York, the Mecca of every show-girl, and after a "mixed-grill" experience in night-club choruses, she appeared in *George White's Scandals*, one of the better-dressed (or undressed) of the town's musical shows, guaranteed not to tax the overwrought mentality of the Tired Business Man; and this was the engagement that led her to the screen.

She first became a Someone in this stage show; and this is where Rudy Vallee's lawyer comes into the picture—though not into the pictures.

He met Alice at a private party where she made a gramophone record of a song, "just for fun"; and the grave lawyer-man (well, perhaps he wasn't as grave as all that) saw the possibilities in the peppy little blues-singer, and took the record along to Rudy, who was then the king-pin of *Scandals*.

He was sufficiently impressed by it to give her a chance to sing with his band for the rest of the show; and when the show closed she remained with the band for radio work; so she may fairly be said to have based her career on *Scandals*.

Incidentally, at this point there was nearly a real scandal in her life, for the matrimonial affairs of the Vallees were crumbling to decay, and Alice's name was bandied about for a while as next candidate. There was no truth in it, however, and that was as near as Alice has ever got to unfavourable publicity, which is a pretty good record in show-business.

When Fox decided to film *George White's Scandals* in Hollywood, it was only natural that the little blonde singer should be included in the cast; and when she was given a few steps to dance as well, it looked like quite a break for the kid (she was only about eighteen at the time).

However, Fate had something even better up her wide sleeve for Alice. Three days after her arrival in Hollywood, the arrangement with Lilian Harvey to play the lead came totally unstuck, and Alice was chosen in her place.

This was a great chance, of course, for a girl who was absolutely unknown in films; but kindly note that Alice had built the opportunity for herself by doing consistently good work in cabaret, revue, and "on the air."

She seized the opportunity so effectively that Fox signed her on long contract, her next opportunity being in *While New York Sleeps*.

No sensational success here; in fact, Alice never *has* been a sensational success—just a complete success. It's only by looking back over her career that you realise what a great distance she has travelled.

In *She Learned About Sailors* she also learned about movies, and she went on learning through her subsequent pictures—365 *Nights in Hollywood, George White's* 1935 *Scandals, Music is Magic, King of Burlesque, Poor Little Rich Girl* (we're getting on to something better now), *Sing, Baby, Sing, Stowaway*, and *On the Avenue* (which, in the opinion of Lionel Collier, she stole from right under Madeleine Carroll's classic nose)

For a while it seemed that her career might suffer the disadvantage of comparison with Jean Harlow; but except for their being both blonde and petite and plump of face, there are few points of resemblance. Personally I would describe Alice as more of a heroine type than Jean, but that's a matter of opinion.

Comparison has been fostered by the fact of her being given the role in that monumental portrayal of cataclysm, *In Old Chicago*, for which it had originally been intended to borrow Harlow from M.-G.-M.

This is another big break for Alice, who, although she has previously been given opportunities to act, has hitherto been regarded more particularly as a singer and dancer; for her to be allotted a role worthy of Jean Harlow's acting ability argues considerable faith in her powers—and still greater faith in her box-office "pull."

Since *In Old Chicago* was completed, Alice has been playing in the talkie "re-make" of *Sally, Irene, and Mary*.

This film in its silent version was historical, for three young unknowns played the title-roles—and thenceforward were unknown no longer. One—of whom most was expected—was Sally O'Neil, who had an argument with the studio and fell by the wayside, for rebellion was not such a paying proposition in those days as it is supposed to be to-day; another was Constance Bennett, and the third was Lucille Le Sueur, who became better known as Joan Crawford.

What a vintage film that was!

This time the three girls are Alice Faye, Joan Davis (whom we saw galumphing so delightfully as the band-leader in *Lovely to Look At*), and Marjorie Weaver, who has been awarded this chance for her good showing in *Second Honeymoon*.

Will this be the big break for these three girls that the silent version was for Sally, Connie, and Joan?

In any case, Alice, Joan, and Marjorie are all girls who have put their shoulders to the wheel, worked hard and played moderately, and kept themselves clear of any of the entanglements and pitfalls that threaten Hollywood careers.

Alice, in spite of her recent success in *Wake Up and Live* and *You Can't Have Everything*, has been seen very little at the "niteries," seldom goes to parties, has no hobbies because she'd rather rehearse, and until recently shared a modest Hollywood home with her mother and brother (an assistant director at Twentieth Century-Fox).

Recently she married Tony Martin, a crooner who will probably be seen on the screen before long.

From a pleasantly plump, kittenish baby blonde, Alice has developed into one of the best bets in the Twentieth Century-Fox stable.

When I first saw Ginger Rogers on the screen she was a pleasantly plump, kittenish baby redhead. Will Alice go as far as Ginger has gone?

If she does, she will have richly deserved it

PUBLIC COWBOY No. 1

That's Gene Autry, reigning King of Horse Opera, and this article tells you all you want to know about him.



Hard-riding he-man—Gene Autry was practically born in the saddle ; his father owned a cattle ranch.

DURING the depression in America, Will Rogers, the great comedian, was making one of his periodical tours of the Middle West. One day he stopped at a small wayside railway station on the Texas-Oklahoma border to wire his "column," which he wrote every morning, to the New York newspapers. Rogers poked his head inside the door and saw a young man, aged about twenty, dressed in cowboy clothes sitting with his feet up on the desk, playing a guitar and humming a Western song.

Rogers handed the copy to the young telegraphist and said : "A man with your talent is wasting his time sitting in a telegraph office." Before the startled young man had time to answer with the eternal "You're telling me," Rogers handed him a stick of chewing gum—and departed !

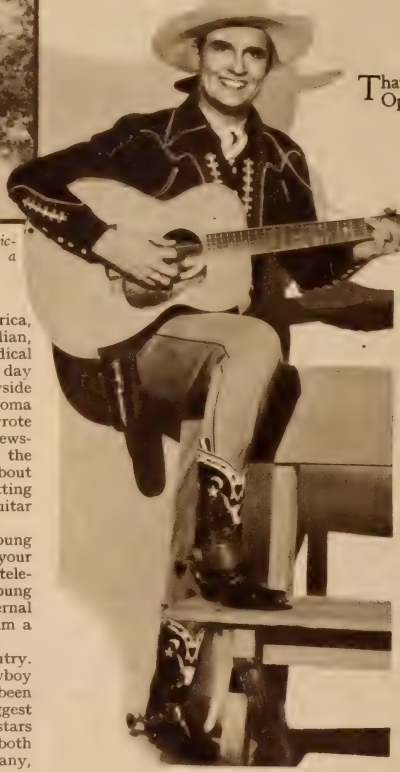
The young man's name was Gene Autry. Now he is the greatest Western or cowboy star in England and America. He has been voted by the cinema owners the biggest draw at the box office among all the stars playing in this type of picture in both countries. One Hollywood company, Twentieth Century-Fox, is reported to have offered him five hundred thousand dollars for a year's work, recently. Others have made him similar offers. And all because he sings in cowboy films !

There is no more amazing story in all the history of Hollywood than the way Gene Autry became—as he has been christened in Hollywood —Public Cowboy No. 1.

He was born at Tioga, Texas, twenty-eight years ago, and his father owned a cattle ranch. Gene learned to ride, shoot, and rope a steer at an age when most children are at school. At night he would sit on the veranda of his father's ranch house and play and sing to the other cowboys. Always he strummed his guitar. When he tired of the ranch life, he got a job on the railroad which ran close to his home. His job was to send telegrams. It was there that Will Rogers met him—and Autry's whole life was changed from then onwards.

Gene packed his guitar and went to New York. He hung about a radio station for three days, trying to get an interview or an audition. They refused to see him. Gene was furious. He took out his guitar and started to play—and said he wouldn't stop until they gave him an audition. The officials gave way and listened to him. After it was over they said it was swell, entertaining, and anything else that came into their minds, but they couldn't give him a broadcast until he had some experience. "Come back in a year," they said, "and we will give you a job !"

Gene packed his guitar and went back to Oklahoma and sang at the local radio station. He didn't have to a wait a year to go back to New York—they sent for him in less time than that. His fame had spread all through the Middle West as the "yodelling cowboy." He went to New York and became a recording star. His gramophone records sold in their hundreds of thousands.



Gene and his faithful guitar ; his gramophone records are best sellers.

A man named M. Siegel, who was in charge of the recording studio, had an interest in the newly formed British Lion-Republic Production organisation in Hollywood. He sent Gene out to the film city. Gene went with that air of uncertainty which most people have when they are bound for Hollywood. He didn't know what to expect.

He reported to the studio and the executives nearly had a fit when they saw him. To their questions, Gene answered that he couldn't do much more than ride, shoot, fight, and sing. So they put him in a serial and wrote a note to New York, asking what the heck they thought the studio was—a home for broken-down cowpunchers ?

Few were impressed with Gene, and even when the picture was completed they still had doubts as to their wisdom in even putting him in a serial.

But the public and the cinema owners had no doubt about it. Gene Autry was a sensation and the picture made a fortune. It was called *The Phantom Empire*, and is still playing in America. The fans and exhibitors howled for more Autry films.

Gene Autry was signed on long-term contract. The studio realised then that in the singing cowboy they had a potential star. One year later he was No. 12 in the list of box office stars in this type of picture. Recently he was voted the biggest draw among cowboy stars. Gene had arrived ! It had taken him just two years to get to the top !

The Hollywood stars began to take notice of this phenomenon and started to invite him out to the big night clubs and restaurants. Gene, remembering his earlier treatment at their hands, arrived at their parties dressed in his cowboy outfit ! Night clubs or film stars—they don't mean a thing to him !

Gene has many peculiarities regarding films, and he won't have the same actress twice as his leading lady. In every film he appears as Gene Autry, not as an imaginary character. He has the same horse, Champion, in every picture, and Smiley Burnette, who supplies the comedy, has to play the same part in every film—that of his comical friend who is always in trouble. Gene knew Smiley in the days when he was at the Oklahoma Radio Station, and they have been great friends ever since. Smiley also helps Gene to write his songs.

In just over two years Gene has made about thirty musical Westerns, including *Round-Up Time in Texas, The Singing Cowboy, Guns and Guitars, The Big Show, Texas Serenade, Oh ! Susanna ! Ride, Ranger, Ride*, and *Serenade of the West*, which are all being shown in various cinemas in England at the present time.

Gene Autry is married and thoroughly domesticated. In many ways he is a model husband. He neither drinks nor smokes. He lives on a small ranch with his wife in the California Hills, with film folk like Bob Taylor and Darryl Zanuck for neighbours. He is careful with his money, but recently added more space to his ranch to house the extra horses he has bought.

He has changed from a clumsy amateur to a first-rate actor. It takes a good performer on the screen to steal anything from Gene now, as far as acting is concerned. He is polished in everything he does these days. What a difference from the young man who stepped off the train from New York two years ago and took his first look at the place where he was to win fame and fortune !

Gene Autry is one of the few stars in Hollywood who really likes making personal appearances. He takes his horse, Champion, into a big trailer which he owns and makes personal appearances in many big towns and cities in America. The reception he gets is amazing. Champion is probably the most "taken-care-of" animal in America, and the stable which houses him is, without a doubt, unique.

The stable is a trailer, 50 ft. long and 25 ft. high, with all the comforts of home. It is cushioned on specially constructed springs, which make it ride as easy as any Pullman car. The floor and walls are padded, so that Champion can lie down and sleep on long jumps between personal appearance stops.

On these tours, and while on picture locations, Gene himself sleeps in the trailer with "Champ" on a built-in bed.

When S. W. Smith, managing director of British Lion, was in New York at Christmas, he saw *Springtime in the Rockies* playing in a big theatre to a packed house. In America it has been described as the best of all the Autry films, and it is going to be shown in England in advance of the other completed pictures.

YOU *and* ME



Sylvia and George play a young couple with "pasts," who decide to marry and try to live them down together.

George Raft, after his success in *Souls at Sea* shares the stellar billing with Sylvia Sidney in this drama, which is directed by Fritz Lang. The latter made *Fury* and *You Only Live Once*, two of Sylvia's biggest recent successes.



Right: Adolph Zukor, the studio chief, likes to keep a personal eye on things during production. Here he is seen with Director Lang and the two stars.





Above and right: George, trying to start life all over again, gets a job in a department store. Guinn Williams, however, takes a fancy to Sylvia at an office party and it is not long before trouble starts.

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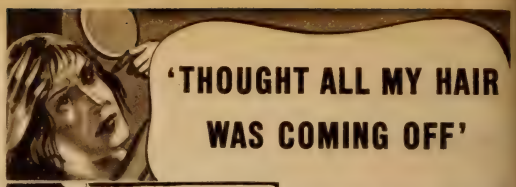
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Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

L-58-H



Greta Garbo as she appeared in "Camille."





Frieda Inescourt and Ian Hunter in the domestic comedy "Call It a Day."

Our Sixth GOLD MEDAL Award!

LAST week we announced the opening of our sixth consecutive ballot which has as its object the bestowal of gold medals to the actor and actress whom PICTUREGOER readers decide have given the finest performances in the releases of 1937.

Since these awards have become the most coveted in the screen world it is gratifying to find that the response to our first appeal for votes has exceeded expectations. It shows that our readers are taking advantage of the chance to honour those artistes who have so well deserved their approbation.

We hope that the response to our appeal will continue to be on a large scale and for that reason we ask you to send in your selections early to avoid missing an opportunity to express your appreciation of an acting performance that has given you pleasure.

For the benefit of readers who may have missed last week's announcement and also as a further reminder to those who have not yet recorded their votes, we publish again the simple rules which govern the ballot and at the same time we would like to reiterate that it is *not* a popularity contest but an award given solely on merit, to those artistes who are considered by the majority vote to have given the best individual performance in the films released during 1937.

ONLY last year's releases are eligible, except in the case of Continental pictures which generally have no definite release date. In this case only those shown during last year will be considered as eligible.

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the names of the actor and actress—and the pictures in which they appeared—who, in your estimation, gave the finest performances in 1937. *You are only entitled to vote for one actress and one actor and to record that vote only once. Postcards containing alternatives will be disqualified. Address your considered judgment to* **"Award of Merit," "Picturegoer," Martlett House, Martlett Court, London, W.C.2.**

In last week's issue we published the titles of a number of films in which outstanding performances were given. This was not intended in any way as a guide as for whom you were to vote, but merely to refresh your memories of some of the more notable releases of the past year.

It is not, necessary that the picture in which a brilliant piece of acting occurred should in itself be outstanding. It is the performance we are asking you to vote for and not the production as a whole.

Neither do we want you just to send in the name of your favourite artiste who may not have had an opportunity to shine in the pictures under consideration.

Search your memory closely and give your vote solely on the merit of the acting and please do not vote more than once, however much you may feel that your choice is the just one. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that this is *not* a popularity contest.

Now we ask you to pick up your pens before you forget and send us a postcard.



Spencer Tracy played the Portuguese fisherman in "Captains Courageous."



Katharine Hepburn as Barrie's heroine in "Quality Street."



Left: Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in the screen version of the stage success "Dodsworth."

Right: Errol Flynn's biggest picture last year was "The Charge of the Light Brigade."





LLOYD NOLAN

Nolan-conscious picturegoers have been clamouring for a picture of their favourite . . . and here it is. So insistent a demand by the fans in the case of an actor who specialises in character roles rather than handsome heroes is unusual. He plays a crooked police chief in the new Mae West picture, "Every Day's a Holiday."

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA



Above : Killing two birds with one stone . . . While her blonde hair is being fixed by the set hairdresser, Ann Sothern rehearses with Helen Broderick.



Above : Nice horsey ! . . . but Martha Raye seems a bit doubtful. The horse appears in Martha's new picture, "Tropic Holiday."



Kay Francis looks happy and why not ? She's been starring in a new real-life romance. The lucky man is Baron Erik Barnekow. She met him last summer at a Hollywood party.



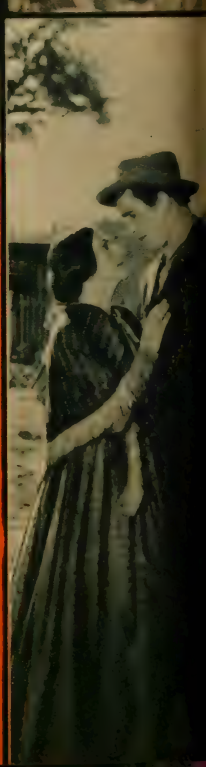
Ginger Rogers refused to have a double for the swimming sequences in the ice-cold water of Great Bear Lake for "Having Wonderful Time." Here she is seen cheerfully reporting for make-up and coiffure repairs after her ducking.



han Wilkins (Walter Huston) comes to a small village as a preacher with his wife ary (Beulah Bondi) and his small son Jason (Gene Reynolds) whose high spirit he is ways repressing. Guy Kibbee is cast as a hypocritical shopkeeper, leader of the villagers.







Above : Jason (James Stewart) wants to become a doctor when he grows up and falls in love with a pretty girl in the neighbourhood (Ann Rutherford).

Left : Mary goes to the village to sell a horse so that her son, who has joined the Confederate Army as a surgeon, can buy his uniform

Right : Owing to the sacrifices made by his mother, Jason is enabled to go to a Baltimore college to study medicine. As the years pass he neglects her and forgets the debt he owes to her love.





Ethan Wilkins stops a runaway horse, and its owner, unable to manage it, sells it to him at a low price. Later the horse is sold to help his son in his career.

OF HUMAN HEARTS

Adapted from a story by Honore Morrow, *Benefits Forgot*, this picture, directed by Clarence Brown, deals with a conflict between father and son and with the latter's indifference to the sacrifices made by his mother. It is set in the American Civil War period and has a strong cast headed by Walter Huston, Beulah Bondi and James Stewart.



Forthright Ethan Wilkins believes in chastening the spirit by chastening the flesh and proceeds to practice his theory.

PICTUREGOER Weekly

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Mannequin

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



Eddie Miller (Alan Curtis) who took her out on Saturday evenings was all white to Jessie Cassidy (Joan Crawford).

EVEN Jessie Cassidy's pronounced streak of imagination, due to her Irish ancestry, failed to overcome her resentment at living in Hester Street.

It was easier, at the garment factory where she worked, to picture green fields and flowers instead of the hems she was machining than to impose beautiful surroundings on the drab walls, leaky taps and ugly furniture of her home.

More peaceful, too, the whirr of wheels than young brother Clifford's strident innuendoes and her father's perpetual grumbles over his food and the slowness of his overworked wife.

Jessie hated it all with the aptitude of youth for seeing things either as all black or white. To her Eddie Miller, who took her out on Saturday evenings, was all white. Eddie was a young fight-promoter, and his protégé, Swing McGoo, a hoped-for champion. The Cassidy family liked Eddie, with the exception of Clifford, who called him alternately a lemon, a fake, and a false alarm.

An afternoon on the bathing beach with him, utterly satisfying in itself, was a poor preparation for Jessie's return. As she went up the tenement stairs, a man in shirt sleeves was putting out a garbage pail. On the floor above, husband and wife were carrying on their raucous quarrel on the landing. Abruptly, Jessie stood still. Eddie always waited below to hear her safely into the Cassidy flat. Impulsively, she turned, ran down, and flung herself into his arms.

"I can't go back there. I'd rather die. Take me with you, please, Eddie!" she sobbed.

"You know how it is—not much coming in till after Swing's fight, kid."

"I don't care if we never have anything. We can work out somehow. I'll keep my job. I won't ask you for a thing. I won't be in your way. Honest, I won't, Eddie; only let's be married right away."

Not that night certainly, but before the following Saturday, Jessie and Eddie, bride and groom of two hours, were being toasted by their friends at a long table of the Canton Gardens Club. Jessie was completely happy. She felt at ease in her old black frock with short, transparent sleeves. Why have the expense of bridal white? For a bouquet, she carried violets and had tucked a bunch into the riband, tied Alice-fashion round her luxuriant bob.

"What's this? Who ordered champagne?" Eddie inquired of the Chinese waiter who was filling up the party's glasses.

"Mr. Hennessey, sir."

"Oh! John L. Hennessey." Across the room a man, sitting with another, raised a hand and nodded in answer to Eddie's questioning gesture.

"He's the guy who owns the finest fleet of barges and fishing smacks in the harbour. A real big shot," Eddie continued admiringly.

"You should thank him, Eddie."

"I'm going to. Come along, honey." A moment later, hearing herself introduced as Mrs. Miller for the first time, Jessie was looking into a pair of the kindest and most expressive eyes she had ever seen in a somewhat rugged face.

"Thanks for the champagne. You're from Hester Street, too, they say. Plenty of room at the top. I'll be up there myself one of these days," Eddie was saying.

"That's right." Nothing weakly sentimental about Hennessey. His manner was abrupt and to the point.

"Maybe Mr. Hennessey and his friend would come over to our table," Jessie said with a smile for the middle-aged man with the moustache who had announced his name with a Harvard accent as Briggs. "Sure he doesn't want a crowd," Eddie contradicted. "How about dancing with the bride, Mr. Hennessey?"

"Well—I—I—"

"Go on, Jess. He isn't blind. Show him how it's done." What could she do but let Hennessey lead her to the floor, though slightly troubled at some concealed force in the man who, though a novice at dancing, was no bungler.

"What does a fellow say to a bride who's just got married?" he asked in a way that put her at her ease.

"They usually wish them luck, but I don't need any. We've got everything we need in each other. You like my violets—they're beautiful, aren't they—and helpless looking?"

"You're beautiful, but the comparison ends there, doesn't it?" Someone put a nickel in the piano player, which gave forth the song "Always and always, I'll go on adoring the glory and wonder of you." "Would you mind if I danced this with Eddie?" she said. "I know it sounds silly, but we fell in love to this tune; so we always dance it together."

Politely, Eddie demurred at the proposed change-over, but Jessie insisted. Everything else forgotten, the dance, the song, the pressure of his arms, the violets made up a glorious three minutes. "Home at last," she whispered as she nestled up to him in the taxi. The apartment he had chosen near enough, as he said, for her to throw egg-shells in the river, was nicer than she had dared imagine it—brighter, cleaner, more up-to-date. Tears of sheer happiness filled her eyes as she looked past the lace curtains to the lights reflected in the dark water.

It was Eddie's idea that, until Swing's ringside victory, Jessie should get a job in the *Gebhart Frolics*. "But only till then, he reminded. "I'm not letting my wife earn the dough."

She thought herself lucky to be taken on in the chorus, not being vain enough to share Eddie's opinion that, with her looks, she'd be hired if she couldn't walk. John L. Hennessey was forgotten until he staged a pent-house party to which she, with others of the cast, was invited. Thinking that Eddie wouldn't care for her to go without him, Jessie decided against it. At the last minute, however, he persuaded her not to turn down the chance of meeting the right people. The host arrived late. Jessie was talking frivolities about chicken legs to a fatuous youth when Hennessey came in. Turning over a bright young thing, who tried to buttonhole him on the stairs, to Mr. Briggs, he ordered two plates of food and took Jessie, a trifle breathless beside him, to the terrace.

"Still dancing that song with Eddie?" he asked.

"Of course."

"But you're in the Gebhart show."

"Only for a while. Till Eddie gets money from the Swing McGoo fight. But it isn't important."

"It isn't?"

"You can't believe that, can you? You've spent your life piling up money, and what have you got?"

"Money. What have you?"

"Three rooms."

"And you're married and work in a chorus, and you'll go on for the rest of your life, plugging—trying to keep those three rooms."

"Yes, and I'd work in a laundry. I'll work till I drop to keep them." They had carried their plates, on Hennessey's insistence, to the parapet. Jessie's eyes were on the wide vista of the harbour, the panorama of flashlight signs and passing illumined trains. All at once she was in Hennessey's arms.

"I never knew anything could mean so much to anyone up to now," he said, and kissed her. Her reaction was to slap his face and hurry to the lift. Hardly had the operator reached the ground floor when a message to go up made him ascend without depositing Jessie. At the pent-house floor, in stepped Hennessey, carrying a big bunch of violets.

"I did the wrong thing," he said, having followed her into a taxi. "But so did you. You shouldn't have hit me. When you talk as you do, added to what you offer to the naked eye, you can't blame a man for kissing you."

"Yes, all the same, I'm glad I hit you. Why bother to take me home?"

"I want to see those three rooms of yours. I want to know why they mean so much more to you than anything I have does to me?"

Disarmed and a little excited, she let him follow her. Eddie's voice reached them at the apartment door. Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz, the owners, were bitterly complaining of cigarette marks deposited by their present tenants on a polished table. Eddie was protesting. The Schwartzes became more voluble. Jessie was thankful to Hennessey for quietly disappearing.

"Oh, give them a couple of dollars and let's get out of here!" Eddie groaned, running a hand through his hair. "I ought to have told you I only rented the place until to-day."

"I'll pack," Jessie said. She never noticed Hennessey with the violets, watching them go from an angle of the building. The cheap hotel which eventually accommodated them was depressing.

Jessie, courageously putting the best construction on the indifferent lighting and iron bedstead, was pulled up by Eddie, who told her not to be a fool.

"It's a dump, and you know it, Jess. Tell me I'm a heel."

"It's better than lots of people have, and when Swing——"

"Cut it out about Swing! I don't own him any more. I lost his contract playing cards with the boys. Now start screaming."

It wasn't so hard to keep calm and cheerful that night as one a week later. A telegram from Eddie, handed to her as she was about to make a quick change between the *Frolics'* third and fourth act, brought her at the show's conclusion to Mr. Gebhart's office. He forestalled her request for an advance by telling her the show was closing down. From there she went to Hennessey's pent-house. She found him alone, little knowing that he was at the moment thinking of selling the place which for him was haunted by her unseen presence.

His readiness to lend her a hundred dollars to bail out Eddie, who had been gaoled for card debts, was a relief soon spoiled by the delinquent's attitude. According to Eddie, as he and Jessie occupied seats on the last Underground train, Hennessey was very ready to help him along and do all right with Eddie's wife while helping.

A fortnight later he pursued the theme while Jessie was brushing her hair preparatory to going to bed.

"I've got an idea to make big dough, and not get in gaol for it, either," he was saying as Jessie, plying her brush, kept account of the strokes—thirty-four, thirty-five.

"If it's on the level, Eddie, I'll do anything—anything."

"Then marry Hennessey. He's crazy about you. I do a quick fade out. You get a divorce. Marry. Get anything out of him up to a hundred thousand dollars, and in six months you're clear and can come back to me. We'd be set up for ever."

"Stop it!"

"Well, you asked for it, and I'm giving it to you. It's the only way I know."

"The only way you know, and who knows best? You do. I'm beginning to know that look in your eyes, which says: 'What have I done wrong now?' You didn't do anything wrong, Eddie, and you never will, because you don't do things the same as others. You don't even live in the same world—you've no idea of sharing anything. All you want out of other people is that they're to help you to live."

Five minutes later, hat on her head, purse and suitcase in her hand, she had said "Good-bye." It was three months before she called at Hennessey's office. But as soon as she had scraped together a hundred dollars, his loan had to be repaid. His pleasure at seeing her was evident. Though she didn't know it when she handed in her card, Hennessey had been dealing with Briggs' gloomy reports of an imminent strike among their longshore seamen in San Francisco. Forgetting his long-distance call, he dashed out of the office to meet her. Would she dine with him? No, neither on this nor on any other evening. Was it to be hello and good-bye? Yes, just that—with thanks.

"And don't call the lift man this time," Jessie added. "Because I'm walking down!"

None the less, she hadn't reckoned on Hennessey's staying power. Attired, on the following Tuesday afternoon, in Trinet's conception of a lunch gown, as one of his most promising mannequins, she caught sight in the forefront of visitors to the dress show, of Hennessey looking supremely uncomfortable in tail-coat and striped trousers.

That night she dined with him, and he asked her to marry him. She hesitated. Across the table for two, his hand touched hers. "Don't thank me, whatever you do," he interrupted as the words were forming on her lips. "A woman always thanks a man who proposes to her, if she doesn't want to marry him."

"I wasn't going to say no—I wasn't going to say yes. Oh, John, I don't know what I was going to say!"

"I know. It's a tough spot when a man you're not in love with asks you to marry him. Let's dance. That'll give you something to do while I talk about it."

On the floor he said: "It's pretty bad, Jessie, with me. I'm afraid it's one of those incurable things. I want to give you everything with nothing at all in return. And, no matter how long we live, I won't have time to do all the things I want to do for you. If that's love, than I think I've enough for both of us. I'm not afraid." The mixture of his tenderness and strength won her in spite of her dread of Eddie's interference.

Thankfully she yielded to John's suggestion of living in Paris until he could make her his wife. She was dressed for the wedding in her favourite black made festive by touches of silver on the coat and hat, with its sweeping brim, when someone knocked. Eddie came in, carrying a bunch of violets.

"They're in season again," he greeted. "So I thought I'd come. Maybe you're wondering why. Well, I don't want to make a speech about virtue being its own reward, nor to say how much I love you and want you back, nor to ask you to lend me five dollars. It's just this. You can't get away with it."

"With what? Oh, I see! You thought it was a grand idea of yours to get money out of John by my marrying him, so I'd helped myself to it. But I didn't. You think of everything in terms of your own cheapness."

"Then you spend your time telling him you're in love with him; but, whichever way it is if you don't pay me off when you come back after your European honeymoon trip, I'll tell Hennessey my reason why you married him."

"You can't hurt him that way. I'm not in love with him. He knows it, and he doesn't mind. But he'll never get over it if I let you hurt him, and I won't. I'll walk out on him sooner. Remember that, Eddie." John, coming in at that moment to ask if she was ready, failed to upset Eddie's composure.

"Just leaving, Mr. Hennessey," he greeted. "You don't mind my looking in to wish the kid good luck and the same to you. So long, Jessie."

John turned her chin upwards under the wide hat.

"Ready," he smiled. Never had she felt such comfort in his kiss.

Egypt, Budapest, Vienna—Jessie carried satisfying memories of these places, but most of all she treasured the thought of three weeks spent with John in the three rooms of an Irish farmhouse, where he learnt to bicycle and she to mix a saffron cake. She realised the extent of her happiness one evening when he brought in a cablegram at supper time and she couldn't open it for fear it would put an end to their sojourn in paradise.

"Better read it; it's for you," he said, as he pulled at his clay pipe after the meal was eaten. She read the wire he handed. It was from Briggs; asking for John's immediate return to New York, as business disaster was impending. She dropped the flimsy in the redhot coals and lied like a trooper to John about the message. But even while she stretched herself on the bearskin-covered couch, looking up at him in the easy-chair, her sense of values re-asserted itself. His talk of his work, of having built up his business and not wanting it to crumble to pieces, gave her the cue.

She kissed his head and put her arms about him. "Oh, John!" she said with a catch in her throat. "Though everything I love is here and everything I hate is back there, you've got your life to live. Take me back, dear, because we have to go."

Briggs was waiting on the quay with strike news: "Your men have walked out, every one of them, John. They're meeting now at the Seamen's Hall."

"Right. I'll be along." He was barely gone, leaving her to the care of Mike, the chauffeur, when she saw Eddie beckoning from a distance. Dismissing Mike, she took a taxi to his room of bachelor days.

"I've come to tell you to lay off John and me," she said. "I'm in love with the swellest guy I've ever known."

"Sounds wonderful; almost like a fairy tale. What's it worth to you?"

"I knew you were going to say that. You needn't bother going to John, because, when you get there, I'll be gone and he won't be able to find me. It's going to hurt him, and it'll hurt me as long as I can feel anything, but I'm going to walk out on him; not you. That's what it's worth to me."

"Jess, you're not kidding?"

"I've never kidded you in my life, Eddie."

"I know. I guess I'm a heel, but it's the way I am. I don't believe you'll walk out on him, Jess; so I'm coming up to collect. It's too bad."

She was thankful that John was not in when she arrived at his pent-house. She collected the jewellery he had given her, a little startled at the quantity when collected in one satin-lined box, wrote him a farewell note, and was crossing the hall as he came in by the front door.

"Sorry, darling, but I've been kept late. I've a lot to tell you—hey, what's this? Early for a birthday, isn't it?" She was trying to tell him that things hadn't turned out as she planned, that she didn't love him, that she was leaving, the while feeling the agony of his dumb-founded look, when the front door again opened.

"I rang, but no one answered. Nothing was locked, so I walked in," Eddie explained. "Just thought I'd drop in."

"What are you after?" John demanded.

"There you go again. Always people want to know what I'm after. I want nothing except to wish you good luck."

"Wait a minute, Eddie. You haven't gone noble about us all of a sudden?" Jessie asked.

"Who? Me? Haven't you read the newspapers? Hennessey's broke. His seamen walked out on him, and the company had only enough assets to pay off its debts. Me and him are in the same gutter now. Only I know all the warm places."

"What has all that got to do with you being noble, Killer?"

"Only something Jess and I figured out once. Something we were counting on——"

Despair rose in Jessie, but determination that John should hear the truth from her made her retail Eddie's proposal. The result was no better than she feared. She had to listen to John being angry with her for the first time, to hear her visit to the office (albeit to repay a loan), her meeting with Eddie before she went to Paris, her reluctance to leave Ireland, as all part of a pernicious gold-digging scheme.

"I'd no idea it was so funny," John flung out bitterly as the door closed on the man whom Jessie prayed never to see again. "After all the panic, what do you get? I'm in the gutter, and Eddie knows all the warm places. Maybe, if you hurry, you'll catch him."

"I'm not going, John. I'm staying here. You've worked up a wonderful case against me, haven't you? And I'm not explaining. Plenty of time for that. You're going right now to take this jewellery and sell it, and we'll start again in three rooms. You're going to work, and I'm going stay around to see you don't get so big you'll burst. Am I, John? Am I?" Love, longing, determination, pride went out with Jessie's right hand.

"There you go, slugging me again," he complained, rubbing his cheek.

"It worked the last time," she said and, with a sob of pure joy, fell into his outstretched arms.



Briggs (Ralph Morgan) sees John Hennessey (Spencer Tracy) and Jessie off to Europe.

REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S story *The Vessel of Wrath* which deals with a beachcomber on a Malayan island who eventually marries a missionary, once his pet aversion, has been treated with subtlety by Erich Pommer and provides one of the most entertaining British pictures of the current year.

Pommer has not made the mistake of being too subtle nor of neglecting the "belly laughs" for the sake of enforcing the psychology of the characters, although that aspect is always apparent and is singularly effective.

The picture opens in an actionful manner with the beachcomber, Ginger Ted, running amok because his remittance is seized to pay his numerous native creditors.

During this period he runs foul of the straight-laced missionary, Martha Jones, by enticing one of her grown-up girl pupils to accompany him on a carouse. The sequence in the schoolroom is amusing but is over-prolonged and would benefit by a little pruning.

Anyway, the upshot of it all is that the Dutch Controleur of the island who looks on Ginger Ted as a sound drinking companion, has to send him away to another island for three months as a punishment.

The boat which is sent to bring him back also carries Martha Jones; it breaks down and she is forced to spend the night on a barren islet with him. Much to her astonishment he respects her and this awakes in her a desire to reform him and also something akin to affection.

Incidentally, the island sequence, too, is unduly spun out and here again a little pruning would tighten up the action to the picture's advantage.

Back home again, Ginger Ted hits his friend the Controleur for having made innuendoes about his relations with Martha and then he goes off on a drunk.

Martha Jones now thoroughly determined to rehabilitate him takes him in hand and finally persuades him to go with her to fight a typhoid outbreak in the interior. During this, her courage inspires respect and finally love in the heart of Ginger Ted and they are married.

The ending is one of the best I have seen for some time. The pair go home and take a country inn. Ginger goes teetotal and Martha has her dresses cut just a little bit lower!

The interplay between the two characters is exceedingly cleverly handled and the touch of satire is pointed by the fact that Ginger's father had been a clergyman and Martha's a drunkard.

Charles Laughton gives a natural and restrained comedy study of the beachcomber. He enters into the skin of his part more thoroughly than any other in which I have seen him.

Good as he is, however, I would award the greater praise to Elsa Lanchester whose rendering of the missionary is a brilliant piece of characterisation also carried out in a restrained comedy vein.

She has some excellent dialogue—indeed the entire script is well dialogued—and she makes every word tell.

Her remark on the barren islet on which she and Ginger are marooned: "And only man is vile," with a significant look at her companion, after surveying the beauty of the scenery, is masterly in its comprehensiveness.

I found Martha's brother, a clergyman, played by Tyrone Guthrie rather overstated; he gets laughs at the expense of conviction.

Robert Newton is extremely good as the controleur.

Dolly Mollinger is physically very attractive and also acts well as the native girl whom Ginger Ted takes from the schoolroom while another dusky charmer is also convincingly characterised by Rosita Garcia.

The atmosphere is exceedingly good and the camera work and technical qualities worthy of the story and the direction.

OF HUMAN HEARTS

● While there is a great deal of sincerity and some fine character drawing and acting in this domestic drama it is not wholly successful, partly because it is very drawn out and partly because the concluding sequences are too sentimentalised to carry any conviction.

It is the story of a poor preacher in a small Ohio community who never understands his son, and of the sacrifices of his mother to give him enough money to become a doctor.

The father dies, the son becomes a famous surgeon during the American Civil War and the mother is neglected.

Finally, Abraham Lincoln sends for the son and threatens to court-martial him if he does not write to his mother every week!

The doctor gets leave of absence and visits his mother for the first time in years.

It is these latter sequences which strike an artificial note, which is a pity, because the building up of the characters is both convincing and interesting and the atmosphere generally realistic.

Walter Huston is fine as the forthright preacher who recognises his son's failings and treats him in the wrong way, while Beulah Bondi is very sympathetic as the mother.

James Stewart turns in another clever study as the son and Gene Reynolds is excellent as the same character as a boy.

Clever village character studies are given by Guy Kibbee as a grasping storekeeper, and Charles Coborn as a drunk doctor who inspires the preacher's son to become a surgeon.

A slight love interest is pleasingly introduced by Ann Rutherford as the hero's boyhood sweetheart.

Scenic qualities are attractive and the Civil War episodes are well staged.

WISE GIRL

● Another crazy comedy, this time with Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland in the leads. They make a good team and get the utmost out of the nonsensical but nevertheless entertaining story of an artist in Greenwick Village who has the custody of his dead brother's children, and a girl, the sister of the children's deceased mother who is trying to get possession of them.

The expected, of course, happens and the pair fall in love but it takes the girl all her time to force the artist to take seriously to painting and give up the rough Bohemian life he is leading and also to put herself right in his eyes for trying to take the children away from him.

It is full of bright situations and the dialogue is piquant and snappy.

Both Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland give first-rate performances and the supporting cast does all that is required of it.

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

● Both Alice Faye and George Murphy give good performances in this thin and rather discursive romance with music.

It deals with a publicity stunt, in which a young man, Hal Adams, poses as a millionaire and is supposed to buy up all the seats for the first week of a show in which an actress, Betty Bradley, is appearing. This is to stimulate public interest in the production and also to avoid an opening clash with a charity benefit.

The inevitable happens. Hal falls for the girl and finally has to confess he is a fake.

The plot is interspersed with turns and stage presentations which are quite well done, but as a whole the picture does not hold the interest very firmly.

Ken Murray is quite good as a producer, but the humour of Oswald, his stooge, did not strike me as being of a particularly bright variety.

Andy Devine scores, however, as a bodyguard provided for the phoney millionaire.

Songs are quite tuneful and settings lavish.

On the Screen's Now

****STAGE DOOR

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Back-stage drama. Runs 91 minutes.

KATHARINE HEPBURN ..... Terry Randall
GINGER ROGERS ..... Jean Maitland
ADOLPHE MENJOU ..... Anthony Powell
GAIL PATRICK ..... Linda Shaw
CONSTANCE COLLIER ..... Catharine Luther
ANDREA LEEDS ..... Kaye Hamilton
SAMUEL S. HINDS ..... Henry Sims
LUCILLE BALL ..... Judith Canfield
FRANKLIN PANGBORN ..... Harcourt
WILLIAM CORSON ..... Bill
PIERRE WATKIN ..... Richard Carmichael
GRADY SUTTON ..... Butch
FRANK REICHER ..... Stage Director
PHYLLIS KENNEDY ..... Hattie
EVE ARDEN ..... Eve
ANN MILLER ..... Annie
MARGARET EARLY ..... Mary Lou
JEAN ROUVEROL ..... Dizzy
NORMA DRURY ..... Olga Brent
ELIZABETH DUNNE ..... Mrs. Orcutt
JANE RHODES ..... Ann Braddock
HARRIET BRANDON ..... Madeleine
PEGGY O'DONNELL ..... Susan

Directed by Gregory La Cava. From the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. The story of the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of Feb. 19, 1938. Previewed January 29, 1938.

Certainly one of the most convincing and finely characterised back-stage dramas I have seen on the screen.

Most of the action takes place in a theatrical boarding-house where, to keep up their spirits after the daily round of disappointments, the girls indulge in caustic wisecracks and sometimes horseplay.

Katharine Hepburn plays the role of Terry Randall, daughter of a wealthy father, who is stage-struck and who determines to make good on her own.

Without her knowledge, her father backs a play in which she is to be starred, hoping she will "flop" and give up the idea of a stage career.

On the night of the first performance a young girl, who had passionately longed for the part, commits suicide.

Terry Randall is almost unable to go on, but finally, inspired by the spirit of the dead girl, she gives a wonderful piece of acting.

The acting generally is on a particularly high level. Ginger Rogers is brilliant as a wise-cracking young dancer who shares a room with Terry, while Katharine Hepburn has not been seen to better advantage than as the ambitious and down-to-earth stage aspirant.

A great character study is given by Andrea Leeds as the sensitive young girl who commits suicide. She strikes a note of sincere poignancy.

Adolphe Menjou, as a philandering producer who puts on the play, backed by the heroine's father, is excellent, as indeed is every member of the boarding-house where a great deal of the action takes place.

A picture, this, that you will enjoy and remember.

***ARTISTS AND MODELS

Paramount. American. "U" certificate Musical extravaganza. Runs 96 minutes.

JACK BENNY ..... Mac Brewster
IDA LUPINO ..... Paula Sewell
RICHARD ARLEN ..... Alan Townsend
GAIL PATRICK ..... Cynthia Wentworth
BEN BLUE ..... Jupiter Pluvius II
JUDY CANOVA ..... Toots
CECIL CUNNINGHAM ..... Stella
HEDDA HOPPER ..... Mrs. Townsend
DONALD MEEK ..... Dr. Zimmer
KATHRYN KAY ..... Lois Townsend
SANDRA STORM ..... Model

Specialities: THE YACHT CLUB BOYS, MARTHA RAY, LOUIS ARMSTRONG, ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA, RUSSELL PATTERSON'S "PERSONETTES," CONNIE BOSWELL, JUDY, ANNE AND ZEKE.

World's Leading Artistes: PETER ARNO, MCCLELLAND BARCLAY, ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN, RUBE GOLDBERG, JOHN LAGATTA, RUSSELL PATTERSON.

Directed by Raoul Walsh. Screen play by Walter De Leon and Francis Martin. Previewed October 16, 1937.

Jack Benny scores heavily in his first solo starring vehicle, a mad, and at times most merry, mixture of novelty, variety, and romance strung together on a thin thread of story dealing with an advertising agent and his models.

Benny, as the near-bankrupt president of an advertising agency, is in great form, gags brilliantly, and acts as a sort of unofficial *compère* to the show.

As his favourite model, Ida Lupino is volatile and effective, and Richard Arlen is sound as Alan, head of a firm, with whom she falls in love.

Gail Patrick is dignified as Cynthia, a former society friend of Alan, with whom Jack Benny pairs off.

Some excellent crazy comedy comes from Ben Blue and Judy Canova.

The spectacular side of the show is noteworthy and, as you can see from the cast list, the variety turns that are introduced are well varied and intriguing.

**EVER SINCE EVE

First National. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 80 minutes.

MARION DAVIES ..... Marge Winton
ROBERT MONTGOMERY ..... Freddy Matthews
FRANK MCHUGH ..... "Mabel" DeCraven
PATSY KELLY ..... Sadie Day
ALLEN JENKINS ..... Jake Edgall
LOUISE FAZENDA ..... Abbie Belldon
BARTON MACLANE ..... Al McCoy
MARCIA RALSTON ..... Camille Lansing
FREDERICK CLARK ..... Alonzo
ARTHUR HOYT ..... Hotel Manager
MARY TREEN ..... Employment Clerk
HARRY HAYDEN ..... President of the Purity League
PIERRE WATKIN ..... Barton
JOHN T. MURRAY ..... Lowell
WILLIAM DAVIDSON ..... Henderson

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. From a story by Margaret Lee and Gene Baker.

The old, old story of the typist who blossoms forth into a beauty has been given a slight twist by making her, in this instance, aware

(*Continued on page 22*)

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 1

Norma wins the acting trophy



Every year a prize was awarded at school for the best acting of the year.



The day of the school play, Norma gave a brilliant performance.



Humphrey Carson, the famous actor - manager, was presenting the prize.



Tired but triumphant, Norma went home to bed.

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of her own beauty and using a plain disguise to avoid unwelcome attentions.

It is all rather artificial and the verbiage is excessive, but the development is quite well handled and direction is good.

Marion Davies, well used to similar roles, is sound, while Robert Montgomery is at home as a philandering author to whom she becomes secretary in her plain disguise. He falls in love with her when he meets her as her own beautiful self.

Patsy Kelly puts over her wise-cracking girl-friend act, and three amusing comedy studies are given by Allen Jenkins; Frank McHugh, as a writer of girls' serial thrillers; and Louise Fazenda, as a hard-boiled publisher.

**NON-STOP NEW YORK

General F.D. (Gaumont). "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 71 minutes.

Anna Lee	Jennie Carr
John Loder	Inspector Jim Grant
Frank Cellier	Sam Pryor
Desmond Tester	Arnold James
William Dewhurst	Mortimer
James Pierrie	Billy Cowper
Francis L. Sullivan	Huzo Brandt
Drusilla Wills	Ma Carr
Jerry Verno	Steward
Athene Seyler	Aunt Veronica
Ellen Pollock	Miss Harvey
Arthur Goullett	Abel
Peter Bull	Spurgeon
Tony Quinn	Harrigan

Also: Danny Green, Bryan Herbert, Tom Scott, Aubrey Pollock, Sam Wilkinson, Atholl Fleming, Alf. Goddard, H. G. Stoker, Jack Lester, Hal Waters, Albert Chevalier, Phyllis Morris, Andrea Malandrinos, Roy Smith, Billy Watts, Frederick Piper, Edward Ryan, Percy Parsons, Alexander Sarner.

Directed by Robert Stevenson. Previewed December 11, 1937.

While this crime story does not quite hit the bull's eye, it does provide good entertainment of its type, and is noteworthy for its sound acting and ingenious basic idea. A certain raggedness about the continuity militates against its complete success.

Anna Lee is fair as Jennie, a chorus girl stranded in America, who is the only witness to a murder. When she returns to England the crooks concerned in the killing do all they can to prevent her appearing as a witness, but she finally succeeds in outwitting them.

The big climax takes place on a cross-Atlantic aeroplane and ends with the death of the chief crook after a thrilling battle for control of the 'plane.

John Loder is well cast as a Scotland Yard inspector, who at first refuses to believe the heroine's story and ends by falling in love with her.

Acting honours, however, go to Frank Cellier as a blackmailer, and Francis L. Sullivan as the gangster.

Desmond Tester gives a clever study of a child musical prodigy, and Athene Seyler is delightful as his aunt.

**CHARLIE CHAN ON BROADWAY

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 68 minutes.

Warner Oland	Charlie Chan
Keye Luke	Lee Chan
Joan Marsh	Joan Wendall
J. Edward Bromberg	Murdock
Douglas Fowley	Johnny Burke
Harold Huber	Inspector Nelson
Donald Wood	Speed Patten
Louise Henry	Billie Bronson
Joan Woodbury	Marie Collins
Leon Ames	Buzz Moran
Marc Lawrence	Thomas Mitchell
Tashia Mori	Ling Tse
Charles Williams	Meeker
Eugene Borden	Louie

Directed by Eugene Forde. Original story by Art Arthur, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan.

Warner Oland once again acquits himself with that imperturbability and humour which has made the "Charlie Chan" series one of the most popular detective series on the screen to-day.

In this instance he has a double murder mystery to solve, this time in America, and he is ably assisted by Keye Luke as his son, Lee Chan.

The pace is rapid and the supporting characters are all well drawn.

*YOU LIVE AND LEARN

Warner, British. "U" certificate. Romantic farce. Runs 80 minutes.

Glenda Farrell	Mamie Wallis
Claude Hulbert	Peter Millett
Glen Alyn	Dot Harris
John Carol	George
James Stephenson	Sam Brooks
George Galleon	Lord Haverstock
Arthur Finn	Joseph P. Munro
Wallace Evennett	Amos Biddle
Margaret Yarde	Mrs. Biddle
Charlotte Leigh	Miss Tanner
Pat Fitzpatrick	Jimmy Millett
Anna Murrell	Anne Millett
Muriel Blatcher	Peg Millett
Gibb McLaughlin	Monsieur Duval

Directed by Arthur Woods. From the story "Have You Come For Me," by Norma Patterson.

Glenda Farrell manages to score in this farce, in spite of the leisurely and obvious development of the plot. As an American entertainer who meets a simpleton visiting Paris, and marries him because she thinks that he has money, she continues to build up a likeable character, and Claude Hulbert is quite good as the simpleton in question.

The opening sequences are the best. When the action moves back to England, where newly wed wife discovers that her husband has three children and lives in a broken-down cottage, the tempo becomes slow, although it has a certain picturesque and homely appeal.

Thereafter the story concerns itself with local gossip and hypocrisy.

*BAD GUY

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Prison drama. Runs 68 minutes.

Bruce Cabot	"Lucky" Walden
Virginia Grey	Kitty
Edward Norris	Steve Carroll
Jean Chatburn	Betty
Cliff Edwards	"Hi-Line"
Charley Grapewin	Dan Gray
Warren Hymer	"Shorty"
John Hamilton	Warden
Clay Clement	Bronson

Directed by Edward Cahn. Story by J. Robert Bren, Kathleen Shepard, Hal Long.

There is not a great deal of conviction in this somewhat grim story of a reckless young telephone linesman who kills a man and, having

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

****STAGE DOOR
***ARTISTS AND MODELS
**EVER SINCE EVE
**NON-STOP NEW YORK
**CHARLIE CHAN ON BROADWAY
*YOU LIVE AND LEARN
*BAD GUY
*SHE ASKED FOR IT
c*ATLANTIC FLIGHT
c*SUDDEN BILL DORN
c*RIDERS OF THE ROCKIES
EASY RICHES

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

by Lionel Collier

escaped from the chair through the perjury of his half-brother, proceeds to live still more recklessly, and ends up in prison, where he is killed whilst trying to escape again with the help of his obliging half-brother.

The background to the picture is electrical engineering, and this aspect is well and vividly introduced, but the plot itself is apt to strain too far for complete success.

Bruce Cabot is quite good as the "bad guy," and Edward Norris sound as his half-brother.

Virginia Grey makes a very attractive heroine.

C*RIDERS OF THE ROCKIES

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Western melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

Tex Ritter	Tex Rand
Louise Stanley	Louise Rogers
Charles King	Regan
Yakima Canutt	Sergeant Beef
Earl Dwire	Jeffries
Snub Pollard	Pee Wee
Horace Murphy	Doc.
Martin Garalaga	Mendoza
Jack Rockwell	Captain Hayes
Paul Lopez	Pete
Heber Snow	Henchman

Directed by R. N. Bradbury.

A conventional Western, dealing with the suppression of cattle thieves by a Texas ranger, has quite good scenic qualities, but is weak in plot; it is held up by song inserts and indifferent direction.

However, the ingredients are of a nature which will ensure its appeal to juveniles.

*SHE ASKED FOR IT

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Crazy comedy, with melodramatic touches. Runs 68 minutes.

William Gargan	Dwight Stanford
Orien Heyward	Penelope Stanford
Vivienne Osborne	Celia Stettin
Richard Carle	Ted Hoyt
Harry Beresford	Mr. Switch
Alan Birmingham	Conrad Norris
Harry Fleischman	Jenkins
Tully Marshall	Grandpa Stettin
Miki Morita	Kaito

Directed by Eric C. Kenton. Screen play by Frederick Jackson, Theodore Reeves and Howard Irving Young.

While the picture confines itself to satirising the author of crime stories who goes all temperamental and tries to bring the creation of his brain to life in his own person, it is quite amusing, but when it proceeds to take itself seriously it upsets the balance and becomes somewhat confusing and dull.

William Gargan, however, displays a good sense of humour and character as the author, and helps emphasise one of the picture's main assets—originality of theme.

As his wife, who divorces him when he becomes temperamental, Orien Hayward, a newcomer, is rather too forced for effectiveness.

C*ATLANTIC FLIGHT

Pathe. American. "U" certificate. Aerial melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.

Dick Merrill	Dick Bennett
Jack Lambie	Carter
Paula Stone	Gail
Weldon Heyburn	Bill
Ivan Lebedeff	Baron
Milburn Stone	Pokey

Directed by William Nigh. Original story and screen play by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus

Flying thrills form the main asset of this conventional aerial melodrama and will doubtless be particularly attractive to juveniles.

The story itself is a novelettish affair concerning an air race, in which a foreigner tampers with his rival's machine, thus injuring the inventor, who is saved by the hero who breaks a flying record while going in search of a serum for him.

Aerial camera work is very good and the suspense climax is well sustained.

Dick Merrill is, naturally, at home in the aeroplane sequences, but he is not a great actor. A slight romantic interest in adequately looked after by Paula Stone and Weldon Heyburn. Ivan Lebedeff makes a suitably suave villain, and amusing comedy relief is supplied by Milburn Stone.

C*SUDDEN BILL DORN

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Runs 58 minutes.

Buck Jones	Bill Dorn
Noel Francis	Lorna Kent
Evelyn Brent	Diana
Frank McGlynn, Sen.	Capt. Jenks
Lee Phelps	Ken Fairchild
Harold Hodge	Mike Bundy

Directed by Ray Taylor.

Buck Jones is virile, as usual, in this made-to-formula Western, in which he assists the heroine to regain possession of property filched from her by the bad man of the piece. Noel Francis is a cut above the usual run of Western heroines, and Evelyn Brent is good in a supporting role.

The development is a little vague, but outdoor sequences are well staged and contain a thrill or two.

EASY RICHES

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Small-town comedy-drama. Runs 67 minutes.

George Carney	Sam Miller
Gus McNaughton	Joe Hicks
Tom Helmore	Harry Miller
Marjorie Taylor	Dorothy Hicks
Molly Hamley-Clifford	Mrs. Miller
Peter Gawthorne	Stacey Lang
Aubrey Mallalieu	Mr. Marsden
Michael Ripper	Cuthbert

Directed by Maclean Rogers. Original story by John Hunter.

Hackneyed plot, dealing with the rivalry of two small-town business men, which contains simple humour and sentiment of an unsophisticated order.

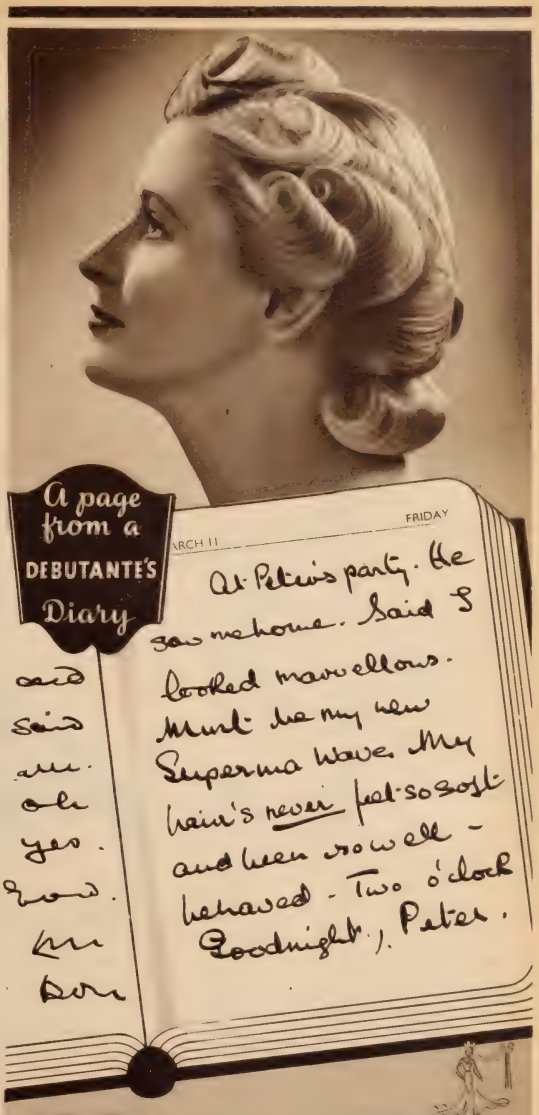
The picture is carried mainly on the shoulders of Gus McNaughton and George Carney as the owners of a cement works and a brickfield respectively. They manage to make the characters fairly convincing.

There is rather a lot of dialogue, which tends to slow up action, but settings are quite sound.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Action For Slander (2)	*Jan.* 22
Ali Baba Goes to Town (2)	*March* 5
Another Dawn (2)	*Jan.* 15
Back in Circulation (2)	*March* 12
Blonde Trouble (2)	*Feb.* 5
Bride Wore Red, The (2)	*March* 5
Counsel For Crime (2)	*March* 12
Double Wedding (2)	*Feb.* 12
Dr. Syn (2)	*Feb.* 12
Easy Living (3)	*Jan.* 15
Firefly, The (2)	*Feb.* 19
Foolish Heiress (2)	*Feb.* 12
Forlorn River (2)c	*Feb.* 5
High, Wide and Handsome (2)	*Jan.* 22
Hit Parade, The (2)	*Jan.* 15
Hot Water (2)	*March* 12
It's Love I'm After (3)	*Feb.* 26
It's All Yours (2)	*Feb.* 5
Keep Fit (2)c	*Feb.* 19
Kid Galahad (3)	*Jan.* 22
Law for Tombstone (2)c	*March* 5
Let's Make a Night of It (2)	*Jan.* 29
Life of Emile Zola, The (3)	*Feb.* 26
Lovely to Look At (2)	*Feb.* 5
Madame X (2)	*Feb.* 26
Man Betrayed, A (2)	*Feb.* 19
New Faces of 1937 (2)	*Feb.* 5
100 Men and a Girl (3)c	*March* 12
Prisoner of Zenda, The (3)c	*March* 12
Rustler's Valley (2)c	*Feb.* 19
She's No Lady (2)	*Feb.* 26
Sky's the Limit, The (2)	*Feb.* 20
Sing and Be Happy (2)	*Feb.* 19
Singing Marine, The (2)	*March* 5
Souls at Sea (3)	*Feb.* 12
Squeaker, The (2)	*Feb.* 12
Star is Born, A (3)	*Jan.* 15
Stella Dallas (2)	*Feb.* 5
Sunset in Vienna (3)	*Jan.* 15
Super Sleuth (2)c	*Feb.* 12
Take It From Me (2)	*March* 12
They Won't Forget (3)	*March* 5
Thirteenth Man, The (2)	*Feb.* 19
Toast of New York, The (3)	*March* 5
Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938 (2)	*Feb.* 19
Way Out West (2)	*Jan.* 15
Wild and Woolly (2)c	*Feb.* 12
You Can't Have Everything (2)	*Jan.* 22



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FIRE! FIRE!

But Keep Your Seats, Please!

I WONDER if you realise the seriousness of panic?

Being a cinema projectionist for 23 years, I have had the opportunity of studying this nightmare; secure in this knowledge, may I point out the futility of rushing to the nearest exit at the slightest suspicion of fire?

Most theatres can be emptied in an orderly manner in three minutes, or less, and *no* fire could gain such a hold as to jeopardise anyone's safety in anywhere near that time.

Emanating from the projection-room itself, it is impossible for fire to reach the theatre, thanks to the strict regulations governing these departments.

All films rotate in fireproof spool-boxes, and, in addition, large steel shutters completely cut off each projection window from the theatre.

On most circuits, should the word Fire be mentioned by any member of the staff, they are liable to instant dismissal, so next time you may have cause for alarm, *don't* panic or shout fire, then at least this letter will have been worth while.—*H. S. Stansfield, 83 Boxalls Lane, Aldershot.*



The caricature of James Stewart is the twentieth of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Bloodthirsty!

● I went to see *Green Light* recently, and was amused at the reactions of some children sitting near me.

A Dick Foran Western was first, and as rustler after rustler bit the dust they shrieked with joy.

Then the star film began. No villains, no vamps; noble sentiments beautifully spoken by Cedric Hardwicke, and perfect behaviour all round.

The hero's dog aroused some interest, but when no villain appeared to be pinned, interest died.

Then the scene moved to Montana. To the children, a barren country, a small shack in the distance, and a handsome young man on horseback meant only one thing—rustlers! And when the rustlers proved only to be a funny insect under a microscope, their disappointment was painful to see!

But there was balm in Gilead! As I struggled out after the first "house," I heard one midget whisper to another (with a wary eye on the attendant) "Let's stay an' see Dick kill all those rustlers again!"—*Flynn-Fan, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

Happy Screen Lovers!

● The easy way in which screen lovers secure *tête-à-têtes* is to be envied.

However crowded a restaurant, they walk straight to a table for two; no sitting with others, wishing them at the bottom of the sea and mumbling to each other.

On a train they do not suffer people standing on their feet and newspapers in their faces, but step into an empty carriage.

When they go home all is quiet. Mother is never knitting on the sofa or father fiddling with the wireless, or a young brother or sister occupying the table with homework.

And the world's lovers can rarely even get seats in the back row to watch their smooth-running romance!—(*Miss*) *Betty Hazelton, Frognal, 35 The Chase, Coulsdon, Surrey, who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Thriller Killers

● I have a large bone to pick with "thriller" producers.

Instead of admitting that the public's taste is more exacting and needs titillating, they cling to old moth eaten technique. They even drag in the familiar "bad man" complete with fishy eye and shifty look.

Haven't they realised that the mustachioed villain is now an obvious red-herring on the trail whom we immediately eliminate from our list of suspects?

Nothing succeeds like novelty, and the intelligence of the public should be respected—not insulted.

A thriller cast should seem equally harmless and the killer finally unmasked as a popular romantic lead or famous heroine. The audience would be kept *really* guessing and they'd like it!

Look at the twist introduced in *After the Thin Man* when heart-throb James Stewart was shown up as the man behind it all. It was unusual and it was appreciated.—*D. Hamlin, c/o 32 Rochester Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 6.*

[*But why not make the "obvious red-herring" the killer?*—"*Thinker.*"]

British Joneses

● The popularity of the Jones family series of pictures probably augurs a boom in that type of film. I hope British producers will not try to catch the flowing tide with some slavish imitation of the originals.

I should like to draw their attention to Miss E. M. Delafield's "Diary of a Provincial Lady," "The Provincial Lady Goes Further," and "The Provincial Lady in America," three books which would provide material for pictures similar to the Jones saga in their general appeal, but with a sharper flavour.

Wit mingles with farce in these books. Highbrows enjoy them, though the humour is never highbrow. The characters are amazingly human, amazingly English.

I can visualise half a dozen really short "shorts" built from these books. Brilliant

(*Continued on page* 26)



A lovely skin for keeps - the **PALMOLIVE** way!

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If your toothpaste contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' its daily use will wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Countless people have found this to be so, because twelve thousand dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their patients. It has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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WHO'S WHO

Joel McCrea

● Is a native Californian. He was born in Los Angeles on November 5, 1905, and was educated at that same Pomona College that was later to give Robert Taylor to a thrilled world.

He started in films as an extra, round about 1930, and got his first chance in an important role in *The Jazz Age*, in support of Douglas Fairbanks, junr. He went on to a second lead with Marion Davies in *The Five O'Clock Girl*, and then with Greta Garbo in *The Single Standard*.

He had the juvenile lead in *Dynamite* and from then on, as the saying is, he never looked back. To-day he is one of the most popular leading men in films.

Recent successes include *Splendour, Private Worlds, Our Little Girl, Barbary Coast, Manhattan Madness, Banjo On My Knee, Two In a Crowd, These Three, You Can't Take Money, Woman Chases Man, Dead End* and *Wells Fargo*.

McCrea (that's his real name by the way) is 6ft. 2in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. Is married to Frances Dee.

Gibb McLaughlin

● This fine character actor was born in Sunderland on July 19, 1884. After a brief career in business he heard the siren call of the stage and he got his first chance with the great Robert Courtneidge in 1910. In the next ten years he appeared with increasing success in the provincial and London theatre.

McLaughlin's first film part was in 1921 (he played Satan in a little piece called *Beyond The Dreams of Avarice*).

Since then he has appeared in many of the greatest British pictures ever made including *The Private Life of Henry VIII, Nell Gwyn* (both silent and talkie versions), *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *The Iron Duke*.

Latest films: *Juggernaut, All In, Irish For Luck, You Live and Learn, Mr. Reeder in Room B.*

The actor is 5ft. 10in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Frank McHugh

● They call Frank the Directors' Friend at the Warner studio. If a film is not going quite as it should do they send for McHugh and write in a bit for him; he never lets them down.

The comedian is a trouper in every sense of that much over-worked word. He was born into show business (the happy event actually occurred in Homestead, Pennsylvania, on May 23, 1899). Both his father and mother are "professionals" and he had his first stage engagements with their touring company.

He crashed Broadway in 1925 with a part in James Gleason's *The Fall Guy* and subsequently appeared in the play in London.

His first big New York hit was not until 1928 when he scored in *Excess Baggage*. He made his screen debut in the same year in a short, but did not embark seriously on a screen career until he went to Hollywood in 1930.

His early film successes were *Bright Lights, Top Speed*, and *The Dawn Patrol*, and ever since he has been Picture Saver No. One on the Burbank lot.

Recent films: *Three Men On a Horse* (in which he virtually had a stellar role), *Stage Struck, Bullets or Ballots, Moonlight Murder, Rhythm on The River, Marry The Girl, Ever Since Eve, Mr. Dodd Takes The Air, Submarine D-1* and *He Couldn't Say No.*

McHugh is 5ft. 7in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Victor McLaglen

● Was born near Tunbridge Wells on December 11, 1886. His father was a clergyman.

Victor ran away from home at an early age to join the army. Subsequently he had an adventurous career in various parts of the world as a prospector, boxer, physical culture expert and professional strong man generally.

Best known feat in the ring was probably going the full distance with Jack Johnson, then heavyweight champion of the world.

He returned to London after serving in the War, and after a few more appearances as a pugilist decided, on the advice of a friend, to try his luck in films. He got a part in *Call Of The Road* and came to the conclusion that this was nice work if you could get it.

He was a success and in 1924 went to Hollywood to star in *The Beloved Brute*. The highlight of his silent career came with *What Price Glory?* though it condemned him to "Flagg" roles for years.

His biggest success in talkies has, of course, been *The Informer*, which won him the Academy Award.

Latest pictures: *The Magnificent Brute, Sea Devils, Nancy Steele is Missing, His Affair, Wee Willie Winkie* and *We're Going To Be Rich* in which he appears with Gracie Fields.

Victor McLaglen is 6ft. 3in. tall and has dark brown hair and blue eyes.

What Do You Think?—Contd.

and brief, they should whet the appetite, so that the audience looks forward to the next, with, "I wonder what the Provincial Lady is doing this week."—*E. M. Wright, 2 Bentley Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.*

[*I believe there is a pronounced demand for this type of film.*—"*Thinker.*"]

Talking "Cast-Lists"

● Couldn't we have the casts of films introduced by talking instead of the written ones? I remember one of the early talkies when H. B. Warner announced each person as they came into the room.

I think this would enable us to pronounce the stars' names, also the names of the parts they are portraying.—(*Miss*) *E. Williams, c/o Payr. Comm. Moore, Flat 2, Westholme, Middle Warberry Road, Torquay, Devon.*

Too Grimm

● I hope Walt Disney will desert Grimm in his next six-reeler, and turn to Hans Andersen for inspiration; the gentle Dane has less scope for "horror" than the Teutonic professors.

"The Marsh King's Daughter" and "The Little Mermaid" are excellent subjects; and so are "Little Tin Soldier" and "The Snow Queen."

But should Mr. Disney ever think of making a serial (and why not, Mr. D.? Lots of our biggest stars started that way!), I hope he will think of "The Wind in the Willows." What scope for his unique genius! He is the only person living who can do full justice to "Toad," while as for Mole . . . ! The ubiquitous Donald would have a *real* rival if this, my favourite dream, came true!—"*Drake Goes West*," *Monmouthshire.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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Annabella; Wendy Barrie; Jane Carr; Jean Colin; Marlene Dietrich (3 poses); Ann Dvorak; Douglas Fairbanks, jun.; Greta Garbo (3 poses); Greer Garson; John Gielgud; Josephine Hutchinson; Billy and Bobby Mauch; Doris Nolan; Jean Parker; Florence Rice; James Stewart; Robert Taylor (7 poses); Spencer Tracy; Conrad Veidt; Fay Wray.

PARTNERS, SEPIA AND COLOURED

Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll (2 poses); Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan.

COLOURGRAPH SERIES

Annabella; Virginia Bruce; Ronald Colman; Nelson Eddy; Greta Garbo (2 poses); Fredric March; Anna May Wong.

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GWR FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!

LET GEORGE DO IT!

MARY (Hessle).—James Stewart, b. May 20, 1911; and Clark Gable, b. Feb. 1, 1901. Write to them both, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.). You can obtain their photographs from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

CURIOUS V. C.—(1) Music in *Wake Up and Live*: "Oh, But I'm Happy," "Wake Up and Live," "Never in a Million Years," "It's Swell of You," "I Love You Much Too Much Muchacha," "There's a Lull in My Life," "I'm Bubbling Over." (2) Music in *Fifty Roads to Town*: "Never in a Million Years."

TRACY FAN (Southend).—Spencer Tracy, b. April 5, 1900, Milwaukee; uses his own name for screen purposes. Write to him, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). Films since 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing* include: *Sky Devil, Shanghai Madness, Power and Glory, Society Girl, The Mad Game, The Show Off, Looking for Trouble, Bottoms Up, When New York Sleeps, Marie Galante, Murder Man, Dante's Inferno, It's a Small World, Whip Saw, Riff Raff, Fury, San Francisco, Libelled Lady, Captains Courageous, They Gave Him a Gun, Big City, Mannequin,* and *Test Pilot*.

REGULAR READER.—No, Jack Haley did not sing himself in *Wake Up and Live*. Buddy Clark "dubbed" for him as Darryl Zanuck did not consider Haley's voice suitable for the part.

D. M. P. (N.Z.).—*Smilin' Through* has been published in play form by Samuel French for 3s. 6d.

TRENNA (Edmonton).—Don Ameche's latest films include: *In Old Chicago*, with Tyrone Power and Alice Faye; *Happy Landing*, with Sonja Henie and *Josette*, with Simone Simon. Write to him, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.) (2) A letter to America costs 1½d. and the usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. 6d., which covers postage, etc. You must send the money by International Postal Order, as English stamps are of no use in America.

F. T. (Lincs).—Addresses as follows: Grace Moore, c/o Columbia, U.S.A.; Jane Wyatt, c/o Universal, U.S.A., and Ronald Colman, c/o Selznick International, U.S.A.

A. J. N.—Latest films and companies: Irene Dunne, *The Awful Truth* for Columbia (U.S.A.); Jeanette MacDonald, *The Girl of the Golden West* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Marlene Dietrich, *Angel* for Paramount (U.S.A.); Gary Cooper, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* for Paramount (U.S.A.). (2) Write to Betty Furness, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) and to Bert Wheeler and Dorothy Lee c/o Radio (U.S.A.).

G. L. (Manchester).—Eric Rhodes appeared as Alberto in *Top Hat* and as Tonetti in *Gay Divorce*.

DOCTOR (Belfast).—(1) Tullio Carminati is not making a film at the moment. He was born Sept. 21, 1895, Zara, Dalmatia. His full name is Count Tullio Carminati de Bramilla. (2) The information we published on Errol Flynn was obtained from the film Company and we naturally must accept that as correct without any definite proof to the contrary.

P. F. (Co. Tipperary).—(1) June Clyde is married to Thornton Freeland. Her films since 1936 include: *King of the Castle, Forgotten Women, Land Without Music, Aren't Men Beasts, Let's Make a Night of It, Make-up, School for Husbands, Sam Small Leaves Town, Intimate Relations.* (2) Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are appearing together for the first time in *Not Wanted On Voyage*, which has not yet been shown. Bebe Daniels' films since 1933 include: *Cocktail Hour, The Song You Gave Me, A Southern Maid, Counsellor at Law, Registered Nurse,* and *Music is Magic.* Ben Lyons' films since 1933 include: *I Spy, The Women in His Life, I Cover the Waterfront, Crimson Romance, Lightning Strikes Twice, Navy Wife, When We Look Back, Dancing Feet, Down to the Sea.* (3) Jimmy Durante's latest film is *Sally, Irene and Mary* and he is scheduled for *Little Miss Broadway.* (4) Tony Martin's films since 1936 include: *Follow the Fleet, Farmer in the Dell, Back to Nature, Sing Baby Sing, Harmony Parade, Banjo on My Knee, The Holy Terror, You Can't Have Everything, Sing and Be Happy, Ali Baba Goes to Town, The Joy Parade, Sally, Irene and Mary.* (5) Maureen O'Sullivan is at present making *Madelon.* (6) Madeleine Carroll's father was Irish and her mother a Frenchwoman. (7) The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. 6d., which includes postage, etc.

ROBERT YOUNG FAN (Plymouth).—Robert Young's latest films include: *Romance for Three* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) and *Josette* for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.).

JOAN (Aberdeen).—Yes, Derrick de Marney and Terrence de Marney are brothers.

PORTER HALL FAN (Co. Cork).—Birthdates as follows: Bruce Lister, June 6, 1912; Barry K. Barnes, b. 1909; Gordon Oliver, Oct. 27, 1910; James Stephenson, April 14, no year given; Lyle Talbot, Feb. 8, 1904. (2) Yes, Dick Baldwin sometimes acts under the name of Robert Baldwin and Dick Purcell under the name of Richard Purcell.

D. F. (Leeds).—Barbara Stanwyck was born July 16, 1907. Yes, she sang herself in *His Affair*.

E. F. (Cardiff).—John Wood was born at Forbes, New South Wales, Australia on Nov. 11, 1909, and was educated at Sydney. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 145 lb. His films include: *Girl in the Crowd, Ful' Circle, Case of Gabriel Perry, The Last Days of Pompeii, To Catch a Thief,* and *Over She Goes.* Yes, he has appeared on both the Australian and English stage.

MICHAEL WHALEN FAN.—Michael Whalen b. June 30, no year given, Pennsylvania; he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 170 lb. and is of Irish descent. His real name is Joseph Kenneth Shovlin. His latest film is *Change of Heart* for Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, U.S.A.

M. O. (Belfast).—Latest films and companies: Marlene Dietrich, *Angel* for Paramount (U.S.A.); Janet Gaynor, *A Star is Born,* for Selznick International (U.S.A.); Jessie Matthews, *Sailing Along,* for Gainsborough (Eng.); Carole Lombard, *Fools for Scandal,* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); Gracie Fields, *We're Going To Be Rich,* for Twentieth Century-Fox (Eng.).

P. T. (Beds.).—Sabu was born in 1923. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

THE BILLY COTTON CLUB MAGAZINE "COTTON REEL" No. 1 is now ready and No. 2 will be ready very shortly. The magazine is free for the first issue and all particulars can be obtained from the Hon. General Secretary, Mr. David H. Hayes, c/o 24 Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

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THE BRITISH DEANNA DURBIN CLUB invites film fans of all ages to join. This club holds meetings once a month. The London members are invited to take part in social evenings, hikes and dances. The club magazine, called COM, has an interesting story of Deanna Durbin. Write to Gerald P. Ellis, 22 Sussex Place, Slough, for full particulars.

• • •

THE BRIAN DONLEVY CLUB wishes to inform all new members that the club subscription is now only 1s. and all members to date will be made charter members. All members receive a special autographed photograph from Brian personally. The club is now affiliated with the BRIAN DONLEVY FAN CLUB in America, who send all members copies of the club's international magazine—*Salute*—which contains news of Brian's new pictures, articles by other stars, members and the press, etc. The next *Salute* will contain the new competition, prizes for which will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Donlevy. Mr. Donlevy wishes to thank all readers who so kindly wrote to him while he was in England recently. Any further details can be obtained from the Vice-President of the INTERNATIONAL BRIAN DONLEVY CLUB at 89 Fairbridge Road, Highgate, London, N.9. Readers outside the United Kingdom can obtain details from Louise Baldwin, 118 West Street, Mount Vernon, Indiana, U.S.A.

• • •

THE RAMON NOVARRO FILM CLUB NEWS has just been published and contains interesting news of Ramon and details of his future plans. Full details of this interesting club can be obtained from Miss A. Homan, 45 Chardmore Road, London, N.16.

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It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan club to ensure a reply.

No. 356 (New Series) Vol. 7. March 19, 1938.

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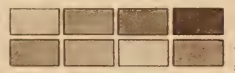
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"Well, when I smoothed it on I saw my skin had the look I'd envied in others," Lady Morris continued. "It had a clear, creamy tone, fresh, young—no made-up, powdery look at all! There was a smartness, too, that the other powders had never given my skin. That's why I use Pond's Rachel 1 to this day."



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The colourscope showed blue *in lovely blonde skin—green in beautiful brunette skin.*



POND'S
Face Powder

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

COMPLEXION troubles form, I suppose, at least 50 per cent. of the queries I receive from readers. Supposing, therefore, we talk about complexions in general this week.

Pimples are annoyances. I am writing not so much of the crop that affects the growing girl, but the occasional pimple that invariably appears before a dance or some other festive or important occasion. You desperately need to camouflage it, of course. What can be done?

If it appears a couple of days ahead of your festivity, don't be stampeded into squeezing and irritating it. If you do it will leave a scar that is difficult to hide. Bathe it frequently with hot water and apply the following lotion which any chemist will make up for you: Spirit of wine, 1 part; calomine lotion, 10 parts.

If you would like to go back to Nature, there is a simple lotion made from celery that is very helpful in clearing up pimples. Take some of the white part of celery, wash it and shred it up finely. Place in a pan with a little water and simmer for half an hour. Strain it and measure the liquid. Add an equal quantity of spirits of camphor. Bottle and keep tightly corked. Rub this lotion into the skin twice a day.

If your pimple did not appear in time to give it treatment, you need to camouflage it before applying your make-up. The easiest way of doing this is to use a special spot stick. A touch of this and pimples as well as small scars and other blemishes are safely concealed. The preparation is reasonably waterproof and stays put all day.

If you have more than a few isolated blemishes and the complexion is generally bad, with perhaps old acne scars in evidence, you can use a special snow lotion as a foundation. This conceals the imperfections, gives an attractive transparency to the skin, and being antiseptic in nature as well, helps on with the good work of healing.

As soon as the new baby carrots come in season there is a pleasant and effective means of improving the worst of skins. Eat a small carrot twice a day. If you do not like it whole, grate it and sprinkle it over a salad. Morning and night take a little hot water with a dash of unsweetened lemon juice in it. Great skin beautifier this, and so cheap and simple.

High winds spoil delicate skins. They make them blotched and dry. These dry scurfy patches are also in some part due to our winter food. When the new spring grass comes along and we are eating dairy produce from cows that have fed upon the new grass, and we have new vegetables rich in vitamins, skin troubles clear up of their own accord. In the meantime a skin that is blotched from the wind should be given a nightly treatment with zinc and eucalyptus ointment. After washing with lukewarm water, and patting dry, spread a little on the face, leave for five minutes and then wipe off carefully. Next morning rinse with cool water only, and pat in a little soothing lotion.

Some skins towards the end of winter look sallow and dirty and full of those tiny blackheads so difficult to deal with. They are not big enough to be pressed out, and if you try you only succeed in making the skin sore. This kind of skin is generally greasy as well, so the lightly drying effect of the following treatment is beneficial in two ways.

Buy some tincture of green soap from the chemist and also a not-too-stiff toothbrush. Put a little of the soap in a saucer, add some hot water and work it up. Dip your toothbrush in the mixture, and then gently scrub the face with it until the skin is glowing and rosy. Rinse in warm water, then in cold water, dry and apply a mild astringent.

Repeat this night and morning for a week and note the difference it makes to the complexion. It will look tones fairer.

Chins often take on a darker tone of skin compared with the rest of the face. Like necks, I think this comes of tucking the chin into a fur collar in cold weather. Whatever the cause, here is the cure:

Buy a stiff rubber sponge, and wash every night with warm water and a good mild soap. Rinse with cold water, taking care to give the chin a good friction with the sponge. Then buy a bleaching lotion or pack—there are many made up all ready to use—and spread it on the chin. Take off in due course with cotton wool and tepid water, dry and massage with a little cream to counteract the drying tendencies of the bleaching agent.

Then, of course, there is the ever-recurrent subject of blackheads. Ever-recurrent, but this trouble affects every young girl in her 'teens. Blackheads require an article to themselves, but let me say here and now that I can send to anyone interested a treatment that has helped many of my readers to improve this trying condition. Send a stamped addressed envelope with your request.

Anyone who is troubled with blackheads should wash the hair at least once a week. So often the trouble is accompanied by dandruff. The fine scales that drop from the scalp further infect the skin and spread the trouble. Often it is impossible to cure blackheads until the dandruff has been cured too.

• • •

Doris Russell (East Ham).—Here is the prescription: Sulphur precipitate, 1 part; calamine, 3 parts; eau de Cologne, 10 parts; lime water to 100 parts. The tonic suggested increases the blemishes only for a short time, after which the skin tends to clear.

V. Beckwith (Queens Park).—At 17 years of age, slimming except under medical advice is unwise. Join a physical culture class.

W. D. J.—There is a constitutional cause for the bags under your eyes. Have your eyes tested and consult your doctor. Bathe your eyes with a good proprietary eye lotion. Clear blue whites come from good health. I think your general health needs toning up.

• • •

TWO heads are better than one when it comes to settling a beauty problem. Send your query, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, to ANNE, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss M. C. Dand, 21 Bow Street, Huddersfield, Yorks, for:—

Pennies from Heaven
Missing
Angel
Wanted

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to E. L. Knights, 594 Spring Road, Ipswich, for:—

The Prize Fighter
Once a Doctor
Professional Soldier
Jack of All Trades

Miss Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilledale, Durham City, for:—

Beauty
Conflict
Afterwards
Scarface

Willis Toogood, Lennoxlove, Haddington, Scotland, for:—

Please Teacher
When's Your Birthday?
Girls, Please
Don't Get Personal

Tom Harrison, 12 Dartmouth Pl., Meir, Stoke-on-Trent, for:—

Tarzan Escapes
The Jungle Princess
Woman Chases Man
The Return of Tarzan.

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "Titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

The finest shampoo *in the handiest form ever used!*



No preparations of any sort, no mess or trouble, no liquid waste with soapless Eve Shampoo Cream! Wet your hair, squeeze a ribbon of the intriguingly perfumed cream along your hand, rub into your hair, and rinse off—that's all; and you've had, in the space of a few minutes, a complete hair beauty treatment. And a tube of this amazing shampoo cream contains enough for three shampoos and costs 6d only! Eve Shampoo brings undreamed of beauty to your hair, whatever the shade. No matter how dull—or bright—Eve's soapless foam reveals a new radiant loveliness, a silky, lustrous softness. Eve Shampoo Cream removes all dirt, grease and clogging deposits of other shampoos. It cleanses *utterly*—yet contains no harmful alkali or bleach . . . is absolutely safe!

Eve Shampoo Cream is the ideal "family" shampoo; gentle and safe for children—quick and trouble-free for men.

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For those who prefer their soapless shampoo in powder form there is the famous original Eve Shampoo Powder — 2d per packet.

Get this superb book FREE! Post your coupon to-day

While the limited supply lasts, secure *your* copy of this magnificent colour book by M. Auguste, the famous authority on women's coiffure. Page after page of superb photographs showing exciting new styles you may set yourself and *how* to set them at home. Pages of hair beauty and health hints, professional advice on scalp troubles — a *complete* guide to hair loveliness! You can obtain "Lovely Hair" FREE by filling in the coupon and sending it, with three penny stamps, in a sealed envelope to Joseph Watson & Sons Ltd., Leeds. Secure *your* copy of "Lovely Hair" *to-day!* (*Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Hairdressers, all stock the new Eve Shampoo Cream.*)



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Address .....

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FROM HAIRDRESSERS, STORES, &

Horses for courses

Or what suits one doesn't suit another . . . . which is just as well, otherwise we should have a very dull world . . . . With Cigarettes, Player's give a choice of their famous Navy Cut . . . . "Medium" or "Mild." "Medium" of course suit millions: a veritable old friend, as irreplaceable as a devoted pet, as enjoyable as a favourite hobby . . . . and with all the reliability of such things. But you'll also find Player's "Mild" just as good in their own way as the more famous "Medium."

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Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD



N.C.C.422A

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Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



HELP *to* SOLVE *a Star's* LOVE PROBLEM

Ginger ROGERS

How I face a Close-up!

The Message of the Stars



★ In my experience the speed of modern life demands a constant readiness to face a 'close-up.' Whether in the artificial glare of electric light or the revealing rays of the Summer sun, I find "Evening in Paris" preparations keep me always looking my best.

Lawrence Tibbett



EVENING IN PARIS

PERFUME AND POWDER

(1/3 to 21/-) (1/- and 1/9)

BOURJOIS

GET RID OF THAT "MORNING MOUTH"

Free Sample That Paves The Way

"Morning Mouth" is Nature's way of saying your system is being poisoned. Act before the trouble gets worse. Feen-a-mint will dispel all the impurities and make you a new man or woman. Get a packet from your Chemist or send a postcard for free sample to:—
White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. D 4), 143 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1



LONG, CURLING EYELASHES

Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone. Adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply—wonderfully effective.

Lashtone

From Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and all High-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty, send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS (Dept. 1), 75 BATHAM STREET, N.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.

THE SCIENTIFIC LASH TONIC

Going out with 'him'?

Men hate perspiration odour — stop it with this new cream

1. Stops perspiration instantly — removes odour from perspiration. 2. Can't rot dresses, can't irritate skin. 3. Greaseless, stainless, soothing. 4. No waiting to dry. 5. Can be used straight after shaving. At Boots and all leading chemists and department stores.

Arrid 1/11 a jar

IF YOU WANT TO STAY BLONDE TAKE THIS BEAUTY TIP!



BLONDE TŌNRINZ gives hair a Sparkling Loveliness.... 2d.

Don't be content with "flat," lifeless-looking hair when a 2d. TŌNRINZ makes it literally shimmer with light and beauty.

All other shades too are equally improved by TŌNRINZ. There is Auburn TŌNRINZ for Auburn and Warm shades. Golden Brown TŌNRINZ for all Brunettes. GOLDEN RINSE for all shades, and BLUE RINSE for Grey and White hair.
Sold separately 2d. per packet—

but it's best used after a CAMILATONE Vitamin Shampoo.

Camilatone

VITAMIN SHAMPOOS INCLUDING TŌNRINZ – **SIXPENCE**

from Hairdressers, Chemists, Woolworths

DAVID NIVEN

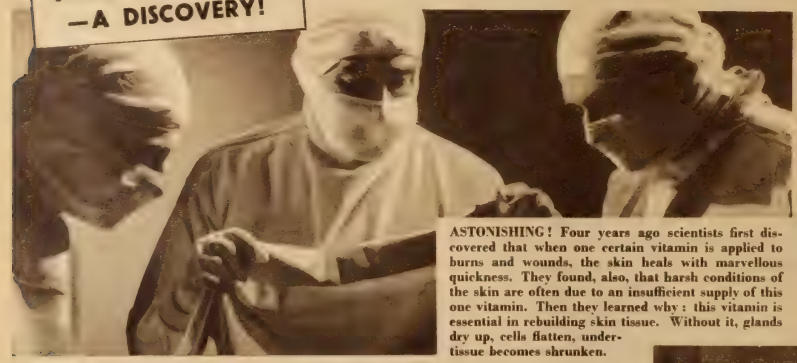
This British Actor who recently came to England to play in "Dinner at the Ritz" has recently been playing in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper, under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. He has always turned in consistently good performances, and deserves even better breaks than he has had. Ever since he went to Hollywood he has wanted to be directed in a Lubitsch picture, and now he has had the opportunity we can be sure he has made the most of it. He is at present working in "Four Men and a Prayer" with Loretta Young.



NEW!—*these Creams with* "Skin-Vitamin"

help Women's skin more directly

FOUR YEARS AGO —A DISCOVERY!

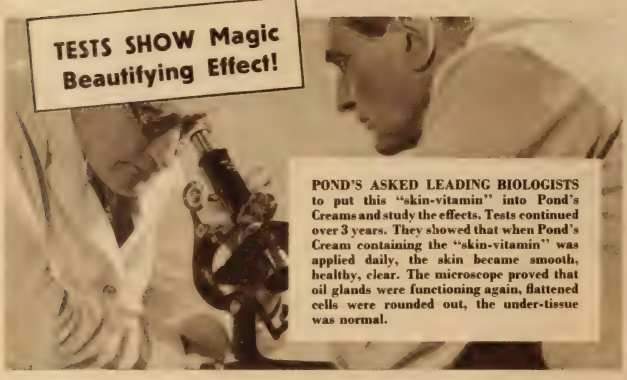


ASTONISHING! Four years ago scientists first discovered that when one certain vitamin is applied to burns and wounds, the skin heals with marvellous quickness. They found, also, that harsh conditions of the skin are often due to an insufficient supply of this one vitamin. Then they learned why: this vitamin is essential in rebuilding skin tissue. Without it, glands dry up, cells flatten, under-tissue becomes shrunken.

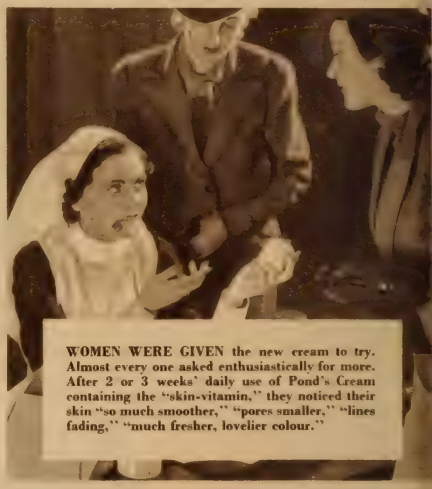


THIS VITAMIN IS IN SOME FOOD — but too often the body uses it to repair internal tissue before it can reach the skin. Besides, what does get to the skin is constantly being removed by exposure to air and water. As a result the skin suffers — becomes, harsh, dull, old-looking.

TESTS SHOW Magic Beautifying Effect!



POND'S ASKED LEADING BIOLOGISTS to put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Creams and study the effects. Tests continued over 3 years. They showed that when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, the skin became smooth, healthy, clear. The microscope proved that oil glands were functioning again, flattened cells were rounded out, the under-tissue was normal.



WOMEN WERE GIVEN the new cream to try. Almost every one asked enthusiastically for more. After 2 or 3 weeks' daily use of Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin," they noticed their skin "so much smoother," "pores smaller," "lines fading," "much fresher, lovelier colour."

NOW THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN" HAS BEEN PUT INTO ALL POND'S CREAMS.

Now whenever you use Pond's Vanishing Cream for holding your powder on or Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing your skin, you are putting into your skin the active "skin-vitamin" which creates complexion beauty.

Read above about the wonderful beautifying effect that took place when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily to women's faces.

Begin today to work this miracle with your complexion. Today start using Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" and in 2 to 3 weeks see your skin improved as never before—smoother, finer, fresher in colour—with lines and blemishes disappearing!

In the same Pond's Creams

Pond's Creams are unchanged—except that the "skin-vitamin" has been added. It is not Vitamin F, not Vitamin B, not the sunshine vitamin, not the vitamin from irradiation, not the orange-juice vitamin. It is the "skin-vitamin"—Vitamin A.

Every jar and tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream at chemists and stores contains the "skin-vitamin." They sell at the same prices—in the same jars and tubes. You use them as before.

Today start using Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—

The Active "Skin-Vitamin"



Look for the small "S.V." on the label. This means that the cream contains the "skin-vitamin."

FREE: For sample tubes of the improved Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. **C** 439 , Pond's, Perivale, Middlesex.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

THE MAN in GARBO'S LIFE

- Stokowski "Goes 'ome," Too
- Another Voice-Double Secret Out
- Star with a "Scientific" Name
- Shearer and New Director

IF Greta Garbo and Leopold Stokowski ever have a quarrel it will probably develop into a sprint race to the front door.

Greta's phenomenally successful exploitation of the "I tank I go 'ome" formula in her disputes with M.G.M. has, of course, given rise to one of the jokes of this generation.

For over twenty years Stokowski got his own way in the behind-the-scenes politics of his celebrated Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra by the simple process of vanishing from the scene of battle, and threatening resignation.

He did it so frequently that the act became known in Philadelphia musical circles as the "Stokowski decrescendo," but, as in the case of Garbo, it always proved effective. He also shares with Greta a desire to "be alone" —when he is composing.

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Apart from this penchant for passive resistance, however, Stokowski is nobody's "yes man." As a commentator on audiences' bad manners our own Sir Thomas Beecham is a mere lamb compared to him.

He once staged an elaborate satire concert designed to rebuke the latecomers.

When the curtain rose, the only member of the orchestra in his place was the 'cellist.

Stokowski began "conducting" the lone musician. While the latter played, the remainder of the orchestra straggled in one at a time, took their seats and made as much noise as possible, whispering, giggling and stumbling over each other's feet.

Stokowski can afford to be independent. Next to Toscanini, he is the greatest conductor in the world.

Though most of his fame has been won in America, he was born in London and had his early musical education at the Royal College of Music. Many people remember him as the organist at St. James' Church, in Piccadilly. His mother is still living in England.

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Stokowski is fifty-five. Garbo, whom we had almost come to regard as Hollywood's permanent Bachelor Girl Number One, is thirty-two.

With the exception of the late John Gilbert, with whom she once eloped only to change her mind at the last minute, all the men with whom her name has been linked were considerably older than herself.

Mauritz Stiller, her discoverer, with whom she was on terms of affection, if not of violent love, was middle-aged and no Adonis.

Reuben Mamoulian, another director who was featured with her in romantic rumours on the completion of *Queen Christina*, is nearly ten years older than the star.

No one, except the Metro publicity department, of course, took the reported affair with twenty-four-year-old Robert Taylor during the production of *Camille* seriously.

Another Voice-Double Deception

● The secret of another voice double deception is out. The chief victim so far seems to have been Paramount, who, on the strength of her singing in *The Goldwyn Follies*, tried to engage Andrea Leeds for the feminine lead in a new Bing Crosby musical.

Actually, Andrea's voice was "dubbed."



Then and now. Back in 1925 "Sally, Irene and Mary" brought sudden stellar glory to (above) Constance Bennett (Sally), Joan Crawford (Irene) and Sally O'Neill (Mary). Will it in 1938 do the same for, bottom to top, Alice Faye, Joan Davis, and Marjorie Weaver?

And the girl who really did the singing while she went through the motions was Virginia Verrill, who, amid a great fanfare of Goldwyn publicity trumpets, was originally announced for the Leeds role!

Extraordinary precautions were taken to guard the secret. The orchestra scored all the songs without the singer, and later, on a locked stage, Miss Verrill made her sound track to the accompaniment of a playback. Not more than half a dozen men knew what was being done, and they were sworn to silence.

We have previously warned the film kings about the stupidity of fooling the fans with these voice-doubles. Unless it is stopped soon every star who sings on the screen will be suspect.

And why was Andrea Leeds cast in the picture, anyway? Her talents were wasted in a role that could have been handled by any one of a dozen *genuine* screen musical stars.

Star Name Chosen "Scientifically"

● Hollywood, which has had an expensive lesson on Shakespeare recently, is still not convinced that a rose by any other name smells as sweet.

There was a time when film names were chosen for newcomers merely according to the sense of euphony of the boss or even occasionally after consultation with a numerologist (Carole Lombard, incidentally, always swears that her luck did not begin until on expert advice she added that final "e" to her first name).

(*Continued on page 6*)



An Open Letter to
OUR READERS
Rewarding the Worthwhile

DEAR READERS,

It has always been a popular charge against the film world that it creates false gods and falls for false values.

It glorifies gimcrack glamour, manufactures mediocrity into a million dollars, puts a Mae West on a pedestal as a model for the world's woman, sees the beauty of the ages in the spurious sex-appeal of the latest It Girl and the eternal verities in the latest wisecrack, while the things that are worthwhile and sincere go unrewarded and almost unnoticed.

To some extent these charges, usually made by people who are out of touch as well as out of sympathy with the screen or by disgruntled artistes or writers whose talents have not been appreciated at their own valuation by the studios, are true.

They are given wide circulation because the crazy, the immoral and the spectacular are always news, just as divorce gets more publicity than marriage because there's nothing so dull as a spectacle as domestic felicity.

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In films to-day, though the fact is not widely advertised, there is probably more that is worthwhile and sincere and progressive than in any other branch of the arts. Films at least are advancing; most of the others are smugly static.

It was with the object of giving filmgoers an opportunity to recognise and reward these otherwise untrumpeted worthwhile things that PICTUREGOER *five years ago instituted its now much-prized Gold Medal Awards for the best acting performances by a man and a woman each year.*

The awards have grown steadily in importance. As the direct expression of the gratitude and admiration of the film public of this country, they are valued highly by the stars both of Britain and Hollywood.

Any honest screen artiste prefers to know that an honest job of work on the studio floor well done has been appreciated than to be subjected to mobbing and all the other manifestations of hysterical star worship.

For that reason I am appealing to you personally this week to make the voting in this year's Gold Medals ballot even more representative than in previous years.

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The ballot gives you a chance to express in a practical way your appreciation of performances that helped to make life pleasanter and films better in 1937. In asking, on behalf of the actors and actresses of the screen, for a concrete expression of that appreciation, we are asking for a very little in return for a great deal.

All you have to do is to decide what were, in your opinion, the best performances by an actor and actress in 1937, write their names and the pictures concerned on a postcard and address it to "Award of Merit," "Picturegoer," Martlett House, Martlett Court, London, W.C.2.

Simple, isn't it? Well, let's hear from you.

THE EDITOR.

(P.S.—I hope I have made it clear that this is NOT *a popularity contest. Vote for performances, not for your favourite stars.)*



Arlene Whalen and Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped." Not long ago Arlene was a Hollywood manicurist *(see page 13)*

all the gossip

(Continued from page 5)

Now, name-finding is being done scientifically. The first actress to be endowed with a "scientifically perfect" handle is Dolly Haas.

Her own name was considered good enough when she was making pictures over here, but when they imported her to Hollywood, the Columbia executives decided that it lacked "umph"—or something.

They called in the services of Dr. Ray Keesler Immel, M.A., B.A., Ph.D., Dean of the University of Southern California's School of Speech and Consulting Editor of the International Dictionary.

Science in the person of Dr. Immel and his assistants went into a prolonged huddle and triumphantly brought forth the new name: "Lilli Marlowe."

"Lilli Marlowe," its creator contends, is both euphonious and has "marquee psychology." It is rich in liquid letters and the vowel and consonant sounds "have a perfect continuity of flowing rhythm while 'Lilli' conveys an exotic flavour and 'Marlowe' adds grace and distinction."

He Calls Shearer "Kid"

● Norma Shearer and her new director, W. S. Van Dyke, have already become good friends, despite early rumours of dissension on the *Marie Antoinette* set when the directorial switch was made—and the sighs of relief emanating from Culver City can be heard clear down to the Mexican border on a still night.

For the last ten years, at any rate, Norma has always been treated in the studio with the deference usually acdorded to royalty. Van Dyke is notorious for his bluntness of speech and his entire lack of reverence for the movie great. He even addressed Garbo herself as "toots" throughout the production of *The Painted Veil*.

Moreover, a director who learned his job in Poverty Row, he is famous for his "shoot-'em-quick-and-shoot-'em-good" technique on the floor, while Norma has always been a slow, deliberate worker.

The expected clash, however, has failed to materialise. The star's friends reveal that she is really enjoying making the picture. He calls her "kid," too, and nobody has ever done that to Norma since she became a star.

Tons of Gown

● Being a film star, as we imagine someone has remarked before, is not all champagne and swimming pools. Norma Shearer, for instance, has to carry literally tons of gowns in *Marie Antoinette*.

Miss Shearer, who is 5 feet 3 inches tall, and weighs 110 pounds, wears 34 costumes in the picture, aggregating approximately 17 times her own weight.

"At no time in history," says Adrian, the M-G-M. fashion king, "has woman's dress been so elaborate as during Antoinette's time. The heaviest of Miss Shearer's costumes, a court dress, weighs 108 pounds, and the lightest 37 pounds. The average is 52 pounds."

It required several weeks of wearing the gowns in scenes before Norma became accustomed to them.

"At first," the star declares, "the gowns were tiring and awkward to walk in. But it is surprising how quickly one can become accustomed to inconveniences in dress. I can now carry them without being conscious of the weight."

Not only are Miss Shearer's costumes worn over a steel frame, but her eighteen wigs, some of them several feet tall, are weighted with metal.

Disney Discovery

● You're going to meet a new kind of star in Eddie Collins. I had thought that at one time or another I had written about every kind of way of breaking into films. Collins is unique. He was discovered by Walt Disney in a cheap burlesque theatre.

Disney engaged him to appear at the studio twice a month so that his animators could study his antics—and used him as a model for his creation of "Dopey," the dwarf who steals *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

As a result of his work in the cartoon Twentieth Century-Fox heard about him and he was assigned to a small role in *In Old Chicago*.

This was followed by *Sally, Irene and Mary* after which he was placed under contract. He is now appearing in *Alexander's Ragtime Band* and *Little Miss Broadway*, with Shirley Temple.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

MRS. "BUDDY" BABY HUNTING?

MARY PICKFORD recently visited the Cradle, in Evanston, an institution which cares for orphan babies. Many screen stars have adopted children from the Cradle.

No one seems to know if Mary intends to adopt a child, or was merely curious to see the kiddies. She is very non-committal, and so is her husband Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

Possibly the orphanage will provide us with a future movie star, Mary Pickford II!

The Dog Stayed Home

● A certain Hollywood columnist declared that Judy Garland's dog received more of a hand at her personal appearances than she did.

The joke of the matter is that Judy's dog, a pedigree Pekinese, remained at home with Judy's grandmother while the child star was making the tour with her mother.

I know this to be a fact, as I am acquainted with the Garland family, and saw the Peke several times after Judy left Hollywood.

Connie's Champion

● Superior Judge Burnell achieved considerable publicity when, in a recent court action, he told Constance Bennett that she was merely "a common garden variety of witness."

The other day Rudy Vallee was a guest at a meeting of the Hollywood branch of the Bar Association. The crooner denounced Judge Burnell for "picking on Connie," saying that he was no more justified in referring slightingly to

her as a picture actress than in gibing at another witness for being a typist.

Judge Burnell was in the audience, and appeared to be unperturbed.

Reflected Glory

● Masculine stars should whisper caution to their wives, for movie scribes—some of them at any rate—have their knives out for the actors, solely because of the attitude of their better halves.

Ladies who marry successful screen stars, even though they come from the extra ranks, chorus, farms, etc., are prone to believe that they are as important as their famous husbands. And when they try to be patronising to writers, the latter are liable to be annoyed.

Clever Lad

● This yarn is another true, true story, as far as I can ascertain.

Two fairly prominent actresses were chatting and one of them asked the other why she did not marry a certain director.

The second lady yawned, came to life, and exclaimed :

"How can I marry the so-and-so when I can never get him drunk enough to take him to Yuma?"

More Tarzans

● Male stars can be too attractive to suit their ideals, so Dick Powell wants more "he-man" roles. He has completed *The Cowboy from Brooklyn* and likes it immensely. The studio intends to give him more virile parts,instead of the "crooner" type.

Robert Taylor also wants strenuous characters, and those who saw *A Yank at Oxford* will recall that, in the track race scenes, Bob was the only contestant whose hair rose above the shirt covering his manly chest.

Male stars can be too beautiful for their popularity at the box office.

Groucho's Double

● Groucho Marx has a double in Harry B. White, veteran carnival man, who recently drove to Hollywood from South Carolina, accompanied by his wife.

So far, he has received no welcome from Marx or the studios. Of course, numerous autograph hunters have asked "Mr. Marx" for his autograph, but that means nothing to the family exchequer.

In the near future White will probably trek back to South Carolina, sadder but wiser.

Maureen's Accident

● Maureen O'Sullivan is considering remodelling the door of her garage.

Not long ago the star drove up to her garage in pouring rain, and, after entering, found it difficult to close the door, which comes down from the top. She gave the door a hard pull and down it came, knocking Maureen unconscious.

Servants discovered their mistress and revived her. She is no worse for her experience.

Poor Alice

● Alice Faye recently was the victim of burglars who stole her sable coat from her home.

This loss was bad enough, but the newspapers reported the burglary, giving the actress's address.

Autograph hunters noted the address, and "picketed" the house, so, whenever the lady leaves her home, she feels as though she were appearing at a premiére.

Hollywood Says That—

Kay Francis owns emeralds worth many thousand dollars, but keeps them in a New York safe deposit vault.

◆ ◆ ◆

James Cagney first attracted attention as a pantomimist in a Chinese play.

◆ ◆ ◆

Don Ameche, as a boy, did odd jobs—laying cement walks, bolt-tightening in an auto plant, trucking in a mattress factory and ditch digging.



Baby Ann Ibbetson, who is appearing in the Fox-British picture "Father o' Nine."

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

RIP VAN WINKLE STIRS

WELL, boys and girls, there are signs here and there of the studios awaking from their long slumber; one or two of them are grunting in their sleep and turning over, and one of these days, when they've had time to stretch, and rub their eyes, and blink, we shall find them getting down to a full production schedule.

And no one will be better pleased than this peripatetic scrivener, to whom the sight of lethargy is anathema. (I hope you are as spelling-bee-conscious as I am.)

First shots in this new campaign—if I may alter the metaphor—come from the Elstree batteries of Associated British Pictures, to whose credit be it said that, although they have naturally been obliged to slow down like everyone else, they have always had a production on the floor, all through the slump, and sometimes two overlapping.

Buzzzz !

● Now Walter Mycroft, king-pin of production in those parts, has announced the new schedule of films, and you can take it from me that these studios will be buzzing like a beehive from now on.

Lover's Knot, the comedy featuring Diana Churchill, Peter Murray Hill, and Jean Muir, is the first of the batch to get under way, and that's nearly completed; but overlapping that is *Yes Madam*, a film version of the musical comedy success from the London Hippodrome. Barbara Blair, the young comedienne who made her film debut in this company's *Star of the Circus* (now re-titled *Circus*), is playing the feminine lead, and I hope and expect Bobby Howes will play his original part.

Barbara has so tickled the fancy of the Elstree moguls that they've signed her on a long contract.

Interesting new capture they've made to direct this one—young Harold Schuster, the American who came over to edit the New World picture *Wings of the Morning* and stayed to direct it with conspicuous success.

He has since directed another Annabella film, *Dinner at the Ritz*.

Watch Diana !

● Diana Churchill, of course, is being well provided for, because Diana is generally considered Elstree's best bet at the moment—and certainly I do think she's one of the most

(*Continued on page* 8)



Barbara Blair, the American comedienne, makes an auspicious British film debut in "Star of The Circus."



Those two tough guys, Victor McLaglen and Brian Donlevy, are together again in "Battle of Broadway." The girl—and apparent cause of the battle—is Phyllis Brooks.

all the gossip

Continued from page 7)

significant young actresses in England to-day.

They've allotted her *Yellow Sands*, which is to be filmed almost entirely in exteriors in the West Country—the best bit of news I've heard for many a long day; and I expect she will also have the leading role in *Black Limelight*, in which Margaret Rawlings has been playing brilliantly in the West End.

In any case, two of the men for this have been announced—Peter Murray Hill and Wilfred Lawson; presumably by that time the latter will have finished his job in *Pygmalion*, in which he plays Doolittle the Dustman—the "undeserving poor."

Frances Day, whom I haven't met in the studios lately (but that's nothing—there are several hundreds of people I haven't met in the studios lately), is to be starred in a spectacular musical film, *Out of the Blue*—and if I know anything about Frances Day it will take us all out of the blues.

Scottish ? I'll Say !

● One of the most delightful Scottish stage plays I ever saw, *Marigold*, is to be filmed, probably in colour, and the heroine of this will be Jean Muir, who is half Scottish and therefore I suppose can establish as good a claim to this plum part as any other American actress; but I should have liked to see a British girl do that.

This is another assignment for Harold Schuster and some of it may be shot in Edinburgh.

You remember my telling you some months ago that Arnold Bennett's *The Card* was to be filmed ? Well, there was a hitch about the labour permit of the young American who was to play the Lancashire hero, and the thing became temporarily unstuck; now *The Card* is on the table again.

This, also, seems to me an opportunity of developing some of our local talent rather than gamble on an American actor whose name, if I mentioned it here, wouldn't mean a thing to you.

More Bulldog

● Albert Burdon comes back to Elstree in a comedy, *Cross Your Fingers*, and John Lodge is to follow up his success in *Bulldog Drummond at Bay* with another Bulldog Drummond opus, for which I have heard the tentative title suggested, *Alias Bulldog*.

Do you remember that the Jack Hulbert Bulldog skit, *Bulldog Jack*, was originally called *Alias Bulldog Drummond?*

Four others at present on the A.B.P. agenda are *Black Eyes*, the story of a Russian waiter's masquerade so that his daughter may believe that he is a business magnate; the W. W. Jacobs story *Queer Cargo*; a talkie version of the silent film comedy *Luck of the Navy*, in which Henry Victor, Evelyn Laye, and William Freshman played ten years ago; and *Coffee for One*, which is described as "a gay comedy of a young girl's escapade."

That sounds like a pretty good line-up; I notice a marked absence of drawing-room talkie-talkie subjects there, which is all to the good, and also none of those heavily psychological efforts in the more ponderous Continental style with which our studios have fought us off from the box-office from time to time in the past.

The Clan Maxwell

● Well, so much for A.B.P.; but that doesn't exhaust the Elstree line-up, for also under the John Maxwell banner Erich Pommer and Charles Laughton will make *Jamaica Inn*, to follow immediately on the current production, *St. Martin's Lane*.

And British National is also under the Maxwell flag, with Richard Goolden ("Mr. Penny") in *The Second Mr. Bush* and *Lassie from Lancashire*, for which a unit will go to Blackpool (Ee, ba goom, laad, it's champion theer !).

It isn't always safe to forecast production in British studios, but A.B.P. is an honourable exception, seldom announcing product until something pretty definite is fixed.

Twenty-five pictures are to be made by this company between now and the end of the year, and that means that there will never be fewer than three productions on the floor.

And when you consider that in the whole of last year these studios turned out only ten films, you will realise that things are really looking up.

Back To The Bush ?

● Gaumont-British and Gainsborough in combination are also going to do big things in the near future.

I shouldn't be surprised to see G.-B. wander back to the old ancestral home at Shepherd's Bush; and between there and Islington they are planning a notable programme.

Margaret Lockwood is their best girl bet at the moment, and the idea is to co-star her and young Michael Redgrave (their new contract he-man) in a series of pictures which will develop a new British love-team.

They will probably both be in *Rob Roy*, which is to be made largely in the Scottish Highlands. *The Blue Lagoon*, *The Girl in the News*, and *The Wheel Spins*, which Alfred Hitchcock will direct at Islington.

"Hitch" is also expected to direct Nova Pilbeam in a film called *Perjury*; and three other probable titles are *Such an Enmity*, *The Empty World* (which could easily have been made in most British studios in the last few weeks without any sets or players), and *Death of a Ghost*.

All this will spell death to the spectre which haunts the homes of our film technicians—Unemployment.

All Lancs

● From Ealing Green, too, comes heartening news of a reopening of the A.T.P. studios before very long.

Two films are at present scheduled there—a singing comedy called *Penny Paradise*, featuring Edmund Gwenn and a new Lancashire discovery, Betty Driver, and a George Formby picture about the Air Force, called *It's In the Air*.

Evidently the success that Basil Dean had with Gracie Fields has made him Lancashire-conscious.

At Denham they are rolling up their sleeves preparatory to getting to grips with the new Victoria and Albert picture, which, by the way, is not being called that now.

The new title is *Sixty Glorious Years*, and whatever else the film does, I certainly think it should gain for Herbert Wilcox the coveted International Award for the Most Clumsy Title of the Year . . . or of sixty glorious years, for that matter.

I hope they'll think another think before they get too far with that one.

This production, as I believe I told you before, is to be entirely in Technicolor; and of course Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook, co-stars of *Victoria the Great*, are to be Albert Saxe-Coburg Gotha and his distinguished missus.

Seeing Stars

● Robert Montgomery, Wallace Beery, and Spencer Tracy are three Hollywood stars who are likely to be seen at Denham in the not-far-distant future if the present plans of M.-G.-M. British Studios materialise.

Bob is slated to play in a P. G. Wodehouse subject called *If I Were You*; Wallace Beery is to be a comedy crook in another film; and Spencer Tracy has been provisionally cast for the role of Mi Taylor in *National Velvet*.

Also *And So—Victoria* will be made, without even a shadow of Anna Neagle, which I am afraid her fans will regard as something of a sacrilege.

In fact, I have it on reliable authority that neither Queen Victoria nor Victoria Station will appear in this one; it is a study of the immediate pre-Victorian era.

Of course, *The Citadel* and *Good-bye Mr. Chips* are the two that are going into production first; no male players have been announced for these, as I write this.

Fizzle

● I am considerably more impressed with the prospects of M.-G.-M. sending over their Number One people than I was before they put Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and Maureen O'Sullivan all in one British picture.

That was a pretty good earnest of intention.

We have had very big talk from other American concerns operating over here about bringing their stars over, but it has all proved to be hot air.

I never had much faith in it anyway.

If Ealing Green resounds with Lancashire "Ee's" and "Ba goom's," Walton-on-Thames is equally prolific in "Begorra's," "Be jaber's" and "Bedad's."

The latest production to take the floor there is *Mountains o' Mourne*, a Butcher-Rembrandt production—but don't be frightened of the name "Rembrandt." No one is likely to start reading the Bible in the middle of this one.

There's Niall McGinnis playing the lead, with Rene Ray, Jerry Verno, Maire O'Neill, Charles Oliver, and a whole pile of others; I'll have to tell you about them next week, because here's the end of my page rushing to meet me.

Remind me !

A Girl WHO Rings True



Elizabeth Allan's many fans will be glad to read of her progress, in this article

by E. G. COUSINS

ABOUT seven years ago (if I may grow historical for a moment) I was down in the old Twickenham studios, since destroyed by fire.

I was there "on my lawful occasions" to interview someone or other—I think it was Austin Trevor, who was very popular in "Hercule Poirot" stories about that time.

The film in course of production was *Alibi*, and it had a very sound cast, chiefly of noted stage players such as Franklyn Dyall, J. H. Roberts, Ronald Ward, Mary Jerrold, and Clare Greet; but my attention was distracted from all these by a tall, slim girl who was playing a smallish part, and whom I failed to recognize.

"It's a girl named Elizabeth Allan," I was told. "Her first film. . . . Oh, quite good, yes, but a bit too tall for films, and her neck's too long, and her nose turns up."

I further learned that she was twenty, had been born, youngest of six children, at Skegness on the Lincolnshire coast where her father had a medical practice, and educated at Darlington; and also that she had "taught school" for nearly a year while waiting to get into the Old Vic. training school. They say her classes were brightest at elocution!

After her Old Vic. training she had been out for a couple of years on tour with a Shakespearian repertory company before reaching the West End—and films.

Well, I watched her, and the length of her neck or her legs or anything else didn't seem to matter two hoots beside the sincerity of her acting.

There was no particular grace in her long limbs then, nor any studio-craft in her movement. She was a fresh young girl, turning film dialogue into real human speech by saying it from her heart.

Well, that was not such a common occurrence that I could afford to ignore it. I waxed enthusiastic in print about her, hoping someone in authority would notice it and give her the break she deserved.

Someone did; the next time I went to Twickenham they were making *Black Coffee*, and I found that Julius Hagen, overlord of those parts, had read my winged words, pondered them deeply, and provided Miss Allan with a nice new dotted line for her signature, at the foot of a long-term contract.

Thereafter she played in a number of films, being given increasingly important roles—and a large number of them, for in one year she played leading parts in *ten* films, including the famous *Service for Ladies*, which really launched Alexander Korda as a producer to be reckoned with.

All this time she was steadily acquiring grace and skill, at the same time retaining her sincerity, so that in 1933 she qualified for the Mecca of all good little film-actresses—Hollywood, whither she went on a £12,000-a-year contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

And under the M.-G.-M. banner she has been ever since.

Just above, if you care to raise your eyes, you may read the words "at the same time retaining her sincerity."

Those words should really be written in letters of gold, for they represent the basis of Elizabeth Allan's success.

Watch for her close-ups and take a look at what she's thinking. You can tell easily by looking at her eyes.

This aptitude for *meaning* something on the screen is a rare and invaluable one. It goes very far toward sounding that key-note of good dramatic entertainment—conviction.

After she went to Hollywood I rather lost sight of her, except for a brief glimpse at Culver City in 1933, soon after she had arrived there, and another in London when she took one of her periodical flying trips home to see her manager-husband.

However, we "got together" the other night in her dressing-room at the St. James's Theatre, where she has been playing in the comedy *The Innocent Party* with Mary Ellis, Cecil Parker, and Basil Radford—all names well known in filmland—and I had a chance to refresh my memory about several points of her career.

For instance, I had forgotten what an important part illness had played in her life—her own illness and other people's.

An example of this was her being cast in *No Marriage Ties* opposite Richard Dix, while she was still a newcomer to Hollywood. Karen Morley was intended for the role, but she fell ill, and Elizabeth Allan was pushed right into it.

On the other hand she was to have had the lead opposite John Barrymore in *Long Lost Father* for Radio (ask Katie Hepburn how important it was to play opposite John Barrymore in those days), but she twisted her ankle, and Helen Chandler got the role.

A couple of years ago Elizabeth had an operation for appendicitis at a London nursing-home, and after that her health was distinctly below par for a while; so I was relieved to find that she is now fighting-fit and ready for anything—and very much enjoying her first return to the stage since she went to Hollywood.

"As it happens, my very first appearance in the West End was in this theatre, in *Michael and Mary* with Edna Best and Herbert Marshall," she reminded me.

Elizabeth has acquired a great deal of glamour in the last seven years

And I must say I thought her very good in *The Innocent Party*, in the role of a little stenographer who is brought in to be an accessory in a divorce case. As a matter of fact I was rather surprised to find her portraying a character so superficial and "go-getting," until it became apparent that under the "flip" exterior there beat one of those hearts of genuine 18-carat gold, which sounds much more like the authentic E. Allan.

Several times in the course of the last year or so there have been vague reports that she was to play in various British pictures, followed immediately each time by a counter-report that owing to indisposition she couldn't take it on; but I suspect that the "indisposition" consisted of her being indisposed to essay a role in which she couldn't fully believe.

Now she is to have the leading feminine role—that of the doctor's wife—in the M.-G.-M. British picture *The Citadel*, which is to be made at Denham; and is she excited about it! Incidentally, she is no stranger to Victor Saville, who is producing it, for he directed her in *Michael and Mary* years ago.

"It's a grand part," she told me, her brown eyes shining, "and it gives me a chance to get away from 'costume' for a while. Although the critics liked my performance in *Men in White*, ever since *David Copperfield* producers don't seem able to imagine me without a crinoline or a farthingale, or at least a bustle!"

Miss Allan's devotees have been worried about her career lately, because of her infrequent appearances, but I feel that Hollywood was responsible for that.

Continual dwelling in Hollywood was making her "nervy"; now that she has an amended contract with M.-G.-M., which provides for her making only two films in each year there and spending the rest of the time in England if she wishes, I am sure she will be much more "herself" again.

Certainly *The Citadel* should provide her with ample scope for acting, and after that I hope we shall find other parts for her, as important as those in *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Michael Strogoff*, *Camille*, *Slave Ship*, and the others that have brought her her well-deserved success.

HELP SOLVE LORETTA'S *Love* PROBLEMS

Loretta Young has probably been in the romance rumours more than any other actress in Hollywood in the last year or two. Her name has been linked with that of Tyrone Power and Eddie Sutherland among others. Now she is tired of all this gossip. "I've begun to be self-conscious even about making a date," she says. What is she going to do about it? Well, perhaps you can help her.

"EVERY girl," said Loretta Young, "has a personal love problem. I have one. Mine is complicated frighteningly by the tale that I am 'mad about men.' This tale, which started as a whisper, has grown to startlingly large proportions.

"It is said behind my back that I am forever hurrying from one man to another. That I am romantically changeable. That I cannot settle my affection on one man—THE man. This is insinuated in the gossip columns. It comes back to me in fragments of conversation. Even strangers——

"I shudder when I think of the things that are said. Of course, they're not true. At first, I ignored them all. Why give them the dignity of notice? And yet they continue. They are pushed in my face wherever I go. I do not want to go on like this—I want a chance at happiness. I want a husband and my own family and the kind of love that matters! What am I going to do?"

Loretta sat across the tea-table from me. I thought as I looked at her: "What an exquisite woman! Why should this beautiful, beautiful girl have problems—have a *man* problem?

"Any man would be lucky to win Loretta for a wife."

And yet, I remembered the stories I had heard. That every time she started a picture, her newest screen hero was in for "the works"! That she was always throwing one admirer over for another! I, too, had begun to wonder about her as a woman.

How could she be so flirtatious and, if she weren't, how did these stories start? If they were not true, why didn't she do something about stopping them, answering them?

Loretta put a teacup down with an abruptness that was startling.

"I have a letter upstairs," she said surprisingly. "I'd like to read it to you." She brought it down, re-entering the room with that quiet grace which is a part of her. "I've saved it for six months. It's from a fan, a smart fan. A man of twenty-nine who lives in Larimore, North Dakota."

In a clear voice she began reading. "'A more or less contradictory person is my final idea of you. . . . I lose myself for the duration of your films and then, as thousands do, I imagine, I wonder what you can really be like . . . of course the "dear" writers get busy to inform us of what goes on in Hollywood and they often would have me believe you are a fickle, sometimes cruel-hearted, good-time girl.'"

Loretta's eyes met mine gravely.

"He writes next: 'You made a mistake in love when you were young and they don't seem to be able to forget it. They are the ones who are cruel. You saw your mistake and did your best to set things right.



Loretta with Spencer Tracy in "Man's Castle." The gossip-mongers hinted at a real-life romance.



The star with Director Eddie Sutherland. Rumour linked their names.

"'They let you alone for a while and then along came Spencer Tracy into your life—separated from his wife before he met you. Maybe you were madly in love with him for a time, but must they shout it from the housetops and then bring out a story on his revived home life?

"'They made you sound like seven different brands of home-wrecker. Perhaps you even felt like one before they got through.

"'Yet nothing happened to Tracy or his family—you were the victim.

"'Followed Eddie Sutherland, evidently a prince of a fellow. The columnists thought up some new low-down—you ditched poor Eddie for Tyrone Power who—heavens!—wouldn't quite reciprocate.

"'That was a nice picture! We were advised you practically camped on Tyrone's trail. Me, I wouldn't think it necessary for you to camp on anybody's trail.'"

Loretta stopped a second to mutter: "The darn fool." She gulped and went on reading.

"He says: 'Then I learned of your adopting those two lovely children. That showed me you must be warm-hearted and generous. I knew, too, that you'd have to be of good character to deserve the privilege of adopting them. This seems to set everything just right. I can almost see the look in your eyes when you look at them and dream.'

"Listen to this," she continued. "He concludes with, 'I've seen you only once in person. You were alone and didn't seem exactly happy. That was five years ago when I was out there. I had a strong urge to speak and try to make you understand that I only wanted to help you forget whatever it was that made you look that way. The antidote might have been a crazy day at the beach, a fast ride along the coast highway with hamburgers and pop on the way back, maybe a museum (if it wasn't too awful) and then dinner in a quiet place.

"'The Bowl later, way up at the top where it's not crowded. I might have suggested the Grove, but I'd have lost you to your friends. It would only have been one day because on the next you'd have been busy again. But at least I'd have something to think of out in this gosh-awful spot. No one ever comes here on purpose. I'll bet you don't know a soul whoever came here!'"

Loretta laid the letter on a table declaring she'd answered it with gratefulness.

Then I was astounded. She didn't pull her punches.

"You don't know," she began slowly, "how I've thought of that letter. It focused my problem.

"Every girl has one, but mine is complicated frighteningly by this growing tale that I'm mad about men. Yes, I've heard it. And I'm not





Left: A new study of the star. Above: With Tyrone Power in "Second Honeymoon."

blind; I read the 'inside' columns, read the magazines that prefer to think for me. And I shudder. A nice picture of me, isn't it?

"How did the chapter about Tyrone and myself go? Let's see—that was last year's morsel.

When Sonja Henie went out of town they said I tried to clinch my campaign for him, and when she got back that I fled to New York in defeat. 'Loretta Meets Mysterious Man in East' was the headline.

I went on to Bermuda for—so I read—a rendezvous.

"When no man materialised with me there I was described as bravely having concocted a story of one to save my pride. I was in a Bermuda beauty parlour when I picked up a magazine to read about my torch-carrying. Honestly, my pride struck a new low!"

She ran sensitive fingers through her hair. Loretta always has such a time with her hair. I realised the tea-gown she wore was of rose chiffon. Her face, bare of make-up except for vermilion lipstick, became nearly stern.

I attempted to reassure her. "After all, Loretta, it's a compliment to be so glamorous that they want to gossip about you."

She shook her head. "No. It's not the kind I enjoy. It's embarrassing. Humiliating. I get furious.

"One night the wife of a star with whom I was acting telephoned. 'Just to let you know, Loretta, that I don't believe a word of what they are whispering about you and my husband.' She was being sweet, I suppose. But I wasn't delighted at her confidence in my decency. I was insulted. Why, because I'm an actress, should any man's wife have the privilege of assuring me I'm not so bad? I resented being engineered into such a position. I told her so.

"I've never given all this gossip the dignity of a denial. But perhaps I should. Because if more of these rumours pile up they may interfere with my hopes, may affect my personal future. A name that's in lights, that's known, is nice to have when you have worked for it.

"But to me my reputation is more valuable. When I do want to get married, what will the man think of me?

"It's getting so that after a couple of dates the gossip-mongers are positive I'm frantic over my escort.

"I've begun to be self-conscious when I consider a date. The man is apt to think he's stepping into something!

"Several times I've caught myself warning a new acquaintance that we're in for it if we go out. That's a silly preliminary to a carefree evening, isn't it?"

But, Loretta, what is behind all the stories?

She walked around the room, restlessly.

"Chiefly I'm in a spot where I'm a handsome target. And then I'm unmarried. If I were married, naturally they wouldn't dare to chatter so freely. I love attention. I love affection. When I was in New York vacationing I went out every evening with the most attractive men I could find—different men. Bill Powell was one.

"I do joke at the studio, on the sets," she went on, reflectively. "I recall that noon when Tyrone, Don Ameche, and another friend and I were lunching. I had on a huge false ring, a prop. Some one questioned me and I airily retorted: 'Why Tyrone gave it to me.' He gallantly rallied with: 'I didn't want to send just flowers.' Next day he chanced to wear a chime watch in his lapel, an heirloom his mother had discovered for him. 'I gave it to him, in return for the ring,' I laughingly commented. That hit the papers as factual proof we 'cared'!

"Here is true 'inside.' I'd been planning eagerly for my trip East. The director, kiddingly, vowed he'd go East, also. As we began the final scenes, Tyrone called me aside. 'When is the director returning—I do my next one with him and I want to arrange my vacation.' I replied: 'How should I know when he'll be back?' Tyrone said, solemnly: 'But I thought . . . aren't you and he . . .'

"So I must learn this: a girl mustn't joke. Not unless she roars loudly so every one realises it's a gag.

"In New York, one evening in the Rainbow Room, my escort said to me: 'You go with men a while and then throw them over, don't you?' I'd devoted hours to preparing for a grand time, and that was popped at me!

"Have I ever thrown over a man? Yes, if I go about with a man and I foresee diverging principles, I don't waste my time nor his. If there must be a break, I make it quickly. When the type of love I want is not in the cards I shuffle the deck.

"Cut off the friendship. Yes I do that. But if I ever break a friendship with a man, believe me, it's for a purpose.

"In spite of everything, I haven't changed in what I want from life.

"This morning I passed a famous columnist the lot.

When he demanded why I'd gone to New York I replied, rather wearily: 'To have fun and to buy new clothes.' He's tagged the quote, in this afternoon's papers, with 'I don't think that's his name.'

"I know I'll fall in love again some day, that the lasting sort of love must be awaiting me. I want to be worthy of it.

"This careless gossip might be a barrier. What can I do about it?"

Loretta Young put it up to me. I put it up to you.

BEN MADDOX

Some NAMES



Judy Garland, with her mother, Mrs. Ethel Gumm. She's "swinging" her way to the heights.

Left, Peter Murray Hill (with Diana Churchill), Elstree's newest White Hope.

Meet the people who, according to the experts, have most chance of achieving stardom in 1938.

by WILSON D'ARNE

IF anyone tells you that "crime doesn't pay" just refer them to George Sanders. Not long ago George was going the rounds of the London film and theatrical agencies—and without much success.

British casting agencies, notoriously incapable of recognising potential talent, (it is one of the great weaknesses of English films that casting directors either will not take a chance on their own judgment or have no judgment at all and invariably prefer to have their newcomers ready-made—or already marred—by the stage or Hollywood), couldn't find much for him.

He had a tiny part as one of the three young gods (he was the one on the left) in the Alexander Korda-H. G. Wells film *The Man Who Could Work Miracles* and he had roles in one or two quota pictures and a Tom Walls comedy, *Dishonour Bright*, but nobody regarded him as sensational.

He wasn't progressing either, but nobody cared very much except George Sanders. Acting purely on a hunch, he packed his bags, looked up the transatlantic sailing lists and set off for America.

There were no red carpets put down for him when he arrived in Hollywood. What was better, however, he managed to get an interview with Darryl Zanuck, an enterprising young producer who is always prepared to take chances.

The sequel was a screen test, following which Zanuck handed him the role of that suave cad Lord Stacey in *Lloyd's of London*.

Zanuck was right. Sanders' essay in polished villainy in that film made him famous overnight. To show his versatility, he scored again in comedy roles in *Love is News* and *The Lady Escapes* and then that of a brutal mutineer in *Slave Ship*.

Zanuck, fortified by the evidence of the fan mail department, decided on another gamble with this tall young Englishman, though the wiseacres shook their heads when he announced that he was casting the new screen bad man in the hero role of *Lancer Spy*.

George weighs in with a first-rate performance in the film, which has been a success wherever it has been shown, and now Darryl Zanuck has big plans for him.

Sanders has good looks, a fine physique (he is over 6 feet 3 and broad in proportion; and had a reputation as an athlete at school) and he has demonstrated conclusively that he can act.

Like many another Hollywood star, Sanders was a rolling stone before he settled down to an acting career.

Son of a British merchant, he was born in St. Petersburg on July 3, 1906. His last memories of Russia concern his escape, with his parents, from revolutionary turmoil.

Safe in England, he went to a preparatory school and to Brighton College, leaving there for Manchester Technical School, when he decided to try a scientific career. His first job was in textile research.

Restlessness defeated his plans for a scientific career, however, and he became successively, shipping clerk, tax-collector, interpreter, advertising agent, and director of a tobacco-growing concern in South America.

The depression killed the South American venture and he returned to England, where, on the advice of an uncle, he learned singing.

The West End revue, *Ballyhoo* brought him his first stage chance in 1932. He had a small singing role. Several good parts followed—in a show with Edna Best, as Noel Coward's understudy in *Conversation Piece*.

Then came his moderately successful British film venture, Hollywood—and fame.

If British studios missed an opportunity with Sanders they hope to help make up for it with Peter Murray Hill, a young stage actor who is now being hailed as a find at Elstree. Like Sanders he is tall—he is over 6 feet 2—and has the sort of background that seems best to equip actors for screen success.

Walter C. Mycroft, Director of Productions at the Associated British Picture studios at Elstree, discovered him in a West End play, tested him and put him under contract.

Before the ink was dry on the paper, Peter was given the leading male role in *Lovers' Knot*, co-starring Diana Churchill and Jean Muir.

And when you see Peter you will understand why Mycroft signed him.

He is handsome—but not too handsome. He has a lean open-air type of good looks and a touch

for Your NOTEBOOK



Gable's protege, Dennis O'Keefe, Guy Kibbee and Olin Howard in "Bad Man of Brimstone." O'Keefe may be a Taylor rival.



George Sanders. England neglected him; Hollywood thinks he is star material.

of the "little boy" manner which has endeared Gary Cooper to a million feminine hearts, coupled with the breeziness of Errol Flynn.

Peter was born twenty-six years ago at Bushey Heath, a pretty little village quite near the Elstree film studios where he is now a star.

He was educated at Westminster School and Cambridge University where he graduated a B.A. He badly wanted to become an actor but his father persuaded him to follow in his footsteps and become a solicitor.

So, in spite of himself, Peter entered his father's office as an articled clerk. But his heart was on the stage and he could not endure the routine of a nine till six day.

After six months he threw up his job and tried to get work as an actor. He found himself penniless for his father would have nothing more to do with him.

For two weeks he had to live on ten shillings. Onion soup in a Soho café was his food during this time. Then he got a job with the Glasgow Repertory Players and collected a good deal of valuable acting experience there.

But he found work very difficult to get. In order to make some money he set up a bookstall in the Caledonian market. He collected all the books his friends didn't want and sold them at a penny or twopence a time.

From the Caledonian market he went to play in repertory in Newcastle, and after that he began to get busier.

The turning point in his career seems to have come when he played Mr. Darling to Charles Laughton's Captain Hook and Elsa Lanchester's Peter, in *Peter Pan*.

Small film parts began to come his way including one in *Yank at Oxford*, in which he had to throw Taylor into the river.

And now with a fat contract in his pocket he is well on the way to fame and fortune.

Some time ago I saw an M.-G.-M. musical short, featuring two young girls. One, who was given most of the spotlight, sang modern rhythm numbers and the other classical music.

The first was Judy Garland and the second was Deanna Durbin. The studio kept Judy and let Deanna go—to become one of the biggest box-office stars of the day for another company.

Mr. Louis B. Mayer is believed to have wept when he saw the subsequent grosses on Universal's Durbin pictures, but now at least he has some consolation in the increasing popularity of the original choice.

Following a successful appearance in *Broadway Melody of* 1938 Judy was given a featured role in *Everybody Sing*. She scored a considerable hit in the picture and now the studio is looking round for stellar vehicles for her.

Judy is the same age as Deanna—fifteen—but unlike her was able to boast of eight years' stage experience when she first applied for a job in Hollywood some three years ago. Her parents were professionals, so were her two elder sisters.

She appeared on the stage for years with the latter in a musical act.

Judy has not the remarkable singing voice of Deanna, whose fame has overshadowed hers until now, nor her good looks, but in her own line, swing music, she is very good and she has a certain piquant charm all her own.

Metro is chiefly lucky at the moment, however, in its promising new crop of young leading men. There's Dennis O'Keefe, for instance, the ex-extra, who was "discovered" by Clark Cable as a result of doing a bit with the star in *Saratoga*.

Gable, as they say in Hollywood, "went to bat for him at the front office". Largely because of Clark's recommendation O'Keefe was promoted to be juvenile lead in *Bad Man of Brimstone*, and now he has made a big success of it. Metro executives say he is the most important find since Robert Taylor

O'Keefe is of the same type as Wayne Morris. Curiously enough, he was responsible for Wayne getting his big break.

Some time ago while he was still hovering precariously on the fringe of films making a meagre living as a Poverty Row actor and odd-job man, he sold the Warner studio a story called *Don't Pull Your Punches*.

It was made as a B. picture with the then unknown Morris in the leading role. The company chiefs were so impressed with his work that they shelved the picture and rushed him into the title role of *Kid Galahad*.

The success story of the year, however, may well be that of twenty-five-year old Marjorie Weaver. Marjorie is one of the few beauty contest winners to make good in pictures.

She was at the University of Alabama at the time that she won it, and stayed to take her B.A. degree before taking a screen test.

She had a few insignificant parts and posed for a lot of "leg art" on the Warner lot, but had just about decided to go home when Darryl Zanuck (here's that man again) decided he needed her for a "Southern type" role in *Second Honeymoon*.

She very nearly stole the picture and as a reward was given the role of "Mary" in *Sally, Irene and Mary* (there is a picture of her by the way on page 5), the re-make of the film that in the silent days did more than anything else to help Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett up the ladder of stardom.

While we're about it, Mr. Zanuck (we promise we won't mention him again in this article) has another promising newcomer up his sleeve. Her name is Arlene Whalen. A few months ago she was a Hollywood manicurist, now she has the feminine lead opposite Warner Baxter in *Kidnapped* and the experts are tipping her as another Janet Gaynor.



★

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WHEEDLED INTO Fame

Edward Lexy has suddenly sprung into prominence as one of the most successful of British character actors. Here is the why and wherefore, told

by Max BREEN

MOST of us would give very little trouble to anyone who wanted to give us a hefty push into fame and fortune; we'd "come quietly."

Probably, however, Edward Lexy had very little suspicion that he was going to be pushed into fame and fortune, or he wouldn't have required to be wheedled.

And now it seems about time to introduce Capt. E. Gerald Little, M.C., late Dublin Fusiliers, and after the War (so fond had he grown of soldiering) of the Indian Army, and later still of the Civil Service.

At the material time—as a barrister might say—Mr. Little was a barrister, practising at the Irish Bar.

As I never make a statement if I can get a barrister to do it for me (for nothing), I'll let Mr. Little tell you the story himself.

"You see," he said with just a little dash of Dublin in his speech, "as a barrister you've either to have a whole lot of uncles and cousins who are solicitors, to give you briefs, or else you must have enough money to be able to make a good fellow of yourself in the clubs, so that solicitors will feel amiably disposed towards you.

"Well, I have no solicitor relations, but I had some money, and I was doing very well at the Bar; I defended two or three alleged murderers, and a large number of people accused of lesser misdemeanours; and then my money all went down in the drain in the Swedish match crash—you remember?—and I was in a bad spot.

"Well, when I was a Civil Servant, before I studied law, I was quite a capable amateur actor, and HiltonEdwardes, producer at the Gate Theatre in Dublin, began to get me to take small parts professionally—and I was very glad to, because although it wasn't well paid in any sense of the word it brought in a little very acceptable grist to the mill, and didn't interfere with work—which, to me, still meant my legal practice.

"The first part I had at the Gate was in Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, in which I played 'Lubin'; and I followed this up with other roles in other plays, and all the time Hilton Edwardes kept suggesting earlier and earlier rehearsal, and it kept encroaching more and more on my work, and I found myself growing more and more in love with it.

"Then I thought I'd better have a separate name if I was to be an actor by night and a barrister by day; well, it so happened that in my amateur days I played a character in *Candida* who was called 'Lexy,' so I took my first name Edward, which I had seldom or never used, and called myself 'Edward Lexy'.

"Gradually Hilton Edwardes wheedled me away from the Bar and into the Theatre, and I began to perceive that my future was there.

"He wanted me to go to Egypt with a company, but I had a wife and a home in Dublin, and I couldn't afford it; but I did come over to the Westminster Theatre, London, in 1935 with *Ah, Wilderness*—in the part of the drunken uncle, which Wallace Beery played in the film—a lovely part—and in *Armlet of Jade*, and again with Lord Longford's company the following year."



Above we have Capt. E. Gerald Little, once the terror of evildoers in the Dublin courts.

On our left, Edward Lexy in the character of "Holly," the Yorkshire labourer in "South Riding."

That happened to be, for Edward Lexy, what the novelette-writers call "the psychological moment," for it chanced that a young firm of artistes' managers saw him and got him a small part in *Knight Without Armour*

That started something—in fact it started a long, long trail a-winding for Lexy. In the fifteen months that have elapsed since then, he has played in no fewer than fifteen films.

That sounds impressive, but is even more impressive than it sounds; plenty of people can say that they have played in fifteen films in fifteen months, but you will find that half those engagements were a day's work in a Quota quickie.

Lexy has not played in a quickie yet; every one of his appearances has been in a feature film, and most of his roles have been important ones.

His army experience has stood him in good stead, for he has played a number of soldiers, including the Regimental Q.M.S. in *Farewell Again*, John Loder's batman in *Mademoiselle Docteur*, and the Highland Pipe-major in *The Drum*.

One remarkable thing about him is his ability to reproduce dialect; Cockney, Scottish, Irish, Yorkshire—he seems equally at home in all of them.

"How do you come to be so good at that?" I asked him. "Did you take any special lessons, or anything?"

"Not a thing," he assured me, "beyond my five or six years' experience at the Gate. Dialects just seem to come natural to me. I believe it's the Celtic blood in my veins—we're supposed to be better able than the Sassenachs to reproduce sounds we hear. When I've just been listening to a dialect I can reproduce it absolutely—and then after a while I begin to tail off, unless I get a 'refresher'. They supply that on the set very often—a dialect expert to keep the players right, as they did in the case of *South Riding*, in which I was Holly, a Yorkshire navvy."

"And your knack of imitating the habits, bearing, and mannerisms of a character," I suggested. "How do you come by that?"

"Well, a good deal of it is sheer practice," he told me; "and then you get in the habit, I suppose, of noticing how people in various walks of life look and behave. I find that when I pick up my script and read it through I subconsciously assume the character—feel like the person, in fact. That helps a good deal."

"What do you think is your best part, so far?" I asked him.

"Well, *Farewell Again* gave me the best chance, of those that have been shown; but I think myself that the role of detective-sergeant in *Kate Plus Ten* for Wainwright Productions ought to be the most important for me. I go all the way through that with Jack Hulbert."

Mayflower Productions, however, do not agree with Mr. Lexy on this point; they declare that his current role of Charles Laughton's landlord in *St. Martin's Lane* will prove to be the best he has had.

It had better be! He had just agreed to play in that when he received an offer to appear in a new stage production in New York, with a view to going on to Hollywood, which, of course, he had to turn down. He had also simultaneously received three other offers, two of which he was obliged to decline, and one of which he may still take as soon as his work in *St. Martin's Lane* is completed.

In any case he is most unlikely to be idle; from making £5 a week in the theatre he has jumped to a cool £5,000 a year in films.

Capt. E. Gerald Little, M.C., Barrister-at-Law, may never attain much fame—but we are likely to hear a whale of a lot about Edward Lexy, actor.

Ginger Rogers is probably the smartest-dressed member of Hollywood's younger set. H clothes, though attractive, are never conspicuous, as in the case of some of the official fil fashion queens. In these pictures we give you some ideas for Spring outdoor and evening wea



This lovely cinnamon brown bolero evening gown is worn by Ginger Rogers in "Stage Door." Strips of orange and pale yellow velvet trim the short sleeves. The evening ensemble is made complete with a luxurious cape of silver fox.





Night and DAY

by

GINGER ROGERS

Fine sand-coloured suéde creates the culotte skirt and brief jacket which the star wears in "Shall We Dance?" The skirt is cut high in front, rising to two points and fastened with two suéde buttons. Ginger's blouse is cut from an imported sheer rough wool in dark brown, criss-crossed with a beige thread. With the smart sports outfit she wears hand-sewn gloves of the same suéde, and sand-coloured low-heeled monk's shoes of suéde, made with a cut-out toe.

Left: In her latest picture "Having Wonderful Time," Ginger appears in this light costume in the new two-shade style. It is completed by an attractive swagger coat which forms a piquant contrast.

SHOTS
with our CANDID CAMERA



Our cameraman catches Una Merkel relaxing for a change. The comedienne is one of the most sought after in Hollywood, so she does not have a lot of time to play ball with her two Aberdeens, Spanky and Jock.





Above : Nat Pendleton and Louise Fazenda discuss the details of the wrestling match they perform in " Swing Your Lady," and (inset) they put it into vigorous practice.

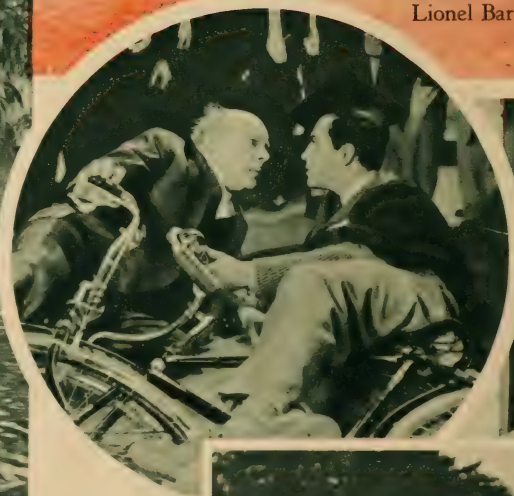
Left : When Myrna Loy's father-in-law, Arthur Hornblow, Sen. visited Myrna Loy on the s+ she went all English and gave him tea.

A Yank at Oxford

Robert Taylor makes his British screen bow in first of M.G.M.'s "bigger and better" quota tures. The film has met with considerable succe America. A new Oxford college, "Cardinal," at left, was constructed for the picture, which features Maureen O'Sullivan, Vivien Leigh Lionel Barrymore.



Above: Bob falls in love with Maureen O'Sullivan, sister of Griffith Jones, a fellow-undergraduate.



Above: Bob comes into violent collision with college authority in the person of the Dean (Edmund Gwenn).





Right: Taylor gains popularity by his prowess as an athlete.

Jones becomes inv
Our hero, in pre
rooms



Above: Lionel Barrymore has the role of Robert Taylor's father, who eventually comes to England to straighten out Bob's difficulties.



Robert Taylor is a local hero at his small home town college in America and his successes go to his head.



Bob's bumptiousness gets him in the wrong with his fellow-undergraduates at first, but he subsequently wins sympathy and becomes a popular figure.



Vivien Leigh, a married woman, being found in the former's bed and sent down.



Taylor is eventually cleared and reinstated in time to stroke Oxford to victory in the boat race. The misunderstanding is brought to an end by Papa Barrymore, who persuades Jones to confess to his indiscretion.



Oliver Stone (Walter Connolly) tells Hazel Flagg (Carole Lombard) and Wally Cook (Fredric March) that the most important citizens of the town are waiting outside.

NOTHING SACRED

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of United Artists.

HE had been fooled. He, Wallace Cook, under thirty, reporter on the *New York Morning Star*, had been tricked. He had sought to tie up his newspaper with an important and generous Eastern potentate who turned out to be nothing more than a boot-black with a negro wife and six children.

The morning after the exposure had taken place at a public dinner, Oliver Stone, editor, had said: "Wallace Cook, you're a disgrace. Go and work out the rest of your five years' contract writing obituary notices. As for the imposter, I won't have him arrested. I'll make him a doorman, so that you and all the other reporters can drink him in as a warning against fakes."

A week later, Wallace approached his employer with a current issue of the *Star*.

"I don't like to say this, Oliver—but the paper's going to rack and ruin with me chained to a desk. Look at this: 'Poor little working girl doomed to death from radium poisoning'. What do you give her? Five, six lines on Hazel Flagg—a poor kid with a few months to live at the outside! Doomed! Death staring her in the face. What does she feel? What does she think? Radium eating away her bones!"

"Don't shout at me."

"Listen, Oliver! There's a story in this kid that ought to tear your heart out; and why hasn't the *Star* got it? Because you keep me chained up for a whim. Give me a chance. So help me, may I drop dead, I'll redeem myself."

A whole-hearted devotion to duty, a sincerity which he didn't try to conceal under a mask of cynical wisecracking, had always characterised Wallace. Oliver Stone, declaring that he ought to be shot for entertaining the idea, nevertheless was won over to the opinion that the Hazel Flagg case should be more conscientiously covered.

Within twenty-four hours, Wallace, stepping out on Warsaw Station, was describing his mission for the *Star* and asking to be taken to Hazel Flagg's address. He found the residents of this one-horse town in Vermont chiefly limited in speech to two words—"yep" and "nope." In the case of whether they wanted to encourage newspaper men, the answer was definitely "nope."

According to a station official, the town was owned by the Paragon Watch Factory, which objected to scandals in print. Aided by various condescending "yeps," however, Wallace arrived in the surgery of a Dr. Downer, who had been responsible for diagnosing radium poisoning in Hazel Flagg.

"Oh, a newspaperman from New York!" Dr. Downer observed, turning round in the middle of shaving. "Excuse me while I open the windows. I'll tell you briefly what I think of newspapermen. The hand of God reaching down into the mire couldn't elevate one of them to the depths of degradation—not by a million miles."

Remarking that he could do better in darkest Africa, Wallace left the surgery with Hazel's address still undiscovered.

On the doorstep he cannoned into a young woman whom he decided, as she entered the house as though she had a right there, to be Hazel Flagg. She was wearing black, looked pale and agitated. He waited for her to come out. When she did, she was crying bitterly.

"Miss Flagg!" he saluted her earnestly. "I'm Wallace Cook from the *New York Star*. I've come up to see you. I know it's hard for you to talk, but if you'll listen to me for a little while——"

"I've nothing to say now. It's sort of too late, I've just been to see Dr. Downer, and he told me——"

"Please don't cry," he entreated. "I've an idea. I want you to come to New York with me—as my guest—as the guest of the *Morning Star*. Don't say anything till I tell you."

"I won't." Now that her face had lighted up, the prettiness which Wallace had suspected was hers, he decided was nothing less than beauty—sheer beauty. Hair like spun gold, regular features, petal skin, and ankles it were a sin to cover, were the outstanding points of an allure not even by a journalist to be described.

"If you were a sister or someone close to me, I'd take you out of Warsaw, dead or alive, Miss Flagg. You've lived all your life here? Never been to New York?"

"My grandmother took me when I was three, but I didn't appreciate it."

"We'll show you the town. We'll take you everywhere. You'll have more fun than if you lived for a hundred years in this yep-and-nope village. Is it a bargain?"

"I don't know. It would be imposing on everyone——"

"How do you mean, imposing?"

"Oh, I just thought it would be wrong to make people sad. I'm afraid I'd be a kill-joy."

"Listen. I'll be frank, though I must sound like a ghoul. You'll be a sensation. The whole town will take you to its heart because you'll be the symbol of courage and heroism. Well, we'll talk about it on the 'plane."

The idea of flying to New York put the extinguisher on Hazel's diffidence. Dr. Downer was approached and agreed to travel as Hazel's medical guardian. Time and again on the flight, looking at the lovely face face beside him, Wallace felt a sickening inward tremor which increased in proportion to the courage Hazel displayed.

The following evening the Erika Club staged a Hazel Flagg evening. Sipping champagne in a moonlight blue frock, Hazel (surely a little paler than yesterday) was the object of many tear-dimmed eyes. Waiters were crying, and the solemn suffering expression of a man wearing a toupee attracted even Hazel's attention.

"I'm getting fed up with these trick tears and 'phoney lamentations over you," Wallace broke out irritably.

"I'm glad they're 'phoney—it makes everything all right. What I mean is," Hazel said with an intonation which, had Cupid not prejudiced her hearer, must have roused his curiosity, "I wouldn't want to make all these people suffer." Meanwhile, the Master of the Ceremonies was already greeting the diners as little folk and asking them to drink to, laugh with and applaud the doomed child who sat in their midst, saying goodbye with a grateful smile on her lips—America's sweetest and simplest of heroines—Miss Hazel Flagg.

Following sympathetic applause, broken by women weeping, he announced the forthcoming stage turn, entitled "Heroines of History". One by one, Catherine, who saved Russia; Lady Godiva, who saved her virtue; Katinka, of the bandaged hand, who saved Holland by putting her finger in the dyke; and Pocahontas, who saved Captain John Smith—appeared mounted on black, white, or chestnut palfreys. Finally, the Master continued: "I want you, ladies and gentlemen, to meet the little girl from Vermont, the soldier whose heroic smile, in the face of death, has wrung tears and cheers from the great stone heart of the city. I humbly invite her now to take her place beside all great heroines of history—Miss Hazel Flagg."

Horror-struck, Wallace saw, as Hazel left her chair, that her feet were sadly unsteady. So deeply under the spell of Cupid was he that he never suspected the cause. Not even when Hazel, simple country girl, in attempting to take her place beside the heroines of history, fell prone at the footlights, did he suspect alcohol as the origin of collapse. Dr. Downer, with more data to go upon than Wallace, fortunately did suspect it, however, and cleverly managed to have Hazel carried to their hotel before too many questions were asked. Of one thing, Wallace, grinding his teeth while he and Oliver Stone were waiting to hear from Dr. Downer if his charge were likely to recover temporarily, was certain.

"I'm not acting pall-bearer any longer, Oliver. She's the sweetest, loveliest kid that ever lived. I'm resigning." Nevertheless, the following morning, when Dr. Downer reported that Hazel was better—indeed, doing well for her last few weeks—Wallace was obliged to unburden his mind to her about his business obligations. To him, she looked tragically beautiful lying on the broad divan bed, with flowers everywhere and an ice bag above her brow, aching, though he didn't know it, from a hangover. He forced himself to talk about the funeral which he had been assigned to arrange, sadly described the enormous crowd expected, the difficulties of getting the president to attend as he was fishing, and spoke of substituting a symphony orchestra.

Seeing that Hazel, though doing her utmost to be responsive, was growing nervous, he sought to gild the bitter pill.

"I know you told me not to," he said, bending over her. "But, Hazel darling, I've broken a promise.

(*Continued on page* 22)

"WHAT A MAN"—WHAT A FOOD!

Says
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famous British
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SHREDDED WHEAT

NOTHING SACRED

(*Continued from page* 20)

I heard Dr. Emil Egelhofer, of Berlin, was arriving on the *Rex* this afternoon; so I radioed him to come and see you. I know you have faith in Dr. Downer, and radium poisoning's incurable. Still, there's a chance in a million——"

He left, afraid of betraying too much emotion and quite unaware of the agitation he was to leave behind. Having secured the Governor's permission for a public holiday on the occasion of Hazel's funeral when it should take place, he arrived late at the *Star* office, to find Oliver Stone in a state of mental combustion.

"She's double-crossed us!" he exploded. "Hazel Flagg's just jumped into the river. Your quasi-sultan, Ernest, was pinching flowers from her suite when he found her suicide note on her pillow. He saw her leave the hotel five minutes ago. 'Phone the Governor and tell him we shall want that holiday to-morrow."

"A couple of grave-diggers, you and the Governor!" Wallace flared, and tore hatless to the nearest quay. Rounding a wharf, his heart thumped. On the stone parapet below the bridge, manifestly quaking before taking her fatal plunge, was Hazel.

"Stop—stop! You're crazy! What are you trying to do?" he cried, making a grab at her from behind, whereby she promptly overbalanced into the dark depths below. He jumped in with all the abandon of a lover and the awkwardness of a man who cannot swim. A moment later, Hazel was helping him to scramble over the parapet. Her clothes clung to her; her hair hung in rats' tails; but propose to her he must, and did, in the shelter of a disused hut which she pronounced as "so cosy."

"Oh, Wally, there's no future in it!" she sighed. "Please kiss me once more and let it go at that, without ruining your life."

He protested that a handful of perfect hours, of exquisite memories was more than the luckiest can hope to receive. No knowing what else he might have said in this vein, had not a member of the shore fire brigade appeared to inquire in a pronounced Swedish accent if anything had been seen of a young lady who had "yumped" in the river.

"Sure, and you can drive us both to the Waldorf Hotel," Wallace told him. Wearing the obliging Swede's oilskin helmet and coat, Hazel, after overhearing voices in the inner room of her suite, took Wallace by surprise by kissing him several times.

"If you ever hate me, remember this and this," she said, tragically.

In the office the following morning, Wallace did remember her words and manner with startling force.

Back to the wide window, Oliver Stone might have been facing a firing squad, to judge by the expression on his usually bouyant countenance. When he had expressed the sentiment that he was trying to figure a way out of the blackest disaster that had ever struck down an innocent man since the days of Judas Iscariot, Wallace judged it time to inquire the reason.

"You've ruined me. You've ruined the *Morning Star*," Oliver articulated with difficulty. "Look at that X-ray photograph taken by Dr. Egelhofer, of Berlin, of Hazel Flagg. Not a bone missing, down to the last healthy vertebrae—intact. Radium poisoning, my foot! Hazel Flagg, the biggest fake of the century. A lying, faking witch with the brain of a tarantula."

"Nothing wrong with her at all! Sweet heaven! I can't believe it," Wallace ejaculated almost with reverence. Various pointers to the conclusion that Hazel had known of the deception all along occurred to him, to be brushed aside as totally irrelevant.

"Get to the Waldorf as quick as you can!" Oliver was commanding. "Grab Hazel Flagg and bring her to this office, if you have to drag her by the hair of her head."

"So help me, Oliver, if you hurt that kid, I'll knock you cold! I'll brain you! I'm marrying her. I don't care how we've been taken in, or what she's done. I'm in love with her. I thank heaven that she's a fraud and a fake, and isn't going to die."

An agonising ten minutes ensued. Oliver, having sent for strong men from the circulation department, detailed three to fetch Hazel, and one, by name Max Levinsky, to deal with Wallace if he should prove too argumentative. A conversation between Max and his brother Moe, speaking from the Waldorf, ensued. Max, as the only man present who could understand his brother's dialect and could quieten his tendency to get rattled, at long length elicited the alarming news that Hazel was in bed with a temperature of a hundred and six.

"Pneumonia—dying!" Oliver gasped. "Max, tell the nurse to take the temperature again and call in a doctor—not Downer. Tell Moe to throw that Vermont quack out of the window. This is like a pardon from the gallows. But I'm trusting none this time. I'm taking no chances. Get me Dr. Egelhofer, of Berlin."

Vehemently declaring that nothing in the world should stop him from going to the Waldorf, Wallace left hot-foot. He found Hazel on the divan bed, shaking with fright—not fever.

"Shut up!" he ordered as she murmured plaintively that she felt on fire. "I knew you were faking the minute I heard. Dr. Egelhofer will be here in ten—fifteen minutes."

"Wally, those three men were going to arrest me. I couldn't get away, so I put the thermometer in hot water and threw a fit. I told you that you'd hate me, but Dr. Downer promised me two hundred dollars, when he thought I was going to die, to take me to New York. Then, when he found out I wasn't, he said he couldn't afford the two hundred dollars. I'd always longed to go to New York—to be born twice, as it might be, and each time in Warsaw seemed too bad. That was why I was crying, the day you met me—remember?"

"We won't go into that now. Keep your head and listen to me. Egelhofer and a whole wagonload of scientists are coming, and they won't only find you. They'll find Wallace Cook, king of boobs, greatest sucker in Christendom. Get up.

"You're going to have pneumonia, and have it good."

"You want me to stand in front of an open window and catch cold?"

"That would take too long. We've got to raise your pulse to a hundred and sixty—quick. We've got to have you gasping, panting, and covered in cold sweat inside five minutes."

"How?"

"Fight! Come on! Take that ice-pack off your head, and fight!"

"What's the use? I'm sick of faking and lying. Why fool them any longer?"

"Because I love you. I'm going to marry you, and I don't want to spend my honeymoon hanging round Sing-Sing. Come on, get going, you little crook—and when you regain consciousness put the hot thermometer in your mouth. There's the lift door—they're coming! Say good night to papa now." Beneath an unhesitating right punch to the jaw, Hazel fell gently back on to the bed. "A nice fight, Wally," Oliver Stone remarked, emerging from the cover of a beige hanging.

"You saw the whole thing. You let me beat up a defenceless woman. Where's your sense of chivalry?"

"Aren't you a trifle confused, Mr. Cook? You hit her."

"That's entirely different. I love her."

"Water—water! I'm on fire!" Hazel murmured.

"Well, you can cool off now. The whole thing's up. I'm sorry. I guess Oliver knows a fake when he sees one."

"Wally!" Hazel, on her feet and out of bed, cried appealingly.

"Yes, dear." Wallace, aware of an amazingly direct hit on the chin, knew nothing more till he was on the bed with Hazel's agonised face close to him. "I didn't mean to do it. I love you," she sobbed. Oliver Stone, assuming his most pontifical manner, sought to elevate the late boxing booth into an audience chamber.

"Miss Flagg," he said, "I wonder if you are aware of the tradition of a great newspaper, of its high calling, of the integrity which is its life blood."

"You needn't rub it in. I'm going back to Warsaw. I'll confess."

"You can't confess. By special invitation of the *Morning Star*, some of the most important citizens of the town are waiting outside to see you. Why? To pass on to the people of New York your last words. The Mayor; Mrs. Cartwright, wearing deep mourning, head of the Society of Young Matrons; Miss Sedgewick, commandant of the Girl Friends of the Forest—all waiting. What are you going to say to them?"

"Hazel—where are you going?" Already Wallace could see her hurrying, in dressing-gown and satin pyjamas, to the reception-room, shouting as she went: "I'm a fake! I'm not going to die. I never had radium poisoning. I wanted a trip to New York, and I got it."

Grasping the city key which she had handed back to him, the Mayor reeled backwards. "This is terrible! I endorsed this thing," he groaned. "I gave this girl the key to the city just as an election was coming up."

"Miss Flagg," took up Mrs. Cartwright. "Our young matrons have switched the whole study course from the menace of communism to the inspiration of Hazel Flagg."

Miss Sedgewick rose. "The Girl Friends of the Forest have organised a Hazel Flagg unit with me as Chief Ranger. If you persist in flaunting your recovery, the trees of America will be without friends," she lamented.

"The *Morning Star* keeps faith with its readers. This thing must not get out," Oliver Stone added impressively. Hazel's lower lip quivered. Her slender figure lost its poise.

"Let me alone!" she cried brokenly. "I wish I could go some place, to die by myself—like an elephant." Prophetic wish! Readers of the *Morning Star's* next issue learned that Hazel Flagg, according to a written message found after her disappearance, had gone away alone—to die like an elephant.

ON the honeymoon cruise, Mrs Cook hurriedly resumed the dark glasses she had removed to talk to Mr. Cook in fancied seclusion by the deck rail.

"I'm sick and tired of being mistaken for that fake, Hazel Flagg," she declared, taking the words out of the mouth of the passing dowager who had been scrutinising her.

"Fake—young woman! How dare you speak of Hazel Flagg as a fake? How dare you slur the memory of one of the most gallant girls whoever lived? In spite of you and your kind, the world will never forget Hazel Flagg."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Hazel said sadly as the dowager passed on. "After all, I was a pretty important person."

Unaware that he was sowing seeds of their first matrimonial dispute, Wallace rashly re-assured her.

"Don't worry, baby. Two months from now they'll have forgotten Hazel Flagg ever lived. They'll find another elephant."



Hazel shouted, "I'm a fake! I'm not going to die. I never had radium poisoning. I wanted a trip to New York, and I got it."

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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

FOUR hundred thousand pounds have been spent on this Technicolor revue, *The Goldwyn Follies*, and a lot of it shows, but it is mostly in the munificence of the settings and the technical qualities.

The picture has three outstanding features which make it worth while, even if there are some rather long stretches of the commonplace between them.

They are the brilliant dancing and acting of Zorina, the introduction of Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist and his famous doll, "Charlie McCarthy", and an extremely artistically designed ballet.

In lesser degree, I would include the fooling of the Ritz Brothers for those who appreciate their wildly nonsensical fooling—and I must say that I do.

What story there is—and it is very slight—deals with back-stage Hollywood life. Adolphe Menjou, as a producer, engages an unspoiled girl, Andrea Leeds, to tell him what not to put in his pictures.

She meets up with a young singer and gets him starred, and finally marries him, in spite of Menjou's efforts to grab her for himself. But actually the plot is only an excuse on which to hang a series of turns.

Kenny Baker sings several songs well and Edgar Bergen does his stuff excellently. He is about the only ventriloquist I have seen who can make you keep your eyes on his doll instead of on his lips.

Andrea Leeds is not called upon to exert herself, but Zorina, as a temperamental star, gives a performance that looks like leading her to stardom in the near future.

Her dancing, too, is exceptionally good; it is, I think, rare to find such a perfect combination of ballet dancer and actress.

For sheer beauty of design the big ballet sequence takes a lot of beating. Colour is used very effectively and there is a spaciousness about the whole number which elicited a round of spontaneous applause when it was pre-viewed.

It is a pity that the conception of the musical as a whole does not live up to such isolated sequences.

BANK HOLIDAY

Some time ago, after seeing a clever little picture called *Talk of the Devil*, I said that I considered Carol Reed one of the most promising directors in this country. After seeing *Bank Holiday*, I have no cause to revise that opinion; in fact, this production further confirms it.

Admittedly, it has its faults, the main one being that the detail is apt to obscure the main theme and at times hold up its development, but, from a directorial point of view, it is excellent.

The action all takes place in one day, and the main plot concerns a nurse, Catherine, who has to acquaint a man, Stephen Howard, with the fact that his wife has died in childbirth. She has an appointment to spend the week-end by the sea with a boy, Geoffrey, who says he loves her, but she is ready to forego that if she can help Stephen.

However, she does go, and gradually finds that Geoffrey's attitude is one of desire rather than love, and finally she leaves him and dashes back to town with a premonition that something is happening to Stephen.

She arrives in time to save him from suicide.

Interwoven into this very human plot are other threads introducing inter-related characters.

The action takes place on a bank holiday, and the director has caught the spirit admirably. The rush for the train, the crowded hotels and apartment houses, the Cockney father with his wife and small children, a girl who is going to represent Fulham in a beauty contest, and her girl friend, and the fraudulent manager of a pierrot show—all these, and many more less prominent character cameos, are cleverly interwoven into the main story thread.

Margaret Lockwood gives a sensitive rendering of the nurse and her callow boy friend is well played by Hugh Williams.

John Lodge has little to do as the agonised husband, but he makes that little effective.

As the beauty contestant who eventually gets off with Geoffrey, Rene Ray does well, and that accomplished artiste, Merle Tottenham, is fine as her friend.

One of the hits of the production, however, is the performance given by Wilfred Lawson as a police officer.

In her efforts to get to London, Catherine accepts a lift from a pierrot manager, who is actually bolting with the party's proceeds. He is stopped and taken to a police station, and it is in this scene that Wilfred Lawson steps in and walks away with the acting honours.

Wally Patch is well in character as the Cockney and his wife is cleverly characterised by Kathleen Harrison.

If all British pictures were as cleverly directed as this, we should not have to bother about the future of our studios.

IN OLD CHICAGO

There is always a tendency, whilst watching a picture which you know contains a sensational climax, to be impatient for the *pièce de résistance* to start. So in *In Old Chicago* one is apt to get a little impatient with the conventional story ingredients of life in the 'sixties and 'seventies, with which Edward Arnold has perhaps over-familiarised us, and get eager for the fire to start.

When it does finally come, it is certainly no disappointment. After all, it should be a good fire, because it cost something in the region of £200,000; and you do expect a bit of a blaze for that.

It has been excellently directed, the crowd-handling is brilliant, and the general effect one of intense realism. The director, Henry King, deserves fullest congratulations for his work.

Personally, I am fond of spectacular productions because it is then that the scope of the camera comes into its own and we get real cinema.

The acting honours of the picture are stolen by Alice Brady, who gives a sincere and extremely lovable characterisation of a woman who comes to old Chicago with her three sons and watches their varied careers For this performance she has won the Academy Award for the best female supporting performance and I think everyone will agree that the honour is well deserved.

Jack, the eldest son, becomes a lawyer, while his brother Dion takes to political wire-pulling and emerges as a power behind the throne.

The two eventually clash when Jack becomes mayor—helped, though he does not know it, by Dion—and determines to clean up the city.

They fight, but the sudden outbreak of a fire which destroys the city unites them once again. Jack is killed trying to dynamite some buildings, but Dion is saved and comes to a realisation of his shortcomings.

Don Ameche is not well cast as Jack. He gives a good performance, but it strikes one as rather stilted.

Tyrone Power is fair as Dion, but here again he does not quite convince one as a man who could have become the secret political power he is supposed to be.

Alice Faye is delightful as Belle, a café singer, who joins forces with Dion and finally marries him. She puts over her period songs very well and is excellently in character.

Andy Devine is amusing as Dion's henchman and Brian Donlevy is convincing as a rival racketeer.

Tom Brown has little to do as the third of the brothers, who helps his mother and marries a little German girl, attractively played by June Storey.

The settings are all extremely good and the technical work leaves nothing to be desired.

In short, if you want a real spectacular thrill, you cannot do better than see *In Old Chicago*.

On the Screens Now

***SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS

General Film Distributors. British. "A" certificate. Domestic comedy. Runs 71 minutes.

DIANA CHURCHILL.....Marion Carter
HENRY KENDALL.....Geoffrey Carter
JUNE CLYDE.....Diana Cheswick
ROMNEY BRENT.....Morgan Cheswick
REX HARRISON.....Leonard Drummond
ROXIE RUSSELL.....Kate
PHIL THOMAS.....Chauffeur
RICHARD GOOLDEN.....Whittaker
JUDITH GICK.....Joan
JOAN KEMP-WELSH.....Maid

Directed by Andrew Marton. Adapted from the play by Frederick Jackson. Previewed January 15, 1938.

Andrew Marton has directed this witty and piquant stage play very well and provided us with one of the best British comedies of the year. The timing is good and the dialogue exploited to its fullest advantage.

Rex Harrison, one of the screen's most promising leads, is excellent as a philandering novelist who specialises in other men's wives.

He thoroughly upsets the domestic bliss of two households, but in the end leaves the respective heads of the families wiser in the matter of retaining the love of their wives.

A well-balanced and provocative study is given by Diana Churchill as Marion Carter, whose husband, quite well played by Henry Kendall, is inclined to take her for granted.

The other husband is Romney Brent, and once again he provides a very human and natural characterisation.

His wife is played by June Clyde, who provides an excellent contrast to Diana Churchill. She is depicted as somewhat scatter-brained and ready to elope with almost anyone to escape the humdrum existence she leads with her husband.

***CONFESSION

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Mother love drama. Runs 88 minutes.

KAY FRANCIS.....Vera
BASIL RATHBONE.....Michael Michaeilow
IAN HUNTER.....Leonide Kirow
JANE BRYAN.....Lisa
DONALD CRISP.....Presiding Judge
MARY MAGUIRE.....Hildegard
DOROTHY PETERSON.....Mrs. Koslov
LAURA HOPE CREWS.....Stella
ROBERT BARRAT.....Prosecuting Attorney
BEN WELDEN.....Defence Attorney
ANDERSON LAWLOR.....Reporter
HELEN VALKIS.....Wanda
MICHAEL MARK.....Russian Interpreter
MATTY KING.....Dancer

Directed by Joe May. Previewed October 30, 1937. The story of the film appeared in our issue of February 5, 1938.

A shot-for-shot version of the German film *Mazurka*, which featured Pola Negri. It provides one of the best vehicles that Kay Francis has had for some time, and she gives a brilliant performance in it.

It is the story of a woman who, having, through a moral lapse, lost her husband and child, in later years murders the man who proved her undoing because he is attempting to seduce her grown-up daughter.

It is extremely well presented. The opening action is in the present tense, but directly after the shooting the story is told in court by the accused in retrospect.

Basil Rathbone gives an outstanding performance as the lover and would-be seducer, and the daughter is sensitively played by Jane Bryan; it could not have been bettered.

c***LANCER SPY

Twentieth-Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Spy melodrama. Runs 83 minutes.

DOLORES DEL RIO.....Fraulein Dolores Daria Sunnell
GEORGE SANDERS.....Lieutenant Peter Bruce
PETER LORRE.....Major Sigfried Gruning
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT.....Prince Ferdi Zu Schwarzwald
VIRGINIA FIELD.....Joan Bruce
SIG RUMANN.....Lieut. Col. Gottfried Hollen
MAURICE MOSCOVICH.....General Von Meinhardi
LIONEL ATWILL.....Colonel Fenwick
LUTHER ADLER.....Schratt
FRITZ FELD.....Fritz Mueller
HOLMES HERBERT.....Dr. Aldrich
LESTER MATTHEWS.....Captain Neville
CARLOS DE VALDEZ.....Von Klingen
GREGORY GAYE.....Captain Freymann
JOAN CAROL.....Elizabeth Bruce
CLAUDE KING.....Captain
KENNETH HUNTER.....Commandant
FRANK REICHER.....Admiral
LEONARD MUDIE.....Statesman

Directed by Gregory Ratoff. From a novel by Martha McKenna. Previewed March 5, 1938.

Gregory Ratoff deserves congratulation for the way he has directed this thriller; he proves himself as good a director as he is an actor.

It is a rattling good spy melodrama, ingenious in situation, and, even if it is rather highly coloured, interesting throughout.

The love interest is not allowed to predominate and is kept in its proper perspective, the main drama relying on the exploits of an Englishman, disguised as a German baron, moving in high army quarters during the war.

George Sanders, the newcomer who has already played some small parts, assures his future by an exceedingly clever performance. He appears both as the German baron and his double, an English naval officer.

Lionel Atwill as a British intelligence officer, Joseph Schildkraut as the Prince Ferdi Zu Schwarzwald, a friend of the baron, Sig Rumann and Peter Lorre as German intelligence officers are all noteworthy, while Maurice Moscovich is fine as a German general who takes a liking to the supposed baron.

The woman in the case is admirably played by Dolores Del Rio. She is a counter spy who falls in love with the Englishman and,

(*continued on page* 26)



BERYL
BRYNTON

'STAND-IN'

for RENE RAY

Conspicuous on the set are the 'stand-ins' for the 'stars' who pose for camera and lighting adjustments. 'Stand-ins' frequently resemble the celebrities in features, colouring and height. Here is charming Beryl Brynton, 'stand-in' for Rene Ray. Beryl Brynton 'stood-in' for Rene Ray in 'Crime over London', 'Please Teacher', 'Four Dark Hours', 'The Rat', 'Bank Holiday', and 'Housemaster'.



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having learnt his secret, sacrifices herself for him. In contra-distinction to most spy plays, there is no love-making—the hero in this case being married and having a child in England.

**HIDEAWAY

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Gangster comedy. Runs 58 minutes.

FRED STONE ..... Frankie Peterson
MARJORIE LORD ..... Joan Peterson
WILLIAM CORSON ..... Bill Parker
EMMA DUNN ..... Emma Peterson
TOMMY BOND ..... Oscar Peterson
J. CARROL NAISH ..... Mike Clark
RAY MAYER ..... Eddie Baxter
BRADLEY PAGE ..... Al Miller
DUDLEY CLEMENTS ..... Wiggins
ROBERT MCKENZIE ..... Walter Mooney
FRANK M. THOMAS ..... Jerry Nolan
PAUL GUILFOYLE ..... Norris
LEE PATRICK ..... Bella

Directed by Richard Rosson. From the play by Melvin Levy.

Delightfully human and humorous small-town story dealing with a simple countryman and gangsters who use his cottage as a hide-out.

Their conflict with the old man, his wife, his daughter, and his small son, whose every move they suspect, finally leads to their undoing, as well as providing some very amusing sequences.

Fred Stone is very good as the cottager and Emma Dunn sound as his wife. The small son is ably portrayed by Tommy Bond. The gangsters are amusingly characterised by J. Carrol Naish, Ray Mayer, and Bradley Page.

The small-town atmosphere is excellent and the whole idea refreshingly novel in development.

**DOUBLE OR NOTHING

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 96 minutes.

BING CROSBY ..... Lefty Boylan
MARTHA RAYE ..... Liza Lou Lane
ANDE DEVINE ..... "Half Pint"
MARY CARLISLE ..... Vicki Clark
WILLIAM FRAWLEY ..... John Pederson
BENNY BAKER ..... A Sailor
SAMUEL S. HINDS ..... Jonathan Clark
WILLIAM HENRY ..... Egbert Clark
FAY HOLDEN ..... Martha Sewell Clark
GILBERT EMERY ..... Mr. Mitchell
WALTER KINGSFORD ..... Mr. Dobson
HARRY BARRIS ..... Orchestra Conductor

Directed by Theodore Reed. Based on a story by M. Coates Webster
Previewed September 25, 1937.

If it had not been for the vocal contortions of Martha Raye, I should have enjoyed this picture much more, but even with that handicap it does provide good entertainment.

The plot, which deals with a crooner's efforts to double a sum of money in order to gain a fortune and the machinations of a man, father of the girl he loves, to make him fail in his task so that he can benefit by the terms of a will, is ingenious and brightly developed.

Bing Crosby acts naturally in the lead and Mary Carlisle is attractive as the heroine.

Andy Devine supplies some good comedy, but the hit of the show is a "Sing Band," a blending of twenty voices which gives the effect of a full dance orchestra. It is novel and exceedingly tuneful.

The climax provides a well-mounted spectacular cabaret sequence.

**PATHETONE PARADE OF 1938

Pathe. British. "U" certificate. Variety show. Runs 36 minutes.

BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND
THE HILLBILLIES — THE SKATING JEWELS
THE MYLES SISTERS — LANCE FAIRFAX
STANELLI — THE LOCARNO FOUR
CHARLIE KUNZ — NORMAN LONG
PATRICK COLBERT — COLLINSON & DEAN
DANNY LIPTON AND HIS TRIO — SANDY ROWAN
Compered by GILBERT FRANKAU

Produced by Freddie Watts.

Most music-hall fans will recognise the worth of the turns contained in this straightforward variety bill. Frankau compères it with his usual effectiveness and it is good entertainment of its type.

*MR. DODDS TAKES THE AIR

First National. American. "U" certificate. Radio romance. Runs 86 minutes.

KENNY BAKER ..... Claude Dodds
FRANK MCHUGH ..... Sniffer Hurst
ALICE BRADY ..... Mme. Moro
GERTRUDE MICHAEL ..... Jessica Stafford
JANE WYMAN ..... Marjorie Day
JOHN ELDREDGE ..... Lidin
HENRY O'NEILL ..... Gateway
HARRY DAVENPORT ..... Doc Quinn
FERRIS TAYLOR ..... Hiram P. Doremus
LINDA PERRY ..... Information Desk Girl

Directed by Alfred E. Green. Story by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

Kenny Baker, a popular American radio crooner, has charm of manner and acts in a modest likeable way the role of a young man from a rural district who makes a hit on the air and also invents a wireless appliance which a crook employs a vamp to steal from him.

However, with the help of his girl friend, sincerely enacted by Jane Wyman, he outwits both the vamp and an operatic singer who makes passes at him.

As the former, Gertrude Michael scores plenty of laughs, as does Alice Brady as the temperamental singer.

Action is interrupted by vocal numbers, but the plot succeeds in being quite averagely entertaining.

*LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate. Runs 78 minutes.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY ..... Bob Graham
ROSALIND RUSSELL ..... Julie Stoddard
ROBERT BENCHLEY ..... Oscar
HELEN VINSON ..... Lily Chalmers
MICKEY ROONEY ..... Jerry Crump
MONTY WOOLLEY ..... Mr. Bawlitiude
E. E. CLIVE ..... Mr. Palmiston
CHARLES JUDELS ..... Pedro Filipe
MAUDE EBURNE ..... Mrs. Crump
HARLAN BRIGGS ..... Justice of the Peace
JUNE CLAYWORTH ..... Post
BARNETT PARKER ..... Alfredo
AL SHEAN ..... Fraum

Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Previewed December 4, 1937.

Another "nonsense" comedy, which is played in a slapstick vein and hardly does credit to the acting ability of the artistes concerned.

The action is set in a synthetic Bohemian atmosphere, with Robert Montgomery as an improvident young artist who marries a wealthy

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

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*THE RAT
*THE GIRL SAID NO
RHYTHM RACKETEER
MISSING—BELIEVED MARRIED

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

by Lionel Collier

young lady after a whirlwind courtship—or perhaps I should say she marries him, and decides to do without her money.

They live in a garret and have a protegé in the shape of Robert Benchley, who makes up a care-free menage of three.

Then comes success, and Robert is taken in hand by his wife's school-days friend, Lily, and both romance and Bohemia go by the board. However, when his wife and his friend leave him, the artist comes to his senses and, after a reunion, a good slapstick time is had by all—that is, excepting Lily.

Robert Montgomery is sound, but Rosalind Russell appears out of her element. Robert Benchley is given very limited opportunities.

*THE RAT

Radio British. "A" certificate. Underworld melodrama. Runs 72 minutes.

Ruth Chatterton	Zelia
Anton Walbrook	The Rat
Rene Ray	Odile
Beatrix Lehmann	Marguerite
Mary Clare	Mere Coline
Felix Aylmer	Prosecuting Counsel
Hugh Miller	Strets
Gordon McLeod	Caillard
Frederick Culley	The Judge
Nadine March	Rose
George Merritt	Pierre Verdier
Leo Genn	Defending Counsel
Fanny Wright	Therese
Bob Gregory	Albert
Ivan Wilmot	Peter
J. H. Roberts	Butler
Aubrey Mallalieu	Jeweller
Paul Sheridan	Customer
Walter Schofield	Taxi-Driver
Stanley Lathbury	Priest
Beatrice Marsden	Zelia's Maid

Directed by Jack Raymond from the story by Ivor Novello.

This talkie version of the silent film, which dealt with the romance of an apache with amorous propensities and a heart of gold, a society woman for whose charms he falls, and a young girl whom he is entrusted to look after by a dying murderer, is all very theatrical and novelettish in inception, but Anton Walbrook does his best to make the character of the Rat come to life and Ruth Chatterton is efficient as the society woman.

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Some of the best acting comes from Mary Clare as the proprietress of a low dive.

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Ed Brophy	Pick
Harry Tyler	Chuck
Richard Tucker	Dillon
Gwili Andre	Gretchen Holman
Mildred Rogers	Peggy
Frank Moulan	Mark
Josef Swickard	Jonesy
Arthur Kay	Adolph
Horace Murphy	Joe
Bert Roach	Sugar Plum
Allan Rogers	John
Max Davidson	Max
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Directed by Andrew L. Stone. Screen play by Betty Laidlaw and Robert Lively.

Irene Hervey makes the most of her material in this story of a dance-hall hostess who cleans out a racecourse representative of a theatrical producer who falls for her, and who in her turn is kidded by her victim.

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Harry Roy	{Harry Grant / Nap Connors}
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James Carew	Clinton Vosper
Norma Varden	Della Nash
Johnnie Hines	Nifty
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Judith Wood	Lola
James Dibrin	Bugs Cole
Georgie Harris	The Rat
Pamela Randall	Fan Dancer

Directed by James Seymour.

Dance-band interludes punctuate this gangster comedy-drama, which, in trying to emulate American pictures of the same type, falls down and fails to register at all effectively.

Harry Roy lacks the experience to put over the dual role of Nap, an American gangster on a visit to London, and Harry, a dance-band leader.

Princess Pearl is quite good as the heroine whom Harry protects from rival gangsters.

The music is the best part of the production.

MISSING—BELIEVED MARRIED

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Julien Vedey	Mario Maroni
Wally Patch	"Flat Iron" Stubbs
Hazel Terry	Hermione Blakiston
Pete Coke	Peter
Margaret Rutherford	Lady Parke
Charles Paton	Mr. Horton
Emilio Gargher	Emilio Graffia
Irene Handle	Chambermaid
George Turner	Shifty
Sheila Young	Mavis

Directed by John Paddy Carstairs. From a story by A. R. Rawlinson.

Wally Patch and Julien Vedey, a new comedy combination, do their best to get laughs out of the very thin material at their command. Neither the plot nor the director gives them much assistance.

The story deals with an heiress knocked unconscious in a market-place scuffle, who is looked after by two street traders. She loses her memory, and they try to restore it for her, incidentally outwitting a bogus count who tries to trick her into matrimony.

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BEAUTY SALONS 33 OLD BOND STREET W.1

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 2

Norma leaves school



Leaving-day came, and Norma stood in Hall for the last time.





Walking along Oxford Street, Norma saw an advertisement for a sales girl.





Norma got the job — on the perfumery counter. Her skin will be a good recommendation for Knight's Castile, the soap that prevents "Tired Skin."

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16. Soap Makers since 1810

having learnt his secret, sacrifices herself for him. In contra-distinction to most spy plays, there is no love-making—the hero in this case being married and having a child in England.

**HIDEAWAY

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Gangster comedy. Runs 58 minutes.

FRED STONE ..... Frankie Peterson
MARJORIE LORD ..... Joan Peterson
WILLIAM CORSON ..... Bill Parker
EMMA DUNN ..... Emma Peterson
TOMMY BOND ..... Oscar Peterson
J. CARROL NAISH ..... Mike Clark
RAY MAYER ..... Eddie Baxter
BRADLEY PAGE ..... Al Miller
DUDLEY CLEMENTS ..... Wiggins
ROBERT MCKENZIE ..... Walter Mooney
FRANK M. THOMAS ..... Jerry Nolan
PAUL GUILFOYLE ..... Norris
LEE PATRICK ..... Bella

Directed by Richard Rosson. From the play by Melvin Levy.

Delightfully human and humorous small-town story dealing with a simple countryman and gangsters who use his cottage as a hide-out.

Their conflict with the old man, his wife, his daughter, and his small son, whose every move they suspect, finally leads to their undoing, as well as providing some very amusing sequences.

Fred Stone is very good as the cottager and Emma Dunn sound as his wife. The small son is ably portrayed by Tommy Bond. The gangsters are amusingly characterised by J. Carrol Naish, Ray Mayer, and Bradley Page.

The small-town atmosphere is excellent and the whole idea refreshingly novel in development.

**DOUBLE OR NOTHING

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 96 minutes.

BING CROSBY ..... Lefty Boylan
MARTHA RAYE ..... Liza Lou Lane
ANDE DEVINE ..... "Half Pint"
MARY CARLISLE ..... Vicki Clark
WILLIAM FRAWLEY ..... John Pederson
BENNY BAKER ..... A Sailor
SAMUEL S. HINDS ..... Jonathan Clark
WILLIAM HENRY ..... Egbert Clark
FAY HOLDEN ..... Martha Sewell Clark
GILBERT EMERY ..... Mr. Mitchell
WALTER KINGSFORD ..... Mr. Dobson
HARRY BARRIS ..... Orchestra Conductor

Directed by Theodore Reed. Based on a story by M. Coates Webster
Previewed September 25, 1937.

If it had not been for the vocal contortions of Martha Raye, I should have enjoyed this picture much more, but even with that handicap it does provide good entertainment.

The plot, which deals with a crooner's efforts to double a sum of money in order to gain a fortune and the machinations of a man, father of the girl he loves, to make him fail in his task so that he can benefit by the terms of a will, is ingenious and brightly developed.

Bing Crosby acts naturally in the lead and Mary Carlisle is attractive as the heroine.

Andy Devine supplies some good comedy, but the hit of the show is a "Sing Band," a blending of twenty voices which gives the effect of a full dance orchestra. It is novel and exceedingly tuneful.

The climax provides a well-mounted spectacular cabaret sequence.

**PATHETONE PARADE OF 1938

Pathe. British. "U" certificate. Variety show. Runs 36 minutes.

BILLY REID AND HIS ACCORDION BAND
THE HILLBILLIES
THE SKATING JEWELS
THE MYLES SISTERS
LANCE FAIRFAX
STANELLI
THE LOCARNO FOUR
CHARLIE KUNZ
NORMAN LONG
PATRICK COLBERT
COLLINSON & DEAN
DANNY LIPTON AND HIS TRIO
SANDY ROWAN

Compered by GILBERT FRANKAU

Produced by Freddie Watts.

Most music-hall fans will recognise the worth of the turns contained in this straightforward variety bill. Frankau compères it with his usual effectiveness and it is good entertainment of its type.

*MR. DODDS TAKES THE AIR

First National. American. "U" certificate. Radio romance. Runs 86 minutes.

KENNY BAKER ..... Claude Dodds
FRANK MCHUGH ..... Sniffer Hurst
ALICE BRADY ..... Mme. Moro
GERTRUDE MICHAEL ..... Jessica Stafford
JANE WYMAN ..... Marjorie Day
JOHN ELDREDGE ..... Lidin
HENRY O'NEILL ..... Gateway
HARRY DAVENPORT ..... Doc Quinn
FERRIS TAYLOR ..... Hiram P. Doremus
LINDA PERRY ..... Information Desk Girl

Directed by Alfred E. Green. Story by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

Kenny Baker, a popular American radio crooner, has charm of manner and acts in a modest likeable way the role of a young man from a rural district who makes a hit on the air and also invents a wireless appliance which a crook employs a vamp to steal from him.

However, with the help of his girl friend, sincerely enacted by Jane Wyman, he outwits both the vamp and an operatic singer who makes passes at him.

As the former, Gertrude Michael scores plenty of laughs, as does Alice Brady as the temperamental singer.

Action is interrupted by vocal numbers, but the plot succeeds in being quite averagely entertaining.

*LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate. Runs 78 minutes.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY ..... Bob Graham
ROSALIND RUSSELL ..... Julie Stoddard
ROBERT BENCHLEY ..... Oscar
HELEN VINSON ..... Lily Chalmers
MICKEY ROONEY ..... Jerry Crump
MONTY WOOLLEY ..... Mr. Bawlititude
E. E. CLIVE ..... Mr. Palmiston
CHARLES JUDELS ..... Pedro Filipe
MAUDE EBURNE ..... Mrs. Crump
HARLAN BRIGGS ..... Justice of the Peace
JUNE CLAYWORTH ..... Post
BARNETT PARKER ..... Alfredo
AL SHEAN ..... Fraum

Directed by George Fitzmaurice. Previewed December 4, 1937.

Another "nonsense" comedy, which is played in a slapstick vein and hardly does credit to the acting ability of the artistes concerned.

The action is set in a synthetic Bohemian atmosphere, with Robert Montgomery as an improvident young artist who marries a wealthy

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

***SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS
c***CONFESSION
c***LANCER SPY
**HIDEAWAY
**DOUBLE OR NOTHING
**PATHETONE PARADE OF 1938
*MR. DODDS TAKES THE AIR
*LIVE, LOVE AND LEARN
*THE RAT
*THE GIRL SAID NO
RHYTHM RACKETEER
MISSING—BELIEVED MARRIED

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

by Lionel Collier

young lady after a whirlwind courtship—or perhaps I should say she marries him, and decides to do without her money.

They live in a garret and have a protegé in the shape of Robert Benchley, who makes up a care-free menage of three.

Then comes success, and Robert is taken in hand by his wife's school-days friend, Lily, and both romance and Bohemia go by the board. However, when his wife and his friend leave him, the artist comes to his senses and, after a reunion, a good slapstick time is had by all—that is, excepting Lily.

Robert Montgomery is sound, but Rosalind Russell appears out of her element. Robert Benchley is given very limited opportunities.

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Radio. British. "A" certificate. Underworld melodrama. Runs 72 minutes.

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Hugh Miller	Strets
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This talkie version of the silent film, which dealt with the romance of an apache with amorous propensities and a heart of gold, a society woman for whose charms he falls, and a young girl whom he is entrusted to look after by a dying murderer, is all very theatrical and novelettish in inception, but Anton Walbrook does his best to make the character of the Rat come to life and Ruth Chatterton is efficient as the society woman.

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Norma Varden	Della Nash
Johnnie Hines	Nifty
Johnnie Schofield	Spike
Judith Wood	Lola
James Pirrie	Bugs Cole
Georgie Harris	The Rat
Pamela Randall	Fan Dancer

Directed by James Seymour.

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Margaret Rutherford	Lady Parke
Charles Paton	Mr. Horton
Emilio Gargher	Emilio Graffia
Irene Handl	Chambermaid
George Turner	Shifty
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Wally Patch and Julien Vedey, a new comedy combination, do their best to get laughs out of the very thin material at their command. Neither the plot nor the director gives them much assistance.

The story deals with an heiress knocked unconscious in a market-place scuffle, who is looked after by two street traders. She loses her memory, and they try to restore it for her, incidentally outwitting a bogus count who tries to trick her into matrimony.

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THE Star WAY TO BEAUTY

"Gives a lovely finish" SAYS JESSIE MATTHEWS



Alluring in its delicate fragrance, Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream will give to your complexion a natural bloom and loveliness. You use it like a face cream and it gives an utterly new effect, a delicate matt complexion of adorable freshness. Used by over 50 British & Hollywood Film Stars.

Powder Cream
Mirror
—all three in one 1/-



Potter and Moore's Powder-Cream not only gives a quick and perfect touch of beauty to the Complexion, it is invaluable for whitening the hands, arms and neck.

Your favourite shop stocks all shades of Powder-Cream

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

No Other WAVER has these Important Features



Ladye Jayne
WAVE CLIP
AND RE-SETTER
FROM HAIRDRESSERS, STORES, &

MATINÉE MANNERS

Are They Better Than Those At Night?

UNTIL recently I used to scorn the idea of attending cinema matinées—but I have been reformed.

It was a common experience for me to queue up, sometimes in driving rain, and then, on entering the cinema, often to be unable to find a seat, or perhaps worse still, be placed in a position whereby only a grotesque and distorted view of the screen was obtainable. Then, there are always people getting up, and banging seats.

At a matinée, I go in before the performance starts, and have a selection of a great number of seats at reduced rates.

When my row is filled, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I can enjoy the rest of the programme in peace.

I also find that housewives and such-like are better versed in "movie manners" than an average evening attendance. It is then, with emphasis, that I say "Long live the matinée!"—*J. Barrett, 150 Heath Road, Clapham, S.W.8.*

(*You're lucky to have time to go to matinées*—"*Thinker.*")



The caricature of Charles Boyer is the twenty-first (and last) of a series contributed by a reader, Mr. Arrigo Polillo.

Movie Menace

● Will someone please tell me how to dodge (without giving offence) the movie menace, who insists on telling you all about the film he or she has just seen.

You have all met the M.M. He or she approaches with a certain glint in the eye, and, having cornered you, begins:

"Oh! You really must see ****. It's *wonderful*! I won't tell you the story, but it's all about two spies on opposite sides, who fall in love—and William Powell gives himself up to save Luise Rainer—No! That comes later. To begin with. . . ."

You try not to look bored while the M.M., getting tied up in knots, staggers doggedly through the story, leaving you with a very confused idea of what it's all about.

Now then fellow-sufferers, your advice!—(*Miss*) *Orissa Green, 6 North Street, Gosport, Hants, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

To Eddy

● He promised to take me to a show,
Upon a night some weeks ago.
The picture I dearly wanted to see
Was Nelson Eddy in *Rosalie*.
I said, "Yes," and he said, "No,"
Until at last he promised to go.
I should have known that things weren't right,
'Cause I haven't seen him since that night!
I guess he thought if I wanted you so
He would simply have to let me go.
Oh, Nelson Eddy, see what you've done!
You've lost me the love of the only one.
To both of the men in my life I was true,
Now I haven't got him, and I never had you.
—(*Miss*) *Joy O'Neill, 154 Pearson Avenue, Toronto, Canada, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Its Life Is Death

● How paradoxical it is that the life of the film industry should depend greatly on the exploitation of death in every shape and form!

How many films are made that do not contain at least one murder, suicide, or accidental death? I once saw *seven* deaths in two pictures, and three more in the trailer of forthcoming events!

Now that war and bloodshed occupies so much space in the daily press, I do think that producers should attempt to give us lighter fare, and show us something of the goodness there still is in the world.—*Reginald Perry, 56 Acre Road, Kingston, Surrey,*

(*But* NOT *the craziness, please!*—"*Thinker.*")

Memorable Scenes

● Here is a list of scenes in films, which impressed me very much.

1. *Ben Hur.* The battle between the galleys manned by shackled slaves.

2. *Lives of a Bengal Lancer.* Where a medal is placed on the saddle of Gary Cooper's horse, in front of the entire regiment in full dress.

3. *False Faces.* When the bandages are removed from the gangster's face, after the operation, to find that he is hideously branded for life.

4. *Theodora Goes Wild.* Irene Dunne returns to her home town, famous, and is welcomed home by the town band.

5. *Ceiling Zero.* James Cagney's 'plane is icing-up, and, although certain death awaits him, his voice comes over the radio, pointing out the faults in the de-icing apparatus, until his voice stops abruptly in the middle of a sentence.

6. And lastly, *A Day at the Races.* Harpo Marx, serious for once, plays the harp. That was really beautiful.—*Harry Wratten, 20 Centre Street, Cambridge Heath, E.2.*

(*Well, we have our moments!*—"*Thinker.*")

A Short Life

● I seem to remember reading somewhere that the popularity of an actor or actress lasts only five years, then how does one account for this?

Looking through a very old magazine I came across this heading: "500 Newspaper Critics Choose the Ten Most Beautiful Actresses." They were as follows:—

1, Corinne Griffith; 2, Mary Astor; 3, Alice Terry; 4, Florence Vidor; 5, May McAvoy;

(*Continued on page* 30)

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Cuticura is a MEDICINAL and TOILET soap, combining in one big tablet the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura, with the mildest, creamiest and most beautifying soap base that science has devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. The richly emollient and refining lather penetrates to the *bottom* of the pores, ridding them of every particle of beauty-spoiling dirt, grease and make-up residue. It renders dry, harsh, hungry skin as supple and smooth as velvet. Your complexion blooms anew with new life, new youth and fascinating beauty. To relieve red, rough skin, also to heal pimples and skin injuries, use Cuticura Brand Ointment. For the perfect finish to your daily bath, dust all over with superfine Cuticura Talcum.

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You won't discover the true charm and loveliness of your complexion until you try my new Pompeian powder. It's so kind to your sensitive skin, so free from harshness, so magical in its bloom. Pompeian (made from a special formula) will keep your skin fresh, youthful, lovely *always* (ask for Honey Rose; Mayfair's favourite shade).

★ *Mrs. X—confidante of society beauties is delighted to advise you. Write her c/o Pompeian Personal Service Bureau, Dept.P.G.4. 160, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Ask also for free copy of her Attractoscope—the chart that measures your charm.*

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Try Pompeian powder in the generous trial size obtainable anywhere at **6d.**—*then buy it in the extra large economy sizes at* 1/- *and* 2/-.

TURN BACK

to page 14 and see what a wonderful Coffret is being offered for 6d. by the distributors of

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When days are grey or gay, can you tell what is your power of attractiveness? Complete and post the coupon below, enclosing 6d. (stamps or crossed P.O.) and you will receive a Four-piece Miracle Make-up Set and a wonderful Charm Test.



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Please send Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, together with your Tangee Charm Test for measuring attractiveness. I enclose 6d. (crossed P.O. or stamps).

Mark shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel (*naturelle*)

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No Need to be Pale & Languid

YOU UNHAPPY ANÆMIC GIRLS

Languid, lifeless, miserable and unhappy—that is the story of many girls and women to-day. They are depressed and often on the verge of tears. These are sure signs of anæmia, and, if unchecked, other miseries soon follow—headaches, palpitation, breathlessness, poor appetite and fainting bouts.

Anæmia does not readily yield to ordinary medicines, but there is one effective treatment that has brought back the priceless gift of health to thousands of sufferers—girls once pale and languid, but now full of life. That treatment consists of a course of Dr. Williams pink pills, which have the special power of creating new, rich blood. This new blood quickly banishes anæmia and all its miseries, and imparts the rosy bloom of health to pale, pinched cheeks.

You can prove for yourself the remarkable benefit that follows the use of Dr. Williams brand pink pills. Start taking them now and see how soon your appetite will pick up, your spirits revive, and your ailments vanish. All chemists sell these pills, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

FREE.—All girls should read "Nature's Warnings," a booklet of real help, sent free to all who write to M.F. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

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SYLVIA

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(eye with)

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For Everyday Use. **Absolutely undetectable.**

Black or Brown—5/- *per pair*—*Postage* 3d.

Ustrella, Ltd.,

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'ASPRO' does not harm the Heart

'ASPRO' is ready and at your service for the next ailment. In these days of complexity it seems as if human ailments have multiplied a hundredfold. Actually, they haven't. The same old complaints exist under a greater diversity of names but due to the same old causes. Proved methods can stamp them out. The best method is the 'ASPRO' method, for 'ASPRO' tablets work quickly and safely. You do not have to wait—you take no risk. The 'ASPRO' method does not upset the stomach. Neither does it harm the heart. It soothes—it does not deaden or drug. 'ASPRO' is so safe a child can take it. It has been proved by hundreds of thousands of people that 'ASPRO' quick healing service is FACT, NOT FICTION. 'ASPRO', after ingestion in the system, is an internal antiseptic and a powerful germicide—an antipyretic or fever-reducer—and a solvent of uric acid (which is believed, by many authorities, to be the cause of rheumatism). These are facts demonstrated by scientific research and clinical experience. 'ASPRO' has developed into a wonderful business because it gives wonderful service. Yet it is within reach of all.

TRY 'ASPRO' TO-DAY FOR THESE COMPLAINTS

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
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OR INSOMNIA
NEURALGIA
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COLDS
LUMBAGO
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TO WOMEN
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ASTHMA

Read these letters

'I USE 'ASPRO' MYSELF"—SAYS DOCTOR

Dear Sirs,—I find that 'ASPRO' does all that you claim for it, and I recommend it with confidence. I have tried it in cases of simple neuralgia where it acts like a charm. I have also found it to be efficacious in cases of rheumatism, neuritis and common colds and frequently use it myself for sleeplessness, lumbago and headache.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed)
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H.
(Name withheld for professional reasons.)

'ASPRO' DOES NOT DOPE, DEADEN OR DEPRESS

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK ASPRO AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES 3D 6D 1/3 2/6

'ASPRO' SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

72a Townholm Crescent,
Dear Sir, Hanwell, W.7.

I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and three 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by the morning, I am my old self again.—Yours faithfully,
G. RAY.



FREE AT LAST FROM LUMBAGO AND RHEUMATISM

MR. COTTERELL writes from 13 Pryce Street, Llanelly:—

"I feel I must write and praise your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. I have been suffering from lumbago and rheumatism for over a year. I tried everything but 'ASPRO,' without any relief at all. But thank goodness 'ASPRO' tablets have done me more good in one day than all the others put together. I never thought there was such a wonderful pain-reliever. I am only too glad to give you this testimonial. I have suffered terrible. I could not walk without the pram—simply could not walk by myself. Now I feel much better in a day than I have felt for years."

How to give 'ASPRO' to the Kiddies.

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

What Do You Think?—Contd.

6, Norma Shearer; 7, Gloria Swanson; 8, May Allison; 9, Marion Davies; 10, Pola Negri.

The names were given in the order of number of votes.

You will notice that at least four of these actresses are still what is known as box office attractions, and as the contest was held in December, 1925, and it is now 1938, well, five years is rather off the mark, don't you think?

Of course, as you will say, the majority only last five years. Are these four exceptions?—(*Miss*) *K. Stead, 4 Woodlands Terrace, Toller Lane, Bradford, Yorks.*

(*I'm afraid they are!*—"*Thinker.*")

Philatelography

● I wonder why the directors of short films have not thought of making a film about stamp collecting?

There are, in Great Britain alone, over four million philatelists; so why not a film depicting the growth of this fascinating hobby, from the time when Rowland Hill issued the first Queen Victoria penny blacks, to the present day, when there are over 52,000 different stamps listed in the catalogues, many of which were issued to commemorate various important dates in the world's history.

I am sure that a film of this type would be greatly appreciated, not only by all philatelists, but by the public as a whole.—*Claude R. Hedley, 32 Hanwell Street, Anfield, Liverpool, 6.*

(*There's an idea in it.*—"*Thinker.*")

Unhandy Workers

● The producers pride themselves on getting details right, but they often let their heroines slip up on domestic scenes.

For instance, the audience laughed derisively when Ann Sothern did a spot of dusting in *The Smartest Girl in Town*, because obviously there was no method in her work.

I have never seen a washing-up scene in any film, where the work looked authentic. Actresses seem to have the weirdest methods of washing and drying pots.

And it was a riot to see Anna Sten mopping up the floor in *Lady of the Boulevards*, or for that matter, it is funny to watch any actress attempting to look natural when she is doing domestic work in a film scene.—*M. Howe, 41 Rawcliffe Street, Blackpool, S.S., Lancs.*

(*But have you seen Snow White trying to scrub a step?*—"*Thinker.*")

"News" That Bores

● A word about so-called "News" films. We are just about tired of them.

General Dingle-Twirp reviewing his troops is not news and never has been, yet it is dished up with monotonous regularity to the long-suffering public.

Exhibitions are interesting, but do we see them? No, we see them being declared open by someone who reads his script painstakingly word by word until we long to snatch the paper from his hand.

Then, of course, there are the damsels who launch the ships! But unfortunately, *not* in the manner of Helen of Troy, which might liven the proceedings.

Surely more interesting things are happening in the world to-day? Let's see them, please.—(*Miss*) *Mary Brown, 52 Keswick Avenue, Merton Park, S.W.19.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

WHO'S WHO

Gus McNaughton

● Is a member of a well-known theatrical family. His father was the famous George le Clerq and his mother, Georgie Wright, was a Gaiety favourite of her day.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he should embark on a stage career early. He was fifteen when he made his bow with the Conquest family and within a week had replaced the principal comedian.

After that he toured in a play, became a comic singer and joined Fred Karno's company as a contemporary of Charles Chaplin. Later, with his brother Fred, he appeared in vaudeville and pantomime as "The Two McNaughtons." Resuming his career after the War, he replaced George Robey in *The Bing Boys* and went on to make a name for himself in musical comedy. McNaughton made his first picture in 1930, *Children of Chance*, but did not get a big part until *Lucky Girl* two years later.

Since then he has been one of the most sought-after actors in British pictures.

Recent films: *Storm In a Tea Cup, Action For Slander, Keep Fit, South Riding, The Divorce of Lady X* and *Easy Riches*.

Born in London in July, 1887. He is 5ft. 10in. tall and has fair hair and grey eyes.

James Melton

● Was born in Moultrie, Georgia, on January 2, 1904. His father, a prosperous saw-mill owner, wanted him to become a lawyer. With that end in view he went to the University of Florida. In addition to studying law, he studied singing and it soon became apparent that he was more likely to achieve success on the stage than in the court-room.

His first professional job was as a saxophone player with a dance orchestra. A few months later he was the orchestra's featured singer.

A subsequent engagement at the Roxy Theatre in New York led to his becoming a success as a radio vocalist and he was imported to Hollywood.

After appearing in a few shorts he made a hit in *Stars Over Broadway*, and he has also been seen in *Come Up Smiling* and *Melody For Two*.

He is one of the tallest actors on the screen (6ft. 4½in.) and has brown hair and eyes.

Adolphe Menjou

● Is practically unique in pictures—the only great star who has made a second successful career as a character actor.

Menjou was born in Pittsburg on February 18, 1890, the son of an hotel proprietor. He had a stab at hotel management himself but showed none of the family aptitude or enthusiasm.

That was after he had studied at the Culver Military Academy and Cornell University, where he took a course in mechanical engineering.

He also tried his hand at farming and the shipping business before he went on the stage. He first appeared in vaudeville.

By 1912 he was working in films as an extra. In the next few years he played small parts in a number of pictures and it was to films, not the stage, that he returned after his war service.

Soon after, Charles Chaplin, about to make *A Woman of Paris* to star Edna Purviance, engaged him for the role of a man about town.

It turned out to be Menjou's film.

What is more it established him as an interesting new type. He was handed a starring contract by Paramount and in the next few years was among the half-dozen most important personalities on the screen.

Among the Menjou hits were *Forbidden Paradise, The Grand Duchess and The Waiter, The Ace of Cads*, and *Fashions In Love*.

His success was too spectacular to last. By the coming of talkies it had practically burned itself out. Just as everyone was saying that "Menjou is through" he surprised them by making a hit in the role of a hard-boiled news editor in *The Front Page*. It established him definitely as a character actor and he has ever since been one of the busiest in the business.

Recent films: *Sing, Baby, Sing; One In a Million, A Star Is Born, Cafe Metropole*, 100 *Men and a Girl, Stage Door*. Menjou is 5ft. 8in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.



MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgate's makes teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

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Obtainable from all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores, price 1s. 6d., or direct from makers, 1s. 9d., post free. We will gladly send you an explanatory booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?" post free.

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MEN *dislike unsightly* **HAIR...**



Bellin's WONDERSTOEN is obtainable from all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. For chin, cheeks and upper lip, 5/6. For arms and legs 13/6. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to Passett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

INTERESTING BOOKLET FREE.

Free yourself from this ugly embarrassment with Bellin's dainty WONDERSTOEN disc. Rotate it gently over the skin. WONDERSTOEN NEVER FAILS! Doctors have recommended it for 24 years, it's harmless and contains no injurious chemicals. Don't use unpleasant preparations, WONDERSTOEN is swift, safe and certain.

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BETTER THAN A MUFFLER!



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VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES
1d PKTS 3d TINS OF ALL CONFECTIONERS



Does your face powder stay on in a wind?

DID you know that you can now get powder that stays on in half a gale, or all through the most strenuous Barn Dance — *although it contains no artificial adhesives whatsoever?* Artificial adhesives, of course, blanket the pores, causing blackheads and other skin blemishes. But with Coty "Air Spun" Powder there's no need to use them.



THE "AIR SPUN" PROCESS

In the "Air Spun" process used exclusively by Coty, the powder is whirled round in tornadoes of air, not ground under pressure. It is floated gently through fine silk sieves — never forced. This makes the grains so smooth and round they lie flatter on the skin. You get a more even film of powder that clings closer and stays on hours longer.

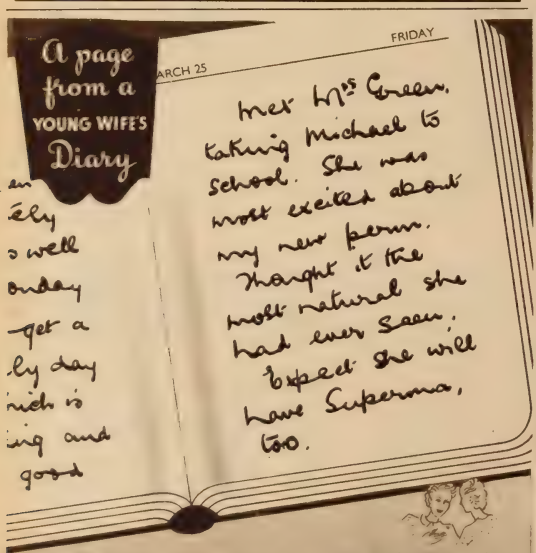
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The "Air Spun" process also makes possible more subtle blending of colours than you get in ordinary powder. See the lovely "Air Spun" shades next time you're buying powder — especially the smart new *Miblonde* and *Brunat*. If you like a bargain ask for the 2/3 box. It contains twice as much powder as the 1/3d. size. At your usual shop, or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond St., London.



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THE POWDER THAT STAYS ON BETTER



Insist on Superma, the machineless perm with no electricity and no harsh chemicals. Have the lovely wave that *lasts*—it costs no more.

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SUPERMA

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MACHINELESS PERM.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

J. H. J. (Wanstead).—Latest films and companies: Ginger Rogers, *Having Wonderful Time*, for Radio (U.S.A.); Fred Astaire, *Damsel in Distress*, for Radio (U.S.A.) Melvyn Douglas, *Marie Antoinette*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Laurence Olivier, *The Divorce of Lady X*, for London Films (Eng.); Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour, *Hurricane*, for United Artists (U.S.A.); Irene Dunne, *The Awful Truth*, for Columbia (U.S.A.); Shirley Temple and Randolph Scott, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.); Fredric March, *The Buccaneer*, for Paramount (U.S.A.)

D. J. (Middx.).—Addresses as follows: Phil Regan, Republic (U.S.A.); Tullio Carminati, General Film Distributors (Eng.); James Melton and Pat O'Brien, Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); Franchot Tone, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, (U.S.A.); George Murphy, Paramount (U.S.A.). (2) With the exception of James Milton, photographs of the above stars are obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

L. S. (N.W.11).—Norma Shearer played opposite Clark Gable in *A Free Soul*.

MUSICAL (Seven Kings).—You have been misinformed.

I. H. (Middx.).—Danny in *Night Must Fall* was supposed to be a Welsh boy.

H. M. (Somerset).—(1) Latest films—Gary Cooper: *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* for Paramount (U.S.A.). Ronald Colman to make *If I Were King* for Selznick International (U.S.A.); Herbert Marshall, *Mad About Music*, for Universal (U.S.A.). (2) Write to Miss Mary Penrose, 79 Crombie Avenue, Burton Stone Lane, Yorkshire, for full particulars of the FILM STARS INFORMATION AND PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

TENOR FAN.—(1) Allan Jones has made *Everybody Sing* since *The Firefly*. (2) Music in the *Firefly* as follows: "Love is Like a Firefly" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart" sung by Jeanette MacDonald; "A Woman's Smile," "Donkey Serenade" sung by Allan Jones; "Giannina Mia" and "Sympathy" sung by Allan Jones and Jeanette MacDonald. All this music was composed by Rudolph Friml and is published by Chappels. (3) It is too early for full details of the music in *Goldtoyn Follies* but the scheduled music is as follows: "Our Love is Here to Stay" "Just Another Rumba" "I Lost My Rhyme" "Love Walked In" "I Was Doing Alright," "Spring Again." (4) No, Michael Bartlett has not made a film since *The Lilac Domino*. He is scheduled for two films for Republic Films (U.S.A.).

COLOUR FAN (Tipperary).—All or part colour films since 1930 include: *Gold Diggers of Broadway, Rio Rita, Hollywood Revue, Sally, Follow Thru, Whoopee, Waiting for the Bride, Below the Sea, La Cucaracha, House of Rothschild, Becky Sharp, Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Dancing Pirate, Wings of the Morning, Garden of Allah, The Bold Cavalier, Ebb Tide, Captain Calamity, Victoria the Great, A Star is Born, Vogues of 1938, The Divorce of Lady X, Nothing Sacred, Adventures of Robin Hood.*

G. H. (Sussex).—(1) Warner Baxter, Joan Bennett, Helen Vinson, Mischa Auer, Alan Mowbray, Jerome Cowan, Alma Kruger and Marjorie Gateson took the chief roles in *Vogues of 1938*. (2) John Garrick's films include: *Married in Hollywood, Song o' My Heart, Sky Hawk, Lottery Bride, Just Imagine, Are you There? Charlie Chan Carries On, Always Good-bye, Bad Company, The Lily of Killarney, The Broken Melody, Chu Chin Chow, Anything Might Happen, Too Many Millions, His Majesty & Co., Rocks of Valpre, D'ye Ken John Peel, Street Song, Royal Cavalcade, Turn of the Tide, A Touch of the Moon, To Catch a Thief, Shipmates O' Mine, Royal Eagle, A Woman Alone, Live Again, Knight for a Day, Sunset in Vienna, The Last Rose of Summer, The Bells of St. Mary.* (3) James Stewart was born on May 20, 1911.

MUSICAL FAN (Sheffield).—The music played throughout *Seventh Heaven* was "Diane." It is published by Keith Prowse, but is not recorded.

OPERATIC STILLS.—The photographs you mention may possibly be obtainable from the film company, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

J. B. (N.4).—A photograph of George Arliss is obtainable from the Postcard Salon, address above.

J. P. (Beds.).—Write to Sonja Henie, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.). The usual charge for a photograph is 1s. 6d. which includes postage. You should send the money by an International Postal Order obtainable from your local Post Office.

ANXIOUS (Southsea).—Robert Taylor is now making *Three Comrades*, with Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young and Franchot Tone, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

C. W. P.—Simone Simon's latest film is *Josette*, with Don Ameche and Robert Young. Write to her, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A).

S. V. G. (Devon).—"Rose Marie" and "The Song of the Mounties" are recorded on H.M.V. DA 1464 and "The Indian Love Call" on H.M.V. DA 1537.

ANDRÉ.—(1) We published a centre spread of *Captain Blood* in the Feb. 26, 1936 issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept. 6, Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (2) You can obtain a photograph of Akim Tamiroff from the Postcard Salon, address above, for 3d.

A. C. (Crewe).—Boris Karloff played "Kamennoi Astroff," by Rubinstein in *The Walking Dead*. It is recorded on H.M.V. C 1352.

P. W. (1) Latest films and companies: Errol Flynn, *The Adventures of Robin Hood* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); George Brent and Olivia de Havilland, *Gold is Where You Find It*, for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); Don Ameche, *Josette*, for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.); Eleanor Powell, *Rosalie*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). (2) Your friend is correct, it was Jessie Matthews who sang "May I Have the Next Romance with You" in *Head Over Heels*. This tune was not sung in *Theodora Goes Wild*. The piece Irene Dunne played and sang in the latter film was "Be Still My Heart."

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

THE ROY FOX FAN CLUB have now started a London Branch. All readers who are interested in this star are invited to write to Miss Connie Jacobs, 334 Kingsland Road, Dalston, E.8, who is the London Branch Secretary, for full details of this interesting club.

• • •

There must be many admirers of that famous new star, WAYNE MORRIS, who would like to join his fan club. Write for full particulars to the British President—Daphne, Swetenham, Dryalwyn, Church Walks, Llandudno, N. Wales.

• • •

The BRYAN MICHIE FAN CLUB welcomes new members. All readers who are interested should write to Miss Betty Smith, 23 St. Kilda Road, Ealing, W.13.

• • •

As this month is the RALPH BELLAMY CLUB'S second anniversary, readers of this magazine are being given the opportunity of joining the club at a reduced fee. For full particulars write to the Secretary, Miss Betty Leighton, 16 Oliver Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, or Miss Una Walliss, 15 Strelley Road, Beauchief, Sheffield, or Miss Gwyneth Edwards, 85 Merthyn Road, Whitchurch, Nr. Cardiff.

• • •

Readers who are genuinely interested in Rene Ray's work are invited to join the RENE RAY FRIENDSHIP ASSOCIATION. This club has an interesting social side. Tea parties, theatre parties and various outings are arranged for the London members and Miss Ray endeavours, whenever possible, to be present at these little gatherings. When provincial branches have been successfully started these outings will also be arranged especially for the enjoyment of members and should Miss Ray be making a personal appearance in or near the town in which the branch of her Association has been formed she will make a special effort to meet her members. A monthly magazine called "Friendship" will be published at the beginning of each month and members are asked to submit letters, etc., for inclusion. Write to Miss Margaret M. Smith, 15 Holyland Road, Pembroke, South Wales, for full particulars of this very interesting club.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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"FILM WEEKLY" shows screendom and its stars from a new angle—inside the studios, at home with the stars—in public, in private—roving cameramen and brilliant journalists flash the film news of the world into "Film Weekly's" vivid pages. Nothing that is new or exciting escapes "Film Weekly's" ever-vigilant eye.

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Here is your chance!

TWENTY new sepia glossy postcards of Shirley Temple as she appeared in "Heidi" have just been released by "Picturegoer" Salon. Never has this little star appeared so fascinating. Twenty cards—twenty different lovable moods! Make haste and get yours. Other new cards as follows:—

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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

MANY a plain face is redeemed by the beauty of the eyes. The face of many a woman whose years are piling up is still attractive because her eyes have kept young and beautiful.

Keeping the eyes beautiful is not altogether a matter of lotions and creams, although, of course, they play a great part. It has to do with good health, plenty of sleep, and one's outlook on life. If you are short tempered and bored with things in general, note how your eyes take on a sullen expression and at once seem dull and tired.

On the other hand, look at the eyes of yourself or someone else who s full of the joy of living and interested in everything and everybody. How they sparkle, how alive they are, just like the laughing eyes of a child playing an enjoyable game.

So much for eye beauty that comes from one's temperament. What about the beauty from without?

I read a paragraph the other day written by a man who said that no woman could be attractive who had creased lids or wrinkles around the eyes. I agree with the statement about the creased lids—nothing is more ageing—but a smiling line or two near the eyes often gives character to a face. Whenever we deal with beauty treatment designed to eliminate wrinkles, it should be aimed at ironing out the unbecoming lines, not all lines. To completely smooth a skin irons out character too.

To get rid of creases and unbecoming lines around the eyes, every night little herbal tissue oil should be patted in very, very gently. I mean gently—pats so light that you can scarcely feel them, for it is fatally easy to stretch this delicate skin; once stretched I doubt whether it is ever possible to restore it to its original elasticity.

If you haven't any herbal tissue oil, liquid paraffin is not a bad substitute. But the special advantage of the tissue oil is its thinness. It spreads easily and does its work well. Leave a trace on overnight. It isn't a bit messy and, used with moderation, won't spoil the pillow, nor your appearance if you have a husband who hates to see a messy face.

After you have smoothed on the oil, groom your lashes. You need a special little brush for the purpose and some form of eyelash grower. There are several excellent ones to be bought ready prepared, so that it hardly seems worth while to bother with making your own. However, if you insist, here is a recipe: two parts vaseline mixed with one part castor oil. Warm the ingredients so that they mix more easily and keep the mixture in a clean, covered pot.

Apply the grower to the lower as well as the upper lashes. The very act of brushing stimulates the roots. Then brush and groom the brows while you are about it.

Of course you would like your lashes to have a beautiful upward sweep. You can buy a simple gadget for 5s. which will help you. It is like a little curling iron and quite harmless in use.

If you do not want to spend 5s., then place an orange stick along the edge of the upper lid and, with an eyebrow brush dipped in warm water, brush the lashes up over the stick. Do this night and morning and as often during the day as you can find time and opportunity.

Of course, you bathe your eyes daily—that is, if you are wise. Modern conditions of life place great strain upon eyes. Glare and dust, grime and fog do their worst, but much of it may be mitigated by daily eye-bathing. Use a good lotion and a couple of eyebaths—one for each eye. This not only brightens and clears the whites, but cleanses and stimulates the lashes as well.

There is no doubt that eye make-up improves the appearance of the eyes in particular, and good looks generally. Try the effect. Make up one eye and then compare it with the other one without make-up. Notice how the size is apparently increased and the depth deepened.

But remember how easy it is to make the face hard and artificial by eye make-up carelessly or too lavishly applied.

There is considerable knack in putting on mascara properly. First of all remove any stray powder from the lashes with a bit of cotton wool. Then charge your brush with mascara, either in cream form or with one that has an oil base, and brush the lashes upwards and outwards to the corners. Let the application dry, and follow by brushing with a dry brush. Then take your pencil—either brown or black—and place a little dot in the outer corner of each eye. Make the dot with an upward movement of the pencil.

Eye shadow is a wonderful aid to eye beauty. It seems to make the eye twice as brilliant. The easiest form to use is a soft cream. Take a scrap on a finger-tip and with it just lightly caress the lids. Let the colour be deepest near the roots of the eyelashes and fade it out to nothing towards the eyebrows. Let the colour grow fainter towards the nose. A golden rule with eye shadow is "too little rather than too much."

• • •

Mrs. A. Y. (Kenton).—You will find both Sparva and Sparvasylk materials excellent both for your own summer dresses and those for your little daughters.

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T. E. (Exeter).—The kiddies will love Walters' Palm Toffee which they can buy in penny cartons. Two bicycles are given away every week as prizes in an easy competition, full particulars of which are enclosed in every carton.

• • •

WRITE to me, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for postal reply, if you have a beauty query that is bothering you. If you live in the Dominions or the I.F.S., a postage coupon (obtainable from any post office) should be sent instead of the stamped envelope. Address your letter to Anne, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to H. Turnidge, 6 Cottage Place, New Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex, for:

Two Wise Maids
Wanted
Private Lives
In a Monastery Garden

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Miss G. Pyle, 3 Fulford Road, Exeter, for:

Thin Ice
Crack Up
Over She Goes
Good Old Soak

W. Savin, jun., 20 Chesterville, Harpole, Northants, for:

Three Men on a Horse
Untamed
Empty Saddles
Keep Your Seats, Please

Miss H. Knights, 69 Cavendish Drive, Leytonstone, E.11, for:

Every Night at Eight
Twelve Good Men
Shake Down
Pennies from Heaven

H. Keighley, 171 Moorside Road, Eccleshill, Bradford, for:

Bring 'Em Back Alive
Fang and Claw
For the Love of Mike
Don't Turn 'Em Loose

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, an only one attempt on each card.

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THAT

EXPENSIVE WAVE

Is it worth a Penny to save it?



'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day.

When you pay good money for a wave. 'Danderine' will help you to retain it. Unlike sticky dressings it is delightful to use. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you've had your hair shampooed, a little 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place.

Use 'Danderine' every time you comb your hair—to be *sure* of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really *looks* clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's *no* trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it.

You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

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FOR THE HAIR



HIDE THAT SPOT

JUST a dab with Spot-Stik instantly, safely and completely conceals spots, pimples, moles, blemishes, blackheads, small skin discolorations, burns, black eyes, scars or scratches. Self-consciousness gone! In 3 shades. At Boots and smart toilet counters. In case of difficulty, write to J. Gaw & Co., Dept. PG 5, 65 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1

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Women with the keenest sense of style in nail polish have acclaimed the charm of the new Cutex Old Rose, Rust, Light Rust and Robin Red shades. These new Cutex "Smoky" shades are soft, and in the best of taste.



They complement any costume. Like all Cutex polishes, they apply easily . . . outwear inferior makes, and are more economical too. See the "Smoky" shades at your favourite shop to-day. Made in Great Britain.

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Both have FAIR HAIR

-but Joan uses the New "ViteF" STABLOND

-and Mary uses an ordinary soap-substitute hairwash ...



....what do you use?

There is a very simple reason why every fair-haired woman should use a special shampoo. Fair hair is of a much finer texture than brunette hair and the scalp of fair women is much more sensitive too. Sta-blond, the original fair hair shampoo, is especially made to suit the characteristics of the most delicate fair hair.

Sta-blond not only cleans your hair and makes it soft and silky (any good shampoo will do that) but it does what no other shampoo even claims to do; **brings back the true golden colour to the most faded and darkened fair hair, keeps it golden—prevents light hair from darkening.**

Furthermore, Sta-blond contains "ViteF" the amazing Hair-Vitamin. This wonderful discovery prevents dandruff and brittleness. It keeps the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple.

If you want a bleach don't buy Sta-blond; but if you want to keep your hair lovely and light Sta-blond's the only shampoo for you. Try it just once—try it today.

STA-BLOND CONTAINS NO DYES. NO INJURIOUS BLEACHES



Do you desire EYES LIKE FILM-STARS

The beauty and fascinating charm of the eyes of film stars have often captivated you. Like them, use Ricil's, the only *eye-lash cosmetique* with the castor-oil base which encourages the growth of the eye-lashes. Ricil's imparts a silky lustre to the eye-lashes and curls them perfectly, without sticking them or leaving little blobs on the ends. With Ricil's, your eye-lashes will grow long and silky, and will delicately veil your glance. From all chemists, hairdressers and stores in compact with mirror and special brush, in black, brown, chestnut, mahogany, blue, light blue, violet or green, 2/6.

Ricil's TRIAL BOX—write name and address and enclose 6d. in stamps or P.O., to Ricil's, 91 & 91a Brewery Road, N.7.

RICIL'S

A 2



The Great Revitaliser

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered Circulatory Diseases

A Good Circulation: The Real Basis of Health

LEG ACHES and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, piles disappear, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Read What Users of Elasto say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."

"All signs of phlebitis gone."

"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."

"Now walk long distances with ease."

"Elasto has healed my bad leg."

"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Varicose veins now gone after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"Now free from piles."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"I am now free from pain."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Elasto Cures Through The Blood

Elasto dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, piles, heart weakness—to name but a few of the main ailments associated with bad circulation — *are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.* Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. Elasto does not patch you up; it actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

100 Years of Biological Research

Elasto is not a "mushroom" remedy, it was not invented overnight; it crystallises the researches of eminent physiologists, pathologists and physiological chemists over a period of more than 100 years and is prepared with great skill and with a careful regard for scientific detail by highly trained men possessing a special knowledge of the properties and functions of the blood.

For All "Picturegoer" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this New Biological Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it!—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

This offer is too good to be missed!

ELASTO (Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Not Magic—Just Logic!

ELASTO corrects all Disorders due to bad circulation because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and elasticity to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and it is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. In the blood it becomes immediately active, overcoming sluggishness; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue cells to replace worn-out and disease-damaged tissues, and promoting normal healthy circulation.

THERE ARE NO SUBSTITUTES FOR ELASTO—BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

COUPON For Free Trial Sample of Elasto

ELASTO (Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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(*Please Print in Capital Letters*)

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Picturegoer 26/3/38 .....

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Elasto saves its small cost over and over again - it pays!

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Picturegoer

The Scre[illegible] Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Spencer TRACY

The MAN You CAN'T RESIST

If GRACIE FIELDS offered you a cigarette, it would be a



De Reszke

-of course!

MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR RED-TIPPED

15 FOR 6D

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1. ● Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd

all the gossip

ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD MYSTERY

IF you were to ask 100 people to name the greatest actress in films, 90 of them, whether they liked the Swedish star or not, would reply "Greta Garbo." She occupies a position unique on the screen and comparable only with that of Bernhardt in the modern theatre.

It is curious, therefore, that in the ten years of its existence, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Award has always eluded her. This year again she has been passed over, despite the fact that she was represented by *Camille*, generally reckoned to be her finest performance.

Many explanations have been put forward to account for Hollywood's failure to do honour to its most famous figure.

One is that the film producers themselves wield a tremendous lot of influence in the annual ballot and the M.G.M. chiefs have always been more interested in pushing the claims of its less distinguished players than those of a star to whom even winning of the Award could not give added prestige.

Another is that Hollywood itself looks upon Greta as a striking personality rather than as a good actress.

Then there'd always been the problem of presenting the darned statuette to her, since it is highly improbable that she would tuck the celebrated tootsies under the festive board at the Academy dinner.

Gaynor Again

● Janet Gaynor, who has kept in the news since *A Star Is Born*, mainly as the latest big moment in the life of Tyrone Power, will soon be back on the film scene.

Her new picture is *The Young In Heart* and *The Star Wagon* and *Merry, Merry Maidens* are also lined up for her.

It was rumoured that the star would again be teamed with Fredric March in *The Young In Heart*, but the very busy Douglas Fairbanks, jun. has now been assigned the role.

Doug., incidentally, has slipped back into his place in the Hollywood sun as easily as if he had just been away for a week-end at Palm Springs, instead of spending several years in England. He is in great demand at the studios and as the escort of such glamorous ladies as Marlene Dietrich and Norma Shearer, something of a local social lion as well.

Paul Muni's Next

● While Paul Muni has been having a "Garbo" holiday in London, plans have been going ahead for his next picture, which is likely to be *The Phantom Crown*, tragic story of the Emperor Maximilian.

The star will play Jaurez, the Mexican patriot, and it is likely that Bette Davis will have the feminine lead.

They were together once before in a film with a South American background, *Bordertown*.

Come, Come, Carole!

● Carole Lombard seems to be losing her grip. The other day Fernand Gravet, her co-star in *Fools For Scandal*, had a birthday. Miss Lombard sent him a huge cake.

When he cut into it . . . yes, you guessed it, it exploded; the inside was a football bladder.

Come, come, Carole! Chaplin used that gag on the screen when you were in the nursery.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

SONJA HENIE IN AMAZING SCENE

THE playfulness and rank bad manners of a thousand youths proved very embarrassing to Sonja Henie, when the star gave a skating exhibition at Miami, Florida.

Aided by older rowdies, the crowd made snowballs from artificial ice shavings, and commenced to pelt Miss Henie, who quickly left the rink. The snowballers then turned their atten-

(*Continued on page* 4)



Ann Dvorak, Leo Carrillo, Phil Regan and Tamara Geva in "Manhattan Music Box." Tamara is now in London appearing on the stage in "Idiot's Delight."



Sandra Storme, whose beauty caused a sensation in Hollywood, is now back in her native England. She posed for our cameraman between scenes of "A Spot of Bother" at Pinewood.

An Open Letter to

GEORGE FORMBY

Formby for Fun

DEAR GEORGE,

The recent story of British films has, for the most part, been a sad one. There have, however, been some brighter moments to shine through the general gloom.

One of them is the emergence of George Formby as a front-rank comedian.

Your "arrival" is nearly as gratifying to us as it doubtless is to you. For one thing, British films need new box-office names and after only four major pictures, you now rank second only to Gracie Fields in importance at the pay-box.

Your success, moreover, has been achieved without the preliminary ballyhoo that heralded the advent of most of our leading film personalities.

You earned your screen reputation on the screen itself and that is how it should be, because it is, therefore, a sound reputation, not merely the fictitious fame so frequently created by the acclaim of the daily press screen writers.

◆ ◆ ◆

What pleases us particularly is that it also owes nothing to the shrill applause of the West End crowd. In fact, it is only within the last week or two that a Formby film has, for the first time, been accorded the "honour" of a London pre-release run.

British films have for far too long over-estimated the value of West End opinion, or have gone to the other extreme and under-valued the taste of the provinces or, more frequently, both. Your rise to the heights, indeed, has proceeded so far almost on model lines. We hope that it will continue that way.

You have not only brought new lustre to a name great in the history of English comedy, but you have adapted to the British screen a tradition of comedy essentially British. Most of our comedians in the past have apparently believed that adherence to "traditional British comedy" meant doing their music hall acts in front of the camera.

We hope that we may regard the fact that your films have grown progressively better as a sign that you appreciate that on the screen personal popularity is only sustained by consistently good pictures.

◆ ◆ ◆

"I See Ice," which, by the way, is worthy of a better title, will probably do more to restore the popularity of good, honest, hearty, knockabout comedy, which has fallen on evil times these days, than anything contributed by the more fashionable funny men. The art of broad humour was lost, temporarily, in the sound revolution.

By the time the screen settled down again after the upheaval, it had almost been forgotten.

Now you are heading a revival that is taking place on both sides of the Atlantic (Harold Lloyd, we are told, is going back to the old formula in "Professor, Beware") and in doing so, have given British films an important new asset.

Keep up the good work.

THE EDITOR.

all the gossip

(Continued from page 3)

tion to the rest of the audience, desisting when police intervened.

Barbara's House Burgled

● Burglars have been visiting movie celebrities' homes with unfailing regularity.

The most recent victim was Barbara Stanwyck, who lost jewellery valued at over $9,000. Barbara was absent and her two servants asleep when the thief or thieves gained entrance by forcing open a screen door.

Clever Ruse

● Madeleine Carroll, the beautiful British star, fooled even the most experienced autograph hunters when she attended a recent radio broadcast rehearsal with a simple peasant's scarf tied over her head, and wearing a plain gingham house dress.

At the final broadcast, however, the back-stage fans were not deceived when she alighted from her car in a mink wrap and Parisian full-skirted black lace and chiffon evening dress.

It took Madeleine 15 minutes to travel 30 feet to the stage door.

A Brave Lady

● Alice Brady suffered a broken ankle as the result of a fall in her bedroom, but she demonstrated her belief in the theatrical tradition, "The Show Must Go On."

She insisted upon calling an ambulance and being taken to the Universal studio, where she appeared in the final scene, despite the protests of the directors and actors.

The actress spoke her lines perfectly, and, after the scene was completed, asked director and players to put their autographs on the cast placed around her broken ankle.

Costly Revenge

● Clark Gable recently received a letter demanding $1,000 "if he valued his life and future!" The missive was signed "Alice Schnetter, Fonda, Iowa."

"G-Men" investigated the missive and learned that it was written by a farm hand for the purpose of causing trouble for Miss Schnetter, a friend!

Jokes of this kind usually end in prison terms, where the Federal authorities are concerned.

Miss Santa Claus

● Any one who says "Santa Claus" to Rosemary Lane will certainly get a dirty look!

The pretty little actress utilises leisure moments doing odd jobs around the Encino home she shares with her mother and sister, Priscilla. She started to put the barbecue oven in the play house in order, and discovered the chimney would not draw.

Climbing the roof, she found a wide chimney and decided to investigate. She crawled in and when below the roof level became stuck. When her muffled cries for help were finally heard, firemen had to be called to extricate her.

Rosemary indignantly refused the firemen's offer to turn a hose on her after she got out of the chimney.

A Grateful Village

● The little town of Weaverville in Trinity County, likes the picture people. Located in the mountain section of California, the residents knew no luxuries and often found it hard to secure the necessities of life.

One day a Warner location company arrived, and, like the wave of a magic wand, all was changed.

The company spent $110,000 in the town, buying foodstuffs and various materials, while additional large sums were spent by the actors and workers.

Hollywood's invasion caused mortgages to be paid and necessities purchased.

The mountaineers like "them movie people."

"Snow White" on Wax

● The post this week brought me an interesting souvenir of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* from the H.M.V. people, who secured the rights to record the sound track of the Disney film.

Three records have been made. On BD514 "Snow White" sings "With a Smile and a Song," while the reverse reproduces "Dig-a-Dig-Dig" and the Dwarfs' Marching Song, "Heigh Ho." BD515 gives us "I'm Wishing," Snow White's delightful song at the Wishing Well, the Prince's "One Song" from the same sequence and "Whistle While You Work," probably the musical hit of the film, though I, personally, prefer BD516, with the "Dwarfs' Yodel Song" and "Some Day My Prince Will Come."

In each case the inclusion of the sound-track dialogue and "effects" noises enhances the interest of the actual song numbers.

Short Shots

● The United Artists' dispute has caused a break in one of Hollywood's oldest friendships; Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin were seen to "cut" each other at a Hollywood night spot the other evening—The Dietrich's latest is a bracelet with the imprint of her lips on one of the links—Marie Wilson gets more fan mail than the Warner studio glamour queens—Allan Jones involved in a salary battle with M.G.M.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Meet Vicki Lester, ex-model who was recently given cast name of heroine of "A Star Is Born" and a Radio contract. She is about to do a scene with Victor Moore in "It Couldn't Happen Again."





"Three Comrades"—Robert Taylor, Franchot Tone and Robert Young get together to rehearse for the picture of that title.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

IRISH AND LOTS OF IT

LAST week I was just in the middle of telling you about *Mountains o' Mourne* when I tripped over the end of my allotted space; so here's the rest of the information as so far received.

The film (as I think I mentioned) is being made down in the wilds of Surrey, at Walton-on-Thames. That pleases me, because it was here that they first started making British films of any real importance, about thirty-five years ago.

And if anyone wants to waste ink and paper telling me about the wonderful films that were turned out at Brighton and Hove and Shoreham in 1899 and 1900, let him; but I know already.

Now Butcher and Rembrandt, who are jointly making this Irish one, have expressed their intention of making a real picture of Ireland and telling a human story around her traditional Irish airs.

That "traditional Irish air" remark is just a tiny bit sinister. There's no blinking the fact that we've heard the "Londonderry Air" and "Danny Boy" to the accompaniment of about as many still loughs and sad, slow sunsets as there are in Ireland.

The Whole Issue

● Well, you needn't think you're being let off "Danny Boy" this time; and along with it you're going to hear "Dear Little Shamrock," "The Kerry Dance," "Ireland in Spring," and (need I say it?) "With a Shillelagh Under Me Arrrm."

Song-birds-in-Chief will be two young people whom I have never even considered as singers, which just shows that I don't listen at bath-room keynoles. One is Niall McGinnis, a brawny young fellow, who put up a first-rate performance in *Edge of the World*, and the second is Rene Ray, none other.

I didn't suspect Rene of Hibernian blood; she even pronounces her first name Rennie, as if she were a Scotsman.

Exteriors will be taken of the Mountains of Mourne (and surely someone will be singing the theme-song while the mountains of Mourne are busy sweeping down to the sea), Wicklow Fair, and the streets of Dublin.



Screen's singing sweethearts. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy will soon be with us again in "Girl of the Golden West."

Farmer Into Crooner

● McGinnis plays an Irish farmer named Paddy Kelly, who becomes (yes, I see you'd guessed it) a famous radio star. Rene Ray plays someone called Mary Macree, and her parents are Pat Noonan and Maire O'Neill, so if we don't get "Mother Machree" sung at us it will only be because of some oversight.

Jerry Verno has a comedy role as a pick-pocket, and Betty Ann Davies has also been co-opted, but I haven't yet discovered just how she comes in.

Also there are (well, of course there are) cabaret sequences, in which will appear Leonard Henry and Cornalla and Eddie.

Harry Hughes is directing this mélange of mirth, mavourneen, and melody; and, just in case you're sceptical about the fidelity to life of this little bit of ould Oireland on Thames, let me tell you that in the farmyard scene the hens were so completely deceived that they began to lay eggs.

Stimulus

● Well, I know, we've had a good many of these singing Irish romantic comedy dramas, but as far as I can see the end is not yet in sight, especially if production is to be stimulated by such reports from America as recently came back about *Kathleen Mavourneen*.

Maybe you remember Argyle British making that the year before last, with Sally O'Neill, Tom Burke (to sing the Irish songs), Sara Allgood, and a whole crowd of other Hibernians? Well, that's just been shown in America, and with conspicuous success.

It went on as top feature at the Squire Theatre, New York, for a fortnight, and ended by staying for six weeks, with half the Irish exiles in Manhattan seeing it round twice and having a good cry; and the same thing has

(*Continued on page* 6)

all the gossip

happened in Boston, with all the critics there feeling for their hankies.

Well, there's money in a good cry, if you can get enough people paying money to have it.

Remember Sally?

● The funny thing is that the critics there are all getting worked up about Sally O'Neill, whom they apparently don't remember having seen in Hollywood pictures a few years ago.

Memories are short in the film world

Not long ago a play called *Mirabelle*, by Guy Pelham Boulton, was produced at the "Q" Theatre, and was later transferred to the West End, but without much success, for it was generally felt that the plot was too outrageously unlikely for anything but a farce.

Now it is being filmed by Liberty at Worton Hall, Isleworth, under the title, *Too Many Husbands*, with most of the original players in the cast, including Iris Baker, who is well known as a clever stage player, though I don't remember ever having seen her in a film.

Others are Jack Melford, who needs no introduction to you, Geoffrey Sumner, Philip Leaver, Suzanne Lyle, David Baxter, and Brian Oulton. Ivar Campbell is directing, and Ernie Palmer is doing the photography.

Farce It Up!

● It's all about an absconding share-pusher, supposedly killed in an air crash, who later turns up at Monte Carlo. His wife, who is there having a gay time at a smart hotel, refuses to recognise him, and things get tied in knots.

If I know anything about British screen comedies, the whole thing probably will be speeded up to farce-tempo, and if this is done I don't see why it shouldn't be much more successful on the screen than it was on the stage.

Another stage play, but a rather more successful one, is being filmed at Welwyn at the moment, by Pathé.

This is Jeffery Dell's *Night Alone*, in which Richard Bird played the erring husband with great effect last year. It's all about a happily—but stodgily—married young man whose wife has to be away from home for a night, so, being bored to tears almost, he joins some friends at a night club, gets drunk, and is embroiled with dope-peddlers and arrested before morning.

Dicky Bird's part is being played by Emlyn Williams, Leonora Corbett plays the seductress, Leslie Brook is the wife, John Turnbull presumably plays the police superintendent, as he did excellently in the play, and Cyril Raymond and Joe Cunningham are also in the cast.

GOLD MEDAL AWARD

Voting in our Sixth Gold Medal Ballot has been gratifyingly large, but there are still thousands of readers who have not recorded their votes for the two best performances, given by an actor and an actress in the 1937 releases.

We wish to appeal to them once more to send us their selections before it is too late. Simply write on a postcard the names of the actor and actress whom you consider were the most outstanding in that year and the titles of the pictures concerned and post it to "Award of Merit," Picturegoer.

Do not forget to include your own name and address. As we have pointed out, this is not a popularity contest and you are only entitled to the one vote.

The ballot, which has grown more important with each succeeding year, has come to be regarded as one of the most coveted honours in the screen world and we feel that you will all want to do your share in selecting the artistes who deserve to be so honoured.

It is one way in which you can express your appreciation of an artiste's work in concrete form so avail yourself of the opportunity and send in your vote now and get your friend to do the same.

Bad Luck

● One of the surprises of the West End production was the superb comedy performance turned in by a new arrival, Beryl Measor, as the hero's sister-in-law, who as far as I know has not been in films. She was offered the same role in the film, but is on contract to a theatre firm which has imposed a ban on its players doing screen work.

I believe the ban is all right in principle, but it's a bit of bad luck in this case—for all of us.

Thomas Bentley is directing this one, and it should add to his laurels. It's a story that lends itself to cinematic treatment.

Talking about Welwyn, in the course of production of the last film there, director David Macdonald got himself in a jam.

It was *Meet Mr. Penny*, the first of the "Penny" films, featuring Richard Goolden, who seems likely to become a rival in meekness to our well-beloved Mr. Robertson Hare (though I think it will be some time before the hairless Hare has a rival in popularity).

They were shooting a local Produce Show, to which the women of the village were supposed to have brought their babies—all of 'em.

"Babies, babies," demanded director Macdonald. "We must have more babies!"

Collection

● However, the casting agencies couldn't supply vast numbers of babies at a moment's notice, so the commissionaire and the call-boy were sent out into the highways and hedges to round up every available baby and bring them in.

The collected the respectable total of fifty; and it was then that David Macdonald got into his jam. He wanted them to cry—and every one of those infants could have taken a first prize for cherubic placidity anywhere.

Overheads were ticking up and the Macdonald reputation for being always exactly on schedule was in danger of getting a nasty jar, when suddeny he had a brainwave.

He simply marshalled the mothers and marched them to the remote end of the studios, where he hid them from the babies' view.

And did their offspring give tongue! Whew! Short of sticking pins in them, he couldn't have thought of anything more effective.

By a coincidence, when I saw Macdonald again the other day, he was again conducting a local produce stall, but this time there were no babies.

It was at Pinewood, in the course of making Pinebrook's new "co-operative" film, *A Spot of Bother*.

A Model Girl

● This is the one featuring the aforesaid Mr. Robertson Hare and my equally bald but much bolder friend, Alfred Drayton.

With them is Sandra Storm, the artist's model, who was adjudged by Hollywood to be the best looking bunch of goods among last year's importations.

She certainly is easy on the eyes, but so far I haven't had an opportunity of sizing-up her acting abilities, and as to her recently expressed wish to be a comedienne, I'm afraid that will have to wait a little, for there is no job in life quite as grimly serious as being juvenile lead in a film dominated by two comedians.

The genial firm of Drayton and Hare are not having the fun all to themselves in this, though. I watched a scene with Robert Hale, famous father of Sonnie and Binnie, as a pillar of society, complete with dundreary whiskers, selling non-alcoholic cordial (at twopence per glass) to his fellow-parishioners.

Bobbie Hale wears remarkably well.



At the mighty Wurlitzer . . . Stan Laurel, back in the studios after a long absence, turns organist during a production pause on the "Swiss Hill Billy" set



ELSA LANCHESTER

This actress's film career in the past has been somewhat overshadowed by the great fame of Hubby Charles Laughton, but in "Vessel of Wrath" (she is seen in character here), Elsa comes into her own with what many experts consider the performance of the year.



No wonder Luise Rainer is happy—hers is a great achievement.

"As O-Lan she assumed an expression of bovine vacuity"; and on the right you see the more normal Luise as she appeared in "The Great Ziegfeld," for which she gained last year's award.

THEY WEAR

TITLES—apart from Senator, Congressman, Judge, Doctor, Professor, Kentucky Colonel, and a few other such—are taboo among the inhabitants of America, the Land of the Free and Equal.

But honours—that's another matter. The Americans love to acknowledge success, and they mark their appreciation by bestowing honours on the successful. You can hardly succeed, even modestly, in any walk of life without incurring some sort of honour or award of merit.

In fact, it is rather like the French Legion of Honour, of which Mark Twain said "few there be who escape it."

Especially is this true of Los Angeles, which sometimes seems like a forcing-ground for American follies; awards, diplomas, statuettes, plaques, discs, medallions and loving-cups are showered on you there for every offence from saving a life to having a competent tailor.

But amidst all this welter of indiscriminate prize-giving, one set of awards is still regarded as a thing to be fought for, toiled for, coveted and sought and won : and that is the Annual Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Academy Awards are made in several different branches of the industry, but naturally it is the acting award upon which the world's attention is chiefly concentrated.

That means something. It is (or should be) an accolade bestowed upon the shoulder of the most deserving actor and actress during the past year; it is a sign of arrival, an official acknowledgment of merit, a mark of approval from a fatherly (and occasionally grandmotherly) industry.

The observant will have noticed that I have used the parenthetic expression "or should be"; the plain fact of the matter is that even this academic distinction is beginning to lose a little of the bloom off its prestige.

It has generally been the happy experience for this award to coincide with popular sentiment; when it ceases to do that, it may still carry as much weight in film circles—but not to the general public.

The two central figures of this year's Coronation in Hollywood are Luise Rainer and Spencer Tracy.

Adhering to the old motto, "Ladies First," let us proceed to examine the case of Luise.

For her it's a double crown, for she won the award last year as well—the only player ever to gain it twice.

There is, however, a fairly widespread feeling that she was very lucky to get it last year.

It is understood that the judges' decision was based on a scene at the telephone as "Anna Held" in *The Great Ziegfeld*, which lasted (the scene, not the film !) for about a minute; and it was generally felt that this was slender evidence upon which to base a judgment of great acting, and that it was by way of being a tribute to a very distinguished Continental actress of whom great things were expected in Hollywood, rather than a reward for work accomplished.

This year her claim to Hollywood's crown lies in her performance as "O-Lan," the patient, meek Chinese wife and drudge in *The Good Earth*, and here again, as the navvy remarked when he read the label on the cigar-box, "an element of dubiety has subtly insinuated itself."

Agreed that her make-up in that part was masterly; agreed that it was quite a feat for a girl with as lively and intelligent a face as Rainer's to school it into an expression of such bovine vacuity; agreed that she sustained that expression, and that mood, throughout a very long picture.

And when that is all said and done, is it great acting? Could not a normally inscrutable Chinese woman have done, with far less effort, all that Luise Rainer did in that film?

And in such a case, would it have been great acting?

Put that away, it's a little disquieting; one begins to wonder whether perhaps in a few years' time a horse or a spaniel or even a goldfish will receive the Academy Award—for Masterly Immobility.

This is no criticism of Luise Rainer as an actress; she went to Hollywood three years ago with a Continental reputation which preceded her to the film capital, for she had been seen on the Berlin stage by no less authorities than Clarence Brown, Garbo's director, and Bob Ritchie, talent scout, both of whom had gone back and raved about her.

Her first appearance in a Hollywood picture bore out their predictions; it was *Escapade*, a Hollywood version of the successful Austrian-made picture *Maskerade*.

Here she had a double handicap; she had to stand comparison with the brilliant Paula Wesseley, who had created the role, and she had to play opposite William Powell, who was a little ill at ease in a part which he felt had been played better by someone else before him.

And, to her great credit, she made quite a good job of it, which won her instant recognition



Spencer Tracy's grim personality in "Fury" (above, left) was the exact opposite of his gay great-hearted fisherman in "Captains Courageous," in which he is shown here with Freddie Bartholomew.



Hollywood's CROWN

Here are the current Number One Actress and Actor of the screen, described by Max Breen.

Spencer Tracy, too, is pleased with his honour—and no wonder!

as a notable addition to Hollywood's acting talent.

Since then she has appeared in *The Great Ziegfeld* and *The Good Earth*, for each of which she has been given the Academy Award; which rather suggests the judges were sorry they hadn't given it to her for *Escapade*, and were doing their best to make up for it.

Her career in Europe was certainly sensational.

When she was sixteen, her father, a wealthy merchant, met with adversity, and Luise suddenly decided to do something pretty drastic about it. Instead of being a novelist as she had intended, she went on the stage, where you get paid every week (if you're lucky) instead of twice a year.

Luise *was* lucky; Max Reinhardt took her under his distinguished wing, and she enjoyed one of the most phenomenal rises to fame that have been known in the Continental theatre.

The critics declared that she combined a child-like personality with an amazingly mature outlook and grasp of technique, and she played to packed houses in Vienna, Paris and Berlin before being wooed away to Hollywood.

Can it be that the Academy has been dazzled by her stage fame, or is there really something in her two very limited performances, not perhaps apparent to us ordinary mortals, which has transcended anything done in those two years by the great Garbo herself?

It would be interesting to know; in fact, a very large section of the picture-going public is most anxious to know.

When we come to Spencer Tracy we are on much firmer ground.

Few who saw his performance as Manoel, the Portuguese fisherman in *Captains Courageous*, will dispute the justice of the decision to crown him this year's King of Screen Actors.

It had strength, it had subtlety, it had courage, pathos, humour; it was different from anything he had previously done, and it dominated a film full of first-class acting talent.

It is no mean feat to steal a picture from Lionel Barrymore, nor from Freddie Bartholomew for that matter (for a child actor always has the cards of sympathy and sentiment stacked in his favour); but that is what Spencer Tracy did.

To quote a war-time song, "He didn't want to do it." He shied at speaking broken English, he bucked like a bronco at the idea of growing his hair long and having it curled twice a day, and they nearly had to hog-tie him when it was broken to him that he had to sing.

But with a shrug and a characteristic "Aw, what the hell!" which he learned from Hollywood's greatest philosopher, Will Rogers, he took the job on with the fierce determination to give it the best he'd got; and in return Hollywood gave him the best *it* had got—the little six-inch bronze statuette which, for some inscrutable reason, is familiarly known as "Oscar," and which is worth many times its weight in gold to the fortunate recipient.

It must have been an added source of satisfaction to Spencer Tracy to know that he received

"This laurel greener from the brow
Of him who uttered nothing base——"

or at any rate of him who has never given an unworthy performance—his idol Paul Muni, of whom he is reported to have said, "If only I could be in Muni's class!"

Well, that's exactly where Tracy *is*. He's in the class, and in line with the great actors of the screen—not merely because "Oscar" stands on his sideboard, but because he has persistently and consistently turned in first-rate performances ever since he broke on to our horizon with a loud bang in 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing*, a matter of five years ago.

You don't need to be told what he's done since. You've only to look at some of his more recent appearances, in *Riffraff*, *Whipsaw*, *Fury*, *San Francisco*, *Libelled Lady* and *They Gave Him a Gun*, in each of which, without disguise of any sort, he has presented an entirely different character—different in attitude of mind and, one would say, in background; and that is a very great achievement, entitling him to be ranked among the *actors* of Hollywood—who, unfortunately, are not nearly so plentiful as the publicity departments would have us believe.

Certainly, it may be said, he owes a good deal of his success to brilliant handling, for no actor can be truly great in a poor role; and occasionally, it's true, he has had to be not merely handled but manhandled, for it is an open secret that he didn't want to play "Father Tim" in *San Francisco* (which he now acknowledges to have been one of his most resounding successes) because it "wasn't his meat"; but he has now declared that Messrs. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer know better than he does what is good for him, so we may now see him in still more widely divergent roles.

One thing that has astonished him is his appeal to women; he has never "kidded himself" as a Lothario; but there is something about his rugged strength and blunt honesty which women find hard to resist.

Yes, Tracy's got what it takes, and I shouldn't be surprised to see his sideboard, in years to come, groaning under a platoon of little Oscars, and every one of them richly deserved.

NEXT WEEK

PICTUREGOER readers will be pleased to hear that next week's issue will contain another of our Free 16-page Famous Films Supplements—particularly as the film concerned is "Marie Walewska," in which Greta Garbo scores one of her greatest triumphs and Charles Boyer, as Napoleon, gives one of the finest screen performances of this or any other year.

This supplement, magnificently illustrated in photogravure, will tell you all that you want to know about the film

It is given away FREE in next week's issue. Order your copy early.

Deanna Does It Again

In her new picture, *Mad About Music*, Deanna rises to still greater heights. In this article Wilson D'Arne tells you how she still remains unspoiled, in spite of her success.

WHEN I saw Deanna Durbin a short time ago in a two-reel picture in which she appeared with Judy Garland, who is now also featured, I thought she was good, but I did not foresee the rapidity with which the little girl born in Canada of Lancashire parents would come to the fore.

In her first picture, *Three Smart Girls*, she certainly registered not only with that phenomenal voice of hers, but also as an actress, but her performance was not necessarily one that would automatically place her amongst the stellar celebrities of the day, even if her unique vocal achievements secured her this.

However, in her second film, *A Hundred Men and a Girl*, she showed that her first achievement was no morning glory. Once again her voice was outstanding and utilised to the full, but on this occasion she carried a much greater share of the acting and walked away triumphantly with the honours.



The little star with Leopold Stokowski in "100 Men and a Girl." She won the conductor's heart by her simple, frank candour.



Deanna's voice is phenomenal for one so young, and is one of her great assets, but she matches it with acting ability and freshness of charm.

Her name was made, her future ensured, and one rather felt that it would be hardly in the nature of things that her third picture would or could overshadow two such outstanding vehicles as those in which she had already appeared.

Nevertheless, in *Mad About Music*, the little star appears to even greater advantage and establishes herself as one of the most attractive artistes on the screen to-day.

It is not only her talent for acting, nor yet her vocal attainments that single her out so particularly. It is the fact that she carries with her the fragrance of youth, a breath of pure unsophistication from the sophistication of Hollywood.

She symbolises the triumph of youth and that has helped to endear her still more strongly to those who have been fed so long on the cynicisms and sophistries of the film capital.

It is a matter of some pride that Deanna Durbin is of English extraction, for while she herself was born in Canada, her mother comes from Chester and her father from Manchester. The Durbins lived in Manchester for some years before they went to Winnipeg, where Deanna was born on December 4, 1922. Her elder sister, Edith, went to school in Manchester.

I referred above to the unspoiled fragrance of youth that is one of the major attractions of the world's new sweetheart. Well, here in a large degree is the reason for it.

Mother Nature, in a mood of fairy godmother generosity, gave Deanna Durbin her glorious soprano voice, but from her mother Deanna received another gift, just as important for success. That is her level-headed good sense and poise.

Everyone who meets the little star and knows the story of her skyrocket rise from obscurity to world-wide fame on the radio and the screen, marvels at her refusal to be too much impressed with herself, her friendliness and quiet self-confidence. When they meet Mrs. Ada Durbin, Deanna's Lancashire mother, they do not wonder any more.

There is a reason for everything. There is a reason why Deanna's closest friends are the kids from the old neighbourhood who "knew her when." There is a reason why she isn't fussy about clothes. There is a reason why she eats her spinach and likes it, even though she could live a lifetime without it. There is a reason for what she said to the director when she made her debut in Universal's *Three Smart Girls*.

There is a reason for what she said about Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor, when she met him on the set, ready for work in *100 Men and a Girl*. And in every case, the reason is the same—her mother.

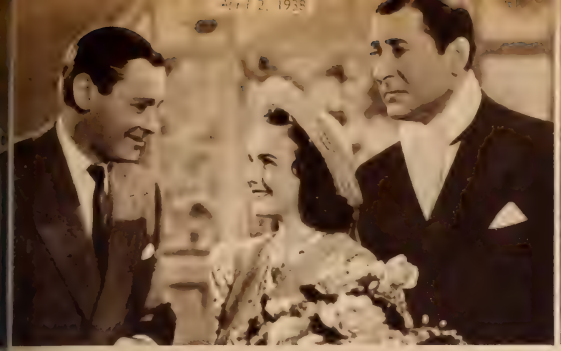
While fame came to Deanna Durbin at hurricane speed, it came at exactly the same pace to her parents. They were equally unprepared for it. The Durbins, father, mother, Edith and little Deanna, were folks of modest means in Los Angeles.

Deanna was going to school. Sister was teaching in a school. Father was going to work. And mother was keeping house. Deanna was taking singing lessons and had some unformed ambitions of being an opera singer, but none of the family bothered too much about that. It seemed so far off.

Then, when unexpected movie fame and fortune arrived, there was an impressionable little girl, only a kid in the lower high school grades, to protect against the pitiless glare of publicity. There was a lot more money coming in to be spent and saved wisely. There were scores of other sudden new developments. All of them had to be handled by Deanna's parents. And since the new star was a girl, most of the job fell on the shoulders of the mother.

Mrs. Ada Durbin is a small woman. She is quiet, but friendly. She is not reticent. She will talk readily in a Lancashire accent to authorised persons about her remarkable child and the problem of guiding young genius along a safe path of common sense. Mrs. Durbin's eyes are utterly patient and very brave. They are the eyes of a woman not to be frightened by hardship or good fortune, and they have seen both.

When Jack Sherril, an actor manager, heard





Herbert Marshall, Deanna Durbin, and Arthur Treacher in a scene from "Mad About Music," in which Deanna wins further acting honours.

Deanna's mother has been responsible for keeping her daughter from "going Hollywood." She is a Lancashire woman, and is seen here with Deanna and her husband in their simple home.

Deanna sing at one of her tutor's recitals, he came to the Durbin home and told the parents that he wanted to sign their child for pictures. They agreed. And then things began to move fast for them.

By the time she had been put under contract by Universal, they had to make their first decision. Mother Durbin brought it before the family council.

"I decided that we would have to take a more impressive house," she explains. "I could see even then that Deanna was going to have a real movie career, and it was evident that we would have to live in keeping with it. It wasn't an easy decision to make. We loved our little home. It was small, but comfortable. But we had to meet our change in life for Deanna's sake. So we did.

"We moved to a house in Palms, not much larger than our old one. We made up our mind that we were not going to be stampeded by this movie thing. We're conservative," she smiles. "We weren't going to let our little girl be spoiled by success. We didn't bring her up that way."

Naturally, Deanna as a beginner in films did not receive a stellar salary. But it was a good-sized one, for Universal believed they had a star in the making. It was much more money than Mrs. Durbin had been accustomed to receiving. But mother was equal to the change. She carefully explained to her talented offspring that a great share of this new salary would have to be put away for future use. She would be placed on a small allowance.

"We wanted her to realise the value of money," says Mrs. Durbin, "and yet not place too much emphasis on it."

By the time Deanna had made her whirlwind success in *Three Smart Girls*, she had gained many new friends among the youngsters at the radio and movie studios. One of her new pals, and still one, is little Bobby Breen, who sang with her on the Eddie Cantor programme over the radio.

Another was and is Judy Garland, who I reminded you appeared with her in a short comedy and was taken on contract by M.-G.-M. She appeared recently in another film. But she missed the kids from the old neighbourhood. Mrs. Durbin took care to foster this longing, as the greatest preventive for a possible inflation of the ego.

Since Deanna had to take her school lessons at the studio, for four hours every day she couldn't meet her old chums even in class. So Mrs. Durbin encouraged her to bring them out to the house for parties. As soon as she had finished *Three Smart Girls* she had them all come to a skating party. Consequent on the public's demand for Deanna, her day was taken up with singing lessons under Andre De Segurola, rehearsals with her screen mentors, poses for publicity pictures, interviews, dress fittings, and all the rest of the Hollywood hurly burly. Mrs. Durbin had to be with her constantly.

With her on the set when she was acting, near her when she sang and beside her while she posed, Deanna's mother counselled her child at every opportunity, careful to keep her little head from being turned by all this glamour.

She explained that out of all this glitter and renown, only certain things were to be valued. Most important was to keep both feet on the ground. To be the same sweet, unaffected little girl she had always been. If she were to let all the movie magic affect her it might spoil her future career.

It was far more important to her mother and dad, Mrs. Durbin told her, that she be a fine woman rather than a fine movie actress. She might be both if she went about it properly. Above all, she was to keep confidence in herself and do her best at all times. And not to take herself or anyone else too seriously. No one was more than a human being.

This counsel bore its fruit as Deanna listened and obeyed. And on two occasions it was amusing. While making *Three Smart Girls* she gave director Henry Koster a flat "No!" when he asked her to sing off key. "No!" Deanna said, "I won't because people will think I can't sing any better."

And when Leopold Stokowski, one of her musical idols, came to play in 100 *Men and a Girl* with her, she just said, "Hello!" when they met. Afterward she explained her calmness by saying, "He's so wonderful. But why should I be afraid of him. He's just a human being."

Stokowski, Adolphe Menjou, Alice Brady, Mischa Auer and the rest of the cast got a great laugh out of that.

In spite of all her movie fame, Deanna stays at home with the folks every free evening. She is in bed by ten-thirty every night. Mother is strict about regular hours, diet, exercise and all the things which keep a youngster in good health. There are no boy friends as yet, but mamma Durbin expects them to be along soon now. The right kind will be welcome. Just now there are more important changes to be considered. Deanna wanted a house, so they've built one.

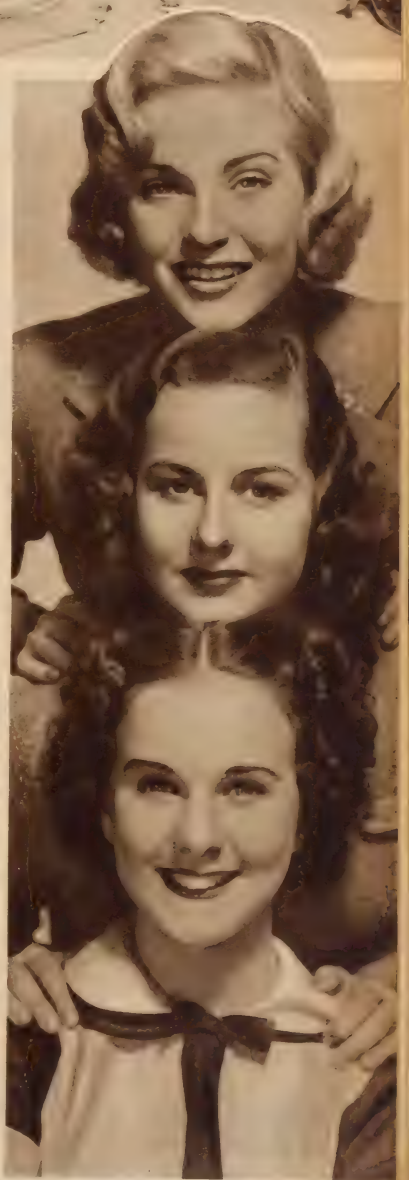
"I suppose we'll have to get a servant now," says Mrs. Durbin. "We'll need one since I have to be with Deanna so much. And there'll have to be someone to serve when Deanna has her old friends out for a party. And then Deanna's daddy will have to get himself another job which will leave him more time for the girl's affairs. He has so much of this to do now that he has little time for his own brokerage business.

"All this has happened to us in a year and a half. It's been a remarkable experience. And in spite of the attention, excitement, flattery and thrills, our little girl is still the same."

She is—and the credit for that job goes mainly to Mrs. Ada Durbin.

NEXT WEEK

"Marie Walewska" is universally hailed as one of the greatest Garbo pictures. Next week PICTUREGOER *presents a sixteen-page free supplement with every copy. It contains the story of the film and informative and interesting articles on the stars and production. Order your copy early so as not to miss this outstanding souvenir of a great film.*



Three clever girls who made "Three Smart Girls" an outstanding picture. Deanna is seen with Barbara Reed and Nan Grey.

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I put my foot in MY MOUTH

Here is one of the frankest star confessions ever published.

by Martha Raye





Above: Duet. Martha Raye with Bing Crosby, but we'd be willing to bet that they couldn't hear Bing. Right: Martha has a pair of the shapeliest legs in Hollywood.

I KNOW I've got a big mouth. I guess maybe I've won a lot of fans by stretching it to make it look even bigger than it is. That's swell and I'm grateful.

You're lucky in this business when people like you for any reason, even the size of your mouth.

Only sometimes I get sort of tired of having so much attention called to it, and I don't want to gape like the Cave of the Winds all the time. Gosh!

Ask any girl what she'd rather be than beautiful and she'll say more beautiful. Having your worst feature get the spotlight doesn't help much when you look at it that way.

Not long ago a writer said about me: "Martha Raye wasn't born with a silver spoon in her mouth . . . it was a soup ladle." That got me.

The idea is all wrong, too. There wasn't any silver around when I was born. My parents were small time troupers . . . darn small sometimes. After a year and a half on the screen I've been able to buy myself a couple of fur coats. Yes, but I'm not forgetting the days when I couldn't have bought a muffler made of alley cat.

I've worked since I was three years old. My education has been hit and miss, mostly miss. It certainly missed most of the classics. Yet I've had a grand life. People laugh when you say you'd want it exactly the same way if you had it to do over again. I mean it. I'd be willing to live it again, every bit of it. I think it's good for kids to have to struggle young.

Look at Mickey Rooney. His father and mine were burlesque actors together. I've known him all my life and I know how he was knocked around. Well, it's made a fine actor of him . . . one of the best. And he's regular. No matter how much success he has it will never go to his head.

Maybe some of the things I learned when the going was tough will help me be an actress some day when I'm older and I've learned more. People might forget to notice my mouth.

They say every clown wants to play Hamlet. I went to the preview of *Marie Walewska* and I saw Charlie Chaplin there. He never goes to previews but he couldn't stay away from that one because he has always wanted to play Napoleon and he couldn't resist watching another man do it.

Who am I to say so, but I know how he felt. I know I'm a clown and I like it. It's fun to make people laugh. I hope I can go on clowning for a long time.

Right now it's in *Swing, Teacher, Swing*. It's just that once in a while in between I'd like to try something else.

I don't mean serious roles exactly. Probably I couldn't do them. So help me, I haven't any ambition to play Camille. Imagine me with a bunch of camellias in my hand!

I'd like to play straight parts sometimes. And maybe mix up a few tears with the laughs. In *Mountain Music* I got a chance to cry through a whole scene. Of course it was "hoked up." Still, I did cry.

Marie Dressler is my ideal. I don't mean I could ever hope to be like her. There'll never be another Marie. She could make people split their sides one minute and cry their eyes out the next. That's wonderful.

I was in an act with my family once in a theatre where her picture, *The Late Christopher Bean*, was showing. I'll bet I saw it fifty times and every time she broke my heart all over again.

Oh, I know what it feels like to be a fan. I've been a fan myself. I've always been crazy about Jean Arthur on the screen.

When she came to Paramount to make her last picture, they gave her the dressing-room next to mine. I was dying to meet her.

One day I got up nerve enough to knock on her door. When her maid answered it I said "Hello," and lost my voice. Miss Arthur was there and she invited me in and when I calmed down a little I asked her if she would give me a picture of herself.

She seemed surprised that I wanted it and she said she would like to exchange hers for one of me. She actually wanted a picture of me! It made me feel good.

After the preview of my last picture, Myrna Loy came up and congratulated me. I was so thrilled I didn't know what to do.

Hollywood often makes me feel that I don't know what to do next. You never know how they're going to take you.

It all started with my first public appearance here at a birthday party at the studio for Bing Crosby.

I had to stand up on a piano and sing a song I'd never seen until 20 minutes before. I swung it because that's my line. And I shouted it because I was scared and I didn't want anybody to know how scared. They must have liked my shouting. I've been doing it ever since.

I've got to admit it comes natural to me to be noisy when I'm excited or having a good time. I sort of let myself go.

And the fun and excitement of getting over in pictures was terrific. You wouldn't believe, though, the number of times I've said to myself: "Say, listen! Wait a minute. It can't go on . . . not like this. You're going to wake up any minute, sister, and then you'll do the bumps and I don't mean the kind they do to music either."

I did go on and I couldn't help whooping for joy.

Then I began to hear that folks were saying I whooped too loud. That hurt and I tried to stop. When I stopped they said I was going high hat. I wasn't.

Nobody knows better than I do that faces and voices like mine don't belong with high hats. I was just rattled. Everything happened too fast. I was trying to get along with everybody. I tried so hard I put my foot in my mouth. (Sure, I know it's big enough.)

Parties don't mean much to me anyway. I'd rather go down to the clinic where I work every day I'm not needed at the studio.

I've taken a Red Cross course and I'm pretty good. If I hadn't been born into show business maybe I would have been a nurse.

The patients don't recognise me, or if they do I just say, "Yes, everybody always says I look like Martha Raye." Poor things, they are so brave and they have so little it makes me ashamed of complaining about anything.

And when it comes right down to it I know I wasn't cut out to be a dramatic actress. I know I'd better stick to what I can do. I'll be lucky if I can keep on da-dee-a-da-ing indefinitely.

But I'd like to be a little quieter about it. Hot rhythm and galloping around are all right. They've paid my salary. And it is a whole lot better salary than I could expect to get for emoting. I don't really believe I would be very good at emoting.

But I can sing softly. I do it on the radio. For one chorus I bear down and go to town and then I sing another to please myself. That one is kind of gentle.

The swollen Los Angeles River menaced the back lot of Universal studios, and the "City of Klosterberg," built for "The Road Back"

HOLLYWOOD under WATER

"Picturegoer's" cameraman shows you flooded Hollywood. The damage, Phil Lonergan reveals, was greater than was officially allowed to be broadcast to the outside world. The property of many of the stars was affected and among the heaviest sufferers were Mae West, Harold Lloyd and Madeleine Carroll. Studio losses were £100,000.



More damage near Universal City: all that is left of the once beautiful Lankershim Boulevard Bridge.



Many stars, and starlets, were marooned at the studios. A "reform school" set at Burbank came in handy, but hard, for Gwen Segar, Melba Marshall, Lois Lindsay and Rose Tyrell, of the "Gold-diggers in Paris" cast.



Left: Here's a view from the bridge itself. The palatial mansion glimpsed in the foreground lost its swimming pool and garage.

SHOTS *with our* CANDID CAMERA





George Bernard Shaw, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, and Leslie Howard share a joke at the Pinewood luncheon to inaugurate the filming of Shaw's "Pygmalion."



Above, another view of the same joke. Leslie Howard is to play the professor of phonetics who transforms a Covent Garden cockney into a Society Lady.



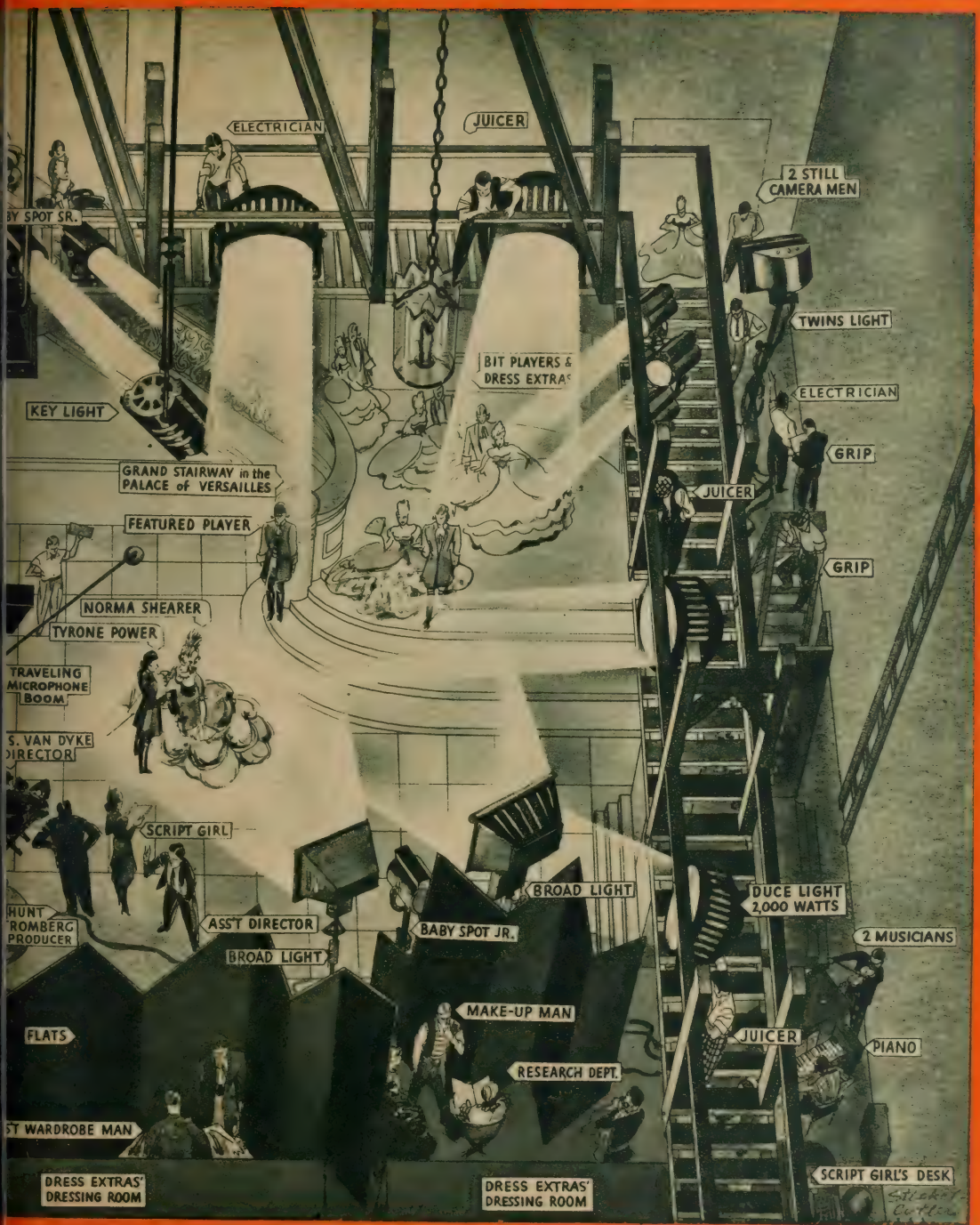
And here is Wendy Hiller in process of transformation for the part. She is chiefly known for creating the heroine's role in "Love on the Dole."



Leslie Howard made the best speech. On his right is Gabriel Pascal, the producer; on his left C. M. Wolfe and G. B. Shaw, with Lady Oxford behind.



HOW TALKIES are



MADE

This drawing, made during the shooting of Norma Shearer's new picture, *Marie Antoinette*, shows what a complicated business is the making of a film scene. W. S. Van Dyke is directing a "take" with Norma and Tyrone Power. The set is the Grand Stairway in the Palace of Versailles. If you don't know your studio slang: the "juicers," seen on the "catwalk" above the stage, are sub-electricians; the "best boy" (top left) is a general utility man who assists the head electrician; "centuries" and "flats" are black screens to deaden light reflection.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Warner Brothers.

That Certain Woman



Lloyd Rogers (Ian Hunter) took Mary (Bette Davis) completely by surprise. Having been absent from the office all morning, he turned up in the afternoon in evening dress . . .

EXCEPT for her friendship with Amy, respected and self-supporting, Mary thought she had buried with her dead husband, Al Haines, gangster, all reminders of her past life. After four years, she found the past not so easily buried.

Virgie Whitaker, red-hot pressman, was responsible. Materialising from the damp mist in the cemetery where Mary, out of loyalty to Al's more attractive side, was putting flowers on his grave, he pressed a flashlight bulb. In the office next day, as secretary to Lloyd Rogers, well-known lawyer, she had to listen to Whitaker's reasons for snatching the ill-timed photograph.

"I was only trying to make you famous," he argued. "Look at this—your life story with Al Haines. There's a thousand-dollar cheque waiting for you if you sign what I've written. I'm doing a series—'Gangsters and their Dames,' Come on, take it."

"Not likely! Let me tell you something. If you don't leave me alone, the boys whose life stories you're getting this way are going to know, and how. So scram!"

For the time, at any rate, Whitaker departed. He could have reached no farther than the corridor when Mary heard a call from the inner office. Her employer, whom she had heard whistling on his way to lunch, was back again and ready with a question.

"Who's the fellow who left just now? I saw you through the glass. I'll guarantee he was no friend."

"It's something I can take care of myself, Mr. Rogers." A warm thrill went through her at feeling him interested. Fate had been kind in sending her to this big man with the greying hair, blue eyes, and infectious laugh, though he presented a world she felt definitely out of reach. Moreover, Lloyd Rogers was married. Other than his business helper, Mary had never thought of being.

"You and I have known each other a long time," he was saying. "Then you'll forgive the lapse if I ask you to become my friend. You see, I do know that when you came here, though you described yourself as single, that you were a widow."

"Yes. I was married before I was quite sixteen, and Al——"

"Al, according to his lights, was all right. Mary, I've watched you peeling off the influence of that man, going to night-school, making your frocks, learning elocution. It was interesting hearing your accent change. Now, who was the lad who came to you just now and what does he want?"

Thankfully she gave the details and realised that Lloyd Rogers' heart was at least equal to his big brain. Before she knew it, he was determining to kill Whitaker's story, and, by way of a beginning, catching him up in the corridor and asking him out to lunch.

Mary settled light-heartedly to typing the morning's reports.

She thought Jack Merrick, who had consistently sought her company during the past year, was in Paris, and was surprised when he phoned.

"Yes, I'm at the club, honey. I've got to see you soon."

"If you must, meet me at Volko's at eight." She hung up thoughtfully. Jack, tall, dark, the son of a rich father, was also of the world to which she would like to belong. But was it fair and, still more urgently, was it practical of her to encourage Jack, who knew nothing of Al?

Her happiness was somewhat dashed at finding Jack late at the rendezvous; so late that she was thinking of leaving by the time he arrived and bore her with energy to a private table.

"Been dining with the old man; had to," he explained, having ordered a double brandy. "Suppose I cut loose from money and a background, would you marry me?"

She told him no, giving him the reason, when she saw that he could take it, in the form of friendly advice.

"You think I'm a sap, don't you?" he challenged.

"No, but I think you should stand on your own feet—not for me—for yourself. You could cut more ice in the world if you wanted to."

The following day, Lloyd Rogers took her completely by surprise. Having been absent from the office all morning, he turned up in the afternoon in evening dress, having, as he confessed, played poker at the club till 3 a.m.

"Mrs. Rogers rang twice. She was worried. You might have called her up," Mary reproved.

"I've talked to her. She's sending my clothes over. Mary, we took a little excursion last night into your private affairs, didn't we? And last night—or, rather, this morning—Jack Merrick talked to me at the club. You needn't answer the question I'm going to put, unless you want to. Do you love him enough to marry him?"

"Yes." She met the blue eyes unflinchingly, hoping against hope that she didn't read disappointment there. "Last night I told Jack about Al Haines," Lloyd Rogers was saying. "After all, he had to know sometime. He wants to elope with you and get a job."

"Isn't it asking him too much—to give up his home and money?"

"What money? I've loads of it, and I'm desperately unhappy—but not now. I'm happy for you. Now's your chance. Marry, go ahead. Jack's waiting for you to call him at the club—and here's Frazer with the champagne. Good luck to you!"

Adequately, had she known it, those glasses of champagne symbolised the situation for the next twenty-four hours. The telephone talk with Jack, the ceremony at the City Hall, registering at the honeymoon hotel, dinner, and the hours before dawn belonged to the period of effervescence. Excitement died down as a knock brought Jack in his dressing-gown to the suite door.

Mary, hearing masculine voices raised in dispute, dressed hurriedly. Jack, calling for her, ushered in two men in evening dress, and a third, whom she recognised only too well as Lieutenant Neely, detective.

"My father and Dr. James, who brought me into the world," Jack began. An awkward pause followed the introduction, broken by Neely's "You're looking fine, Mary!" She looked at the cold eye of Jack's father, who, waiving politeness, explained the object of his visit—annulment of Jack's marriage. "I owe you my protection," he continued magisterially, "from a woman who has been under arrest."

"Tell him about that, please, Neely!" Mary cried, "I haven't done anything I'm ashamed of."

The faint relief she experienced, when Neely attributed the matter to an official attempt to induce Mrs. Haines to testify against her husband, was soon over. She saw in Jack's eyes, as he listened to her eager appeal, to stand by each other and respect their marriage, that they were not on the same footing. While she could only think of loving him, he could think of nothing but convincing his father of her eligibility as a wife. The attempt was fore-doomed to failure.

(*Continued on page* 20)

How I face a Close-up!

The Message of the Stars



★ Under the merciless glare of powerful lights which show up every flaw, the choice of make-up is of utmost importance, "Evening in Paris" Toilet Preparations, which I always use, stand up wonderfully to this most exacting test.

Bennie Barnes

Photo by courtesy of Universal Pictures

EVENING IN PARIS

PERFUME AND POWDER

(1/3 to 21/-) (1/- and 1/9)

BOURJOIS

THAT CERTAIN WOMAN — *Continued*

Convinced of how it would all end, Mary decided to hasten the parting. Father and son were still arguing when she slipped away, having asked a passing porter to bring down her things from the bedroom. In Amy, whom she brought from the divan bed long past midnight to answer the door, she found a most reliable friend. Contrary to Mary's secret hope, Jack never traced her. The annulment was granted, although grounds for obtaining it were inadequate. In the following spring, Mary's child was born. The baby, Jack, whose large, dark eyes were a striking feature even at the age of a few months, consoled her for much.

He made bearable the drear finality implied by Jack's marriage to Flip Carson, a wealthy chemist's daughter. Nevertheless, when a telegram arrived through Whitaker, carrying news of a car accident in which Jack and his wife had been knocked unconscious with doubts of their recovery, Mary lost her nerve. Lloyd Rogers saved her from breakdown. With characteristic energy he arranged for her to be taken home and to have a holiday with the child.

Gradually her grip re-asserted itself. Jackie was four when it was her turn to keep her head at a crisis affecting the man who loved her.

Amy was putting Jackie to bed, after his birthday tea and cake with its four candles, when Lloyd Rogers' head clerk called. Lloyd had been ill for some time with heart trouble.

"What's happened? Is Lloyd worse?" she asked.

"Not that I know of, but he's disappeared. This afternoon he got delirious, left the house when the nurse was out, and hasn't been seen since. Mrs. Rogers thought he might be here."

"Did she? I haven't seen him for three weeks, Mr. Tilden."

"If he should be here and you're hiding him——"

"You're very unjust."

"If anyone's unjust, it's you. Enticing him away from a devoted wife. You know perfectly well you and the child have become an obsession with him."

Mary's temper rose. "Will you get out of here?" she demanded. Tilden saw he had gone too far and, left muttering something about loyalty to a fine man making him feel rather strongly.

When Lloyd came, soon afterwards, looking terribly ill, and unshaven, Mary choked down her tears. She had Jackie to fight for. "You shouldn't have come, Lloyd," she said gently, leading him to the sofa.

He took her hands, and the distress in his eyes was almost more than she could stand.

Tilden's reappearance was a god-send, especially as he brought Lloyd's doctor. Between them they got the sick man, who was in a partial state of collapse, into the other room.

"Mr. Tilden, if it's at all possible, he should be taken home," Mary urged. Dr. Hartman spoke of Mrs. Rogers being downstairs in the car, and went to fetch her. Jackie, hearing a noise, woke and demanded Mary's attention. When she got away she could hear voices in the living room, Virgie Whitaker's among them. Evidently the news hounds had already heard that Lloyd Thomas was here.

Mrs. Rogers, graceful, gentle, met her at the door.

"My husband is asking for you. The doctor doesn't wish him moved now. I do hope it doesn't inconvenience you," she said.

"Indeed no! Don't you think, if you'd stay with him, he'd——"

"Please come. He's asking for you." The two women went in. Lloyd was lying on the improvised bed. "Mary," he said and again "Mary." Conscious of his love for her, she was acutely conscious, too, of his wife's sobs as life slipped away.

Amy was the first to bring Mary back to a sense of reality. "You know that picture of Mr. Rogers on the piano. Well, the boys from the *Express* put Jackie up beside it and took a snapshot of him and the picture. I was arguing with some of the other reporters and turned my back for just a second—"

"Guess some of those guys would steal the flowers off their mother's own grave," Whitaker grumbled.

"Virgie, be a dear. See if you can't stop them," Mary pleaded.

But not even he could stop the town's leading daily from publicising Jackie as the son of Mary Haines and Lloyd Rogers; fact to which his bequest to her of a considerable fortune gave additional support.

Once again Mary decided in favour of leaving. She was half packed. The front door happened to be open. A voice said "Hullo!" and a figure came towards her, thereby sending all thoughts of Jackie's underwear to the winds.

"Mary—am I intruding?"

"Of course not, Jack. How have you been?" She saw the answer for herself in the man who had left behind the boy of yesterday. While she offered him a drink, and said she and Amy were going away, her lips were forming another question. Presently she achieved it. "How's your wife?"

"Fine, considering that she'll never be out of her wheel chair. I was responsible, Mary. Cockeyed while I was driving the car. I've never had a drink since."

"Good."

"She's the bravest woman. She is, really; but all I've wanted to do is to see you. I'm working now. Standing on my own feet. Mary, I've been thinking so much about you and the boy—how all this talk in the papers will affect him. You see, Flip is crippled for life. Her mind's always on children. We had thought of adopting a boy, and I wondered if——"

"I see. But, Jack, could you give away a child of your own—could you?"

"Mary, I'm a beast. I didn't give myself a chance to think about your side, but it wasn't only Flip who made me think I'd ask. I had the queerest feeling about that kid—tender and all choked up. I can't explain."

"Would you like to see him?"

"Sure!"

Jackie saved the interview from becoming too tense. "You must go your way and let me go mine, without interfering," Mary said firmly.

She got through the "goodbye" with the help of friendly adieus from Jackie, better than she expected, but her courage all but failed her when a message arrived from Mr. Merrick, senior, urgently asking to see her.

Holding her head high, she followed the manservant for the first time into the living-room of Jack's home. Mr. Merrick, dictatorial and prejudiced as ever, wasted no time. In his eyes, Mary was unfit to have the custody of a son. He intended through Jack to apply for a court order to remove the child from possibility of contamination.

"Does Jack know about this?" Mary asked, tight-lipped.

"You have my decision in the matter. If you doubt the validity of what we intend to do, try taking that child out of town now. Try it."

"What's this about a court order?" Jack asked. He had come into the room, and Mary already sensed the difference from that of four years ago in his attitude to his father. "You said nothing of a court order to me this afternoon," Jack continued. "I've been talking to Mary. I love her; I've always loved her. I'm going to Flip and be honest with her about it. You broke us once with your interference, Dad, but you shan't again. You can't run other people's lives as though they were your business."

"I'll talk to you and communicate with Mrs. Haines later," Mr. Merrick returned. At the door of the car which was to take her home, Mary felt resistance breaking as Jack said: "Keep on packing, Mary; I'm coming to you. I'm coming, and no one shall stop me. Don't say anything. Don't argue. Just go!"

"All right, Jack. You failed me once. This time——"

"Trust me."

Happiness, misery, unrest, indecision—all beset Mary during a sleepless night. Resolutely she kept her thoughts away from Flip. It was too much to take her personal feelings into consideration. Yet, in the early hours of the morning, the fourth person involved in the tangle of three lives wheeled herself through the doorway of Mary's home.

Flip Merrick wasn't exactly pretty, but her delicate charm and friendly manner went straight to Mary's heart.

"I came because Jack and his father have been arguing all night," she said. "They won't let me into it, but I think I can guess. I've heard about you and the boy. I've always loved Jack; but now I know he loves you, I want you to take him."

"Doesn't it hurt you to say this?"

"Of course. One doesn't love without being hurt."

"But I don't love Jack." How could one say anything else to this frail tender wife of his?

"I don't believe you," Flip was saying. "But, supposing it were true, you have your son to think of. He needs Jack."

"Would you like to see him?" Mary said. Already she could see only one way out of the impasse, a way which every word Flip spoke to Jackie, made clearer.

While Flip was romping with the boy as far as her poor crippled body would allow, letting him pinch her cheeks and giving him a ride on her knee, Jack came in. Mary took him aside. "Have you told her yet that you want to come back to me?" she asked.

"Not yet."

"Then you mustn't. She loves you. She has a right to you. You can't leave her in that wheel chair for ever. I'm going to send you both home."

Cries from Jackie and Flip, who was being precipitated to the floor, brought Jack to her rescue. "Flip—Flip! Are you hurt?" he cried, and Mary knew that she had won. She saw them go, touched and gladdened by the sight of Jack helping his wife.

A moment later she called to Amy: "Please get Jackie into his sailor suit and take him to Mrs. Merrick's—let him have all the toys he wants."

"You couldn't," Amy cried aghast.

"Couldn't I? Dress him and take him."

* * *

"They're ready with your call to America," a polite Frenchman informed. Whitaker's personal report of Flip's death a year since, of Jackie's being fine, and memories of her own three years of pointless European wandering, crowded Mary's mind as she took up the receiver. Misery took flight as, across the Atlantic to the Cote D'Azur, the one voice in the world sounded.

"Hello, Mary! Whitaker and I have gone half crazy looking for you. What's that?—You say you're coming over?"



While Flip (Anita Louise) was making friends with the boy (Duane Day), Jack (Henry Fonda) came in . . .



A Universal picture

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ALL RECENT CARDS—SEPIA GLOSSY
Annabella; Wendy Barrie; Jane Carr; Jean Colin; Marlene Dietrich (3 poses); Ann Dvorak; Douglas Fairbanks, jun.; Greta Garbo (3 poses); Greer Garson; John Gielgud; Josephine Hutchinson; Billy and Bobby Mauch; Doris Nolan; Jean Parker; Florence Rice; James Stewart; Robert Taylor (7 poses); Spencer Tracy; Conrad Veidt; Fay Wray.

PARTNERS, SEPIA AND COLOURED
Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll (2 poses); Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan.

COLOURGRAPH SERIES
Annabella; Virginia Bruce; Ronald Colman; Nelson Eddy; Greta Garbo (2 poses); Fredric March; Anna May Wong.

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REVIEWS

by Lionel Collier

BILLIE BURKE, who made a name for herself on the musical comedy stage and who has now made another, much later in life, on the screen, comes into her own in a crazy domestic comedy, *Merrily We Live*.

While rather long for the strength of its material, it is nevertheless amusing fare and owes a lot to Billie Burke's consummate portrayal of a scatter-brained woman whose main mission in life is to collect tramps and in her own phrase, "try to redeem them." It is a perfect piece of comedy characterisation.

The story centres round a supposed tramp, Wade Rawlins, whom Mrs. Kilbourne engages as a chauffeur. Despised by the entire family and the servants to begin with, he makes his presence very much felt and finally has the elder daughter, Jerry, falling in love with him.

It turns out eventually that he is a well-known author who had been unconventionally hiking in the country.

The humour arises from the domestic arrangements in the Kilbourne household, which is as crazy as it is possible to be.

Constance Bennett is good as the infatuated Jerry and Brian Aherne does very well as Wade.

A noteworthy performance is contributed by Bonita Granville, who is growing up very gracefully, as Jerry's young sister.

Alan Mowbray is delightful as the butler who is continually giving notice and finally does so when he discovers that being a tramp is apparently a better racket than being a butler.

Patsy Kelly is well in character as one of the servants and the head of the house is well portrayed by Clarence Kole.

I SEE ICE

● This is the best picture George Formby has made to date. It is a riotous slapstick comedy ending up with knockabout on an ice rink during a hockey match which is the best thing of its kind I have seen.

Superior persons may consider the rough, typically English fun beneath their notice, but most of you will find it refreshingly invigorating fooling played at top speed and not without originality of idea and ingenuity of gag.

The story concerns Formby's efforts as a cameraman to get a photograph of a notoriety. He has invented a camera, the lens of which is concealed in his tie, and it is with this he wins fame and fortune, not to mention a very charming young lady attractively played by Kay Walsh.

His rival is a figure skater and hockey ace who goes to villainous lengths to defeat his rival.

George Formby puts over two or three song numbers excellently and also proves himself to be a really good clown.

Sound support comes from Garry Marsh, Betty Stockfeld and Cyril Ritchard.

Settings are well varied and the timing throughout is good. Anthony Kimmins, the director, has certainly done a very good job of work.

NINA PETROVNA

● This French picture is strong romantic tragedy which tells of the love of a demi-mondaine and an Austrian officer. It is very well acted and the plot is well developed, sincere and convincing. It is being accorded a run at the Curzon Theatre.

Opening on a gay banquet in St. Petersburg, the action is transferred to Vienna, and the atmosphere of that city during its heyday in 1900 is extremely well conveyed. The plot is inclined to develop rather slowly at times, but the director gets one so interested in his characters that it never becomes boring.

Isa Miranda is very attractive and acts sensitively as Nina, a Russian demi-mondaine, who goes to live with an Austrian baron in Vienna and falls genuinely in love with one of his young subalterns.

Her love is terminated by her suicide after she has caused a duel between the two men.

Fernand Gravey is excellent as the lover and Aime Clariond dignified as the Baron.

DOUBLE CRIME SUR LA LIGNE MAGINOT

● A somewhat ponderous French spy melodrama which, however, is of topical interest. It can be seen at the Academy in Oxford Street.

The main interest of the film is provided in its glimpses of the formidable Maginot Line, with its great underground fortresses, big enough to house whole armies. Tanks and small trains roll along the corridors, and electric lifts carry the troops to the various "floors." Not a great deal, of course, is shown of the actual fortification, but what is seen is absorbingly interesting.

The melodrama for which it provides the setting, however, is inclined to be turgid. With a double murder, another attempted killing and a spy hunt, there is no lack of action, but much of the value is lost in the slow tempo. The long questioning of suspects is liable to tire English audiences who have no French, and the same applies to the involved narration of the already complicated plot to capture the spy.

The acting of the leads, Victor Francen and Vera Korene, is good, although the former is rather apt to "chew the scenery" at times.

On the Screens Now

****DEAD END

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Social drama. Runs 93 minutes.

SYLVIA SIDNEY ..... Drina
JOEL McCREA ..... Dave
HUMPHREY BOGART ..... "Baby Face" Martin
WENDY BARRIE ..... Kay
CLAIRE TREVOR ..... Francey
ALLEN JENKINS ..... Hunk
MARJORIE MAIN ..... Mrs. Martin
BILLY HALOP ..... Tommy
HUNTZ HALL ..... Dippy
BOBBY JORDAN ..... Angel
LEO GORCEY ..... Spit
GABRIEL DELL ..... T.B.
BERNARD PUNSLY ..... Milty
CHARLES PECK ..... Philip
MINOR WATSON ..... Mr. Griswold
JAMES BURKE ..... Mulligan
WARD BOND ..... Doorman
ELIZABETH RISDON ..... Mrs. Connell
ESTHER DALE ..... Mrs. Fenner
GEORGE HUMBERT ..... Mr. Pascagli
MARCELLE CORDAY ..... Governess

Directed by William Wyler. Based on the play by Sidney Kingsley. Preview, December 4, 1937. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of January 15, 1938.

One of the finest pictures of the year, this sociological study of the slums of New York is unforgettable in its intense sincerity and human feeling.

Drina, a factory worker on strike who is trying to bring up her young brother Tommy decently, is brilliantly played by Sylvia Sidney.

Her lover, Dave, who has taken more than a passing fancy for a rich man's mistress, is also cleverly characterised by Joel McCrea.

Billy Halop, as the leader of a gang of boys, is brilliant, as are the other members of his circle.

Wendy Barrie gives the best performance of her career as the rich man's mistress.

Acting honours, however, go to Humphrey Bogart, as a gangster who returns to the place of his birth and is eventually killed by Dave after he has let his evil presence be felt in the district as a whole.

Other clever acting studies are given by Marjorie Main, as the gangster's disillusioned old mother, and Allen Jenkins, as the bodyguard.

Claire Trevor is pathetically great as his former girl friend.

Settings of the district are brilliant, and the whole conception realistic and flawless in direction.

****THE AWFUL TRUTH

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Marital comedy. Runs 90 minutes.

IRENE DUNNE ..... Lucy Warriner
CARY GRANT ..... Jerry Warriner
RALPH BELLAMY ..... Daniel Leeson
ALEXANDER D'ARCY ..... Armand Duvalle
CECIL CUNNINGHAM ..... Aunt Patsy
MOLLY LAMONT ..... Barbara Vance
ESTHER DALE ..... Mrs. Leeson
JOYCE COMPTON ..... Dixie Belle Lee
ROBERT ALLEN ..... Frank Randall
ROBERT WARWICK ..... Mr. Vance
MARY FORBES ..... Mrs. Vance

Directed by Leo McCarey. Based on the play by Arthur Richman. Previewed February 12, 1938.

This exceptionally bright marital comedy proves once again that Irene Dunne, besides being one of the most versatile actresses on the screen to-day, is also quite the cleverest comedienne.

The material at her command is not great, but she makes it seem brilliant with the help of the ever-resourceful direction of Leo McCarey.

It is a delightful piece of fooling, which relies more on the handling of individual situations than on the plot as a whole.

Irene Dunne is a wife who, annoyed at her husband's suspicions of her infidelity, divorces him and proceeds to try to fall in love with a big he-man from the South who is as nice as he is dumb.

Her husband, capably played by Cary Grant, then proceeds to spend his time trying to get her back, which he at last succeeds in doing in one of the best handled, piquant bedroom scenes I have seen on the screen.

You really feel you are dealing with flesh-and-blood creations. Irene Dunne is essentially vital, and Cary Grant convincing and sincere.

One of the outstanding hits of the picture is Ralph Bellamy's characterisation of the Southern farmer. I hope he will explore this rather unusual, for him, comedy vein more fully.

He has a wild dance sequence with Irene Dunne which is a riot.

Alexander D'Arcy, who you probably remember in British pictures plays the role of the man who is the cause of the husband's suspicions, and he makes them appear well founded.

You are in for a really cheery time if you go to see this film.

***THAT CERTAIN WOMAN

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Mother love melodrama. Runs 94 minutes.

BETTE DAVIS ..... Mary Donnell
HENRY FONDA ..... Jack Merrick
IAN HUNTER ..... Lloyd Rogers
ANITA LOUISE ..... Flip
DONALD CRISP ..... Merrick, sen.
HUGH O'CONNELL ..... Virgil Whitaker
KATHERINE ALEXANDER ..... Mrs. Rogers
MARY PHILLIPS ..... Amy
MINOR WATSON ..... Tildon
BEN WELDEN ..... Valko
SIDNEY TOLER ..... Detective Neely
CHARLES TROWBRIDGE ..... Dr. James
NORMAN WILLIS ..... Fred
DWANE DAY ..... Jackie
TIM HENNING ..... Kenyon
HERBERT RAWLINSON ..... Dr. Hartman

Directed by Edmund Goulding. Story of the film freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appears in this issue.

Bette Davis gives a really brilliant characterisation in this melodrama, which, while it is often theatrical, nevertheless has much that is sincere and human in it.

She plays the role of a gangster's widow who is loved by her wealthy employer, but who marries a weakling, who, shortly after their marriage, is forced by his father to have the marriage annulled.

She has a child and is looked after by her former employer. He, however, dies in her apartment and a scandal follows.

Her ex-husband then learns that she has a child by him, and his father does all he can to take it away from her.

Finally, the wife gives in and goes abroad. The death of her ex-husband's second wife, however, paves the way to a belated happiness.

Henry Fonda is convincing as the man who is completely under his father's thumb, while Ian Hunter is human and sympathetic as the heroine's employer.

Donald Crisp is apt to over-act as the father, but Anita Louise is charming as the second wife, who is crippled in a car accident.

In spite of its melodramatics and stereotyped *denouement*, the emotions all register.

**DINNER AT THE RITZ

Twentieth Century-Fox. British. "U" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 77 minutes.

ANNABELLA ..... Ranie Racine
DAVID NIVEN ..... Paul de Brac
PAUL LUKAS ..... Philip de Beaufort
ROMNEY BRENT ..... Jimmy Raine
FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN ..... Brogard
STEWART ROME ..... Racine
FREDERICK LEISTER ..... Tarade
WILLIAM DEWHURST ..... Devine
TYRELL DAVIS ..... Duval
VIVIENNE CHATTERTON ..... Marthe
RONALD SHINER ..... Sydney
NORAH SWINBURNE ..... Lady Railton
RAYMOND HUNTLEY ..... Gibout
RALPH TRUMAN ..... Auctioneer

Directed by Harold D. Schuster. Screen play by Roland Pertwee and Romney Brent.

Annabella dominates this picture as an attractive French girl who, refusing to believe her banker father had committed suicide, tries to find his murderer.

She takes a job as a sales woman for a Parisian jeweller and, after many adventures and disguises, finds both the murderer and romance.

David Niven is natural and easy as a financial investigator in love with the heroine, and Paul Lukas scores as her former fiancé.

Romney Brent is fine as an American detective, and both Francis L. Sullivan, as a financial crook, and Tyrell Davis, as a blackmailer, turn in sound supporting studies.

The action is not very credible,

(*Continued on page* 24)



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but it is bright and divertingly presented.

*FORTY NAUGHTY GIRLS

Radio. American. "A" certificate. Murder story. Runs 62 minutes.

James Gleason	Inspector Oscar Piper
Zasu Pitts	Hildegarde Withers
Marjorie Lord	June
George Shelley	Bert
Joan Woodbury	Rita Marlowe
Edward Mare	Windy Bennett
Frank M. Thomas	Jeff
Alan Edwards	Ricky
Alden Chase	Tommy Washburn
Ada Leonard	Lil
Barbara Pepper	Alice
Tom Kennedy	Casey

Directed by Edward Cline. From the story by Stuart Palmer.

James Gleason and Zasu Pitts, who has now taken Edna May Oliver's place in the Piper-Hildegarde Withers detective stories, give sound comedy performances in this further adventure, in which they investigate a murder at a theatre where a play, *The Forty Naughty Girls*, is running.

There are three suspects, and one after another they are eliminated. During the investigations a second murder takes place, and Inspector Piper promptly arrests a man—the heroine's father—who is, of course, the wrong one.

It remains for Hildegarde to discover the real murderer—naturally, the least suspected person of the lot.

Practically the whole brunt of the picture, which is conventional in design and execution, is borne by the stars, who make the most of their material.

c*DON'T PULL YOUR PUNCHES

First National. American. "U" certificate Boxing drama. Runs 61 minutes.

Barton MacLane	Gunner Malone
June Travis	Mary
Wayne Morris	Rush Conway
Joseph Crehan	Danny Lockbridge
Maxie Rosenbloom	Stan Wilson
David Carlyle	Radio Announcer
Robert Homans	Mike Dougherty
James Robbins	Kenneth Rockwell
Dickie Jones	Bobby Doyle
Frank Otto	Joey Meade
Herbert Rawlinson	Redmann
Wen Niles	Radio Announcer

Directed by B. Reeves Eason.

There is a certain amount of novelty in this boxing story in so far as there is no villain, as the hero fights another "white" man for a change.

Gunner Malone, in line for the world title, befriends and trains a young cowboy from Texas, Rush Conway, who develops into a great boxer. Rush, however, has promised Malone's sister, Mary, that he will not fight Malone, thereby baulking Malone of his chance for the title, as there is no contestant. Malone forces Rush to fight him by pretending to insult him publicly, and beats him up in the ring, winning the title and paving the way for Rush to return to Texas with Mary.

*OUTLAWS OF THE ORIENT

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

Jack Holt	Chet Eaton
Mae Clarke	Joan
Harold Huber	Ho-Fang
Ray Walker	Lucky
James Bush	Johnny
Joe Crehan	Snyder
Bernice Roberts	Alice
Harry Worth	Sheldon

Directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack. Story by Ralph Graves.

Old-fashioned melodrama, dealing with Chinese bandits who war on an oil-field concession. It is all very artificial, but there is a certain amount of spectacular and romantic appeal for the not too sophisticated.

Jack Holt pursues his role in the best tradition of he-man hero as the representative of an oil concession who goes to China to protect his company's interests, which are in the charge of his younger brother, played by James Bush.

Harold Huber is sinister enough as a Tartar bandit, Ho Fang, and Mae Clarke is sound as the heroine, a book-keeper who falls in love with Johnny.

Ray Walker supplies some humour of a pleasing variety as an airman.

Although it is all very conventional, the dialogue is a cut above the average.

*SHOOTING STARS

Viking. British U. Vaudeville. Runs 69 minutes.

Scott and Whaley	Karina, Vadio and Hertz
Phyllis Robins	
Debroy Somers and His Band	Veronica
Harry Robin	Five Cycling Lyntons
Fred Duprez	Sherman Fisher Girls

Directed by Eric Humphreys.

Just a straight variety show with no attempt to introduce a story. The whole thing is compered by Fred Duprez, and the turns presented are all very good of their kind and are, most of them, well known to picturegoers.

Scott and Whaley indulge in backchat; Phyllis Robins, the radio crooner, contributes two songs; the Five Cycling Lyntons live up to their name; Karina, Vadio and Hertz give an exciting dancing and contortion act; and a ten-minute sketch, concerning a wizard who makes a mother-in-law disappear for good, concludes the programme.

c*I COVER THE WAR

General Film Distributors (Universal) American. "U" certificate. Gun-running melodrama. Runs 69 minutes.

John Wayne	Bob Adams
Gwen Gaze	Pamela
Earl Hodgins	Blake
Don Barclay	Elmer

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*MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH
*LOVE TAKES FLIGHT
cBULLDOG DRUMMOND COMES BACK

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

by Lionel Collier

JACK MACK.....Graham
PAT SOMERSET.....Archie
FRANKLYN PARKER.....Parker
MAJOR SAM HARRIS.....Colonel Armitage
FRANK LACKTEEN.....Mustapha
CHARLES BROKAW.....El Kader
OLAF HYTTON.....Sir Herbert
JAMES BUSH.....Don Adams
KEITH KENNETH.....Sergeant Major
ARTHUR AYLESWORTH.....Logan
ABDULLA.....Abdul

Directed by Arthur Lubin.

Artless melodrama, dealing with gun-running and guerilla warfare on the North-West Frontier. It is all very novelettish and serial like, and makes it appeal mainly to juveniles.

Acting is consistent with the type of entertainment, and there is a fair share of comedy.

*MY DEAR MISS ALDRICH

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 75 minutes.

EDNA MAY OLIVER.....Mrs. Atherton
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN.....Martha Aldrich
WALTER PIDGEON.....Ken Morley
RITA JOHNSON.....Ellen Warfield
JANET BEECHER.....Mrs. Sinclair
PAUL HARVEY.....Mr. Sinclair
CHARLES WALDRON.....Mr. Warfield
WALTER KINGSFORD.....Mr. Talbot
ROGER CONVERSE.....Ted Martin
GUINN WILLIAMS.....An Attendant
LEONID KINSKEY.....A Waiter
BRENT SARGENT.....Gregory
J. FARRELL MACDONALD.....Doc Howe
ROBERT GREIG.....The Major Domo

Directed by George B. Seitz.

A homely sort of entertainment this, with Edna May Oliver carrying off the acting honours as a crusty old aunt. She has no direct bearing on the plot, but her characterisation makes her the outstanding feature of the picture.

Walter Pidgeon is quite good as Ken Morley, an editor, who has no time for women in journalism, and is severely shaken up when his paper is inherited by Martha Aldrich, an attractive young girl. Martha agrees to let control remain in Ken's hands, but leaves him no option when she applies for a job as reporter on her own paper.

Mrs. Atherton, Martha's crusty, suspicious aunt, is also a thorn in Ken's side; but, in the subsequent battle of the sexes, Ken and Martha find themselves equally responsible for the landing of a big scoop, and their joint success sees the end of individual inhibitions and the stage set for marriage.

Maureen O'Sullivan is attractive as Martha.

*LOVE TAKES FLIGHT

A.B.F.D. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 70 minutes.

BRUCE CABOT.....Neil Bradshaw
BEATRICE ROBERTS.....Joan Lawson
JOHN SHEEHAN.....Spud Johnson
ASTRIC ALLWYN.....Diane Audre
ELLIOT FISHER.....Tommy
GORDON ELLIOT.....Bill Parker
EDWIN MAXWELL.....Dave Miller
HARRY TYLER.....Stone
WILLIAM MOORE.....Rice
GRADY SUTTON.....Donald
ARTHUR HOYT.....Grey
WILLIAM THORN.....Mr. Parker, Sr.
BROOKS BENEDICT.....Eddie
HENRY ROQUEMORE.....Bartender

Directed by Conrad Nagel. From an original story by Ann Morrison Chapin.

Serial adventure and sidelights on Hollywood's production methods, together with a romance between an aerial ace and an attractive air hostess, forms the substance of this comedy-drama, which is quite brightly produced and provides good average entertainment.

Bruce Cabot, as the aerial ace who gets a chance to play opposite a film star, and so piques his girl friend, Joan, an air-hostess who had previously turned down a film offer, is quite good, and Joan is played in a specified manner by Beatrice Roberts.

As the film star, Diane, Astrid Allwyn is well in character, and John Sheehan heads a competent supporting cast.

The big moment is when Joan starts off on a trans-Pacific flight and is joined by Neil, who, knowing she is a bad navigator, insists on accompanying her.

cBULLDOG DRUMMOND COMES BACK

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Crime thriller. Runs 58 minutes.

JOHN BARRYMORE.....Colonel Neilson
JOHN HOWARD.....Bulldog Drummond
LOUISE CAMPBELL.....Phyllis Clavering
REGINALD DENNY.....Algy Longworth
E. E. CLIVE.....Tenny
J. CARROL NAISH.....Mikhail Valdin
HELEN FREEMAN.....Irena Soldanis
ZEFFIE TILBURY.....Emmie Tennison

Directed by Louis King. From the story "A Female of the Species" by H. C. McNeile ("Sapper.")

Highly conventional thriller, treated in such an unsophisticated manner that its appeal is directed almost exclusively to juveniles.

The story deals with Bulldog Drummond's fiancée, Phyllis Clavering, who is kidnapped on the eve of their marriage by Irena Soldanis, widow, and Mikhail Valdin, brother of a killer, whom Drummond has sent to his rightful doom. Clues are deliberately dropped, the kidnappers' plan of revenge being to torture Drummond with suspense and then trap and kill both him and Phyllis.

They do not, however, take into their reckoning the might of Scotland Yard and the loyalty of Drummond's friend, Algy, and butler, Tenny, and in the end their fate is the one they have prescribed for their intended victims.

The imposing array of well-known artistes fails to make anything of the parts allotted to them because of the extreme poorness of material and idea.

One rarely sees a thriller so destitute of thrills as this one.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets :—

Ali Baba Goes to Town (2) ...	*March* 5
Artists and Models (3) ...	*March* 19
Back in Circulation (2) ...	*March* 12
Blonde Trouble (2)	*Feb.* 5
Bride Wore Red, The (2) ...	*March* 5
Charlie Chan on Broadway (2)...	*March* 19
Confession (3)	*March* 26
Counsel For Crime (2) ...	*March* 12
Double or Nothing (2) ...	*March* 26
Double Wedding (2)	*Feb.* 12
Dr. Syn (2)	*Feb.* 12
Ever Since Eve (2)	*March* 19
Firefly, The (2)	*Feb.* 19
Footlight Heiress (2)	*Feb.* 12
Forlorn River (2)c	*Feb.* 5
Hi'ya,way (2)	*March* 26
Hot Water (2)	*March* 12
It's Love I'm After (3) ...	*Feb.* 26
It's All Yours (2)	*Feb.* 5
Keep Fit (2)c	*Feb.* 19
Lancer Spy (3)	*March* 26
Law for Tombstone (2)c ...	*March* 5
Let's Make a Night of It (2)	*Jan.* 29
Life of Emile Zola, The (3) ...	*Feb.* 26
Lovely to Look At (2)	*Feb.* 5
Madame X (2)...	*Feb.* 26
Man Betrayed, A (2)	*Feb.* 19
New Faces of 1937 (2)	*Feb.* 5
Non-Stop New York (2) ...	*March* 19
100 Men and a Girl (3)c ...	*March* 12
Pathetone Parade of 1938 (2)	*March* 26
Prisoner of Zenda, The (3)c ...	*March* 12
Rustler's Valley (2)c ...	*Feb.* 19
School for Husbands (3) ...	*March* 26
She's No Lady (2)	*Feb.* 26
Sky's the Limit, The (2) ...	*Feb.* 26
Sing and Be Happy (2) ...	*Feb.* 19
Singing Marine, The (2) ...	*March* 5
Souls at Sea (3)	*Feb.* 12
Squeaker, The (2)	*Feb.* 12
Stage Door (4)	*March* 19
Stella Dallas (2)	*Feb.* 5
Super Sleuth (2)c	*Feb.* 12
Take It From Me (2) ...	*March* 12
They Won't Forget (3) ...	*March* 5
Thirteenth Man, The (2) ...	*Feb.* 19
Toast of New York, The (3) ...	*March* 5
Waller Wanger's Vogues of 1938 (2)	*Feb.* 19
Wild and Woolly (2)c... ...	*Feb.* 12

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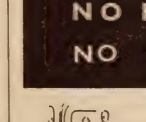


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THE MIXTURE as BEFORE!

Films Follow a Familiar Formula

IN Hollywood, where they have the cleverest script writers of to-day, it surprises me that we should see the same story dressed up and served with different trimmings two or three times over.

Several years ago I saw John Boles and Lilian Harvey in *My Lips Betray*. The old, old story of the miss who gets mistaken for His Highness's mistress when his chauffeur drives her home. She is showered with gifts, given her chance to dance, makes good, finds she knows his Highness all the while and marries him.

Last week I saw Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie in the second edition, only this time the miss skates.

Several weeks ago in *Easy Living* I saw it again—the prince replaced by a middle-aged banker, so the miss marries his son. I'm looking forward to the next edition of this fascinating series!—*Phyllis Taylor, Murray House, Staple Hill, Bristol, who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Re-Shuffle

● I have an idea for a new Bulldog Drummond film.

The title role is played as usual by Kenneth McKenna Milland. Or we might consider Ronald Colman Howard, or even Ralph Richardson Lodge.

Now there's a murderer—Edwards Cianelli McLane or else Humphrey Bogart Karloff can play him—and Drummond is after him. In his quest he crosses swords with Philo Vance (played by Warren William Powell or Grant Richards Lowe) and the two join forces—eventually track down the murderer.

I forgot to mention that Sherlock Holmes (George Curzon Wontner) and Perry Mason (Donald Woods Cortez William) are also involved. But who do you think kills the murderer after extracting a confession?

Why, the reporter, Brian Donlevy Pryor, of course.—*John Woodhead,* 6 *Frances Road, Lozells, Birmingham,* 19, *who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

Not So Grimm

● Ladies and gentlemen!

Meet three folks who'll be in the children's "Gallery of Fame" this year.

On the right, the Brave Lad who debunked the Brothers Grimm—Walt, the Giant-Killer!

Walt cleaned up a nasty old bed-time story; packed it with beauty, laughter, and thrills; changed back a Cruel Stepmother into an Ugly Ol' Witch; made her go Boomp!—Ha! ha! The Guy, ladies and gentlemen, Who Understands Kids!

Beside him—Snow White.

The Little Girl accused by Fee Fi and Fo Fum Grimm of executing her Step-Ma by making her caper on red-hot griddles. Was *that* nice? You're telling me! Walt brings Snow White to the screen without a stain on her character.

On the left—ah-rr-mph!—on the left, ladies and gentlemen, we have the Censor who "crowned" Walt with an "A."

Pass along quietly, please.—(*Miss*) *H. I. Donelan, Cheddon House, Cheddon Fitzpaine, Taunton.*

(*But there are many complaints that the Grimm story has not been sufficiently tidied up even now.*—"*Thinker.*")

Stage versus Screen

● I travelled up from the Cotswolds on a none too nice night in 1936 to the Globe Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, simply to see the stage success, *Call it a Day*.

Though it necessitated a midnight journey back—and I loathe trains—it was well worth it to see the outstanding performance of Owen Nares, Fay Compton, Austin Trevor and company.

This week I took five minutes' walk to my cinema to see what the screen had made of Dodie Smith's fine play, and despite the fact that every film journal lauded it to the skies, was deeply disappointed.

So essentially British a subject should have been handled here by the original stage team, when we might have turned out a talkie worthy of the talents of Mr. Nares and Miss Compton—something the screen has not yet done.—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.*

Slap for You and Me

● I do not agree with the shoddy showmanship as recently "shown up" in PICTUREGOER, but would like picturegoers to realise how I, a cinema manager, find 90 per cent. of them behave.

Patron comes in late, shouts loudly, "Oh! Have you started?" Detests comedies, comes and sees an excellent one, tells everybody he meets, "Rotten show."

Insists on sitting on first seat in row, but grumbles every time he is asked to let a patron pass.

Shells pea-nuts loudly, throws shells on floor.

Whistles to chocolate seller.

Talks loudly to his friend.

Sniggers and giggles at a pathetic scene.

Puts his feet on plush seat in front.

Grumbles if programme is five minutes short.

Sticks toffee-wrapping on back of seat.

Brings baby, lets her wander along gangway and shriek. When drama is ending rushes to exit like a madman, and is annoyed if told of his behaviour.—*East Anglian Cinema Manager.*

("*Gee, is my face red!*"—"*Thinker.*")

Resolutions

● May I add my list to Miss Taggart's and ask American directors to make further resolves:—

(1) To find a new formula for the heroine who enthuses over the hero's success with the time-worn, "You're marvellous!"

(2) To give up portraying London in perpetual fog.

(3) To remember that London barmaids are usually smart young ladies who would scorn to speak or act as did Virginia Field in *London by Night.*

(4) To try and find more plausible murder stories where there are fewer "bumped off," and where the villain does not get such easy access to windows and doors.

(5) To remember that many of us dislike seeing surgeons at work in the operating theatre.

And I may add that the perfect nurse becomes a little boring. Also, the surgeon who is a little tin god to his staff and patients.—*A. Andrews, 64 King Street, Southsea, Hants.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

WHO'S WHO

Beryl Mercer

● There's always a certain amount of work in films for the "Little Old Lady" type and this fine veteran of the English stage has been kept busy ever since she went to Hollywood in 1929 to appear in *Three Live Ghosts*.

Miss Mercer was born in Seville of British parents in 1882 and made her stage bow at Drury Lane when she was four.

She appeared on the English stage for a number of years and then proceeded to conquer America. For some time she was one of the stars of the famous New York Theatre Guild.

She has since appeared in many of the films that have made history including *All Quiet on the Western Front, Outward Bound, East Lynne, Public Enemy, Smiling Through, Cavalcade, Berkeley Square, The Little Minister* and *Magnificent Obsession*. Recent pictures include *Eventful Journey, Call It a Day, Night Must Fall*.

Burgess Meredith

● Was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on a certain November 16, but is shy about the actual date. As a boy he had a fine alto voice and enjoyed some local fame as a choir soloist.

On leaving school he took a job as a reporter on a Cleveland newspaper, but subsequently went into the haberdashery business, became a necktie salesman, a vacuum cleaner canvasser and even a deckhand on a New York to South America liner.

Returning to New York, he joined Eve Le Gallienne's Repertory Company as an apprentice student. In 1930, in another "rep." company he scored a success in Shaw's *Candida* and when he was cast with the great Katherine Cornell in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* his name was made.

Soon after he achieved the greatest triumph of his career in *Winterset*, a triumph he repeated when imported to Hollywood for the film version of the play. Also appeared in *There Goes The Groom*.

Ethel Merman

● Another of Broadway's gifts to pictures, Ethel was born in Astoria, Long Island, New York where she made quite a reputation as child performer. After leaving school she got a job as a secretary, singing at night clubs in the evening.

In 1929 she joined Jackson, Clayton and Durante and after a vaudeville tour made her first appearance before the cameras in a series of "shorts" for Paramount.

Her first Broadway success came with a prominent role in *Girl Crazy*, which was followed by stage appearances in *George White's Scandals* and *Take a Chance*, in which she starred.

Films include: *We've Not Dressing, Kid Millions, Anything Goes, Strike Me Pink*, and her latest, *Happy Landing*, with Sonja Henie.

Ethel is 5 ft. 6 ins. tall and has brown hair and eyes.

Una Merkel

● Una Merkel was born in Covington, Kentucky, on December 10, 1903. After completing a high school education in Philadelphia she enrolled at a dramatic academy in New York.

After appearing in *Two Girls Wanted* and *The Gossipy Sex* she made her first hit in *Coquette* at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in November, 1927. The critics singled her out for praise and another member of the audience who was duly impressed was D. W. Griffith.

Griffith, casting *Abraham Lincoln*, offered her the role of "Ann Rutledge." Thus she made her screen debut, which was followed by *Eyes of the World* and *The Bat Whispers*.

When she appeared for Fox she found her metier—comedy. In *More Than a Kiss, Six Cylinder Love* and *Daddy Long Legs* she proved herself to be a first-rate comedienne.

Among other pictures in which she has scored are: *Private Lives, Blonde Bombshell, The Merry Widow, Evelyn Prentice, Broadway Melody of 1936, Born to Dance, The Old Soak, Saratoga, True Confession* and *Checkers*.

She has blue eyes, blonde hair, is 5 ft. 5 ins. tall.



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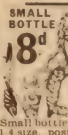
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A. P. (Glam).—Marlene Dietrich was born Dec. 27, 1906, Berlin. Real name: Mary Magdalene Von Losch: she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has red-gold hair and blue eyes. (2) Constance Bennett has an adopted son Peter. She is married to the Marquise de la Falaise. Write to her, c/o Hal Roach Studios (U.S.A.).

B. W. D. (Ventnor).—(1) The tango in *History is Made at Night* was "La Campasita." It is recorded on Parlophone R 221, H.M.V. GV 25, and Decca F 3677. (2) The piece of music played by Douglas Fairbanks jun. on the violin in *Jump for Glory* was Waltz in E Major by Moskowsky. It is published by Bosworthy & Co., 8 Heddon Street, W.1, but there is no recording of this piece. (3) Centre spread of *The Garden of Allah*, published in the Sept. 26, 1936 issue. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Department, 6 Catharine Street, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (4) Art plates of Charles Boyer, Aug. 3, 1935, and Christmas No., 1935. Front covers, Sept. 5, 1936, and Dec. 18, 1937.

FILM FANS (Holyhead).—Dorothy Lamour had to learn the native language for *Hurricane*.

ARGUMENT (Ballymena).—No, Jack Haley did not sing himself in *Wake Up and Live*. Darryl Zanuck decided his voice was not suitable for the role and Buddy Clark "dubbed" for him.

ANNABELLA FAN.—Annabella was born in Paris, July 14, 1912. Her latest film is *The Baroness and the Butler*, with William Powell for Twentieth Century-Fox Films (U.S.A.), to which address you should write to her. Her photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

J. R. S. (Essex).—Chief characters as follows: *Rembrandt*, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester and Gertrude Lawrence; *Nothing Sacred*, Carole Lombard and Fredric March; *Woman of Glamour*, Virginia Bruce and Melvyn Douglas; *Every Day's a Holiday*, Mae West and Edmund Lowe; *The Squeaker*, Edmund Lowe, Sebastian Shaw, Ann Todd and Tamara Desni. *The Hurricane*, Dorothy Lamour, Jon Hall, Mary Astor, Raymond Massey and C. Aubrey Smith; *The Rat*, Ruth Chatterton, Anton Walbrook and Rene Ray; *Stella Dallas*, Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles; *Over She Goes*, Stanley Lupino, Claire Luce, Gina Malo, Max Baer and Laddie Cliff; *The Divorce of Lady X*, Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier; *Fine Feathers*, Renee Houston, Donald Stewart; *Seventh Heaven*, Simone Simon and James Stewart; *The Great Ziegfeld*, William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer; *I Met Him in Paris*, Melvyn Douglas, Claudette Colbert and Robert Young; *Fair Warning*, J. Edward Bromberg, Betty Furness and John Howard Payne; *The Barrier*, Leo Carrillo, Jean Parker, James Ellison, Otto Kruger and Robert Barrat; *A Woman Rebels*, Herbert Marshall and Katharine Hepburn; *Beloved Enemy*, Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne; *Blonde Venus*, Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Cary Grant; *We're Going to Be Rich* (*He Was Her Man*), Victor McLaglen and Gracie Fields; *Wells Fargo*, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee; *Confession*, Kay Francis, Ian Hunter and Basil Rathbone.

J. E. W. (Sussex).—Latest films and companies: Jack Haley, *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.); Tyrone Power, *Marie Antoinette*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); George Murphy *Broadway Goes to College*, for Metro Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Errol Flynn, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, for Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); John Howard, *Bulldog Drummond's Peril*, for Paramount.

J. M. (Surrey.—Jack Buchanan is still acting with Evelyn Laye on the New York stage.

JEAN'S FANS.—Yes, photographs of the late Jean Harlow can still be obtained from the Postcard Salon, address above.

E. C. (Manchester).—Warner Baxter took the part of Jervis Pendleton in *Daddy Long Legs*.

FAN (Nottingham).—Films since 1934: Paul Muni—*Hi! Nellie!*; *I'm a Fugitive*; *Black Fury*; *Bordertown*; *Dr. Socrates*; *The Story of Louis Pasteur*; *The Good Earth*; *The Woman Between*; *Life of Emile Zola*. Ray Milland—*Bolero*; *We're Not Dressing*; *Many Happy Returns*; *The Gilded Lily*; *Charlie Chan in London*; *Menace*; *One Hour Late*; *Next Time We Love*; *Return of Sophie Lang*; *Big Broadcast of 1937*; *Jungle Princess*; *Three Smart Girls*; *Bulldog Drummond Escapes*; *Wings Over Honolulu*; *Easy Living*; *Ebb Tide*; *Wise Girl*: Katharine Hepburn—*Little Women*; *Spitfire*; *The Little Minister*; *Break of Hearts*; *Alice Adams*; *Sylvia Scarlett*; *Mary of Scotland*; *A Woman Rebels*; *Quality Street*; *Stage Door*; *Bringing Up Baby*. Edward Norris—*Murder in the Fleet*; *Wagon Trail*; *The Magnificent Brute*; *Tainted Money*; *Mama Steps Out*; *Song of the City*; *Between Two Women*; *They Won't Forget*; *Bad Guy*. Freddie Bartholomew—*Professional Soldier*; *Little Lord Fauntleroy*; *Devil Takes the Count*; *Lloyds of London*; *Captains Courageous*; *Kidnapped*. Luise Rainer—*Escapade*; *The Great Ziegfeld*; *The Good Earth*; *The Emperor's Candlesticks*; *Big City*. Spencer Tracy—*The Show Off*; *Looking for Trouble*; *Bottoms Up*; *When New York Sleeps*; *Marie Galante*; *Murder Man*; *Dante's Inferno*; *It's a Small World*; *Whipsaw*; *Riff Raff*; *Fury*; *San Francisco*; *Libelled Lady*; *Captains Courageous*; *They Gave Him a Gun*; *Big City*; *Mannequin*; *Test Pilot*.

E. H.—The songs sung by Jeanette MacDonald in the court scene from *Maytime* were "Dancing Will Keep You Young," "Gypsy Song," "The Page Song," "Le Regiment de sembre et meuse," and "Les Filles de Cadix."

E. S. (Nottingham).—(1) Simone Simon is pronounced Seemoan Seemon. She was born Marseilles, France, April 23, 1914, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 114 lb., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her latest film is *Josette*, with Don Ameche and Robert Young. (2) June Clyde, born Dec. 2, 1909, St. Joseph, Missouri, is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, blonde hair and brown eyes, weighs 98 lb., and is married to Thornton Freeland. (3) Claire Trevor, born New York City, Mar. 8, no year given, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, has blonde hair and hazel eyes. (4) Annabella, born Paris, July 14, 1912, blonde hair, blue eyes; married Jean Murat. (5) June Lang, born Minneapolis, May 5, 1916. She is 5 ft. 2½ in. tall, weighs 104 lb., has blonde hair and blue eyes; married Vic Orsatti (sep.). (6) Winifred Shaw, born Feb. 25, 1910, dark brown hair and eyes, is 5 ft. 6¾ in. tall, weighs 110 lb., married, and has three children. (7) Shirley Ross, born Jan. 7 (no year given), Omaha, Nebraska.

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

A PATRICK WADDINGTON FAN CLUB has been commenced by Miss Sybil Applegate, of 17 Norbert Green, Brockley, S.E.4. It is affiliated to the FEDERATED BRITISH FILM AND STAGE CLUB. This club enjoys many social activities which are attended by Mr. Waddington himself whenever possible. Membership card and autographed photograph of Patrick are included in the admission fee. Please write for full particulars to Miss Sybil Applegate at the above address.

* * *

THE FEDERATED BRITISH FILM AND STAGE ASSOCIATION has vacancies for new members. This club, which exists to support and help all British stars and cinemagoers themselves, has the recognition and support of all the leading studios and producers and has an imposing list of patrons, which includes Alexandra Korda, Herbert Wilcox, Basil Dean, and many other famous people, while all the stars belong to it as members. It has many social activities, including rambles, studio visits, private film shows in filmland's own private theatre; theatre parties, lectures, sherry parties, at which various famous stars are the guests of honour, West End dances; and owns charming club premises in the heart of the West End, where there is a billiards and games room, reading room, lounge, licensed refreshment room, and many other amenities. The Association is opening branches in all the big towns in Great Britain, where provincial members may enjoy the same privileges as in London, Branches are already open at *Birmingham*, Mr. N. Cresswell, 6 Honiton Close, Allens Cross, Birmingham; *Manchester*, Miss J. Joyce, 48 Fairholme Road, Withington, Manchester; *Liverpool*, Miss E. Sale, 131 Northbrook Street, Princes Park, Liverpool; *Portsmouth*, Mr. F. Gatrall, 25 Weston Avenue, Milton, Southsea; *For Outer Surrey*, Miss J. Smith, 95 Henley Avenue, North Cheam, Surrey; *Taunton*, Mr. A. Holyday, The Cedars, St. Mary, Taunton; and also in Blackpool and Edinburgh new centres will shortly be opened. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, 29 Amesbury Avenue, Streatham Hill, S.W.2.

* * *

A British branch of the ACTIVE JAMES ELLISON CLUB has now been formed and is anxious to enrol new members. For full particulars write to the Lancashire representative, Miss Ena Leighlty, 19 Duerden Street, Burnley, Lancs.

* * *

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 358 (*New Series*) *Vol.* 7. April 2, 1938.

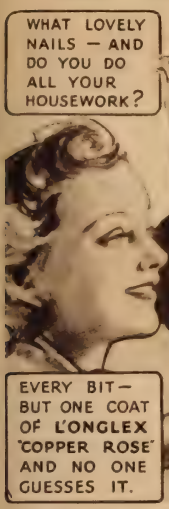
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A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.

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A page from a SPORTS GIRL'S Diary

SATURDAY APRIL

Had to have something new for Easter, so I made it a Superma waive. Graham says it looks fine, but he's wondering what the wind will do to it when I go walking over the downs, I know already — it won't harm it a bit!

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Insist on Superma, the machineless permanent wave that beautifies the hair, and does not coarsen its texture or make the head tender after application. No electricity, no harsh chemicals. You can be sure that your hair will retain its natural colour, softness and radiance if you insist upon Superma Machineless.

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SUPERMA

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MACHINELESS PERM

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

MY article last week on the care of the eyes aroused so much interest and correspondence from my readers that I am tempted to write again on the same fascinating subject.

How can make-up help the girl whose eyes are too small? First of all, she should pay attention to her brows. Following as far as possible the natural arch, the eyebrows should be plucked to make the arch as high as possible. This means that the brows are plucked from underneath, thus widening the white space between the lids and the brows.

Next a tiny dot of liquid rouge should be applied to the skin next to the inner corners of the eyes. Then with an eyebrow pencil a fine line should be drawn outwards from the outer corners of the eyes. A light-coloured eyeshadow should be used very sparingly. Apply it to the lid just above the iris of the eye, and blend it outwards and upwards towards the brow.

If the eyelids have a bluish veinous appearance, use a blue shadow, otherwise the golden rule is to match the eye-shadow to the eyes. Use it on the upper lids only. Use an eyebrow pencil just to darken and define the brows. In using it, take care not to let the pencil touch the skin.

To make the eyes appear larger avoid getting any powder on the lids. In fact, keep it well outside the socket of the eyes altogether. The skin of the lids should appear darker and moister than the surrounding skin. This makes the eyes appear much larger and also avoids showing up any fine lines you may have around the eyes.

Next we come to the girl with eyes that are set too close together. This is an unfortunate feature, for it belies character so often, giving an open-hearted, frank girl an appearance that is the reverse of those characteristics. Here again grooming of the brows can do much to improve appearance. The brows should be plucked to widen the distance between the eyebrows and the nose. Then they should be lengthened at the other side by drawing out with an eyebrow pencil.

Mascara should be unevenly applied —that is, lightly from the inner corner of the lid to the centre, and then more heavily from the centre to the outer corners. Keep eye-shadow close to the lashes, drawing it out a little beyond the corner of the eye, but taking care not to take it up to the brows.

DEEP SET

Very deep-set eyes tend to give their owners a tired expression. Here again thinning of the eyebrows can work wonders. They should be plucked from underneath, and arched as high as the natural conformation will allow without inducing a hard, artificial appearance.

Deep-set eyes are among the few that eye-shadow fails to improve. Indeed, it adds to the depth and makes the wearer look more tired than ever. Instead, it is necessary to bring the lids into greater prominence by making them shine a little. A trace of vaseline is excellent for this purpose. Apply it lightly with a finger-tip.

Do not use mascara, but one of those eyelash creams that beautify the lashes at the same time as they make them grow.

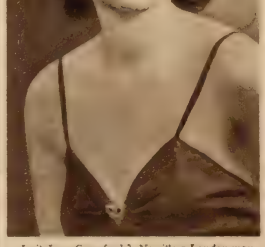
Conversely, the girl with too prominent eyes needs to keep the eyebrows low. They should not be plucked from underneath, but merely tidied and kept free from unruly hairs. If they are too scanty they should be emphasised with a pencil. First of all applying it against the natural way of growth and then with it. Eye-shadow should be used, blending it up to the brows. The lashes should be beautified with cream rather than mascara.

Lastly there is the girl with eyes that are too pale in colour. Eyes which are colourless give the owner a very washed-out appearance. Certainly it is not possible to change their colour, but it is possible to intensify what little colour is there by the use of eye-shadow.

A violet or a green shadow will deepen the tone of brown eyes, a blue one will intensify very pale blue eyes, and light green eyes may be improved with a violet or a darker green shadow. The brows should be accentuated and the lashes darkened with mascara.

• • •

IF you have a beauty question that you would like to have answered, let me help. Send your letter, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, W.C.2.



Is it Joan Crawford? No, it's a London mannequin called Olga Lawrence! To prove that miracles can be worked with an eyebrow pencil and a lipstick Max Factor, Hollywood beauty expert, transformed her into Joan Crawford. Miss Lawrence appeared like this at a charity film ball recently . . . a film star for one night.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to G. Travers, 304 St. Andrew's Road, Bridport, Dorset, for :—

The Farmer Takes a Wife
Travelling Saleslady
The First Baby
A Natural Born Salesman

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to : Miss M. A. Arnold (aged 13), 52 Queenscroft Road, Eltham, S.E.9, for :—

College Holiday
Down to the Sea
Rain
Good Old Soak

Miss Eiry Thomas, 3 Wern Street, Clydach Vale, Rhondda, Glam., for :—

These Three
They Didn't Know
Women Are Dangerous
Men in Exile

F. Grimble, 4 Pembroke Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.8, for :—

Three Men on a Horse
Ten Laps to Go
Crack Up
The Green Pastures

John Cameron, 6 Mugdock Road, Milngavie, Nr. Glasgow, Scotland, for :—

Three Smart Girls
Under Your Spell
Well Done, Henry

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

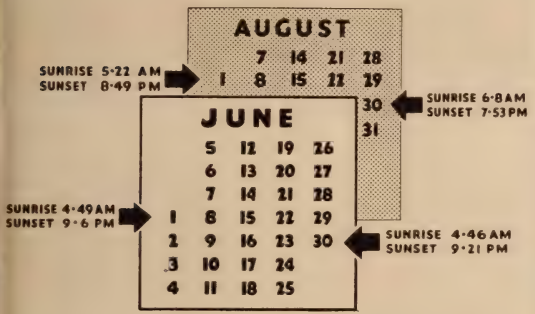
Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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The Joy of Early Holidays

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!



JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

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SUNRISE to SUNSET - 438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation?
- Early travel is comfortable travel!
- So try a June holiday this year!

BEFORE YOU GO
Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE
"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE
Cheap 1st & 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

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GWR **FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!**

"A dozen face powders... all my shade.. says LADY HARMSWORTH



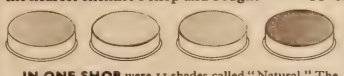
Lovely Lady Harmsworth, wife of Sir Alfred Harmsworth, is noted for her delicate beauty. She has shining pale-gold hair, blue eyes and a very white skin.

...yet only one made this wonderful difference in my looks!"

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IN ONE SHOP were 11 shades called "Natural." The tints above show the difference in tone between some. Many seemed the same. Pond's "Natural" alone was scientifically blended to give lovely colouring.

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This is why. Until recently all shades were made without any scientific knowledge of skin colouring. So they often added tints that made the skin look faded and old!

But Pond's had scientists analyse, with the colourscope, the complexions of 200 lovely girls. This analysis revealed the hidden tints that give each type its special beauty. Then Pond's made 5 exquisite shades—each scientifically blended to give the loveliest colouring of one type.



Blue gives lovely blonde skin its delicacy—*green* gives beautiful brunette skin its velvet look, the colourscope revealed ★

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POSITIVELY—The Finest Remedy for Indigestion.

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Booklet (P.G. 368) price 2d. post free.

PILES!

QUICK RELIEF without Operation

This Tonic Laxative prescription quickly relieves and soothes Piles, Constipation, Sluggish Liver and Atonic Dyspepsia. It ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. Why endure the misery of Piles any longer? **Ask for Shadforth Pile Pills (No. 394).** Prices **6d.** (12), **1/9** (50), **2/6** (72), **4/6** (144).

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When the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take **"Shadphos"** Tonic Tablets. They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS" TONIC TABLETS

There is nothing like them. They are not a "patent medicine." They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

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Prices **1/-** (12), **1/9** (25), **3/3** (50), **6/-** (100).

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Healthy Face, Lovely Complexion

depend firstly on the blood beneath them, and only secondly on cream and powder. The best remedy for muddy or sallow complexions, acne or blackheads, boils, redness of skin and some forms of eczema, pimples and even carbuncles, is dispensed in dainty tablets as **Shadforth Prescription No. 442 (Skin Tonic Tablets).** They cleanse the blood. Try them for a couple of weeks and note, with satisfaction, the great improvement in your complexion. Don't cover up faults—cleanse them from within.

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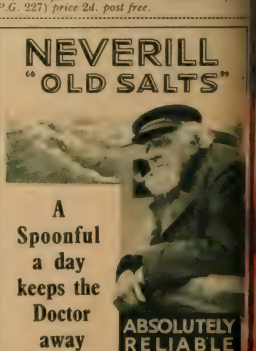
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Picturegoer

The Screen's Most [illegible] Magazine

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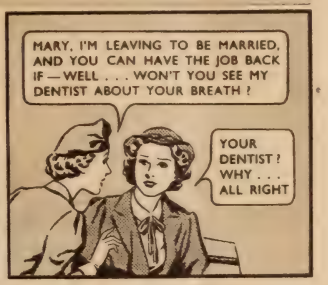
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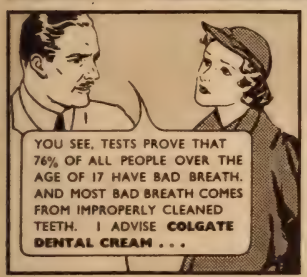
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P415A

SEX has Slumped

THE movie kings, counting up the cash takings for the season, have just made the most painful discovery for years—that sex appeal doesn't pay dividends any more and, in fact, hasn't been paying them for some time.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars and oceans of ink have been devoted to creating the Glamour Girls and Boys—and most of them figure well down in the fifties and sixties of the current box-office rating lists, while stars like Deanna Durbin, Fred Astaire (both dropped from the pay-roll of one important studio some time ago because the executive genii could see no possibilities in "sexless" personalities), Shirley Temple, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy and Jane Withers (who has not even the conventional juvenile "It") are setting up the records.

◆ ◆ ◆

The £50,000-a-picture Marlene Dietrich, whose recent passing from the Paramount lot, where she had been the reigning queen for years, was accompanied by no shedding of tears on the part of Adolph Zukor, who bought up her unexpired contract for a quarter of a million dollars, was even rated 126th in a recent American exhibitor's poll.

Garbo did better. She beat Hepburn by a short head—for 68th place!

Incidentally, there is a rumour in film circles that Greta did not renew her M.-G.-M. contract when she sailed for her much headlined holiday in Europe and that she will work on a picture-to-picture basis in future.

◆ ◆ ◆

The minor but unpleasant Robert Taylor landslide gave the first rumbling warning of the public reaction against synthetic sex appeal. Now it has struck the studios with the full force of a major economic earthquake.

Exhibitors, you see, are following the public lead, because they have to, if they want to eat regularly.

The next few months will see a swing-over to the other extreme in studio policy.

Sam Goldwyn, more far-seeing than most of the producers, was the first to demand that his publicity department "include glamour out" in its handling of Jon Hall. Now that much-overworked word is being banned from the vocabularies of all the ballyhoo boys.

The screen is returning to sanity so far as sex appeal is concerned.

- Glamour Only Glimmers Now
- Divinities and Dividends
- Stars Go Wild Over New Game
- Gary Cooper's Egyptian Visit



Gene Raymond and Olympe Bradna in "Stolen Heaven." Notice Gene's darkened hair?

Hollywood's New Craze

● The capacity of the stars for childish amusement is limitless. The film colony has found a new craze, a diversion which, I believe, originated over here and is known, somewhat grandiosely, as "The Game."

Movie parties at the moment are like madhouses. The "Handies" epidemic (of which the new game is an elaborate adaptation) was mild compared to it.

"The Game," briefly, goes something like this: Players are divided into two teams. One player is handed a slip of paper containing a well-known quotation, catch phrase or film title and must act it out in pantomime so that his own team will guess it as quickly as possible. From the moment he receives the paper the player must not speak. The team that takes the least time to guess the other team's list is the winner.

Loretta Young is the Hollywood champion, closely followed by Barbara Stanwyck, though Barbara is not quite so keen since an experience on the eve of the return of Robert Taylor from England.

She wanted to look her best to greet him and agreed to act out just one more quotation before retiring for a good quota of beauty sleep.

They gave her "To err is human, to forgive divine," and Barbara got so involved in delineating the erring part of it that she seriously scratched her nose and looked as if she had been in a prize fight when she met Taylor next morning

Gary and the Sphinx

● Garbo and Muni are not the only stars who have been holidaying on this side of the Atlantic. Gary Cooper has not come so near to England, but he *has* managed to dodge publicity.

He and Mrs. Cooper have been spending an incognito vacation in Egypt. Gary registered everywhere as "William Grinnell." Grinnel is the name of a college he once attended.

A typical Cooper comment is contained in a letter to a friend. "The Sphinx," he wrote, "didn't care a hoot about us. It just gazed Garboishly."

Short Shots

● Paulette Goddard's first picture under her Selznick contract will be *The Young In Heart*, with Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks Jun. Janet, incidentally, met Clark Gable for the first time the other evening and discovered that they once worked as extras in the same picture, a silent starring Alberta Vaughn—John Barrymore describes Barbara Stanwyck's *Stella Dallas* as the greatest performance he has ever seen on the screen—Bette Davis is busy denying rumours of a forthcoming visit from the stork—Myrna Loy holds the record for the biggest fan letter of 1938; she received a postcard ten feet

(*continued on page 6*)





Above: Don Ameche, William Demarest, Ruth Gilette and Simone Simon are together in "Josette."

Left: Diana Churchill, who recently married Barry K. Barnes, got some useful practice in the kitchen in her latest picture "Jane Steps Out." She is seen here with Kathleen Harrison and Merle Tottenham.

ALL the GOSSIP

(*Continued from page* 5)

long and six feet high from the quaintly named "We Want To Marry Myrna Loy" Club . . . it had £6 worth of stamps on it—Norma Shearer will sing in *Marie Antoinette*—Norma and Clark Gable are now definitely set for the leads in *Idiot's Delight*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

PLAIN JANE—NO IMITATIONS!

JANE WITHERS was recently ordered *not* to give any further imitations of Shirley Temple during her personal appearance tour. She obeyed, giving her impressions of Bobby Breen and other movie celebrities.

Bobby's pictures are released through 20th Century-Fox, to whom Jane is under contract.

The result is that Jane is now told by the studio *not* to imitate Bobby.

By the time the girl actress receives all the "Thou shalt nots" she will be able only to give an imitation of herself.

All a Mistake

● Eleanore Whitney will not have to defend a suit for support brought by her father, for the action has been discontinued upon motion by attorneys for both sides.

Despite the fact that Mr. Whitney claimed that his daughter had not contributed to his support, it is now said that she did so, so all is serene.

Two New Shirleys?

● *Little Lady Luck*, produced by Warners, caused five-year-old Janet Kay Chapman to receive a contract from the studio.

The little girl is blonde and blue-eyed, and was totally unknown until she was seen in the picture.

Another little blonde, 5 year-old Peggy Ann Garner, a relative of the Vice-President of the United States, who played a small role in the same picture, has been signed by another studio

Both youngsters, I hear, are considered to be the "Shirley Temple" type.

Burglars and Stars

● Thieves apparently feel that movie celebrities living in the San Fernando Valley are far more vulnerable than those who reside in Hollywood and Beverly Hills, as the recent robberies at the homes of Louise Fazenda and Barbara Stanwyck indicate.

Police in the valley say that stars rarely employ night watchmen, feeling that loyal servants will protect them from theft.

But in the sparsely populated San Fernando Valley police have their troubles coping with marauders. They have to guard the property of a few hundred of people spread over an area which would house tens of thousands in a city. Also the habit in Southern California of protecting houses with screened windows and doors makes

it easy for the burglars, who need only a knife to gain entrance.

A Good Samaritan

● Youths who have won fame in the films are disposed, often, to take themselves too seriously, but not Jimmie Stewart, who is climbing the ladder of fame with amazing rapidity.

Jimmie tells me he believes that the world is filled with young men who have the qualifications for screen success if they are properly developed, and advocates the establishment of a screen school supported by all the producers, giving each studio first call on all the promising talent it has discovered.

The actor says nothing about all the clever girls who would like to achieve film fame, but evidently he gallantly decided to permit prominent film actresses to suggest a similar idea for their sex.



Latest contestant for "Hollywood's Perfect Figure" title is Marie de Forest. You'll be seeing her in "Tropic Holiday."

DO YOU KNOW GOOD ACTING?

Do you appreciate good acting when you see it? And if you do, have you voted yet in our Gold Medals ballot?

"Picturegoer" each year awards a gold medal to the actor and actress who in the opinion of its readers, have given the best performances of the year. The awards have come to be regarded by the stars as the most important of their kind.

All you have to do is to write on a postcard the name of the actor and actress you consider gave the best performances in pictures released in 1937 and the title of the pictures concerned.

Address it to "Award of Merit," "Picturegoer," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

The polling has been particularly heavy this year and it has been decided to close voting on April 20. This is your last chance to do honour to the artistes whose work you admired in 1937. Write that postcard now.

Poor "Old Man"

● Spanky McFarland, who for many years played one of the children in the "Our Gang Comedies," has finally left the studio where he won film fame.

It seems that "Spanky" is now considered to be too old, so a "young man" will carry on in his place.

As a child, "Spanky" is an ancient at 9, but in not so many years he may rival the fame of Johnny Downs, once one of the "Our Gang" kiddies, who is now a highly successful adult actor.

Cheer up, "Spanky," you are "old" now, but, when you reach the latter 'teens, you will be young again!

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

SOME MORE CO-OPTIMISTS!

VERY cautiously, very tenderly, the British Film Industry—so weak that it can hardly carry the weight of those capital letters—is feeling its way back to health and strength.

Meanwhile, there are a few optimists (luckily for us picturegoers) who consider this an auspicious time to make films; and upon my word I'm inclined to agree with them.

For one thing, floor-space should be cheap and plentiful at the moment; for another, after all this long period of idleness in the studios we are faced with a fairly acute shortage of screen entertainment, and people with British films to sell are liable to find buyers fairly easily.

So, anyway, think West End Films.

Now, you haven't yet contacted West End Films as such; they've only been in existence for two or three weeks.

But the component parts have all been in existence for over twenty years; and I have a feeling they are no strangers to you.

They are Pamela Kellino, Roy Kellino, and James Mason, together with divers others whose names are less familiar to us picturegoers.

Romance Story

● Now, first of all, who are these people?

Pamela you've probably seen on the screen—that is if you saw *Jew Süss*, in which she played Süss's daughter, the one who is pursued by the Duke, falls over the edge of the flat roof, and is killed.

The critics hailed her as a "find"—and somehow or other she promptly got lost again; at any rate, I haven't seen her on the screen since then.

You may also remember the "romance story" of her marriage; she, the daughter of film-magnate Isidore Ostrer, married a cameraman in her father's studios, handsome young Roy Kellino, who was just beginning to gain recognition for his excellent work.

That was in July 1934, when Pamela was only about seventeen. Now she is twenty-one, and grown-up, and a director of a film-company.

She Registers

● I have always liked Pamela's attitude to film acting. It has often been said that she used her father's influence to get her her first chance in films; well, personally I think she would have been a fool if she hadn't.

But, once in, she insisted on being treated no differently from any other beginner, and to her abiding credit be it said that her success in *Jew Süss* did not go to her head; she is still the same charming, modest, and eminently likeable person she was while she was still "messing about in the crowd" down at Islington.

Also (this is important) eminently filmable; her dark, Jewish type of beauty registers well, and she has a great deal of sensitivity, which is invaluable.

Her husband, Roy Kellino, is one of the few young men in British studios who have had both the opportunity and the inclination to study film production from every angle; show business is in his blood, for he is the son of a former circus acrobat, who himself has directed a great many films, and is still actively engaged on the production side in the studios.

And James Mason is the hefty young actor—and a very interesting actor too—who played the lead in *Mill on the Floss*, and a number of other pictures; but he is better known on the stage.

Censored!

● Not so long ago he and Pamela collaborated on a play, which was unfortunately rejected by the Lord Chamberlain even after they had made a number of changes to please him; now they have written a screen story, called *Deadwater*, which West End Films are now to bring to the screen.

James Mason and Pamela Kellino will play the leads; Roy Kellino will produce, direct, and photograph it; and in the cast will also be young Peter Coke, who declined a tempting Hollywood contract in order to be concerned with this film, Esma Cannon, the blonde stage and screen comedienne, and Sylvia Coleridge.

The film itself is unusual, being a romantic drama in which only two people are heard speaking—the characters played by Pamela and Mason; the rest of the speech is suggested by specially composed music, which will also do a lot of hard work in the way of establishing moods.

Well, I can't pretend that I'm precisely in love with that idea; but I admit I *am* in love with the idea of these young people taking their own money out of the bank and going out to make a film according to their own ideas of how a film should be made.

In the Open

● One thing, they won't have much in the way of overhead expenses, for they are doing practically no studio work at all; the whole thing is to be done in the great outdoors of this pleasant land of England, which pleases me mightily, for of all the countrysides ours is probably the worst neglected.

They are going to devote the whole Summer to it if necessary, and their shooting-schedule is so arranged that if any member of the cast gets a stage engagement offered he or she can take time off and do it, while the others get on with some other part of the shooting.

As far as the three principals are concerned it is entirely a co-operative affair, in which none of them takes any salary, but they divvy-up whatever there is in the way of profit when the whole thing's completed.

Plenty of Dough

● They reckon to spend £10,000 on this effort, and they are prepared if necessary to go to £20,000; but with no star salaries to pay, no studio overheads, and no large outlay for the story, I honestly can't quite see what they're going to spend all that money on.

However, it's certainly better to be prepared to spend too much than not to be prepared to spend enough.

To give you an idea of the kind of thing they're doing, here's what the three of them told me, more or less all at once, when I was round at the Kellinos' flat the other night.

(*continued on page 8*)

An Open Letter to

CLAIRE TREVOR

Tell Mr. Zanuck . . .

DEAR CLAIRE TREVOR,

Your latest New York interview reads something like a cry from the heart in a matrimonial journal. You know the sort of thing: "Girl, young, attractive, seeks husband able to take her away from present uncongenial surroundings . . ." Not, of course, that a young lady as charming as you are would have any difficulty about matrimony except for the matter of selection from the army of eligibles.

"I'm ready to marry," you say, "or freelance or explode in order to get out of quickies." The most unfortunate part about it is that you're right, or rather, that your grievance is a perfectly just one.

In the four years since you went to the Fox Studios as a sort of successor (and that's always a bad way to start in pictures) to Sally Eilers in the Sally Eilers-James Dunn team you have kept up an average of a picture a month and that's a pretty good average for any screen player.

◆ ◆ ◆

Your performances in those pictures, moreover, have represented something more than mere good sound trouping. It is not every actress who can give vitality and interest to these dull and colourless routine heroine roles in second-feature pictures.

We are rather over-apt to moralise airily about hard work always being rewarded. You have worked harder and better than a score of young actresses we know—and all that it has got you is a reasonably good income (a benefit which you are frank enough not to underestimate) and what seems like a life sentence to artistic asphyxiation as a star of "Class B" pictures.

Up till now you haven't complained. Instead, you quietly decided to show Hollywood what you could do by locking up your big dressing room with the star on the door and going over to the United Artists' lot to play a "bit" as "Franay" in "Dead End."

◆ ◆ ◆

On the screen the part only lasted three minutes, but it stood out as one of the finest things of a memorable film—one of the great performances of the year.

Most of us expected that it would mark the turning point in the Trevor career. However, once the applause of the critics and preview audiences died down they just put you back to work again in just another "B" picture (if we know our studio alphabet), "Big Town Girl."

No wonder you feel that they haven't done right by Claire. We hope you'll shout your grievances from the house-tops; we'll even come along and make a duet of it.

For one thing, we like you. For another, we're personally tired of the crass stupidity which makes the movie moguls squander millions of dollars in the "search for new faces" while real, tried and proved talent cools its heels, neglected, on their own doorsteps.

Tell Darryl Zanuck we said so.

THE EDITOR.

all the gossip

(Continued from page 7)



Co-optimism! Here is young Roy Kellino, producer, director and cameraman of "Deadwater," and husband of—



—Pamela Kellino, who is playing the feminine lead, and who also wrote the story in collaboration with—



—James Mason, who is playing opposite her. The venture is fully described on page 7.

It's about a farmer, unhappily married (that's James), who is driven to shooting his wife. (It will be interesting to watch the married men in the audience at this point, to see whether they applaud.)

He "buries her darkly at dead of night," but gets the wind up and bolts. Starving and exhausted, he meets a girl who lives in a caravan (Pam, of course), and they fall in love; and all is idyllic until, some weeks later, the man discovers in the caravan a manuscript entitled *I Met a Murderer*—from which he not unnaturally deduces that she has rumbled him.

I gather there is a good deal of symbolism in the script; for instance, when the murderer is escaping, the human chase crosses with a fox hunt—a hunted man, a hunted animal. Get the idea?

After this, if it's successful, they intend to make further films on the same co-operative basis; well, I sincerely hope it will be, because such pluck and enterprise deserve to be rewarded.

Three With Faith

● I have dwelt longer on this than is my custom with any single production, not only because I think it's a notable addition to the list of co-operative films now in the making (*A Spot of Bother* and *Pygmalion* are the other two) but also because it's so heartening to find young people with enough faith in their own ideas and in the future of the British film industry to go out and *do* something about it, instead of waiting for times to improve.

Other things are bobbing up here and there, and I think we may now officially declare the recovery to have begun.

Mind you, it will be some time before all the sound stages in England (variously estimated at fifty and eighty-three, depending upon whether you count the hole-and-corner studios lurking obscurely in remote suburbs) are all full and booming.

But the portly presence of Alfred Hitchcock on the floors at Islington is as welcome a sight as the cuckoo or the first snowdrop, for when Hitch makes a picture it's news, and there's precious little news in the studios without prosperity—as I've found to my cost during the last few months.

In the Mountains

● Hitch is now directing *Lost Lady*, for the newly combined team of Gaumont-British and Gainsborough, who have wisely decided to pool their resources against a common enemy—Slump.

Lost Lady is from a best-selling novel by Ethel Lina White; the action centres in a picturesque little village in the Balkans, against the snow-clad Austrian Alps—which indicates that, in locale at any rate, this film is going to be topical . . . if there *are* any Austrian Alps by the time it's shown.

The role of Dr. Hartz, an eminent Continental brain specialist, will be played by Paul Lukas, whose last job here was in *Dinner at the Ritz* with Annabella.

It is all about international espionage, but naturally there will be a spot of love, and this department will be managed by Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave, who have lately been teamed-up for the purpose.

Another interesting member of the cast is the veteran British character actress Dame May Whitty, who gave such a brilliant performance as the old lady who was murdered in *Night Must Fall*—both the stage and the screen versions.

I Misled You

● By the way, talking about the lack of activity in the studios, Herbert Smith, British Lion director, 'phoned me the other day to take me to task for having said that his company's studios at Beaconsfield had been standing idle, whereas it was just a fortnight's spring-clean.

Well, a studio that's dark merely looks dark to me; however, if I gave a wrong impression of the situation I am glad to publish this correction. And I am also glad to know that these studios have been keeping up their average schedule during the Dark Days.



JEAN MUIR

Here is the latest portrait of Jean Muir, the Scottish-born American star, who is now working in British studios. She has just completed a stellar part in "Jane Steps Out" and is due to start soon in the title role of "Marigold," a screen version of the well-known Scottish play.

A VAMP



This is the face that launched a thousand slips—in the behaviour of undergraduates in M.-G.-M's "A Yank at Oxford."

ABOUT fifteen months ago, as the crow flies, I wrote an article about one of the greatest problems of our studios—Vivien Leigh.

I don't mean to suggest by that that she's a problem child; there's certainly no trace of so-called "artistic temperament" about her—no kicking, scratching, or biting, not a camera smashed, not a newspaperman sent limping away with a black eye.

The problem in those days was two-fold. Part One ran "What is to be the future of Vivien?" and Part Two, following immediately, was "Why in thunder, if he isn't going to avail himself of her services, did Alexander Korda sign her on a £50,000 contract?"

Say it slowly, masticating well. Fifty . . . thousand . . . pounds.

It's a mouthful, even if you're a Martha Raye, and the very size of the mouthful made the problem more acute.

Well, Part One is to a great extent ironed out, and that rather tends to dispose of Part Two, as I shall hope to demonstrate.

At the time I speak of, Vivien had been on contract to Korda for eighteen months, and most of that time she had been kicking her heels in dangerous idleness—dangerous because, to a young actress, idleness is apt to breed one or more of four undesirable elements; (*a*) a smouldering sense of injustice, (*b*) complacency, (*c*) boredom, (*d*) rust.

Then, quite suddenly, Alex Korda seemed to realise he had an expensive "frozen asset" on his shelves, and proceeded to thaw her out rapidly in three films whose production almost overlapped—*Fire Over England*, *Dark Journey* and *Storm In a Teacup*.

Cast your mind back to these (I hope you saw them, by the way; they were very important films).

In the first she provided a highly decorative love-interest opposite the hero, Laurence Olivier, whose affections she shared with Tamara Desni. Vivien's chief business was to look "period" and heartbroken.

She did that all right, without it imposing any terrific strain on her considerable acting ability.

In *Dark Journey* she was a kind of youthful French Olga Pulloffski, whose technique consisted



Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier formed an interesting love - team in "Fire Over England."

Vivien had a sombre role opposite Conrad Veidt in "Dark Journey."



AT OXFORD

Big events are beginning to shape in the studios for Vivien Leigh, whose recent progress is graphically described

by MAX BREEN

of appearing sombre and inscrutable except for an occasional (oh, but most rare) softening towards Conrad Veidt.

Most women, I suspect, would consider it an easy matter to soften towards Conrad Veidt.

Anyway, she took that in her stride, and with only about a fortnight's "breather" she leapt into comedy—that highly successful and withal distinguished comedy, *Storm In a Teacup*.

Now, just in case there are any shreds left blowing about of the ancient and fallacious superstition that being in a comedy necessarily entails being funny, let me dispel them.

As far as my memory serves me, in that whole film Vivien Leigh scarcely had a single funny thing to do or say.

She had to spend the first half of the story being indignant with Rex Harrison on Cecil Parker's account, and the second half in being indignant with Cecil Parker on account of Rex Harrison.

For the rest, apart from a dramatic moment when she committed perjury at the trial, all she had to do for her living was to appear sufficiently attractive to make her seem a prize worth the young man's winning.

And this, I may state, must have cost her no effort at all, for Vivien is extremely agreeable to the eye and ear.

Well, that was the *status quo* (Latin for "Well, that's *that*!") when I last laid down my pen on this comedy subject, and although it was satisfactory to know that she was working and therefore preserving her distinguished talents from the moth and rust that corrupt, no one could pretend that there was anything in all this that might appreciably advance her career. In these three films she was rather the garnishing than the nourishing element.



There is no doubt about Vivien's feelings and intentions in the Mayflower production "St. Martin's Lane."

However, things have been a-brewing and a-doing since then; Vivien has played in no fewer than three pictures since that one was completed—and *for three different companies*.

The one she made for the parent stable was *The First and the Last*, the Galsworthy story which was produced and directed by Basil Dean, but under the Korda banner.

About this production there has been one of those solemn hushes that occasionally descend upon a production like an impalpable pall when you least expect them; little has been bruited abroad concerning it; visitors were not encouraged on the set, and so far we have not been invited to view the finished production—if, indeed, the production *is* finished.

This story is one of the few of the old maestro's which I have never read, and I confess to being very hazy about the whole thing.

So that is an unknown quantity, as far as I am concerned, and if my memory of Algebra serves me aright, in the case of an unknown quantity, X marks the spot.

However, United Artists (who coyly unveil the works of Korda to an expectant world) may suddenly decide to show it to us one of these days; stranger things have happened. And when they do I shall rally round for a look-see, because I was intrigued by the Olivier-Leigh combination in *Fire Over England*, and they are at it again in *The First and the Last*.

After the Basil Dean production a significant thing happened. Vivien went to work for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Mind you, I use the phrase "went to work" in the American rather than in the English sense. Actually she did not have to *go* at all, since M.-G.-M. were making *A Yank at Oxford* right there in her home studio, Denham.

But the significance lies in the fact that it was the first time, in the course of nearly three years on contract to Alex Korda, that she had been "farmed out" to any other company, and that started something.

Actually, her role in *A Yank at Oxford* is not a very large one; however, not only is it the first "vamp" part she has been asked or allowed to play on the screen, but also it's a key-role, inasmuch as she starts all the trouble that leads up to the dramatic climax.

She plays "Elsa Craddock," the flirtatious wife of an Oxford bookseller, the type of young woman who just cannot refrain from throwing down a challenge to the responsive male.

Elsa has been described as "Literature's gift to the undergraduate," and I shouldn't be surprised if this film sets a great many callow students combing Oxford for Craddock's entirely mythical bookshop.

Up to the moment of committing these words to the awful majesty of print, I haven't had an opportunity of seeing that film; but I saw on the studio floor several scenes involving our little friend Vivien at work on the susceptibilities of undergraduates, and believe me, she could vamp a pillar-box clean out of the "High."

But the most important thing about this role is that it may be regarded as her first screen *character* part (as distinct from juvenile leads) and, as such, it paved the way for her current effort, which is likely to be of the utmost importance to her career—the role of a cockney waif in *St. Martin's Lane* for Mayflower Productions at Elstree.

Here she comes again under the wing of the cinematic genius who was her producer in *Fire Over England*—Erich Pommer—and here, also, she forsakes milk-and-watery society juvenility for the strong red wine (or should the simile be nourishing stout?) of slum drama.



Vivien was successfully teamed with Rex Harrison in "Storm in a Teacup," and is with him again in "St. Martin's Lane."

As the gutter-snipe who is rescued by queue-entertainer Charles Laughton, Vivien has, as far as I know, the first real big chance of her screen career.

And is she seizing it?

I've seen her on the studio floor and I was impressed; but I was still more impressed when, in the company of my colleague E. G. Cousins, I sat in the private theatre at the studio and watched some of the "rushes" being run through.

We were both very much struck by the sense of characterisation which this girl must have had tucked away, waiting for a chance to employ it.

But there was something else besides.

Ever since I first saw Vivien Leigh on the screen (it was in a supremely unimportant role in the Cicely Courtneidge picture *Things Are Looking Up*) I have been conscious of her inner fire; but for years that fire has seemed to smoulder, a sultry, almost sullen glow that threatened to burst into leaping flame at the first breath of encouragement.

And now that breath has come, and Vivien has suddenly become Vivid.

When George Cukor, the famous Hollywood director of *Camille*, was over here last year, he described to me the sort of actress he wanted for the heroine of *Gone With the Wind*, which he was—and still is—to direct for Selznick.

I asked him then if he had seen Vivien Leigh on the screen; he said he had and she was very beautiful, but she seemed to be a little static, not quite sufficiently temperamental for such a fiery role.

I can't help feeling that if he were to see her in *St. Martin's Lane* he might reverse his opinion; for that matter, although there is strong evidence in support of Paulette Goddard getting the coveted role, it isn't finally cast. . . .

We shall see.

Meanwhile, Vivien is enjoying herself thoroughly; after a long period of wearing beautiful and expensive clothes in the studio, it must be a relief to wear a shabby and grubby coat and skirt in which you can just squat down wherever you like, without worrying.

But still greater is the relief of having at last really got into her stride as a screen actress.

Vivien is ambitious; not particularly for money (being quite content to rub along bravely on the £50,000 which Alex Korda doles out to her) but for success as an actress, and I believe the fulfilment of her ambition is within sight.

There seems to me a strong possibility that in the future *A Yank at Oxford* may be remembered, not as Robert Taylor's first British film, but as the picture which afforded a certain young screen actress her first real chance to *act*.



In China, Polo (Gary Cooper) discovers that the inhabitants ate the present-day Italian national dish—spaghetti! He is seen with H. B. Warner.



The local beauties react more than favourably to the charm of Marco Polo, who finds luxury and gaiety at the court of Kublai Khan.



Of course, there is romance. This modern Marco Polo finds it in the charms of Sigrid Gurie, Sam Goldwyn's latest Scandinavian discovery.

GARY COOPER BECOMES A *Roaming Romeo*

MESSER MARCO POLO of Thirteenth Century Venice was the original travelling salesman.

It was he, who, without any precedent or past experience to work upon, invented the methods of present-day nigh-pressure salesmanship: *the way to sell is to walk and to talk. The sales are there and you can get them by keeping on walking and talking.*

Actually, very little is known about Marco Polo, except that he made unprecedented journeys over the unknown deserts of Central Asia to the magnificent court of Kublai Khan in Cathay. He himself recounts only the places through which he passed, and the details of the splendours of the Khan's court.

But there was more than that to Marco Polo. There had to be, else he would not have been able to accomplish what he did.

Conjectures on Marco Polo's actual character are numerous, and each is equally certain about one phase of his make-up. He was a sure-fire salesman. He walked and he talked, sweeping all opposition and sales-resistance before him. That, however, is as far as anyone has been daring enough to venture.

Now Samuel Goldwyn, acting on the premise that Marco was the greatest, most romantic travelling salesman, has produced a film that will deal with Marco's epic trip to Cathay, and his adventures there. The picture, *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, has in the title role, Gary Cooper. The script, prepared by Robert Sherwood, famed craftsman of the screen play, was based on the notes of Captain N. A. Pogson, noted Orientologist and foremost authority on the life of the adventurous Venetian.

By placing Gary Cooper in the leading role, Mr. Goldwyn has demonstrated once more his innate genius for putting the right man in the right role. The lanky ex-cowboy, possessed of an ingratiating personality and a carefree manner, is admirably suited for the part of the original travelling salesman. The screen play has been especially written to fit his abilities, and at the same time to dovetail as much as possible with the known facts of Marco Polo's life.

It was with these specifications in mind, that Sherwood created his Marco Polo. The Cooper-Polo is every inch the man that every salesman wants to believe that he is. Clever, witty, lightning fast with repartee, and above all, a man who can sell *chow mein* to the Chinese. Thus, it is, that the play begins in Venice and gives something of an insight into the man.

We learn that despite his evident dislike of the sordidness of the commercial life, he has raised the firm of Polo Brothers to a top rank amongst the houses of Venice. We learn that he is aware of the second rule of selling: talk to your customer of everything except business.

And through a frenzied search for him among the canals by a man servant, we learn that he is irresistible to the ladies. What a man!

Marco Polo's actual journey occupied a full three-and-a-half years. Over the seas that lay before the Near East, and over the caravan tracks that led through unknown Asia; over the mountainous borders of outer China, over which there were no trails of any kind. Unfortunately, and with all due respect to the gigantic obstacles which were overcome the film can give no more than a fleeting glimpse of the tremendous journey. But Marco Polo was adhering to the first rule of salesmanship by walking, accompanied by only a single companion.

The vast Mongol Empire was not too hospitable to strangers. There was trouble enough in striving to maintain a constant state of peace amongst the many peoples of the huge country. As a result, all travellers from the west were regarded with suspicion. Marco Polo's arrival at the court of Kabloo (Peking) was not unheralded. He had been under constant watch from the moment he arrived within the borders. The Khan was well served by an efficient communication system that featured a horse post similar to that of the American Pony Express. Eagles as well as pigeons were employed as carriers.

In fact, and in movie fancy, Marco Polo was received coldly, although royally, by Kublai Khan. In his narrative, Polo does not reveal the reason, except that he does mention a universal distrust of foreigners. Sherwood supplies a villain to be the cause of the lack of enthusiasm. One, Ahmed, a Saracen and Vizier to Kublai Khan. Ahmed, knowing the ways of the European, is cognisant of the fact that Marco is in Cathay for commercial reasons, and he realises that his own racket is in danger.

Despite the fact that Venice in the thirteenth century represented the height of European civilisation, Marco Polo was amazed at the splendour which met his eyes. The court of Kublai Khan was the most magnificent of all times, exceeding even that of the later Louis XIV. The Sun-King's court was no doubt splendid, and a worthy rival of that of Cathay, but there were several respects in which it could never hope to vie.

The Chinese are noted for an abhorrence of filth in any manner, and it is known that the court of the great king of France was decidedly unhygienic. In Kublai's court modern plumbing was no novelty, including all the ramifications of running water. Cleanliness was considered as being just one step higher than godliness. Let it not be thought that this was so much of a fetish that there was no room for magnificence. Magnificence there was, and in an overabundance that could not help but make the European feel like a skin-clad savage.

Overawed by all this splendour and evidence of good taste, suspected of contemplating every crime on the calendar, Marco Polo, in a very short time became the favourite of Kublai Khan, his friend and adviser.

"The Travels of Marco Polo," the traveller's own account of the adventure, contains little in the way of an explanation of the sudden change.





Marco Polo comes to town! Our hero arrives in the ancient capital of the Chinese, thousands of miles from his native Venice.



Marco discovers that the Chinese knew not only about spaghetti, but also about gunpowder, which they used not for war, but for fireworks.

Adventurer, explorer, soldier and author Marco Polo opened trade with the Far East and changed the course of the history of the world. That is the role that Gary Cooper is allotted in the film of the same name and below we tell you how he will play it.

by WILSON D'ARNE

"The Adventures of Marco Polo" fills the gap through the script writer's ingenuity and a simple application of the knowledge of Marco's sales ability. It was up to him to talk.

Talk he did. The Gary Cooper-Marco Polo began in the usual fashion, by keeping the conversation away from business. Then by demonstrating a keen insight into the mind of a woman.

Kublai Khan on being presented with a number of slave girls finds that he is unable to accept the whole offering. His problem is which he must choose. Sensing an opportunity, Marco offers to make the choice. This he does by asking each a question. On receiving the answer, he makes the choice. On explanation, Kublai Khan is very much intrigued by the facile wit of the Westerner.

"How many teeth has a snapping turtle?" That is the question used to determine which of the girls was suited for the Khan. Those who guessed, Marco decided to be too unstable. Those who knew were too clever. Those who admitted that they did not know, both honest and of the right frame of mind.

This application of his knowledge of females was used directly in the employ of Kublai Khan. The Khan's daughter, the Princess Kukachin, provides Marco an opportunity to use his cleverness on his own behalf. Marco meets the Princess, played by Goldwyn's new discovery Sigrid Gurie, in a garden and he immediately captures her heart. It is easy work for a man of Marco's calibre, and indeed he would be a disgrace to his profession if he failed.

Again, when he is forced to flee to the camp of the rebel Tartar chief, Kaidu, he brings his sex appeal into play. Kaidu is all for doing away with Marco immediately. He doesn't fancy Europeans either. He, however, is plagued with an inconvenient wife. When Kaidu discovers that his wife will leave him alone in Marco's presence, he decides that it would be politic to keep him alive as long as the attraction exists. What a man!

In another direction, both in fact and fiction, Marco Polo showed the true spirit of the travelling man. He kept his eyes open and missed nothing of value. He was engaged in selling himself in order that he might sell his goods. At the same time he did not fail to see what Cathay had to offer him for the European trade. First, there was a Chinese food staple known as spag het. This, of course, is the present-day spaghetti, which is now credited as an entirely Italian food. The second contribution has had a far more telling effect on modern civilisation, although it was hardly more beneficial. Marco found that the Chinese used gun powder in fire-crackers, merely for the noise-making effect. Marco, true to Western breeding, immediately envisioned great things for gun powder—as a means of mass slaughter, taking war out of the realm of play into that of business.

This last feat is strikingly illustrated in "The Adventures of Marco Polo," by the use of vast amounts of gun powder to blow up the gates of the Khan's palace. Marco lost no time in putting his ideas to work.

The Sherwood version of Marco Polo's life is admittedly not faithful to the very letter. But the tale as prepared for the screen, is not entirely fanciful.

Captain Pogson spent long years in the Orient in search of the trail of the Italian. He owns several interesting relics which were used by the traveller himself, notably a gem-encrusted shield which is used in the battle scenes of the picture by Gary Cooper. There is also the autobiography of Marco Polo, but that in itself is no more than a dry recital of his journey, a methodical notation of places and things that he saw. In our parlance it would be a glorified swindle sheet that would enable him to make a little profit on his expenses.

"The Adventures of Marco Polo" may not stand as a paragon of accuracy as far as the story is concerned, but scenically and in regard to costume, every item is completely authentic down to the last beam and the last stitch. Every building is constructed according to plans supplied by the National Museum at Peking. The costumes, designed by Omar Kiam, are also based on information forwarded by the museum. The curators may not have seen a moving picture, and they may never see one, but they have contributed mightily to the making of one.

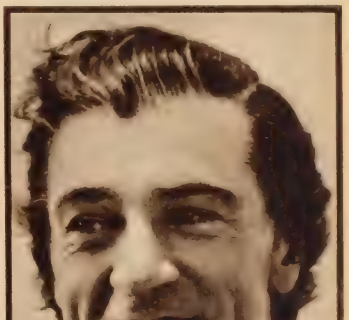
Casting, as is usual in Goldwyn productions, is perfect. There could have been no better choice for the part of the ubiquitous Marco than Gary Cooper. Frequently cast as a cowboy, sailor, or adventurer of any kind, Gary fits this role perfectly. The leading exponent of the lanky, long-jawed, reticent type of hero, he is now the favourite male romantic star of the country. Incidentally, it was Mr. Goldwyn himself who discovered Cooper and put him into his first featured role, the part of a cowboy in *The Winning of Barbara Worth*.

Sigrid Gurie, in the part of Princess Kukachin, makes her debut before American audiences, while as Kublai Khan, George Barbier fills the bill with glove-like precision. The opposition salesman, Basil Rathbone, as Ahmed the menace, is probably the only other actor in Hollywood, beside Gary Cooper, who could possibly fill the shoes of the great salesman. His penchant for menace roles, however, has cast him in the opposition.

Along with the excellence of casting, the picture is assured success, by the realism of the production and the unquenchable personality of Marco Polo.

It is interesting to note that the spirit of Marco Polo marches on in the present day. The costumes designed by Omar Kiam from the sketches of the Peking Museum have started a new mode in the world of fashion. Mongol style dresses, and especially Mongol style hats are rapidly becoming the rage.

Marco Polo, history's first, is still the world's greatest salesman!



It would be difficult to imagine a more attractive "travelling salesman," as Marco Polo has been called, than the one presented by Gary Cooper.

State Express superb quality at 6d. for 10

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10 for 6d.
25 for 1'3

Ask please for 'Three Threes'

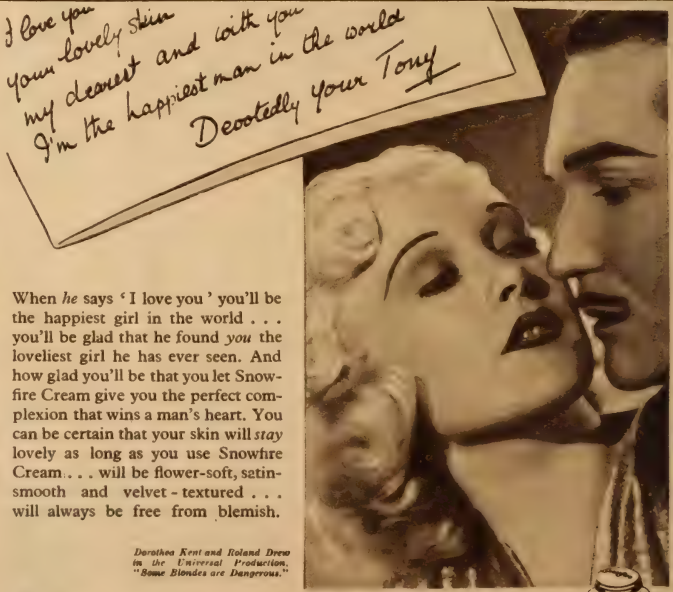
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Dorothea Kent and Roland Drew in the Universal Production, "Some Blondes are Dangerous."

Snowfire

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Except in Eire



Charles Boyer, Virginia Bruce, Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, Pat Paterson (Mrs. Boyer), David Niven and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda foregather at the Hollywood Turf Club Ball

HOLLYWOOD'S "High Society" TROUBLES

And not the least of them, from the point of view of hostesses, is remembering "who's divorced from whom."

THE roster of Hollywood's "400" may look like the register of a compact body to the uninitiated but the Hollywood Boulevardier knows different. He knows that cinema society is a conglomerate mass of cliques so involved that even an Elsa Maxwell or an expert from the staff of the state department would wind up in the psycopathic ward if one of them tackled the problem before having lived for several years in Hollywood.

Now just to start at the simplest part of the problem first!

Let us assume that Claudette Colbert were to give a party. The next day the papers would carry among the guests such people as Ernst Lubitsch, Mitchell Leisen, Harlan Thompson, Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, *et al.* In other words, the entire guest list would be composed of persons primarily associated with Paramount Studio.

The same thing is true at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Universal, United Artists, Columbia, Twentieth-Century Fox, and other major studios. If Joan Crawford, for example, were to give a party, the list would be primarily M.G.M. executives and major players. So there are a good many studio cliques.

But these cliques overlap at times. If Countess di Frasso were giving a party, the list would include people from several studios. Then again, there are such things as intermarriage of members of the various cliques in cases like that of Arthur Hornblow, jun., of Paramount, and Myrna Loy of M.G.M

Then you have the junior social element in the persons of players like Shirley Ross, Marsha Hunt, Dorothy Lamour, etc. But again, these elements are affiliated directly with the various studios and seldom overlap.

As a matter-of-fact, it probably is the junior element that is the most active socially—although they are still in somewhat the climbing stage and are seldom publicised widely in the social columns.

For example, Martha Raye plunged into a whirl of night-club parties in the few days she had off between the end of *Waikiki Wedding* and the begining of *Mountain Music.*

Now let us take the comedians. There is a little more overlapping here as there are so many free-lance comedians, but still Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone mingle with George Burns and Gracie Allen and other Paramount people more than those from other studios. So you have your comedy clique—although off the screen it is probably the most sedate and sober clique of the entire scheme.

One of the classic stories of Hollywood is the party J. P. McEvoy threw for a foreign dignitary friend. McEvoy invited several of the big-name comedians in Hollywood to the affair for the edification of his guest. Then Burns and Allen and Benny and Livingstone began talking about their babies. That went on for quite a while when suddenly both couples decided that Charlie Butterworth was missing a great deal in life by not having a child around. So they ganged up on Butterworth and before the night was over, they almost had him convinced.

But there are still other circles. For example, such players as Harold Lloyd find most of their friends among the veterans of Hollywood and among the non-motion picture socialites. Crooner Bing Crosby's friends are mainly among socialite sportsmen such as Lin C. Howard of Burlingame.



Above: Mr. and Mrs. Gene Raymond entertain. Left to right: Gene, Jeannette MacDonald (Mrs. Raymond), Helen Ferguson, Russell Hargraves (Helen's husband), Warren Rock, Marie Blake, Irene Hervey (Mrs. Allan Jones) and Allan Jones.

There is only one place that the host is really safe from committing a *faux pas.* That is at the custom-parties.

It's an old Hollywood custom for the director and the producer of a big picture to invite the cast to their respective homes for a party. The producer usually throws the party prior to the start of the picture and the director at the end of the picture. In such an instance, the host knows exactly who to invite. They are in his picture.

But the greatest headaches lie in the vital statistics. The Hollywood host has to know the line of succession of husbands and wives of every player in Hollywood. Otherwise, he will find that he has invited a man and a woman who have just had a lusty divorce court battle.

And this actually happens. One Hollywood hostess found herself in that fix recently but was giving a party of such a nature that she could not help but invite both parties. So it was arranged that the ex-wife, who was working, should go to the party first and stay for a certain period of time, and then leave. Whereupon, the road was clear for the ex-husband to arrive and spend the rest of the hours set aside for the party.

Then, again, at an official Hollywood affair recently—at which players from all the studios mingle—even a worse thing happened, but the master of ceremonies was equal to the occasion.

"And now," he said, "I want to introduce to you Joe Doakes, my wife's best ex-husband."



Much of the "dirty work" in the picture is accomplished by Porter Hall—as the mayor—and his minions.



The gangster's moll, Lan Ying (Anna May Wong) is looked on askance by the socialites with whom her protector is trying to ingratiate himself (Edward Pawley and Hedda Hopper).



Stephen Recka (Akim Tamiroff) discards Lan Ying and falls for the charms of Margaret van Kase, a social leader and secret reformer.



A studio shot of the three leading players, Anna May Wong, Akim Tamiroff and Gail Patrick.

Dangerous TO KNOW

A screen adaptation of the Edgar Wallace gangster melodrama *On the Spot* which has been capably directed by Robert Florey. It features Akim Tamiroff who thus gets a really good break as a paradoxical character—a patron of the arts and a ruthless gangster. He is finally executed for a crime he never committed



Bob Burns gets a laugh out of the "chicken" costume Martha Raye has to wear in "Tropic Holiday."



Shots with our CANDID CAMERA

That gay young man about town, Mickey Rooney, teaches Jacqueline Laurent the Big Apple. He asks us to say, by the way, that this is not a romance. His real girl friend might not like it.



(Left) Clark Gable held out for a long time against playing in "Test Pilot," but he seems to be enjoying himself in this shot with Myrna Loy.

(Right) Fred Astaire records his footprints in the famous Chinese Theatre forecourt.



Gloria Harkinson (Deanna Durbin), one of the most popular girls at a school in Switzerland, is desperately lonely because her father is dead and she has to be kept away from her mother, a Hollywood star, in order to preserve the illusion of the latter's youth.



Unfortunately, in order to keep a date with Tommy (Jackie Moran), a cadet in a local academy, Gloria declares that her father is arriving.



Faced with the necessity of providing a father, Gloria meets the train and claims the most promising-looking passenger (Herbert Marshall), as her father, to the dismay of his valet (Arthur Treacher).

MA
abou
MUS

In her third film Deanna confirms the favourable she made in her other youthful charm and lovely voice form the mainstay of gaging trifle, in which supported by Herbert Patrick, Arthur Treacher William Frawley.



Backed up by African trophies (supplied by her mother from Hollywood) these letters invest Gloria with an aura of romance.



With the aid of the gardener (Christian Rub), who supplies African stamps from his collection, she writes letters to herself from an imaginary explorer-father.





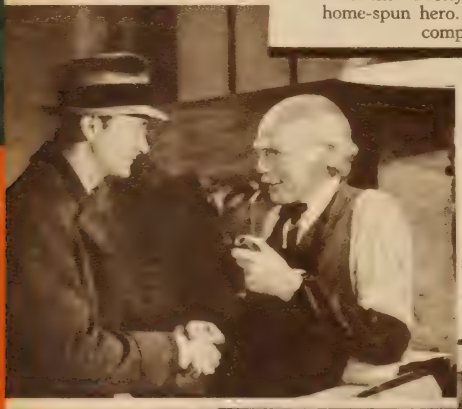
(Left) When her "father" leaves for Paris she stows away on the train, and sings to attract his attention.

And in Paris she is re-united with her film-star mother (Gail Patrick), who quite approves the "father" Gloria has adopted.

The "three comrades" find that hoodlums have wrecked their taxi-cab.

THREE COMRADES

After the " Pretty Boy " fuss, M.-G.-M. is determined to restore Robert Taylor to favour as a rugged, home-spun hero. With Franchot Tone and Robert Young also in the cast, Bob will have some competition, too, in this film version of the Erich Maria Remarque story.



That fine character actor, Henry Hull, is the friend and adviser of the three young men.





(Left) Margaret Sullavan, Taylor and Tone warn Young to be careful as he leaves to attend a political meeting.

Poor Robert Young is usually eliminated before the final close-up. This time he is fatally shot in a street riot and dies in the arms of his two friends.



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How I Became

"HOPALONG CASSIDY"

by William Boyd



I'VE been everything from a lumberjack to a Hollywood star but, believe me, the hardest work I've ever done is in my role of "Hopalong Cassidy."

Take it from me, if you want to keep physically fit, become a Western actor. It's the toughest workout a man could have. You simply must be in first-class shape all the time, or else, because one split second when your timing isn't right and you've broken your neck.

This work has its compensations, though. The fact that youngsters and their parents like my work, makes me a proud hombre. It means a lot that your work pleases and makes you try all the harder to do even better.

How did I get there? It was luck, I guess. Twenty years ago, I wouldn't have dreamed that some day I would be an actor. You see I'd always planned to be a civil engineer like my father and I was going to school in Tulsa, Oklahoma, to learn the civilities of the profession.

Then my dad and mother died. I had to do something, so I took Horace Greeley's advice and went West.

I took plenty of hard socks on the chin. I was stranded in Globe, Arizona, and that's really somewhere to be stranded, and got myself a job in a sawmill.

I squeezed my pennies until they flattened out into dollars to get out of there and continue on my search for fame and fortune. I was positive by this time that the pot of gold was to be found in California—so that's where I went.

The little town of Orange found me hungry and broke. I saw some oranges on a tree and proceeded to deplenish that year's citrus crop in record time.

After all, there is nothing finer for a breakfast appetiser than an orange, but when there's nothing but appetiser—well, I for one, do not believe in vegetarianism. So I got a job packing oranges so I could have something else besides the "golden apples" to eat.

My feet began to itch and soon the streets of Los Angeles began to wear out my shoes. I became the world's worst automobile salesman.

I saw several motion-picture stars driving shiny limousines around town and I figured if I could get a couple of them to buy their ornate cars from me, I wouldn't have to worry about postponing any more meals. So I started hanging around the studios.

One day, at the old Famous Players-Lasky lot, I was waiting outside the studios, hoping to catch a hot prospect as he or she came from work.

My feet, no longer itchy, told me to sit down voluntarily or else I would do so involuntarily. Searching about for a comfortable place worthy of the Boyd body, I saw a huge limousine which was vacant. It looked so inviting, I couldn't resist. Therefore, I plunked down on the cushions and I guess I must have gone to sleep.

I awakened when somebody shook me gently by the shoulders.

"Wake up, my boy," a voice was saying.

Clearing the sand from my eyes, I saw a husky-looking gentleman attired in puttees. "What are you doing here?" he asked. He sure looked tired. It never occurred to me to answer anything but, "Guess I must have fallen asleep. I was just driving around in my car . . . and . . ."

"Young man," the strange man smiled, "are you really the owner of this car?"

I said, "Sure. Hop in and rest a bit if you're tired."

The stranger took my advice and got in. We sat there awhile and he asked me if I had a cigarette. I only had "the makin's," but he evidently liked them because he took the sack and rolled one very expertly.

After a while, my new-found comrade said, "I'm hungry, aren't you?"

I was always hungry in those days, so I answered in the affirmative.

Well, this fellow said if I would take him home, there was enough chow for the two of us. Naturally, I didn't have the keys, so I pretended I'd lost them. . . .

This fellow said he had some keys which might fit the car if I would try them. I did, and much to my chagrin, they worked. By this time I was scared stiff.

After all, the car didn't belong to me and I certainly did not intend to take anyone else's property so I broke down and told this fellow the truth.



William Boyd with Norah Lane in one of this week's releases, "Hopalong Rides Again."

Imagine my surprise when he laughed and said, "Forget it, old man, I own the car. My name's Cecil De Mille.

Was my face red? Instead of my selling the famous producer-director an automobile, he sold me on becoming an actor. He gave me my chance and I've been an actor ever since.

I've appeared in more than twenty-five big pictures such as *The Volga Boatman*, *King of Kings*, *Two Arabian Nights*, *The Last Frontier* and *The Painted Desert*.

Three years ago I signed with Pop (Producer Harry) Sherman to play the part of "Hopalong Cassidy" in the Paramount pictures based on that character, and I've been doing it ever since. And take it from a guy that's been through the mill, it's hard work. But I love it.

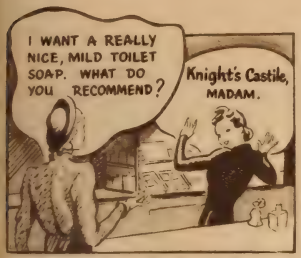
THE STORY OF THE FILM.

THIS week the story of the film "Marie Walewska" appears in our sixteen-page Supplement, devoted to the Garbo-Boyer picture, given free with this issue.

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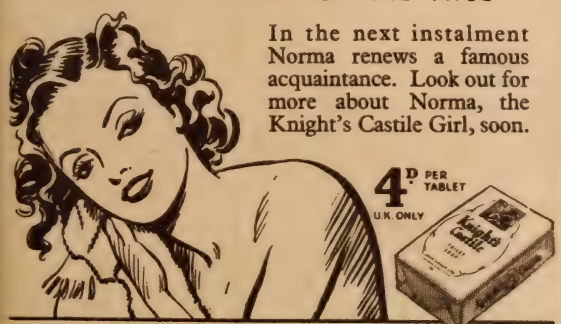
And spoke to her at the end of the day.



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—THE FACE POWDER THAT STAYS ON BETTER

REVIEWS

by Lionel Collier

IT is rarely that one finds a star appearing in three consecutive outstanding successes, but Deanna Durbin has certainly accomplished that feat, and her latest film, *Mad About Music*, is as good as the two that preceded it.

Indeed, I am not sure that the little star does not show to better advantage, if not vocally, at least histrionically.

The story, directed by Norman Taurog, is a delightfully human yet simple affair, put over to its fullest effect by clever character touches and incisive detail work.

In it Deanna Durbin plays the role of Gloria, daughter of a famous film actress, who has been sent to school in Switzerland so that her mother's success may not be jeopardised by people knowing that she has a fourteen-year-old daughter.

In her loneliness, Gloria writes letters to herself from an imaginary father, who, she tells her school friends, is a big-game hunter.

Finally, however, her bluff is called and she has to produce the aforesaid father. She meets a train and pounces on the most attractive man she can see, and is able to persuade him, after a lot of trouble, to help her out of her dilemma by posing as her father.

He happens to be a composer, but he lies vigorously and effectively as a big-game hunter.

When he has to go to Paris, Gloria, having learnt that her mother is there, runs away and goes with him.

In spite of her manager's efforts to keep Gloria away, the screen actress is reunited with and acknowledges her daughter—all this through the instrumentality of the pseudo-father whom the press takes for her husband; which turns out to be an anticipation of an actual fact.

The school sequences are delicately handled and show a sound understanding of schoolgirl psychology, while the poignancy of Gloria's loneliness is well brought out.

Deanna Durbin acts excellently, and while, with the exception of "Ave Maria," she has somewhat commonplace songs to sing, scores in that direction, too.

Herbert Marshall fits the part of the pseudo-father like a glove and gives a really sincere, sympathetic performance.

Arthur Treacher is good as his valet and Gail Patrick sound as the actress mother.

Clever juvenile performances are given by Jackie Moran, Helen Parrish, and Marcia Mae Jones.

The Swiss atmosphere is wholly synthetic, but the story develops so divertingly that it leaves little time for criticism of shortcomings in this direction.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

In spite of a very thin domestic plot, there is quite a fair amount of entertainment to be got out of this comedy. This is due to the fact that it is well dialogued, polished in acting, and intelligently directed.

The story deals with a rift between a happily married young couple, because the husband wants his wife to give up her work as a literary agent in New York and come with him to New Bedford, where he has landed a fat job in a ship-building yard, and she refuses.

Separation proceedings get under weigh, but a reunion is effected when it is learnt that the wife is expected to have a baby.

As you can see, it is all basically very conventional, but the slick treatment gives it a new slant and there is plenty of action.

Robert Montgomery gets over that bobbish personality of his effectively and also makes his love-making seem sincere.

As his wife, Virginia Bruce is quite good, and Binnie Barnes is excellent in the small role of a vamp who tries to win his affection.

Warren William appears as the wife's business partner, but has little to do. In fact, the stage belongs to the stars most of the time. Good little supporting character studies are given by E. E. Clive, Alan Dinehart and Nydia Westman.

BRINGING UP BABY

● Katharine Hepburn, apparantly, can be as crazy as anybody else; in fact, crazier. In this hectic nonsense farce she puts over a "Gracie Allen" act which would do credit to that queen of movie maniacs. Moreover, she can take rough handling and like it. The generally dignified Hepburn falls about like an acrobat and generally seems to enjoy the process as much as you will watching her do it.

To assist her is Cary Grant, who seems to have been specially created for films of this type; he is excellent.

This farce is not just crazy—it is raving madness; but, as madness is so often akin to genius, you will find the latter quality there, too, in the direction and handling of the situations which follow one another in tireless succession, timed to the last second.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the plot. Briefly, it deals with a young lady, Susan, who sets out to capture the affections of David, a professor of Zoology, engaged to marry his practical assistant.

The complications attending this primitive pursuit of a mate includes the adopting of a tame leopard, the loss of a valuable fossilised bone, the escape of a wild leopard from a circus, a mix-up between the wild and the tame animal, the landing of all the main characters in gaol, and, in conclusion, the collapse of a reconstructed brontosaurus in a museum when David declares his love for Susan.

The dialogue is, if anything, crazier than the situations; and if you, too, will just go crazy for an hour, you will have the time of your life.

Besides the stars, excellent support is given by Charles Ruggles as a big-game hunter and May Robson as Susan's bewildered aunt.

A word must be said in praise of the leopard and a dog which buries and finally returns the priceless fossil; they are great.

DANGEROUS TO KNOW

● Egar Wallace's well-known gangster melodrama has been exceedingly well transferred to the screen by Robert Florey. It is a sincere and compelling plot which is developed logically and is sound psychologically.

Actually, it is almost biographical in form. The leading role, brilliantly played by Akim Tamiroff, is that of Steve Recka, a character paradox; he is a patron of the arts, an accomplished musician and also a ruthless gangster.

He is depicted as being an uncompromising dictator of a big town.

His guide and friend is Lan Ying, a beautiful Oriental girl, but he turns from her on meeting Margaret Van Kase, a socialite. Margaret is in love with Phillip Easton, an aristocratic but penniless bond salesman, and when she turns down Steve's offer of marriage he sets the stage to ruin Easton.

He lays his plans well and Easton finds himself charged with stealing bonds. In return for Easton's freedom Margaret promises to marry Steve, but she does not disguise the fact that she still loves Easton and so intense is Steve's jealousy that he makes arrangements for Easton's murder.

Lan Ying, however, is determined to prevent the murder, and while Steve is playing the organ she summons the police and then commits suicide.

Inspector Brandon realises that this is his opportunity to get Steve on a charge of murdering Ying, and so, by an ironical twist, Steve, who had killed at least eight rivals, goes to the chair for a murder he did not commit.

On the Screens Now

****MARIE WALEWSKA

M.-G.-M. American. "A" certificate. Historical romance. Runs 111 minutes.

GRETA GARBO.....Marie Walewska
CHARLES BOYER.....Napoleon
REGINALD OWEN.....Talleyrand
ALAN MARSHAL.....Captain d'Ornano
HENRY STEPHENSON.....Count Walewski
LEIF ERICKSON.....Paul Lachinski
DAME MAY WHITTY.....Laetitia Bonaparte
MARIA OUSPENSKAYA.....Countess Pelagia
C. HENRY GORDON.....Prince Poniatowski
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER.....Stephan
VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF.....Dying Soldier
GEORGE HOUSTON.....Marshal Duroc
GEORGE ZUCCO.....Senator Malachowska
GEORGE GIVOT.....Constant
SCOTTY BECKETT.....Alexandre

Directed by Clarence Brown. From the book by Waclaw Gasiorowski. Previewed January 8, 1938. The story of the film by Marjory Williams appears in the supplement given free with this issue.

This is the best picture Greta Garbo has made since she has been in Hollywood. One of the main reasons for this is that she is playing opposite Charles Boyer, whose brilliantly executed characterisation of Napoleon, which dominates the production, also brings out the best in Garbo.

I will not go into the story here, for it is dealt with at length in the supplement which is given away with this issue. Suffice it that although it covers a long period, it holds the main thread of its romance secure and provides continuity of interest.

Clarence Brown has succeeded in making the whole thing human and convincing without descending to theatricality.

Garbo's Marie is a woman we can believe in and admire, and her sacrifices mean something; the love she offers is pulsating and passionate.

One cannot imagine a better Napoleon than that contributed by Charles Boyer; it is natural in conception and execution.

Henry Stephenson is fine as Marie Walewska's husband, and as her sister who suffers from delusions Maria Ouspenskaya is outstanding.

I could not, however, believe in Reginald Owen's Talleyrand.

The settings are magnificent and gain by the fact that they appear authentic and do not obtrude on the story.

Altogether a very noteworthy production.

***STAND-IN

United Artists. American. "A" certificate. Hollywood satire. Runs 90 minutes.

LESLIE HOWARD.....Atterbury Dodd
JOAN BLONDELL.....Lester Plum
HUMPHREY BOGART.....Quintain
ALAN MOWBRAY.....Koslofsky
MARLA SHELTON.....Cherie
C. HENRY GORDON.....Nassau
JACK CARSON.....Potts
J. C. NUGENT.....Pettypacker, jun.
TULLY MARSHALL.....Pettypacker, sen.
WILLIAM V. MONG.....Pettypacker

Directed by Tay Garnett. From the story by Clarence Budington Kelland. Previewed December 11, 1937.

Leslie Howard makes his comedy bow in this satire on backstage Hollywood and carries it off very well, though it is not altogether in his line. The picture has, in fact, been rather over-stated, but for all that it provides very amusing entertainment.

Howard's role is that of a brilliant mathematician, Dodd, who is sent by his firm of bankers to discover whether they should sell their holdings in the Colossal Film Company to a slick financier, Nassau, at a knock-out price, or hold on to them.

When he arrives, he is taken in hand by an attractive stand-in, Lester, who offers to initiate him into Hollywood production methods.

Dodd discovers that Nassau is conspiring with Cherie, the star, and Koslofsky, the director, to spoil the firm's last picture which is backed by its entire assets. He tries to break Cherie's contract by compromising her, but makes a mess of it, and the studio is sold.

However, this experience changes Dodd from a timid mouse into a lion, and to save thousands being turned out of work, he outwits Nassau, with the help of Lester and another disillusioned director, Quintain.

Joan Blondell gets a real break as the wise-cracking stand-in and Humphrey Bogart scores in the sympathetic role of the director Quintain.

As Koslofsky, Alan Mowbray is excellent and C. Henry Gordon is admirable as the wily Nassau.

Marla Shelton gives a clever study of the temperamental star, Cherie.

**SMASH AND GRAB

Gen. F.D. British. "A" certificate. Detective farce. Runs 77 minutes.

JACK BUCHANAN.....John Forrest
ELSIE RANDOLPH.....Alice Thornby
ARTHUR MARGETSON.....Malvern
ANTHONY HOLLES.....Palino
EDMUND WILLARD.....Cappelano
DAVID BURNS.....Bellini
LAWRENCE GROSSMITH.....Rankin
ZOE WYNN.....Carole
EDWARD LEXY.....Inspector McInerney
NIGEL FITZGERALD.....Cosgrove
LAWRENCE HANRAY.....Praskins
SARA SEEGAR.....Miss Quincey

Directed By Tim Whelan. Story by Tim Whelan. Previewed January 29, 1938.

Quite the best picture Jack Buchanan has made for some time. It is planned on much the same lines as *The Thin Man* and, while it lacks that film's intrinsic sparkle, it does provide good entertainment of the "crazy" comedy variety.

Jack Buchanan is cast as a private detective who has a weakness for playing with toy trains with his valet, and who, together with his wife, is able to track down a gang of smash-and-grab robbers.

Tim Whelan both wrote and

(*Continued on page* 26)

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directed the story, and he has made a good job of it. The situations are ingenious and the dialogue bright.

The star has neither to sing nor to dance, but he puts over his straight comedy role quite effectively. Elsie Randolph is fair as his wife.

Sound performances are given by Arthur Margetson as a philandering jeweller and fence; Anthony Holles as an Italian barber, and Lawrence Grossmith as the detective's valet.

REVIEWS

**NIGHT CLUB SCANDAL

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Murder drama. Runs 72 minutes.

JOHN BARRYMORE..... Dr. Ernest Tindal
LYNNE OVERMAN..... Russell Kirk
CHARLES BICKFORD..... Captain McKinley
LOUISE CAMPBELL..... Vera Marlan
ELIZABETH PATTERSON..... Mrs. Elvira Ward
HARVEY STEPHENS..... Mr. Frank Marlan
CECILE CUNNINGHAM..... Mrs. Alvin
EVELYN BRENT..... Julia Reed
J. CARROL NAISH..... Jack Reed
BARLOWE BORLAND..... Doctor Sully
FRANK O'CONNOR..... Alcott
JOHN SHEEHAN..... Duffy
LEONARD WILLEY..... Doctor Goodman

Directed by Ralph Murphy. From a play by Daniel N. Rubin.

Starting with a man who plans a perfect alibi, the plot of this picture intrigues one exceedingly well by showing how it is broken down and the murderer brought to book.

Dr. Tindal strangles his wife, and by a series of carefully thought out alibis frames her lover as the murderer. Kirk, a detective, and a reporter are easily able to pin the guilt on him, and he is condemned to death. However, the reporter falls for the prisoner's sister, and is eventually persuaded that he is not the guilty party.

The doctor plays partly into her hands by murdering a cabaret proprietor who knew too much during an operation for the extraction of a bullet. Gradually the reporter tears down the alibis and frees the condemned man. The girl, however, is not for him; she turns out to be engaged to a sailor.

Lynne Overman steals the picture with a richly human and humorous characterisation of the reporter who is always annoying his best friend, the detective, ably played by Charles Bickford.

John Barrymore has little to do as Tindal, and is inclined to walk through his part.

The supporting cast, which includes J. Carroll Naish, Evelyn Brent, Elizabeth Patterson and Cecil Cunningham, is exceedingly good.

There is much more originality and ingenuity than is usually displayed in this type of plot.

c**HOPALONG RIDES AGAIN

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 63 minutes.

WILLIAM BOYD..... Hopalong Cassidy
GEORGE HAYES..... Windy Halliday
RUSSELL HAYDEN..... Lucky Jenkins
NORA LANE..... Nora Blake
HARRY WORTH..... Professor Hepburn
LOIS WILDE..... Laura Peters
WILLIAM KING..... Artie
WILLIAM DUNCAN..... Buck Peters
JOHN RUTHERFORD..... Blackie
ERNIE ADAMS..... Keno
JOHN BEACH..... Pete

Directed by Lesley Selander. Based on the story "Black Buttes," by Clarence E. Mulford.

Spectacular western melodrama which is quite sound in story values and has rather more character drawing in it than usual.

William Boyd does well as our old friend Hopalong Cassidy, who rounds up a gang of cattle rustlers led by a professor of archaeology. The theme is conventional, but the development is original.

George Hayes and Russell Hayden give all support as Cassidy's two pals, Windy and Lucky, while Harry Worth makes a plausible villain and Nora Lane an acceptable heroine.

Generally the "Hopalong" series provides good entertainment and this example of it is no exception to the rule. Scenic backgrounds are excellent.

**DANGEROUSLY YOURS

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 61 minutes.

CESAR ROMERO..... Victor Morell
PHYLLIS BROOKS..... Valerie Barton
JANE DARWELL..... Aunt Cynthia Barton
ALAN DINEHART..... Julien Stevens
NATALIE GARSON..... Flo Davis
JOHN HARRINGTON..... Louis Davis
DOUGLAS WOOD..... Walter Chandler
EARLE FOXE..... Eddie
LEON AMES..... Phil
ALBERT CONTI..... Monet
LEONID SNEGOFF..... Boris

Directed by Mal St. Clair. Screen play by Lou Breslow and John Patrick.

There is not a great deal of novelty about this crime drama which takes place on an ocean liner and introduces us to a number of crooks and a famous diamond which turns out to be a fake and was used by a detective to break up a gang of jewel thieves.

The love interest is developed between the aforesaid detective and a fair member of the gang.

However, it is all put over with a good deal of polish and is well turned in situation.

Cesar Romero is very good as the detective and Phyllis Brooks makes an engaging crook for him to reform.

The supporting cast is good throughout.

c*PRAIRIE THUNDER

First National. American. "U" certificate. Pioneer Western. Runs 55 minutes.

DICK FORAN..... Rod Farrell
ELLEN CLANCY..... Joan Temple
FRANK ORTH..... Wichita
WILFRED LUCAS..... Nate Temple
ALBERT J. SMITH..... Lynch
YAKIMA CANUTT..... High Wolf
GEORGE CHESEBRO..... Matson
SLIM WHITAKER..... Blacky
J. P. McGOWAN..... Colonel Stantor
JOHN HARRON..... Lieutenant Adam
JACK MOWER..... Foreman
HENRY ORTHO..... Chris
PAUL PANZER..... Jed

Directed by B. Reeves Eason.

Conventional and rather obvious western set in the 'eighties, which has its fair share of action and is convincing in atmosphere. It deals with a cavalry scout who is sent to discover breakages in a newly

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

****MARIE WALEWSKA
***STAND-IN
c**HOPALONG RIDES AGAIN
**NIGHT CLUB SCANDAL
**DANGEROUSLY YOURS
**SMASH AND GRAB
c*PRAIRIE THUNDER
*RIDING ON AIR
*LIFE BEGINS WITH LOVE
THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN
THE FLYING DOCTOR

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

by Lionel Collier

erected telephone line and finds that a white trader is stirring up trouble with the Indians to prevent the coming of a railroad. After a hectic time he succeeds in capturing his man.

Dick Foran rides and fights vigorously and puts over a song or two as the hero, while Ellen Clancy is sound as the heroine.

Albert J. Smith makes a conventional villain and fair comedy is supplied by Frank Orth; however, equestrian spectacles are the picture's main asset.

*RIDING ON AIR

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Broad comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

JOE E. BROWN ..... Elmer Lane
GUY KIBBEE ..... Doc
FLORENCE RICE ..... Betty Harrison
VINTON HAWORTH ..... Harvey Schumann
HARLAN BRIGGS ..... Mr. Harrison
ANTHONY NACE ..... Bill Hilton
ANDREW TOMBES ..... Byrd
BENNY BURT ..... Nick, the Greek
LEILA MCINTYRE ..... The Landlady
CLEM BEVANS ..... The Sheriff
CLIFF NAZARRO, JUN. ..... The Crooner
Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Screen play by Richard Flournoy and Richard Macaulay.

Joe E. Brown gives his typical routine performance in this familiar type of story which shows him as a mug who eventually becomes a hero by capturing an aeroplane smuggler.

Aeroplane exploits provide the picture's highlight and give Joe E. Brown scope for his usual gags.

Guy Kibbee is good as a financial twister and Florence Rice makes a very attractive heroine.

The comedy includes newspaper office, business and gangster backgrounds against which the conventional plot is unfolded.

Thrills include the mending of an aeroplane strut in the air and a parachute jump.

*LIFE BEGINS WITH LOVE

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 68 minutes.

JEAN PARKER ..... Carol Martin
DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY ..... William Drake
EDITH FELLOWES ..... Dodie
LEONA MARICLE ..... Millicent Bonham
LUMSDEN HARE ..... Colonel Drake
AUBREY MATHER ..... Roberts
JAMES BURKE ..... Darby MacGraw
MINERVA URECAL ..... Mrs. Murphy
SCOTTY BECKETT ..... Man-child
JOEL DAVIS ..... Stevie
JOYCE KAY ..... Maggie
Directed by Raymond B. McCarey. Story by Dorothy Bennett.

A novelettish story dealing with an irresponsible young man, heir to a lot of money, who, while drunk, decides to give his money away when he comes into it. His uncle and his fiancée think him crazy, but he falls in love with a girl who runs a day nursery, is rehabilitated and decides to become one of the world's workers.

It is all very artless, but introduces quite a pleasing romance and juvenile sentiment.

Douglass Montgomery is only moderately good as the hero, but Jean Parker scores as the heroine and affords a good contrast to Leona Maricle as the fiancée.

Edith Fellowes turns in a clever juvenile supporting study.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN

Twentieth Century-Fox. British. "U" certificate. Comedy. Runs 63 minutes.

OLIVER WAKEFIELD ..... George Peabody
NANCY O'NEIL ..... Barbara Blake
ROBERT NAINBY ..... Vicar
CLIFFORD HEATHERLEY ..... Wallop
MOLLY CLIFFORD ..... Mrs. Blake
ERIC HALES ..... Vernon
BRIAN BUCHEL ..... Prince Bunkhadin
JOHN LAURIE ..... Stranger
SYD CROSSLEY ..... Slim
PATRIC CURWEN ..... Glib
PETER POPP ..... Mayor
"BOUNCER" ..... The Dog
Directed by Al Parker. Story by Dudley Clark

Apart from Oliver Wakefield's portrayal of a shy, small-town investor who gets involved in a crooked land development scheme and also with Orientals who are trying to recover a sacred relic, there is little to recommend this picture.

The idea is there, but it has not been well developed nor is it helped by certain crudities both in characterisation and acting.

Oliver Wakefield exploits his stutter and clipped speech to the full.

THE FLYING DOCTOR

Gen. F.D. (National Productions). British. "U" certificate.

CHARLES FARRELL ..... Sandy Nelson
MARY MAGUIRE ..... Jenny Rutherford
JAMES RAGLAN ..... Dr. John Vaughan
JOE VALLI ..... Dodger Green
MARGARET VYNER ..... Betty Webb
ERIC COLMAN ..... Geoffrey Webb
TOM LURICH ..... Blotch Burns
MAUDIE EDWARDS ..... Phyllis
PHYLLIP LYTTON ..... Dr. Rutherford
ANDREW BERESFORD ..... Mr. Rutherford
KATIE TOWERS ..... Mrs. O'Toole
PHIL SMITH ..... Barman Joe
JACK CLARKE ..... Pop Schnitzel
AND DON BRADMAN.
Directed by Miles Mander.

The main reason for the existence of this picture is that it shows life in the Australian bush and contains some very good camera work in that respect.

For the rest, the story is very weak and in trying to glorify the "flying doctor" services it loses itself in a mass of heroics. The basic triangle plot, too, is rather outmoded and artificial.

Charles Farrell is fair as a young adventurer and James Raglan is well in character as the "flying doctor." Mary Maguire is definitely amateurish as the heroine.

A highlight of the picture is when one of the characters bowls Don Bradman!

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:—

Ali Baba Goes to Town (2)	...	*March* 5
Artists and Models (3)	...	*March* 19
Awful Truth, The (4)	...	*April* 2
Bach in Circulation (2)	...	*March* 12
Blonde Trouble (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Bride Wore Red, The (2)	...	*March* 5
Charlie Chan on Broadway (2)	...	*March* 19
Confession (3)	...	*March* 26
Counsel For Crime (2)	...	*March* 12
Dead End (4)	...	*April* 2
Dinner at Eight (2)	...	*April* 2
Double or Nothing (2)	...	*March* 26
Double Wedding (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Dr. Syn (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Ever Since Eve (2)	...	*March* 19
Firefly, The (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Footlight Heiress (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Forlorn River (2)c	...	*Feb.* 5
Hideaway (2)	...	*March* 26
Hot Water (2)	...	*March* 12
It's Love I'm After (3)	...	*Feb.* 26
It's All Yours (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Keep Fit (2)c	...	*Feb.* 19
Lancer Spy (3)	...	*March* 26
Law for Tombstone (2)c	...	*March* 5
Life of Emile Zola, The (3)	...	*Feb.* 26
Lovely to Look At (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Madame X (2)	...	*Feb.* 26
Man Betrayed, A (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
New Faces of 1937 (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Non-Stop New York (2)	...	*March* 19
100 Men and a Girl (3)c	...	*March* 12
Pathetone Parade of 1938 (2)		*March* 26
Prisoner of Zenda, The (3)c	...	*March* 12
Rustler's Valley (2)c	...	*Feb.* 19
School for Husbands (3)	...	*March* 26
She's No Lady (2)	...	*Feb.* 26
Sky's the Limit, The (2)	...	*Feb.* 26
Sing and Be Happy (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Singing Marine, The (2)	...	*March* 5
Souls at Sea (3)	...	*Feb.* 12
Squeaker, The (2)	...	*Feb.* 12
Stage Door (4)	...	*Mar h* 19
Stella Dallas (2)	...	*Feb.* 5
Super Sleuth (2)c	...	*Feb.* 12
Take It From Me (2)	...	*March* 12
That Certain Women (3)	...	*April* 2
They Won't Forget (3)	...	*March* 5
Thirteenth Man, The (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Toast of New York, The (3)	...	*March* 5
Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938 (2)	...	*Feb.* 19
Wild and Woolly (2)c	...	*Feb.* 12



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Ruddy ..... ☐	Brown ... ☐
Sallow..... ☐	Black ..... ☐
Freckled ..... ☐	LASHES
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SKIN	Dark .....
Dry ..... ☐	AGE
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	Under 35 .



MUTILATED MOVIES

Where And When to Cut

WHEN films exceed the orthodox length of time and have to be "cut" before shown in a twice-nightly suburban hall, I wonder why distributors do not advise which part should be "cut," instead of leaving it to the discretion of the manager, which seems to be the case. In many cases the "cutting" has proved sheer vandalism.

In *Queen Christina*, with Greta Garbo, the most beautiful and vital scene was cut when I saw it. *The Good Earth*, shown in its entirety in the City, will have to be "cut" for the suburbs, and I don't feel so eager to see it, knowing that some vital scene may be "cut."

The suggestion is, knowing some films must be "cut," that a pointer is given to the exhibitor advising where it may be successfully "cut" without any detrimental effect. —(*Miss*) *M. Francis*, 98 *Scrogg Road, Walker Estate, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

(*Many exhibitors give directions for cutting, but these are frequently ignored.*—"*Thinker.*")

Picturegoing "En Masse"

● A local cinema manager has granted a special privilege to the tennis club of which I am a member.

If a dozen or more of us visit the cinema at one time, he allows a reduction of threepence per seat per person, a concession of which we naturally take advantage.

As our club is open only during the summer months, it means that regular filmgoing during that period is encouraged, and we and the cinema in question benefit.

This manager has set a good example, and it would be an excellent idea if others followed suit. —"*Tennis Fan,*" *Suffolk.*

(*It certainly sounds enterprising.*—"*Thinker.*")

Tonic

● I'm a deaf "fan." Folks say they fail to see why I attend, for how can I get a kick from films when I hear never a word?

They're mistaken. Like all sensible folks, I agree with Emerson that "every calamity has its compensation" and that difficulties are meant to be surmounted.

My practice is to read your film reviews *and remember them.* If there is a book from which the film is taken, I buy, beg, or borrow same before I go. Incidentally this search is a thrill in itself, and self-discipline increases literary taste.

Maybe the more subtle points of film elude me. Granted I don't get the joy of stars' voices. But one can't have everything in this world, so here is a word to fans who have all five senses : *Count your blessings, even if the film you've just seen appeared duller than the proverbial ditchwater.* —"*Deafened,*" *Notts, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

'Three into One'

● Oh to be a film star,
With golden curly hair !
Of world-wide fame,
Of well-known name,
With a daily love affair.
Not a Ginger Rogers bright and gay,
Hepburn or Marlene D.,
But all three in together,
Yes, that's the star I'd be.

Oh to be a film star,
With a fan mail ankle deep,
With lots of fun
When work is done
And lots of dates to keep.
The actors all will throng around,
My personality !
Not Hepburn's, Rogers', Marlene D's,
But a mix of all the three.

But I'm far from a film star,
My hair is straight and brown,
Slim I am not,
I'm home a lot—
I seldom go to town.
My eyes aren't veiled by lashes long,
Their colour definitely,
Is neither Hepburns', Rogers', Marlenes',
But a mix of all the three !

—(*Miss*) *J. Weston*, 49 *Kenilworth Avenue, S. Harrow, Mddx., who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Not All Pie

● I notice in Mr. Cousins' article this week that many people are pestering him to obtain a job in the studios for them.

I wonder do these people realise how monotonous life is to a studio employee. On the set all hours of the day and night, irregular meal times, no personal arrangements possible once you are in production (poor girl friends), the dust and sweat, same scene being "shot" hour after hour, the blaze of the lights dulling one's brain until one is just automatic in his movements—such is the glamour of a studio worker.

True, one is paid good wages, but to what end?—the ruination of one's health and the undermining of one's constitution.

I would like some of these people to be on the "rail" on a big set, as the boys sometimes are, for twenty-four hours at a stretch, and the temperature at a steady 120° Fahrenheit, it may take the gilt off the "glamour" on our side of the work.—*O. A. Tobin, Baymar, Grosvenor Road, Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts.*

(*Ten minutes of a sound-stage in summer ought to convince most people !*—"*Thinker.*")

Too Bewildered

● Luise Rainer's performance in *Big City* was the one discordant note in an excellent film. The convincing sincerity of the rest of the cast made her over-acting all the more obvious.

Her portrayal of Anna did little to convince us that she was worthy of the loyalty and sacrifices of her husband and his friends.

That constant look of bewilderment is exaggerated to the point of sheer half-wittedness; the embarrassing naivété is over-emphasised till it becomes plain "dumbness," and leads us now to infer that her success in *The Good Earth* was simply due to the fact that the part of the humble O-Lan demanded these unenviable traits.

I am not blaming the actress entirely, for she is one of those hyper-sensitive few who respond too eagerly to directorship. In her anxiety to get "under the skin" of the characters she portrays she over-reaches herself, and her intense sincerity merely holds up the action of an entire film.

(And couldn't something be done about her hair? Was it irony, or unconscious humour, that we saw her ascend the steps of her home, on which was the placard, "———, Hairdresser.") —(*Mrs.*) *Betty Dye*, 8 *Ellengowan Drive, Dundee, Scotland.*

(*Vide Max Breen's remarks last week on the subject of "O-Lan."*—"*Thinker.*")

Lapses

● Considering the number of competent persons employed in film studios to-day, I am surprised at the mistakes in films, that in practically every case are elementary, and should

(*Continued on page* 30)



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WHO'S WHO

Gertrude Michael

● This gifted young woman was a piano prodigy at twelve, a university law student at fifteen and a director of a radio station at seventeen, which is pretty good going for anyone.

Gertrude was born in Tallagdega, Alabama, on a certain June 1. She originally intended to study music, but had to give up the idea when her father died. Instead, she started a local "little theatre" movement.

Then she established the radio station and went on the air as a household adviser, accompanist, singer and piano and violin soloist.

Stage tours followed and she arrived on Broadway as an actress in 1932. Her first film was made at the Long Island studios, New York—*Wayward*. Metro persuaded her to go to Hollywood for a screen test. She had a few small parts in pictures like *Unashamed*, *A Bedtime Story* and *I'm No Angel*. Her work in the title role of the Sophie Lang series made her famous.

Recently Gertrude has been working in England, and has completed *Star of the Circus* and *Just like a Woman*.

The actress is 5 ft. 5 in. tall and has light-brown hair and blue eyes.

Ray Milland

● Not long ago, Milland, though he had done well in featured roles and was known and liked by thousands of filmgoers and most of the Hollywood producers, was Hollywood's "forgotten man." He just could not get any screen work. He was reduced to taking a £5-a-week job as a petrol station attendant when he got a call assigning him to a good role in *Bolero*. To-day he is up at the top among the Taylors and Powers.

Milland's has been a career of ups and downs. He was born at Neath, Glamorgan, on January 3, 1907, and was educated at King's College.

He subsequently worked as a sailor and labourer before making his screen bow in a picture starring his friend Estelle Brody. More important film work followed and he caught the eye of authoress Anita Loos, who recommended him to Hollywood.

He left for America in 1930. He appeared, as we have mentioned, in a number of roles, without causing any sensation in film circles, though he made a lot of friends here, judging by PICTUREGOER's mail bag.

Bolero proved the turning point. Recent pictures: *Jungle Princess*, *Three Smart Girls*, *Bulldog Drummond Escapes*, *Wings Over Honolulu*, *Easy Living*, *Ebb Tide* and *Wise Girl*.

Milland is 6 ft. 1 in. tall and has black hair and brown eyes.

John Miljan

● Was born in Lead, South Dakota, on —November 9. As a boy he got his first taste of the theatre doing odd jobs at the local opera house.

When he was fourteen a repertory company came to town; he left with it. For years afterwards he toured the States in stock companies.

He started his film career in *Love Letters* in 1923, after having spent weeks tramping round the studios looking for work.

Since then he has been one of the busiest actors in films. As a villain, indeed, he has probably been screenically bumped off more frequently than any artiste in pictures. By 1930 he had died in over forty films; now he has lost count.

Latest pictures: *The Plainsman*, *The Gentleman from Louisiana*, *North of Nome*, *Arizona Mahoney* and *Man Proof*.

Miljan is 6 ft. tall and has brown hair and eyes.

Max Miller

● Celebrates his birthday on November 21, but doesn't disclose the year. Max learned his job in a hard school. At fourteen he was working with a circus, watering the animals and helping pitch the tents. He did that for two years.

Taking the place of the drummer in the band one day, he discovered his propensities for making audiences laugh and became a comedian.

For years he toured round the country, and even as far afield as India, in vaudeville and in concert party shows.

When he developed his "Cheeky Chappie" act in the halls he became a top-of-the-bill favourite in London.

He made his screen début in *The Good Companions* and made a two-minute appearance stand out in that star-studded picture. Now he is a comedy star in his own right.

Starring vehicles include *Educated Evans*, *Don't Get Me Wrong*, and *Leave It to Me*.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

have been rectified, instead of trading on the not-so-dumb Public's inability to notice such things.

For example, in the film *Seventh Heaven* the newspaper-covered shelf above the attic sink plainly advertised "ESSOLUBE!" The scene, Paris, 1914.

A more obvious "oh, let it go" attitude, displayed in *It's All Yours*, was that which called upon Mischa Auer to impersonate a bull-fighter, and to use as his stooge, a cow so phlegmatic, that however much he goaded it to charge, batted not an eyelash. Mischa had unfortunately overlooked the wire, securing the beast to a very limited charging ground.

These are so simple, that unless intentional, impossible to pass unnoticed, even if retakes do cost a lot of "dough."—(*Miss*) *Pamel E. Riley, 59d Maida Vale, W.9.*

Signposts to Success

● It is cheering to observe a slight but propitious stir of activity in British studios again.

Let us hope, in this new era, the battered few who have weathered the storm will profit by the mistakes of the past.

I think four signposts to success are:—

(1) Actors and actresses should *not* work at films and on the stage currently, it is a bad practice—unfair to all—audiences and directors especially.

(2) Faded Hollywood stars should be left to fade, not brought at enormous expense to England for a brief and painful second blooming.

(3) Producer-director-chief-character phenomena should be vigorously suppressed—it smacks of amateurism.

(4) Ingênue roles should be thinned out and strenuous efforts made to find unusual personalities. Instead of the familiar milk-and-water "refayned" young ladies—what about a few "gorgeous hussies," even something slightly "Mae Westy" would make a change.

These points are old and well hammered—can you tell me why they are so often ignored?—*Margaret Johnson, Leura, New Hythe, near Maidstone, Kent.*

(*Search me!*—"*Thinker.*")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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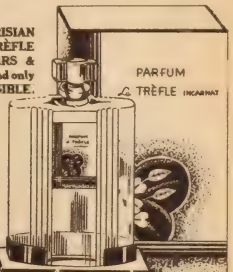
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LET GEORGE DO IT!

R. B. M. (New Zealand).—Stars as follows: *Goose Hangs High*, Myrtle Stedman; *Leather Necking*, Ken Murray and Benny Rubin; *Bolibar*, Elissa Landi; *Broadway After Dark*, Adolphe Menjou; *Pleasure Mad*, Mary Alden and Huntley Gordon; *The Red Dancer of Moscow*, Dolores Del Rio, Charles Farrell, and Ivan Linow; *Her Dark Spot*, Lilian Harvey, Harry Halm, Willy Fritsch, and Warwick Ward.

New Nelson Fan (Sydenham).—(1) *Rosalie* released April 25, 1938. (2) I am sorry, but we have no biographical details of Ilona Massey. (3) it is quite possible we shall do a supplement of *Rosalie* in the near future. (4) Music in *Rosalie* as follows: "The Artillery Song," "On Brave Old Army Team," "Who Knows," "I've a Strange New Rhythm in My Heart," "Rosalie," "Why Should I Care," "Close," "In the Still of the Night." All published by Chappells.

Reader (Forest Gate).—(1) Claude Rains born Nov. 10, 1889, London. He has black hair and brown eyes. Write to him c/o Warner Bros., U.S.A., where he is making *White Banners*. (2) *They Won't Forget* released Mar. 7, 1938. (3) *Confession* released Mar. 28, 1938.

J. B. (Bucks).—Yes, Gene Autry appeared in a serial entitled, *Phantom Empire*, released 1936.

D. M. (London).—(1) All the music in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* was especially composed for the film by Max Steiner and was not published. (2) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sang "Will You Remember" together in *Maytime*.

J. M. H. (West Bromwich).—June Clyde and June are two different people and are not related to each other in any way. June obtained her divorce from Lord Inverclyde at Reno, in 1931, and June Clyde married Thornton V. Freeland in 1930.

Robert Newton Fan (Hampstead).—Robert Newton, born June 1, 1905. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes. His films include *Fire Over England*, *Dark Journey*, *Farewell Again*, and *The Squeaker*.

H. C.—Bill Boyd, born June 5, 1898, Cambridge, Ohio, is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Married (*a*) Eleanor Fair (mar. dis.), (*b*) Dorothy Sebastian (mar. dis.), (*c*) Grace Bradley.

L. G. A. (S.E.17).—All the music in *The Charge of the Light Brigade* was especially composed for the film by Max Steiner and is not published.

Joan (Berks.).—Derick de Marney and Terence de Marney are brothers. You can write to Terence de Marney c/o the British Broadcasting Corporation.

Joy (Wigan).—(1) Jackie Cooper, b. Los Angeles, Sept. 15, 1923, he has fair hair and blue eyes. His latest film is *Boy of the Streets*. Write to him c/o Radio Films (U.S.A.). You can obtain his photograph from the Postcard Salon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2., for 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen. When writing to a star for an autographed photograph in America, you must obtain an International Postal Order to the value of 1s. 6d. and enclose it in your letter. (2) Heights: Deanna Durbin, 5 ft. 2 in.; Anna Lee, 5 ft. 4 in.

M.B. (Manchester).—Chief players: *The Final Hour*, Ralph Bellamy, Marguerite Churchill, John Gallaudet, George McKay, Elisabeth Risdon, Lina Basquette and Marc Lawrence; *Dandy Dick*, Will Hay, Nancy Burne, Esmond Knight, Davy Burnaby and Mignon O'Doherty.

A. E. P. (Harrogate).—No, so far as we can trace, Ronald Colman has never sung in any of his films.

R. L. (Manchester).—Joan Crawford's latest film is *Mannequin*. Write to her c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.).

The Three Jays.—The chief players in *Trapped by Wireless* were Lew Ayres, Florence Rice, Benny Baker, Edwin Maxwell and Charles Wilson. Neither Lloyd Nolan nor Lloyd Hughes appeared in this film.

V. R. (Hastings).—Niall MacGinnis, b. Dublin, March 29, 1913, is 6 ft. tall, has black curly hair and green eyes. His films include: *The Luck of the Irish*, *Turn of the Tide*, *Debt of Honour*, *The Crimson Circle*, *The Edge of the World*, *The Last Adventures*. Write to him c/o Gaumont British Studios.

K. J. A. (Woodford Green).—(1) Henry Daniell's films since 1934 include: *The Path to Glory*, *The Unguarded Hour*, *Camille*, *Under Cover of Night*, *The Thirteenth Chair*, *The Firefly*, *Madame X*. Charles Boyer's films include: *The Only Girl*, *The Battle*, *Caravan*, *Private Worlds*, *Shanghai*, *Break of Hearts*, *Mayerling*, *Garden of Allah*, *History is Made at Night*, *Marie Walewska* and *Tovarich*. Gary Cooper's films: *To-day We Live*, *One Sunday Afternoon*, *Design for Living*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Spy 13*, *Now and Forever*, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, *The Wedding Night*, *Peter Ibbetson*, *Desire*, *The General Died at Dawn*, *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town*, *The Plainsman*, *Souls at Sea*, *The Adventures of Marco Polo* and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. Henry Fonda's: *The Farmer Takes a Wife*, *Way Down East*, *I Dream Too Much*, *The Moon's Our Home*, *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, *The Spendthrift*, *Wings of the Morning*, *You Only Live Once*, *Slim*, *That Certain Woman*, *I Met My Love Again* and *Jezebel*. (2) Jessie Matthews is of British nationality. (3) Write to Anna Lee c/o Gaumont British Studios.

Deanna Dotty (Sunderland).—(1) Write to Deanna Durbin c/o Universal Studios (U.S.A.). The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. 6d. which you should enclose in your letter to the film star by the means of an International Postal Order. (2) We have no details of a fan club for either Tyrone Power or Sonja Henie. Write to Leonard Williams, 29 Jubilee Road, Bridgend, Glamorganshire for full particulars of a fan club for Shirley Temple. (3) Bruce Seton took the part of the chauffeur in *Father Steps Out*. He was b. May 29, 1909, Simla, India, of Scottish parents, and was educated at Edinburgh Academy. He is 6 ft. 2½ in. tall, married to Tamara Desni. (4) I am sorry, but we have no details of Ann Gillis.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

The Merle Oberon Fan Club, now two years old, welcomes all readers who would care to join. Members are entitled to six issues of the Club News, which is published bi-monthly, a personally signed photograph of the star, and the opportunity of corresponding with other members who are situated all over the world. All prospective members are invited to write to Sydney Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, Lancs, who will attend to all inquiries as British representative. There are still many old members who have not yet written to the British secretary, who is rather perturbed at their silence and who welcomes all letters. Write to Jimmy Gait, 56 Overstrand Mansions, S.W.11, even if it is only a postcard.

• • •

The Billy Milton Fan Club welcomes new members. This club is assisting Dr. Barnado's Homes, The Wireless for Blind, ex-Servicemen, poor families in the East End, etc., and would be glad to hear from all readers interested. Write to Miss Olga Evans, 14 Beaufort Road, Ealing, W. for full particulars.

• • •

If you have not joined the Official Errol Flynn Club, write to Daphne Swetenham, Dryalwyn, Church Walks, Llandudno, N. Wales, for full particulars.

• • •

The Binkie Stuart Fan Club was officially organised on March 24, 1938, when Binkie celebrated her fourth birthday. Any readers who are interested in this little star should write to either The Secretary, 20 Rosalie Street, Hockley, Birmingham, or J. Adams, 10 Durham Place, Chelsea, London, S.W.3. Binkie, herself, is President of this club, and every member, on joining receives a photograph of Binkie and a monthly magazine is published containing all the latest news and activities of the club and Binkie Stuart.

• • •

The British Deanna Durbin Club welcomes new members. An autographed photograph of Miss Durbin is given free to all members and the club has a magazine under the name of "Spotlights on Deanna Durbin"; it also has a film problem department and a department that enables all members to purchase goods at wholesale prices. Branches are needed in the following towns: London, Birmingham, Brighton, Newcastle, Glasgow, Dundee, Exeter, Southampton and Slough, Overseas, U.S.A., Hollywood, South Africa, etc. Dances and social evenings are held every other month, and all readers who are interested should write to Gerald P. Ellis, Ray Lodge, Sussex Place, Slough, Bucks.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

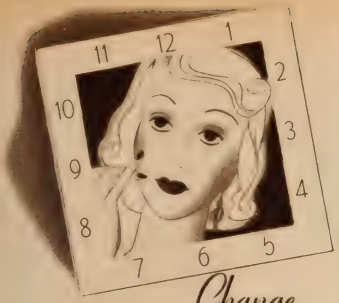
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In her early teens many a girl outgrows her strength, and unless her development is carefully watched, she will become weak, thin and anæmic. The anæmic girl soon grows thin and miserable; her head droops, she is languid, her back aches, and the least exertion leaves her breathless.

What she needs is a course of Dr. Williams pink pills; no other medicine has bestowed such important benefits upon wasted anæmic girls. Dr. Williams pink pills build up the body anew because they actually create rich red blood, the good blood that imparts splendid health and womanly brightness and charm.

This is why Dr. Williams brand pink pills are continually curing girls and women of anæmia, palpitation, dizziness and langour. If you want the sparkling eyes and red lips that denote perfect health take a course of these pills now. 1s. 3d. a box (triple size) 3s. For years mothers have used good old Dr. Williams pink pills to help their daughters as well as themselves through those periods of life which are such a drain on their health and vitality.

FREE.—Every girl, and every girl's mother, should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to M.G. Dept., 36 Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

End FRECKLES



quickly, secretly and safely this new way while you sleep! Overnight in the privacy of your own home simply apply a little **TILSON'S double-strength FRECKLE CREAM.** Freckles, blotches and other skin blemishes positively disappear! Safe and harmless, this wonderful new secret formula cream contains no mercury or poisons to irritate the skin. From **Boots,** most other Chemists and Hairdressers, or send P.O 2/9d. to Tilson's Laboratories, P.G 1/38, Balfour House, London, E.C.2.

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Clean, healthy teeth are of the utmost importance to physical fitness. Use the tooth paste of the wise—Euthymol. For forty years, dentists have been recommending this antiseptic dentifrice. Buy the large 1s. 3d. tube from your chemist or send for a 7-day free trial sample to Dept. 44/108, Euthymol, 50 Beak Street, London, W.1.

Ask for **Euthymol TOOTH PASTE**

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHEN you buy yourself a new outfit, what is your plan? Do you browse around with no definite idea of what you want? Do you set out slavishly to follow the dictates of the last fashion article you read? Do you allow yourself to be over-persuaded by the girl in the shop? Or, having a definite knowledge of your own personality and your own best points and disadvantages, do you know exactly what you should wear, and see that you get it?

Of course, the last plan is the right one. Arbiters of fashion may lay down rules as to what may and may not be worn during a given season, but it is a foolish girl who does not modify these dictates by what she knows about herself.

However smart and attractive an outfit may be in theory, if it doesn't suit you, it is not smart in practice. A well-dressed girl—when once she has left her mirror—forgets about her clothes. But if you have chosen something that is foreign to your type, you cannot forget your clothes.

Let us take an example. You may have fallen in love with those smart spring suits that are so much seen. A plain, well-cut skirt, with a smart little jacket in fancy check to tone. The jacket is well fitted to the figure and is extremely trim.

So well and good, but it is not every girl that suits a suit, so to speak. She must be long of leg and slender about the hips. There are even girls who appear first-rate in a suit as judged by the front view. But what does a glance in the triple mirror reveal? That this same girl is hollow-backed, and unless she is cleverly corsetted to hide that defect, the well-cut skirt defines an ugly back line—which is an excellent enough reason for not wearing a tailored suit.

This is the girl who would have been much happier in a coat with a swing back, and she would have appeared much smarter, too.

Hats provide most dreadful pitfalls. Brims go up or crowns soar, flowers blossom in the spring and even feathers unfurl, but if you haven't that kind of a face, how dreadfully unsmart these bits of nonsense can appear! Moreover, give a thought to your hair. Is it your habit always to keep your hair so brushed and shining, so continuously shampooed and re-set, that it is beyond reproach? If it isn't—and be frank with yourself about it—then choose a hat that will not reveal half your head to the person in the seat behind.

Give a thought to your features, too. Maybe your nose isn't your best point. Frankly speaking, it is too big. Then do not be tempted by a brimless model, or a hat that somewhere or other turns up abruptly. It is a soft, uneven brim you should be looking, for whatever the fashion writers may suggest.

Or maybe you wear glasses. Brimless hats and halos are not for you either. The uneven brim is the kindest and most becoming. The golden rule is "never let the frames of your glasses be the most outstanding thing about your face." A hat that perhaps turns up here and down there obviates this. Avoid eye veils and ear-rings.

Then, of course, there is the legend that the most perfectly dressed women always wear black. This is a part truth.

Black is overwhelmingly smart for the woman that it happens to suit. But otherwise it is incredibly dowdy. Particularly if you happen to be of indeterminate colouring. Dazzling fair, raven black, or even Titian can look fine in black, but plain mousey, no. You need a good, bright skin, too; any hint of sallowness is invariably accentuated by black.

I certainly think it wisest to choose a basic colour for the season and then get etceteras to harmonise or match. In this way, scarves, handbags, stockings, blouses and other accessories can do duty with more than one dress or suit.

◆ ◆ ◆

Worried (Glasgow).—The skin tends to get dryer as we grow older. Other factors are illness, hard water, nerves, fatigue, undernourishment and lack of nutritious food. A dry skin needs a richer cream to make up for its own deficiencies. At night time cleanse with liquefying cream. Massage with a feeding cream. Remove with a paper tissue. In the morning wash with tepid water and a good bland soap.

◆ ◆ ◆

Elizabeth (Clapham).—In the warm weather a dry skin benefits from a little wrinkle oil added to the ordinary skin food. Take a knob of cream in the palm of the hand, add a few drops of oil and knead together.

◆ ◆ ◆

Seventeen (Tottenham).—If all other treatments have failed to cure the acne, see a skin specialist, either privately or at a hospital. He may recommend ultra-violet-ray treatment. Treat the spots with a well-soaped loofah, rinse with tepid water, dry and apply Alibour lotion. You can buy this from all chemists.

◆ ◆ ◆

Slimming (Manchester).—Use skimmed milk in your tea, if you dislike tea with lemon. Do not use sugar, but take saccharine instead, if you must have the beverages sweetened. No fried foods are permitted, and gravies, sauces and condiments should be omitted. Eggs may be taken raw, poached or boiled.

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Mrs. H. B. (Lewes).—Use the perfume behind the ears and in the palms of the hands. This is much better than putting it on your clothes, where in time it may tend to stale.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mrs. N. (Darlington).—What you need is an indelible lipstick which can only be removed with cleansing cream. I would suggest your using a Guitax. You can get a trial size for 6d. or larger models at 2s. and 4s. 6d.

◆ ◆ ◆

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Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Heather Bennett, 35a New Broadway, Ealing, W.5, for :

When Knights Were Bold
They Just Had to Get Married
This Day and Age
Strangers May Kiss

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for :

The Girl I Made
The First Kiss
He Who Gets Slapped
That's Gratitude

Miss J. A. Fox, 58 Farm Lane, Fulham, S.W.6, for :

Three Smart Girls
Three Men on a Horse
Riding Wild
Right to Romance

C. A. Frost, 39 Slater Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts, for :

Her Husband Lies
Dreams Come True
Off to the Races
Wives Never Know

Mrs. B. G. Taylor, "Snowdon," Fishponds, Bristol, Glos., for :

What the Doctor Ordered
Chicken à la King
Champagne
I Married a Doctor

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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Picturegoer

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Left: First new star of 1938, Olympe Bradna, greets Easter. The rabbit was the gift of an admirer.



Indira Devi, an interesting newcomer to British studios *(see page 6).*

THE REBELS RETURN

JAMES CAGNEY seems to have started something. Now all the rebels are coming back to the fold. Latest is Jean Arthur, who has been away from the screen for months while she has been having a private war with Columbia, mainly over stories—and salary. At one time it looked as if we should lose her altogether.

There is the usual kiss-and-make-up fervour about the official announcement of the reconciliation.

"I am happy to announce Jean Arthur's return to the Columbia Studio," says President Harry Cohn. "Everything has been mutually and satisfactorily adjusted."

"I am very glad Columbia and I have settled our differences," declares Jean equally handsomely. "From now on our relationship should be very happy."

And Warner Oland, "Charlie Chan" himself, is really back at the Fox lot and is already scheduled for *Charlie Chan on the Clipper Ship*. He has been absent since January, when he "walked out" of *Charlie Chan at the Ringside*.

• • •

Those Hepburn Legs

● Marlene Dietrich, Ginger Rogers, Carole Lombard and the other Glamour Girls noted for their elegant underpinnings will have to look to their laurels now that the critics have discovered that Katharine Hepburn has pretty legs.

The epoch-making discovery has been made as a result of that scene in *Bringing Up Baby* in which Cary Grant steps on Miss Hepburn's gown and tears it.

The revelation has been hailed with delight by at least one New York writer, who remarks that it has "made us appreciate for the first time that the Hepburn is human." He adds, in that somewhat unkindly way in which critics so frequently write of Katie, that "before she had always appeared to us as a bundle of Forces not altogether under control."

Amid all the excitement we may disclose without indiscretion that this department has known it (the fact that Katie has presentable legs, we mean) all the time . . . yes, even through the long years preceding *Bringing Up Baby* when the Hepburn limbs invariably blushed unseen below the crinolines, frills and furbelows of costume drama.

This is not the first time that Katharine has exposed her "gams," as they are known technically in official Sex Appeal Marketing Board circles, to the vulgar gaze. Remember the abbreviated stage costume she wore as a juggler's assistant in *Morning Glory*?

Plans for Gary Cooper

● Sam Goldwyn discloses that he is going to keep Gary Cooper busy this year. He already has three films "lined up" for him.

The first will be another costume drama, *Graustark*, a romantic adventure laid in a mythical kingdom. Merle Oberon will have the role played by Norma Talmadge in 1926.

Shooting will begin on April 25, and the picture will probably be in Technicolor. Sigrid Gurie, Goldwyn's latest discovery, who makes her screen debut opposite Cooper in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, will head the supporting cast.

To follow Cooper will star in *The Cowboy and the Lady* (that sounds interesting), and then in *Trans-Atlantic Flight*, with Joel McCrea and Jon Hall.

Other Goldwyn productions planned include the second *Goldwyn Follies*, a story about the Phillipine Islands to star Andrea Leeds, and a subject for Vera Zorina, the dancing star of the first *Goldwyn Follies*.

Goldwyn intends making his "Follies" an annual event.

"Alexander's Ragtime Band"

● In the film news at the moment is Irving Berlin, whose "Alexander's Ragtime Band" is being glorified in a film of that title, starring Tyrone Power and Alice Faye.

It was Berlin's first musical hit. He was living in a cheap furnished apartment with a friend on a few dollars a week when he composed it as an instrumental number in 1910.

His publishers did not like it and for six months it lay in a drawer. He got it out again and wrote words for it. By 1912 it had sold two million copies and it is still earning royalties.

Berlin discloses, however, that he made a lot more money out of "Always." He also modestly points out that the song did not start ragtime, as many people think.

Short Shots

● David Selznick goes on record with the statement that Paulette Goddard will *not* be "Scarlett O'Hara"—new name being mentioned for the role is that of Arleen Whelan—Myrna Loy is the latest star to use a gramophone on the set—Noel Coward's *Private Lives* will be retitled *The Devil With Love* and will serve as a film vehicle for Fernand Gravet—Greta Garbo may do Pearl Buck's *The Proud Heart* if and when she returns to Hollywood — Ernst Lubitsch has been awarded the Legion of Honour—Derrick de Marney makes his Hollywood debut in *The Muddled Deal* with Joan Fontaine.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

MANY STELLAR INVALIDS

THERE has been an unusually long list of stellar invalids lately. Joan Crawford was confined to her home by quite a severe attack of pleurisy, but is rapidly recovering, Spencer Tracy has been in the hospital recovering from an operation and he and Alice Brady (suffering from a broken ankle) had to receive their Academy awards by proxy.

Olivia De Havilland continued on the set of *Four's a Crowd* when she was ill rather than hold

(continued on page 4)

An Open Letter to

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Alphabetical Lesson

DEAR MR. GOLDWYN,

Probably the best Goldwyn wisecrack during your recent stay here was your description of a B picture as "something we sometimes get when we set out to make an A picture." You might with equal truth have added that an A picture is something you sometimes get when you set out to make a B picture.

The definition is important at the present moment when most of the major producing companies are talking of abandoning B pictures and forcing exhibitors on to a single-feature programme standard.

You yourself, we know, have for years been the leading exponent of quality v. quantity production. What is more, as a rugged individualist with astute judgment of what constitutes quality and the courage to gamble on that judgment, you have made the policy pay, even if you have had one or two pictures that have got into the wrong alphabetical order on the way.

Unfortunately all film producers are not Sam Goldwyns. The making of a film is, from start to finish, a highly speculative business. A script that looks cast iron on paper flops on the studio floor. Stuff that looks colossal on the studio floor frequently keeps the public away in droves when it reaches the screens of the neighbourhood picture houses.

Indeed, the only basis on which a film can be classified as A or B before it goes before the cameras is the extremely dangerous one of scheduled cost. And it is significant that so far the only concrete result of the drive to oust the second-feature is a ridiculous increase in production costs without commensurate value in entertainment. So far, the "Quality" policy has merely been a mandate for squandermania.

With counter attractions gaining strength weekly and international developments restricting the world market further almost daily, the film industry is facing hard times.

It will not fill those empty cinema seats merely by cutting out the second-feature and replacing it with an expensive "super" blown out to 120 minutes when its entertainment value is not more than an hour.

We want quality in our programmes as much as the next man, but we want to be sure it is quality—and by that we mean a standard a darn sight higher than some of the unimaginative £350,000 pictures we have seen masquerading as movie "epics" lately.

In dropping the tradition of B pictures you are abandoning a field of film endeavour that has been invaluable in developing talent and ideas and one that has produced some of the greatest pictures in history.

A pictures, B pictures. They're just names. What the industry needs now (and if it doesn't need them yet it soon will as things are going at present) are producers who can turn out "good" pictures under four million dollars. Three and a half million dollars under four million dollars!

THE EDITOR.



Left: William Henry, Richard Greene (England's latest gift to Hollywood), David Niven and George Sanders are the four men in "Four Men and a Prayer." The girl, of course, is Loretta Young.

Below: Ginger Rogers puts over a song number for "Vivacious Lady."



All the Gossip

(continued)

up the picture and then collapsed. The unit had to shoot without her for a few days.

Lionel Barrymore and William Powell both were in the hospital again and Franchot Tone was indisposed for several days.

None of these illnesses helped in the studio shooting schedules.

The big event of the season is always the Academy Dinner at which awards for the year are made. And how the girls plan their costumes for the great occasion! This time was no exception and the array of beautiful gowns far surpassed any previous affair.

Luise Rainer, winner of the best actress award, was spending a quiet evening at home, but hastily dressed in a long-sleeved gown of pink crêpe and wore a black velvet cape; Janet Gaynor had on a little girl frock of white which made her look about twelve years old; Mrs. Robert Montgomery wore a long gown of silver lamé and had silver in her hair; Loretta Young had a Tahitian gown of red and white and a fox coat which reached almost to the ground; Verree Teasdale wore an ermine wrap over blue and white crêpe and lovely Norma Shearer was dazzling in her full length evening wrap of white sequins over a white satin gown.

Hitch-hiking Relatives

● The hitch-hiker is essentially a California product. If he is not a resident, he wishes to be one. A clever young star, who is just becoming well known, was accosted by a boy of about seventeen as she stepped out of her Beverly Hills house.

She thought he might be a fan but he soon set her right. "Don't you remember me?" he said. "I'm your cousin Henry and I hitch-hiked all the way from St. Louis."

It was true and it is also true that he returned to St. Louis promptly.

Mothers Know Best

● It seemed such a fine idea to have Tommy Kelly and Nan Gillis team up for their appearances in variety houses. The children enjoyed it and were quite grieved when they were booked as single acts. I hear that it was another case of "Mother" trouble.

Chorus Boy Stars

● Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien played at being chorus boys in *Boy Meets Girl*. They actually made their starts on the stage in the chorus in New York in *Pitter Patter* and *Adrienne* respectively, so they did not find the scene difficult to play. Boys will be Boys.

Rosalind Russell, Author

● Rosalind Russell has quite surprised the film colony by announcing that she has been writing a book about Hollywood and that it is ready for publication.

Title is "And I Came to Hollywood." It tells the inside about the film capital, but Rosalind declares that it will not hurt anybody's feelings.

Rosalind is an intelligent young woman and the book should be worth while reading.

Jane Prefers Buses

● Jane Withers is back from her round-the-country personal appearance tour and is some twenty thousand dollars richer.

Also richer in experience because she was caught in the flood dislocation of traffic and had to travel a great distance by bus.

And did she enjoy it! Jane is sure that it is the nicest way to travel and hopes to try it again sometime.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

LONDON TRANSPLANTED

YOU'D think a fellow who toils and moils in London as I do would be glad to get away from our grimy capital—and, in passing, "moils" is appropriate, since my dictionary defines it as "to grow dirty in working," and a

magazine office is one of the places where you "don't do nothin' else *but*."

Well, I like to escape as much as anyone does; but it's fun occasionally to escape into that Greater Central London that exists within the walls of our studios.

This week, for instance, I found at Pinewood a scene which I can almost see from my office windows, and at Elstree another scene whose prototype is only a couple of blocks away from this office.

Familiar Faces

● The first was the Covent Garden scene for *Pygmalion*, which Pascal Productions are making on a co-operative basis—i.e., the principals don't touch their divvy until you have paid in your ninepences at the box-office.

Honestly, it was difficult to remember that one was not standing in Covent Garden Market Place, outside the east end of St. Paul's Church, by the coffee-stall—especially as quite a number of faces that are quite familiar to me in my daily walk through the market were there also; porters, flower-sellers, cartminders—twenty-five of them altogether, fourteen men and eleven women, all haled from their "pitches" in the Market to serve the sacred cause of Cinema.

They were loud in their approval of the fidelity of Laurence Irving's reproduction; but the greatest compliment to his work was paid by Neddy, a dray-horse which for eight years has been coming regularly to Covent Garden.

Neddy was a bit restless at first, in these familiar yet unfamiliar surroundings, but after nosing round curiously for a few minutes he began to walk briskly across the plaster cobblestones, and presently stopped at his accustomed stall!

This Way Out!

● The pigeons, too, seemed quite at home; but pigeons have a way of doing that wherever corn is scattered.

Besides, these were not the actual Covent Garden pigeons; they had been hired from other sources for this occasion.

Frequently when a unit is working very late at night, the transport department has to make special arrangements to take the "extras" home; but no such trouble was necessary in the case of restoring the pigeons to their rightful owners; they are all "homing" birds, and when they are finished with the doors are opened, a property-man says "Shoo!" and the birds fly home.

So simple.

Speaking of extras, this scene was expected to give nearly a week's employment to fifteen hundred of them—a godsend to the ladies or gentlemen of the crowd, for "Quota quickies" have occupied most studio floors that haven't been actually dark in the past few weeks, and they afford precious little work for extras.

Although I had just left the real Covent Garden in brilliant sunshine, it was raining hard—an absolute deluge—in the Buckinghamshire version, and night had fallen as well as some thousand gallons of water.

Slattern

● Wendy Hiller, playing "Eliza Doolittle," and some forty extras were the principal sufferers from this storm; in fact, the women's stockings were absolutely ruined by the end of the day's shooting—or so at any rate the producers must have thought, for they presented each of the women with a brand-new pair of silk stockings as compensation.

I have seldom seen anything quite so repulsive as Wendy Hiller had been made to look for this sequence, with her tousled and dripping hair, wet face, ragged clothes, twisted stockings, dirty straw hat and water-logged boots.

Leslie Howard, on the other hand, was allowed to remain quite calm, dry, and detached, as he leant against the side of the coffee-stall and sipped his tea and took note of the various dialects heard round about—in pursuit of his proper vocation as a Professor of Phonetics.

This is the scene in which Eliza mistakes him for a detective taking notes about her appearance or behaviour, and sets up a hysterical shrieking which nearly causes a riot.

Experiment

● Professor Higgins also meets in this sequence one Col. Pickering (played by Scott Sunderland), a phonetic expert from India, and bets him that he can take this "draggletailed gutter-snipe," Eliza, and teach her such good English and good manners that in three months he will be able to pass her off as a duchess.

I think I told you that Anthony Asquith and

(*Continued on page 6*)

STAR "TURNS" FOR £2,500 PRIZE

For choosing 12 star "turns" which would provide the best radio variety "hour," prizes amounting to £3,000 must be won in the "Daily Herald" great new Radio Variety "Hour" Programme Competition.

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Imagine yourself as Director of Variety with a vast radio audience to entertain with a variety "hour," and your choice of a programme for this may win you a fortune.

Entry forms appear each day in the "Daily Herald"—make your entry as quickly as possible.



Shirley Temple has a new dancing partner, George Murphy, in "Little Miss Broadway." They are seen with Edna May Oliver.

ALL the GOSSIP



Kay Francis is teamed again with Ian Hunter, in her latest picture, "Secrets of An Actress."

Leslie Howard are co-directing this one; the photography is in the hands of Harry Stradling, the Hollywood expert who was responsible for the beautiful camera-work in *Action for Slander*, *South Riding*, and *The Divorce of Lady X*.

The dialogue is by that distinguished dialogue-writer George Bernard Shaw—every word of it, I am assured, including even some extra passages which are not in the play and were specially written by the master for fear someone else did it.

Problems Settled

● This is going to be a very interesting production in many respects; first, it should settle once and for all whether Shaw is the especial meat of playgoers, and above the head of the average picturegoer; secondly, it will definitely established whether Wendy Hiller, who made such a beautiful job of *Love on the Dole*, is a one-part actress, as many suggested she is; thirdly, it brings "Puffin" Asquith back to the studios after a long absence.

By the way, at the inaugural luncheon at Pinewood for this film, "Puff," speaking of the various celebrities all round him and modestly disclaiming any claim to fame, said, "In fact, I remind myself of the case of the wealthy woman, who, trying to impress a poorer friend with her wealth, said, 'We're having a great deal of trouble with our rats; do you have trouble with your mice?'"

Oddly enough, I don't believe it is the great name of G.B. Shaw which will bring the requisite ninepences crowding over the box-office till; I believe the ingredient most likely to attract is a certain Mr. Leslie Howard.

But I also believe that many thousands, having grudgingly accepted Mr. Shaw for Mr. Howard's sweet sake, will thoroughly enjoy the Shavian wit of this delightful play.

Theatreland Wanders

● So much, at the moment, for Bucks. The other current home-from-home is in Herts.—or, to be more precise, the Associated British studios at Elstree, where Mayflower Productions are going very strong indeed with their second film featuring Charles Laughton, *St. Martin's Lane*.

Here I found another very familiar sight—a large section of St. Martin's Lane, St. Martin's Court, Charing Cross Road and Leicester Square.

This, whatever anyone may tell you to the contrary, is the heart, pulse, brain, and spinal column of Theatreland; and here is where you will meet in greatest force the buskers, those sometimes clever, sometimes pathetic, and sometimes merely annoying artistes, ex-artistes, and would-be artistes whose mission in life is to entertain, bore, or pester the theatre-queues.

Such a one is played by Charles Laughton in this picture—and he has chosen an ideal place to practise his peripatetic art, for in St. Martin's Court the queues for Wyndham's Theatre and the New Theatre stand back to back, and a sufficiently loud-voiced busker has a very good chance of monopolising the attention of both queues at once—though this is not supposed to be strictly gentlemanly behaviour.

Two Per Queue

● I've known those queues to have two buskers each, all going at top swing, so that the legend displayed in a neighbouring deaf-aid

(*Continued from page 5*)

shop seemed peculiarly appropriate—"A Paradise for the Deaf."

Naturally it has not been feasible to have Laughton performing to real theatre-queues, for it would attract crowds two thousand strong and dislocate traffic for miles around; and so London's Theatreland has had to go to Elstree, and with it many of the actual buskers whose appearance is so familiar to most Londoners—the boys with the spoons, the paper-tearer, the fiddler with his little dog, the man who recites "The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God"—no, sorry, I'm wrong; Charles Laughton does that, as well as playing a tin whistle, while Tyrone Guthrie (the medical missionary in *Vessel of Wrath*) obliges on a mouth-organ, Gus McNaughton weighs in with the mandoline, and Vivien Leigh sings and dances.

This is going to be rich! I wouldn't miss it for a king's ransom—or, at any rate, for 1s. 3d., which is about my usual mark.

Even Charles himself has been practising a few steps of a dance—and I hear that Fred Astaire, waiting at the other end of the transatlantic telephone for a report, heaved a deep sigh of relief when director Tim Whelan assured him that as a dancer Charles was still a great actor.

Cunning Tom

● But how, you quite reasonably demand, could they pack all this area into the 250 feet available in the studio?

Well, art-director Tom Morahan has been as cunning as a boat-load of monkeys about this; he built the distant end of the set in perspective, so that the buses running across the end, though apparently full-sized, were only 6 feet high.

The people walking up and down Charing Cross Road also had to be built smaller, so a number of midgets were employed as pedestrians.

Yes, I know it sounds a bit fantastic and the product of a disordered imagination, but I assure you that it will look all right on the screen, which, after all, is what matters.

By the way, Charles is going to sing, too, having had a song specially written for him by Arthur Johnston, who wrote "Pennies from Heaven." Laughton's song is "Straw Hat in the Rain," and Polly Ward will sing "London Love Song."

Besides those people I have mentioned above, here's the cast-list to date: Edward Lexy, Maire O'Neill, Phyllis Stanley, Helen Haye, Hal Gordon, Larry Adler, Ronald Shiner, Dave Burns, Basil Gill, and Cyril Smith.

Quite a party.

A Girl of Promise

● One reason why I want to see the present slump in British film production come to an end is the too-few opportunities it affords to newcomers to show what they can do, and pass through the Eliminating Heats.

Lately, for instance, I saw John Paddy Carstairs' film *Incident in Shanghai* (just another proof that you don't need £40,000 to make a good picture); and through that wanders, like a wistful spook, the sombre figure of a Russian dance-hall girl from Harbin, who has lost all her money and appears to be dumb with apathetic distress; anyway, she doesn't speak a word.

Now, that girl is Indira Devi, a young Indian recruit to our studios, and it served to show that she photographs well, walks well, and has a good figure and a sense of character.

In addition, having met her, I am able to report that she speaks perfect English, has the low-pitched voice that the microphone finds so soothing, smiles frequently and attractively, and has ambition and a sense of humour.

Moreover, her appearance is "international"; that is to say, she could convincingly portray half-a-dozen European types as well as a Hindu—in fact, better, for when she applied at the Ideal Home Exhibition for a job as an Indian girl they told her nobody would believe she *was* Indian.

I have a hunch about Indira; when things look up in our studios, mark my words, we'll be seeing her.



John Lodge with his charming wife, Francesca, who recently played in an Italian film.

John LODGE—Family Man

Meet the home-loving man, who hides beneath the man of action which usually is a characteristic of this actor's roles. An intimate glimpse of a star which will enable you to know him better,

by Joan CARTER

JOHN LODGE, whom you know on the screen as a hard-hitting and dashing he-man, has a secret. Underneath that ruthless screen personality, which swings its dauntless way through action dramas like *Ourselves Alone* and *Bulldog Drummond at Bay*, lies his real self, a modest, charming, and cultured man, who is devoted to his home and family.

John can be called a real family man. As he said himself to an interviewer recently: "I am old-fashioned enough to regard a quiet and happy home life as one of the finest things that this world can offer."

He has been happily married for almost nine years to lovely Francesca Braggiotti, and has a seven-year-old daughter. Next month the Lodges are expecting another happy event and are hoping that they will have a boy.

John and Francesca first met when the former was at Harvard University. He was a leading light in the University's *Cercle Francais*, a society producing French plays, with local society girls playing the feminine roles.

Francesca, slim and golden-haired and already making quite a name for herself as a dancer, was one of the "debs" playing parts in a *Cercle* production, and John first saw her at a rehearsal.

They first spoke to each other when John forgot his lines and Francesca prompted him. It was the proverbial "love at first sight."

But John was only a student and had still to finish his law course and then to have a year at the French law school, the Ecole de Droit, in Paris.

Four years later, when John was settled in a comfortable New York practice, they got married.

To Francesca, John, the successful lawyer, confided his secret ambition. For years he had wanted to become an actor, but his blue-blooded parents, leaders of Washington society, had set their hearts upon his becoming a lawyer, and for their sake John resolved to make good as a lawyer first and then, free from obligations, to try his luck on the stage.

Then fate stepped in. Three years after he had first become a fully fledged lawyer, a law case took him to Hollywood. And there movie magnates spotted his virile good looks and offered him a screen test.

John, more for the fun of the thing than anything else, made the test and then returned to New York.

Two days later an urgent telephone message recalled him to California and he found himself being offered a contract with a major Hollywood company.

And he signed it. His acting career had begun, and the Lodges moved house from New York to California, where Francesca herself began to get film offers. But she didn't take her own career very seriously, because she was so busy acting as her husband's very capable business manager.

She did do one or two things, however. She doubled for Garbo in a dancing sequence in *Mata Hari* and for her voice in the Italian versions of the Swedish star's films, and produced four ballets at the Hollywood Bowl, with herself as leading ballerina.

When John got the male lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in *The Scarlet Empress*, and Press raves all over the world singled him out as a discovery, it seemed that his name was made.

But Hollywood, with that freakishness which she sometimes displays, did not continue giving him the kind of parts he could play best.

So he came to Europe and made *Koenigsmark* in Paris, becoming the first American actor to play in both the French and English versions of a Continental film.

When Associated British Pictures signed him up to play in *Ourselves Alone*, the Irish picture which made him the star sensation of the year and won him a long-term contract at Elstree, he became labelled as the "star Hollywood forgot."

Now the Lodges have setted down comfortably in England. They have a charming country house at Mill Hill and live a quiet and happy domestic life there. John goes riding with his daughter, Lily, and in the evenings reads French with her.

His wife, Francesca, happy in England as she was happy in New York, in California, in Paris and in Italy, because she is with the husband she loves, is busy with her housekeeping and with writing the memoirs of her father. In her spare time she plans ballets.

They are really a very devoted couple. The winter before last John persuaded Francesca to accept one of the many picture offers which are continually coming her way from Italian film-makers. She went to Rome to star in an epic production called *Scipio L'Africanus*.

John had to stay behind to finish *Bulldog Drummond at Bay* at Elstree, and daughter Lily was at Washington at school.

So for the first time the Lodges had to spend Christmas Day apart.

John and Francesca made their first film appearance together in Rome in *To-night at Eleven*. But for John the happiness of playing together was spoilt by the fact that Francesca had to have her long golden hair cut for the part. She is growing it again now, however.

Francesca plans all her husband's studio lunch menus for him. When she was in Italy she left behind a complete list of menus for a month.

Night life does not attract the Lodges. They like dining out with a few well-chosen friends, but hate noisy and rowdy parties. John is an advocate of early retiring and when working on a picture goes to bed at nine-thirty each night.

John's old-world courtesy and charm is typical of his real character. He makes every woman he talks to feel like a princess, be she make-up girl, studio cleaner, or star.

He is busy again at Elstree, the scene of his past triumphs, playing the tough sea-captain hero of *Queer Cargo*, a story of the China seas; but when you meet him off the set you find him as quiet and cultured as ever.

Some day, perhaps, in spite of his rugged forceful appearance, a producer may give him the role of family man, and we shall see that his ruthless iron-jawed characterisations have been simply fine acting.

NEXT WEEK

Norman Maine, writing from Hollywood, gives you a new angle on Tyrone Power, who, he points out, has had a good many hurdles to leap before he found fame. This is a hitherto neglected angle on a popular star, and will prove to be of great interest to his many fans.

THERE'S VALUE in *Valerie*





Very decorative is Valerie in this portrait from "The Drum," and below you see how very grown up she looked at the age of eighteen, when she was in "Chinatown Squad."



One of the most promising assets of the British studios (seen above with Roger Livesey in *The Drum*) is described in this interview

by Max BREEN.

ALEXANDER KORDA has done some wise things in his time, and a few others whose wisdom—shall we say?—is not so immediately apparent. But I think one of his best tricks so far is signing up Valerie Hobson on a long-term contract.

In these double-page "personality" articles we usually concern ourselves with people who are either so well-established that you can't possibly snort "Who the heck's So-and-so?" and turn over the page in search of something more familiar, or else people who have suddenly leapt into prominence by a smashing performance.

This week, in pursuance of my grandma's motto "Something new for Easter," I'm having a change.

I'm writing about a girl who is neither a long-established favourite nor one of these sudden "Where did you come from, baby dear?" arrivals; to wit, Valerie Hobson.

I'm doing this for five reasons.

(*a*) I believe she's headed for the headlines.

(*b*) I believe she's capable of contributing to the prestige of British films.

(*c*) I believe she is going to give us all a good deal of pleasure by her work.

(*d*) I consider her story is at least as interesting as that of most film actresses.

(*e*) I want to.

I should not advance this self-indulgent fifth reason without the other four to support it, but the fact remains that she is a charming young woman about whom it is a pleasure to write.

To begin at the first opening of a pair of very fine grey eyes, Valerie was born at Larne, Ireland, the second and final daughter of a retired Naval officer.

That was on April 14, 1917—which means that she will attain her majority the day this issue of PICTUREGOER appears. However, that isn't likely to cause wild delirium to a girl who has had the key of the door for about five years already.

But it *does* stress the remarkable progress made by this infant, who has played leading roles in more than a dozen films, both here and in Hollywood.

Curiously enough, a good many of her roles have been mature ones, and consequently she has come to be regarded as older than she is; in fact, when she was eighteen she had copies made of her birth certificate, and sent them to her friends and to editors who had doubted her extreme youth. I expect when she's thirty she will be able to sell them back to her at a premium.

She certainly looks young "off"—and not only that, but she bubbles over with youthful enthusiasm.

She was educated in a convent; why are convent girls generally so full of beans? They must feed 'em on nothing else.

It's always interesting to know how people first became launched into their professions, so I called on Valerie and asked her; besides, it was a good excuse to see her.

Valerie's flat is, like herself, rather unusual but very charming. You take the lift to the top of a tall building in Mayfair and then walk across the roof, and there, close under the stars, is Valerie's front door. In America they would call it a penthouse, though I have still to discover





The gold-digger softens! A scene with Doug. Fairbanks, Jun., in "Jump for Glory."

(Left) Not much of the monster about Valerie in "Bride of Frankenstein"!

why. Certainly Valerie does not feel pent in it.

"When did you first feel the Urge?" I asked.

"At about two," she told me calmly. "I danced from that age, and I can't remember when I didn't have a hankering for the stage.

"At the age of nine I simply couldn't wait any longer.

"We were living in the country, and I came up to London with Nanny to have my teeth seen to, instead of which I persuaded her to take me to a Cochran audition which we had read about in a theatrical paper.

"The great C.B. himself advised that I should be sent to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and, provided it could be fitted in with my lessons, my parents agreed that I should go, and it was, and I went.

"I was there for a year, and then I went back to school and concentrated—more or less—on lessons until I was fourteen.

"Then I went back to the R.A.D.A. for another nine months; and from there I went straight into a juvenile lead in a play with Basil Foster."

"But good Heavens!" I exclaimed. "How old were you then?"

"Fifteen," she told me in a matter-of-fact tone. "My next chance was really rather lucky. I happened to be lunching at Claridges, and a man came over to our table and spoke to my mother; he said he didn't know whether I was an actress or not, but in any case he wanted me for a show he was putting on—because, apparently, he liked the look of me!"

It's fun to hear Valerie tell of an incident like that, because she sees such humour in it.

"The man was Oscar Hammerstein, and the show was *Ball at the Savoy*, at Drury Lane. They discovered I had a flair for comedy, and I did a Lancashire lass act—a kind of echo of Gracie Fields, whom, by the way, I admire enormously.

"Well, then I played 'Susie' in the film *Two Hearts in Waltz-time*, which didn't matter much, and then I did another film—*Paths of Glory*, which had originally been a radio play, and which, although done as a quickie, was very successful; I played the General's daughter in that, opposite Maurice Evans, who had been the star of *Ball at the Savoy*; and then soon after I played in another quickie—*Badger's Green*."

A quickie, yes, and inexpensively made, but in making it director Adrian Brunel established what many of our producers have since forgotten—that screen entertainment does not depend entirely, or even mainly, on money spent.

Then came Valerie's great adventure—her Hollywood contract with Universal.

Well, we know these Hollywood contracts for comparatively unknown British girls. A great deal of ballyhoo is raised, and then something seems to happen to the lass, and she just wilts away, and either comes home or stays there and is occasionally heard of at a party or seen in minor roles.

The case of Valerie Hobson was remarkably different. She played leads in a large number of films—none of them extremely important, but all affording invaluable experience—and in fact was never unemployed, which is rare enough to have caused considerable comment.

Strange Wives, Bride of Frankenstein, Mystery of Edwin Drood, Werewolf of London, Rendezvous at Midnight, Chinatown Squad, Great Impersonation, Tugboat Princess—all "bread-and-butter pictures," affording her no great chance of publicity but steadily building up her reputation.

By the way, *Bride of Frankenstein*, though one of her most important pictures, was a bit of a handicap for her, because producers assumed that the Bride of Frankenstein must be a monster, overlooking the fact that Frankenstein was the fellow who made the monster—not the Karloff itself.

Then came the great Universal reorganisation, when the Laemmles were bought out, and almost the entire senior personnel of the old studios were replaced by nominees of the new group.

Valerie, asked by Charles Rogers (the new and present Universal production chief) to renew her contract, decided that eighteen months away from England was long enough.

Besides, rumours of the growth in importance of the British film industry had filtered through to Hollywood, so Valerie came home and played in *The Secret of Stamboul* for Wainwright Productions at Sound City.

I missed seeing that one, unfortunately, but several reliable judges have assured me that she was very good indeed. However, I did see her in the title-role of her next one, Criterion's *Jump for Glory* opposite Doug. Fairbanks, Jun., made down at Worton Hall, Isleworth.

This, I submit, was a difficult role, which might have taxed the ability of many older and more experienced players; she had to portray a heartless, gold-digging type of young woman who suddenly becomes tender and considerate and softened and lovely, just because a cat-burglar has fallen for her and she for him. (Maybe they should have called it *Fall for Glory*.)

There wasn't much conviction in the role as it stood; but Valerie put such grace and sincerity into it that the girl "Glory" became the best thing about a not-very-distinguished film.

What was more important, it attracted the attention of London Film Productions, who cast her as the young English wife of the hero in *The Drum*—the leading feminine role in this Technicolor film of battle, murder, and sudden death on the North-West Frontier.

Alexander Korda was so impressed by her performance in this that before it was nearly through he had signed her on a long contract, and now he tells me he has great plans for her as soon as production gets properly under way again.

I hope he will exploit her undoubted talents to the full. Maybe he will. Maybe, like Vivien Leigh, she will obtain her best chance when she is "farmed out" to other companies.

It amazes me that Valerie, who sings and dances outstandingly well, should never have figured in a screen "musical."

Here's an idea. Presumably Victor Saville will in time get round to his long-awaited production of *Bicycle for Two*, which he was to have made for London Films before his switch-over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. When that *does* happen, it may very well be that Binnie Barnes, who was to have had the role, will be otherwise engaged in Hollywood.

In that case why not exploit the beauty, acting, dancing, and singing of Valerie Hobson?

Meanwhile, see her if you can in *The Drum*, which is now to be seen at the Odeon, Leicester Square. I haven't seen it myself, yet, but from what I hear I think we shall be very favourably impressed.

Even within the short time I have known Valerie, she seems to have gained a great deal in poise, in serenity; but she is by no means complacent. She realises that her great asset is the unusually early start she has made in her career, and she is also aware of the importance of following this up.

Personally I don't see any reason in the world why she shouldn't. She seems to have everything it takes, and to spare; she has already recommended herself to the attention of a very large number of the General Public (that wayward arbiter of destinies) in films and broadcasting.

Did you know, by the way, that she has made more appearances in television than any other feminine artiste?

One word to Alex Korda, then. Let us see this lovely lass frequently and in a variety of roles in important pictures; only in this way (and certainly not by long spells of resting) can she become full value for money, either to Mr. Korda or—if our one-and-threepence entitles us to mention it—to ourselves.

CLAUDETTE RULES for

Hollywood's leading "Success Girl" tells you the secret in an article that is both helpful and interesting.

ACTING alone doesn't make for success in Hollywood, for many talented stage people have failed. It's the "angles" that count.

Claudette Colbert, who has been in motion pictures long enough now to get a true perspective, told me so. It was one day on the set. The star who started her dramatic film career in *Manslaughter* and who has proved the comedy in her versatile nature in such pictures as *Tovarich, Maid of Salem, Under Two Flags,* and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife,* has found that Hollywood makes many demands—and that if you fail to meet them you look elsewhere for work.

I discovered her doing a wildly hilarious scene.

Miss Colbert was slightly cockeyed in the sequence, in accordance with the script. She supposedly had been drinking champagne.

"Motion pictures," she said, "make more demands on a person than you'd imagine."

That started this story. The Director gave her time off while technicians got ready for her next scene with Cooper. We went to her small dressing-room on the set, shut out the sounds of the toiling technicians, and we started out finding just what demands motion pictures make.

The first?

Claudette, who gives such matters considerable thought, says that you must never be discouraged.

"Hollywood is fantastic," she told me. "The average person, in other lines of work, can afford to be, look and act discouraged now and then. But in Hollywood, how you may want to feel inside has nothing to do with your outside appearance. You've got to kid yourself into being happy. The reason for this is that you never know what's going to happen next, and the chances are ten to one against you if you're not ready for your 'break' with a smile."

Claudette has had reason to be discouraged at times. Recently she made an historical picture on which she banked heavily. She believed it was a good picture. And it was. But it didn't click at the box office. When things like that happen, a star gets depressed. But she carried on, radiantly happy about the whole thing.

"Right after that," she says, "I got a chance to do a comedy."

Then there was that time in 1932 when she moved to California to work permanently in pictures. She had a tailor-made role for herself. She couldn't miss. It was one of the greatest pictures of that or any other year. Complications set in. It was found that the role had been promised to another player. Claudette could have felt that her career was damaged if not wrecked. She smiled for six months.

"And along came a part in a picture which changed my characterisations completely," she relates. "I stopped being a weepy, saccharine woman and emerged as a very snappy person, as far as my screen work was concerned."

And had she let discouragement argue with her she would have returned to New York City!

Demand Number Two, according to Claudette, is that you keep your private and professional lives completely apart. She does it, and with a vengeance. She not only refuses to discuss pictures with her husband outside working hours, but she keeps the light of publicity from her domestic affairs.

"The minute you start discussing your private life in Hollywood, it's public property," she says. "Before long, you find that everyone knows all about you, is talking about you. Public opinion is pressing against you, people are taking sides, and you've got a lot of mental problems on your hands. If the public has no opinion about you, you can't be swayed by it. On the other hand, you start worrying about what people are thinking and saying and life becomes a torment. I know one star who had a nervous breakdown worrying about what other people thought of her affairs. The breakdown eventually drove her from motion pictures."

That called to mind another demand. It calls for the creation of "duck back" armour. You know. The kind that makes everything roll right off instead of sinking in and doing damage. Claudette and every other successful player in Hollywood has acquired this armour.

"It's easy to make a rule for yourself," she says. "First you realise that you know yourself best, that you know what you've done, are doing and plan to do. Then, when you hear stories about yourself, you just don't worry. I know many stars who hear amazing rumours and, instead of taking them to heart, investigating them and then denying them, merely laugh about them. For a denial can make trouble. You've seen those headlines, based on nothing, 'Joe Doakes Denies Rumour.' This dignifies the rumour and makes people believe there's some truth in it."

Claudette confesses she has ignored dozens of rumours in the course of her career which, had she denied them, would have caused her no end of trouble.

We'd make a list, but that would cause trouble, too.

Claudette feels that another demand which must be satisfied is "to get away from it all." This expression has got a lot of laughs, and she laughs at it, too, but finds a lot of good to it, as well. As soon as she finished *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* at Paramount she left Hollywood for four months—to go on a second honeymoon with her husband to Europe.

"Many people deny themselves this needed tonic," she says, "and it's a mistake. One has to



Left: Claudette Colbert as she appears in her latest picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." Inset with her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman.

COLBERT'S SUCCESS

forget about one's self, work, and think of other people and other things. When I leave, I'll not worry about the effect of my absence on the box office or anything else.

"And that brings us to another demand. Don't worry. What's going to happen is going to happen. When you get away from it all, as the saying goes, and start worrying, you simply aren't getting away at all. Jack—my husband—and I did not mention pictures in 120 days and 15,000 miles of travel."

Another of the ten demands is a sense of humour. Claudette has that. She gets more fun out of life than any other player I've known in a long Hollywood acquaintance, with the possible exception of Carole Lombard.

"Equipped with a sense of humour, you can go through practically anything," she says. "Anything from a poor breakfast, which is a minor tragedy, to the loss of a part you've dreamed about playing for years, which is a major one."

Mention of the loss of a part caused Claudette to cite as an example the little actress in *Stage Door*, played so admirably by Andrea Leeds. Miss Leeds' work in the picture wins high, sincere praise from Claudette.

"If that actress had had a sense of humour, she'd never have jumped out of a window," Claudette says. "She took herself and her acting too seriously, and she has plenty of counterparts in real life."

Claudette takes few things in life very seriously and she's very glad she doesn't. For instance, there was the advice she once received from an expert. He told her to stay away from motion pictures, that she didn't have a chance because she wasn't the type. She could have let that get her down, but she didn't.

"Things like that can't be taken to heart," she says. "You've got to keep on fighting. It's a battle all the way to the top. I don't mean that you have to fight people. I mean to fight yourself, to keep your balance."

And this remark produces another demand.



Above: Claudette knows how to relax, too —the star ski-ing on her recent "winter sports" holiday. Above right: a recent portrait. Right: With Gary Cooper and Edward Everett Horton in another scene from "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

"You've got to have a sense of values and a sense of your own worth, plus the determination to see yourself through," she says. "It's purely a matter of self-control. You've got to have enough self-confidence at the start to believe you can make the grade when others think you can't. Then, when you get where you want to go, you can't think you're too good—can't believe your 'yes men' and your press notices. Bob Burns, to my mind, is the greatest example of this in pictures to-day. A few years ago he refused to lean backwards and feel that he had nothing to give, although he had suffered many rebuffs. Then he clicked. To-day he isn't oversold on himself. It's so easy to lose that balance. At the same time, Hollywood says you can't and continue to get by. After you've proved you have something the very people who thought you didn't will praise you to the skies. If you believe this 'yessing' you're heading for abrupt oblivion."

Claudette says that Hollywood demands, above all else, a youthful attitude. This means that the people at the top must keep eyes and ears open, keep the same pace that the world does or, if possible, be a jump ahead of it. The minute one loses this "must" perspective, the end is again drawing near.

"In Hollywood, more so than anywhere else, you're as young as you feel," Claudette says. "You've got to feel, think and act in a youthful manner. I've seen players washed up at forty. And I've seen others, such as the late Marie Dressler, May Robson, Wally Beery and Fred Stone, still going strong because of a youthful attitude."

Claudette mentions in passing the need of ability and training for the stage and for motion pictures. These are fundamental to success. You have to have them. They're obvious demands, the foundations on which any true Hollywood success is based. Another routine matter, just as important, is the saving of money, a demand that is sadly neglected.

"A bank account," she says, "is essential to well-being in Hollywood or anywhere else. Without one, it is hard to achieve a mood which fills Hollywood demands. Financial worries, most of them unnecessary, have been responsible for the ruin of many a promising career."

Last, a definite essential, is the demand to be a "good fellow." Claudette doesn't mention this. Maybe it's because she didn't think about it. Maybe she was just being modest. So I'll add it myself. Claudette is a "good fellow." She has that quality which makes people want to work with her and for her and help her in anything that she undertakes. Without that, no star in Hollywood can be successful for very long. Because, try as one may, if the fundamentals of good fellowship aren't in a person's make-up they can't be cultivated. Manufactured, or pseudo-fellowship, has a false ring, easily and quickly detected by fellow workers. Later it's found out by the millions who unconsciously look behind the silver screen and sense the true personalities of the players. Claudette, and the others who last, aren't found wanting.

AN ACTOR *you would never* RECOGNISE



Akim Tamiroff, with Gail Patrick, in a role created on the stage by Charles Laughton —the gangster chief of "Dangerous to Know," new screen version of "On the Spot."

Drama, comedy, farce—these all come alike to Akim Tamiroff. Perhaps that is why many critics, including Cecil B. de Mille, consider him the finest character actor on the screen to-day.

AKIM TAMIROFF is one of those artistes who change their personality when they change their role, so that you never get the impression of the real man behind the mask, but, on the other hand, a very vital knowledge of the character he is portraying.

Recall the villainous Emir in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, the sinister revolutionary in *The General Dies at Dawn*, his comedy character study in *Naughty Marietta* and in *The Buccaneer*, and his impressive impersonation of a gangster who patronises the arts in his latest film, *Dangerous to Know*, and notice how varied in conception they are.

Actually the real Akim Tamiroff is a cheery soul, whose Russian nationality has not engendered that introspective gloom which is so often a characteristic of his race.

His introduction to the stage took place in his native Russia. Standing nervously with a group of 500 young hopefuls, Akim, the son of a wealthy Baku oil man, read some dialogue for Richard Boleslavski, a teacher in the Moscow Art Theatre School, and was one of the fortunate four to be enrolled in the school. He graduated three years later into the Moscow Art Theatre, which was the greatest honour possible to any student in the pre-revolutionary Russia.

He was three years with the Art Theatre, then went to America in 1923, when the Russian group went for a series of plays, among them Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard* and *Three Sisters* and Gorky's *At the Bottom*.

At the expiration of this tour, Tamiroff severed his association with the Art Theatre group when it sailed for Russia and remained to take a leading comedy role in Balieff's *Chauve Souris*, in which he played for three years.

After this he was invited by the Theatre Guild in New York—the American equivalent of the Art Theatre—to play one of the leading parts in *Miracle at Verdun*. Later he was in Gilbert Miller's *Candle Light* and Al Jolson's *Wonderbar*, which found him in Hollywood in 1932.

During the dull season of 1932 Tamiroff conducted the American Academy of Stage Make-up in New York City, and among his pupils were Katharine Hepburn and Jean Muir.

Six years ago, mainly owing to the insistence of his wife, Tamara, who has also appeared on the stage, he decided to stay in Hollywood.

Jobs were few and money scarce. The nest egg he had saved whilst appearing in a night club in Chicago began to vanish.

He had meant to utilise it to go through one of the mid-Western universities so that he could learn English, but directors had persuaded him to preserve his accent—it was "a useful asset."

The last of the nest egg disappeared when he tried to double what he had left on the stock market.

However, he began to get a series of small parts. He had played in some thirty-odd pictures in rapid succession before he got his first real bid for movie fame. That came when he played the small but outstanding role of the Emir in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, for Paramount.

This convinced the company that they had unearthed a "find."

He was offered a contract by Paramount, but deferred the matter. His next film for the company was *Paris Love Song*, and at the conclusion of this film came a second invitation for him to throw in his lot with Paramount. This time he accepted. He played one of his most important roles, that of the General in *The General Died at Dawn*, and also appeared in *The Big Broadcast of* 1936, *Woman Trap*, *Desire*, *Anthony Adverse*, *The Life of Louis Pasteur*, *Jungle Princess*, and the next picture in which he is due to appear is *Spawn of the North*.

The greatest tribute that I can pay to this accomplished actor is to quote what that highly experienced producer who has "made" so many stars, Cecil B. de Mille, says about him.

It is an entirely personal view and de Mille risks a lot of ugly looks from the numerous actors he has worked with during the past thirty-five years when he says: "The best workman as an actor I've ever met is Akim Tamiroff

"This is said purely as a tribute to a man whose thoroughness, artistry, acting intelligence, and constant alertness to directorial wants are a source of delight to the director.

"This bouquet is not given lightly, by the way. I've worked with many of the screen's greatest stars, and if I were tendering posies merely to please the fans, I should pick one of them. But Tamiroff is so far ahead of the field as a hard-working artiste, that he easily claims all awards.

"Thoroughness and hard work are nothing new to him, however. When he first came to Hollywood and started playing bits, he had one small scene in which he played a deaf-and-dumb man in a crowd. His wife tells me that he went to school for weeks and learned the deaf-and-dumb language so that he could play it more convincingly.

"Once he was cast in a small part as a violinist. Another actor would have considered the bit too lowly to think about twice. Tamiroff took violin lessons and practised for hours, so he would know how to handle the instrument when the time came.

"These incidents may serve to illustrate how whole-heartedly he is determined to become the screen's greatest character actor—and why he may do so. He works day and night on a characterisation—studying, reading, rehearsing. For the part of the Chinese general in *The General Died at Dawn*, he even shaved off his eyelashes twice—and if you don't think that a painful operation, try shaving them some time.

"I cast him as Dominique You, Napoleonic renegade turned pirate, in *The Buccaneer*. He gave a characterisation of the gruff, gross cannoneer whom Lafitte described as 'the world's worst cut-throat and best shot,' that frequently had even the stage hands beaming with admiration. But it is more than his characterisation that impressed me; it's the work behind it.

"He has come to the studio every day as early as eight-thirty, though he was not needed until later, to see the rushes—scenes shot the previous day—to criticise his own performance and see how he could improve it. He has a sixth sense that enables him to see a scene as the director sees it."



Gloria Stuart

The major breaks continue to elude this charming young actress, but she keeps busy, turning in good jobs of acting, mostly in the "B" pictures. Her fans will hope that "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which takes her out of the second features, even if it is in support of Shirley Temple, will change her luck.

THE AMAZING DOCTOR *Clitterhouse*



Clitterhouse's nurse (Gale Page) admires the doctor's medical skill and is worried over his double life.

Edward G. Robinson has the role of the doctor-criminal in this screen adaptation of the West End stage success, in which he is supported by Claire Trevor.



Above: The doctor eventually falls into the hands of Scotland Yard Inspector Donald Crisp after he has committed the greatest crime of all.



Right: The other girl in Clitterhouse's life is a "gang moll," played by Claire Trevor.



Most controversial award at the recent Academy dinner was that of the first "Irving Thalberg Memorial Award" to Darryl Zanuck. Norma Shearer left before presentation, made by Douglas Fairbanks. Award honours producer "whose films have shown most consistent high quality during year."

Couple to attract most attention at same affair were Janet Gaynor and Tyrone Power, seen below with Margaret Lindsay. At the ball later Janet and Tyrone danced cheek to cheek. . . .



Shots WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA



Right: Here's another interesting group at the Academy dinner. In the foreground with his hand raised in emphasis, William Wyler, the famous director, is seen telling an amusing story to Frances Dee and husband Joel McCrea, while others join in the fun.

Marie Antoinette



The screen's new Du Barry (Gladys George) discusses matters with Director Van Dyke while waiting to do a scene.

NORMA SHEARER returns to the screen after a long absence in the last film the star and her late husband planned together, a screen biography of the last and most tragic of the queens of France. Her co-star in the picture is Tyrone Power, and also in a strong cast (there are 152 speaking parts) are Gladys George, John Barrymore, Robert Morley, Anita Louise and Henry Stephenson. THE PICTUREGOER's cameraman here takes you behind the scenes on the *Marie Antoinette* set.



Here's a delightfully informal between-scenes shot . . . Norma Shearer shares her toast with Anita Louise. Anita is the Princess de Lambelle in the film.

Hollywood was apprehensive about how Norma, Queen of the M.-G.-M. lot, would get on with W. S. Van Dyke, Hollywood's bluntest director. He called the great Garbo herself "Toots" and he addresses Miss Shearer as "Kid," but they soon became good friends.





Hoops are very much in evidence and, since modern chairs are not adapted to this type of garment, extras rest on the floor between takes.



wood Handles—new version. Larry aine, the studio coiffure expert on the s and manners of the court of Louis ives Ruth Hussey's wig some attention before an important shot.

Top: John Barrymore plays King Louis XV, who ruled France and in turn was ruled by Madame Du Barry.



Right: Costumes are providing one of the big problems on the set. Here Barrymore has his royal raiment adjusted by wardrobe expert Otto Kottka.

SOMETHING to Sing ABOUT

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of A.B.F.D.



"She's my wife. The contract says I must be single," Terry (James Cagney) told them, introducing Rita (Evelyn Daw).

"THANKS, friends, for a wonderful send-off. As you probably know, Hollywood calls, and I'm about to trade close-ups with Montgomery, Taylor, not to mention Clark Gable—and may the best profile win."

Having spoken which, Terry Rooney, band leader, conducting his farewell perforamnce at the Sestina Night Club, Chicago, turned away from the microphone and audaciously provided a side view of his clean-cut features to an enthusiastic dining public.

Good-looking in the hundred-per-cent. masculine style was Terry of the crisp hair and square jaw. His trick dancing had verve and pep. His voice was totally opposed to a crooner's, and when he put over a number he did it with originality and humour.

All of which endeared him to Chicagoans. But, as he said, Hollywood called.

Not even parting from Rita Wyatt, on whose finger, after the diners had gone home, Terry slipped an engagement ring to a "hot" version by the boys of the wedding march, could really be counted tragic. Rita had a job as the band's featured vocalist to keep her busy. In spite of her outstanding soprano voice, there was no nonsense about Rita. Terry might chaff her for her flair for wearing period frocks, as though she belonged to the age of spreading skirts and a plait worn across the top of the head. As a matter of fact, she looked equally well in modern ensembles. Moreover, she never interfered with a man's ambition.

Terry arrived in Hollywood sponsored by introductions and known talent. He therefore missed the depressing dallying round agents' and casting offices. Piloted by Hank Meyers, publicity man for Gaylor studios, he was presented at once to its presiding genius, producer Bennett Regan, and cast as new leading man for *Any Old Love*.

Ignoring Terry's handshake and friendly smile, Mr. Regan, with precision and deep melancholy, sounded various buzzers. "In Hollywood," he said, "we create not only pictures, but actors and actresses. We mould them—even men of your type. Your hair, for instance. Do you always wear it that way?"

Before Terry could reply he was handed over to three individuals who had answered the buzzers. Of the three, nicknamed aside by Hank, as Grief, Trouble and Worry, otherwise make-up man, wardrobe expert, and dialogue director respectively, Worry caused Terry to regard him as the best named during the ensuing weeks.

True, the wardrobe expert bored him to tears by insisting that coats should not only be perfect, but perfectly worn. The make-up man went so far as to want him to don a Robert Taylor toupée. Whereupon Terry settled the matter by refusing to wear a widow's peak. But worry over the elocution director's instructions ceased neither day nor night. Pear-shaped vowels (whatever these might be) was his catch phrase, and in the production of pear-shaped vowels Terry suffered the torture of the condemned. However, eventually a test, involving one dialogue line, was filmed, an operation taking two minutes and requiring the services of an entire studio unit, including the producer, likewise hours of preparation.

Of the result of the test, Terry found himself in complete ignorance. Not a soul on the set or off it would part with an inkling of an opinion. The uncanny reticence was due neither to chance nor lack of human feeling.

Bennett Regan was responsible. Furious with Hank in the past for alleged spoiling of the Continental star, Stephanie Hajos, with undue praise, the producer issued orders that no one was to inform Terry that he was considered in Bennett Regan's parlance to have "it".

Had Terry known this, perhaps he would have acted differently at the shooting of the film's finale. Certainly the impression that he was no good coloured his feelings on that occasion.

Complete in longshoreman's kit, he was on the set, fiddling with a light cord, while director Blaine issued instructions about the fight which was to make an effective last sequence.

"Never been in a stage fight before, have you, Terry?" he inquired, and showed him how the camera angle could be adjusted to give the impression that a slight tap on the chin was a knock-out. "You're not afraid, I hope," he added. "The boys who are about to sock you have been doing it that way for years."

"I'm not afraid Mr. Blaine; as long as the boys don't take me for a newcomer and a sap." As a matter of fact, Terry, catching sight of the hated figure of the wardrobe expert off the set and the still more detested countenance of the dialogue director, both looking contemptuous, felt like provoking a fight. When he overheard one of the hired bruisers remarking to his fellow: "No business for me. I haven't socked a greenhorn actor in months." Terry's blood was thoroughly up. He took his entrance down a small staircase leading to the suppostitious longshoreman's bar and dodged the bruiser's substantial right to the point with: "Say, I heard your remark. Not afraid of this, are you?"

Early experience in the ring stood him in good stead. He kept standing under the bruiser's punches and got in some of his own. So much for the rehearsal. At the shooting proper, Terry let himself go. When, according to plan, the two bruisers set upon him, he responded to their more than heavy blows by knocking them both to the floor.

"Cut—fine!" came the enthusiastic voice of Mark Blaine.

"Cut—my foot!" said Terry, and went on fighting. Chairs, tables, other handy furniture whirled across and across the set. The fight spread. Onlookers got hit. Agitated technicians fled like chickens. Regardless of whether the cameras were turning or not, Terry loosed off every atom of explosive hatred of Hollywood and all its works in a grand tussle with the two hirelings who found they had bitten off more than they could chew.

By the time the property wall had collapsed and the cameramen had fled, Terry judged it safe to leave. To reach a telephone was all he wanted. His hand shook, but in went the coins.

"Darling," he said to a sleepy voice at the other end of the long-distance wire. "Everything's all over. Pop yourself in the first 'plane for San Francisco, and I'll meet you at the airport."

"Lovely! Where are we going?"

"I don't know, but it'll be miles from motion pictures."

Sitting close to Rita in a car on the way to the City Hall, Terry stumbled over a confession.

"No, it's not another girl. I'll try to break it to you gently. My name's not Terry Rooney. It's Thaddeus McGillicuddy. Can you stand it?"

"I've always wanted to be Mrs. Thaddeus McGillicuddy. Please, where do the McGillicuddys honeymoon?"

"On the South Seas. We're sailing this afternoon on a very exclusive tramp steamer. We shall be the only passengers."

The honeymoon outdid the success of many taken in luxury liners.

A walk to restore their land legs was the first action of the McGillicuddys on return to San Francisco.

"People seem staring at me," Terry remarked. "Do I look funny?"

"No. Must be because you're so beautiful, darling." They continued their stroll along the main street in the direction of the Belvedere Kinema, Terry conscious of further



interested glances. From a shop a gramophone record in action was giving forth familiar sounds.

"It's me singing *Any Old Love* from the film," he declared. "Must have been taken from the sound track." He stopped short. The lobby at the entrance to the Belvedere was displaying posters of Terry Rooney. A woman spoke to him. "Very fine performance, Mr. Rooney."

"Glad to see you back," a man added. Next minute an autograph book was pushed under his chin. Various high-pitched voices, belonging to numerous young women, requested Terry Rooney's signature. While he complied, the crowd gathered. Desperately he looked round for Rita, and saw instead the theatre manager, who, forcing his way to Terry's elbow, politely asked him to come to the office.

"Get me the Gaylor studios right away," he said to the secretary. Hank's voice, shortly travelling over the wire, literally quivered with excitement.

"Regan and I are leaving by 'plane just as soon as we can get to the airport. For the love of Mike, don't talk to anyone. Regan's nearly committed suicide through not being able to find you."

Playing cards that evening while they waited for the arrival of Hank and Mr. Regan, Terry found that Rita had no objections to be married to a celebrity. "I'll fix my hair," she said as the visitors' steps were heard in the passage. "Leave the door open so that I can hear."

"Right. I won't say a word about you. You stage a surprise entrance."

Hank, with his: "Boy, when I say I'm glad to see you, I'm just beginning to talk," was all geniality. Bennett Regan, flourishing a large paper, went straight to business. "Terry," he said, "here's your contract—ready to sign. Take a look at the figures.

Terry looked at them. They were stupendous. He looked at something else. That, too, was stupendous. "I'm sorry," he said. "I can't sign this."

"Oh, dear!" Rita said, taking her entrance. Terry quickly performed the introductions. "Mrs. McGillicuddy *is* the reason why not," he added. "She's my wife. The contract says I must be single."

"Your wife! You just can't have a wife. You're the potential heartache of every woman in America," Mr. Regan groaned.

"Then Rita and I'll go back to the band. If you think I'm giving up my girl for a movie contract, you're crazy."

"Darling, it's sweet of you; but this is too important to decide like that. Couldn't I go to Hollywood as a visitor—as Mrs. Thaddeus McGillicuddy?" Rita pleaded.

Hank pursed his lips. "I know Regan. If Mrs. McGillicuddy could have a job—say, as Terry's confidential secretary—take care of his fan mail and so on—how would that be?"

Thus a new bungalow, containing five rooms and three bath, went up opposite the luxury specimen rented by Stephanie Hajos in Beverly Hills. On as many nights as he could get away Terry, wearing dark glasses, joined Mrs. McGillicuddy for dinner which she cooked for him in the kitchenette, and rejoiced in the low rent which surely never would have been offered to Terry Rooney.

By day, Rita, as confidential secretary, enjoyed her work in Terry's dressing-room, and even followed him to the set. Alas, by Terry's very affection for her, she proved a stumbling block!

Stephanie Hajos, that doyenne of the studio who made even Bennett Regan bow to her whim, had elected Terry Rooney as her leading man. While Rita, however unobtrusively, was within view, Terry hopelessly bungled his love scenes with the star.

"Can I make a love scene with an icicle?" she demanded one day after unlimited re-takes.

"I know its bad," Terry admitted to director Mark Blaine. "I can't give you the scene with all these strangers around. If you could get them off the set."

Including Rita, the set was cleared of everyone except the director and the principals. Terry's nerve was restored and Stephanie, literally staggered by the unexpected force of Terry's kiss, declared that the boy had talent.

"I couldn't play that love scene with you standing near. I had an impulse to drop Stephanie and rush over to you," Terry explained, quite truthfully, that night to Rita. He proceeded to yield to the latter part of the impulse with such fervour that Rita had to cry a halt on account of the unshuttered windows. Terry, undeterred, was in fact embracing her warmly when Hank and a Miss Robbins, sob sister, arrived.

"I imagined you must be rehearsing," was the lady reporter's remark after Terry had told her that he and his confidential secretary were going through the fan-mail situation.

"Highly confidential," she murmured, and started making use of her pad, whereupon Terry could see a paragraph, about himself making love to a pretty secretary, already in print. Hank came to the rescue.

"Hey! There's a bigger story than that running round here, if anyone's the sense to spot it. Do you think Terry would be fooling round with a funny little secretary when a glorious dame like Stephanie Hajos is here in the studio? Better sharpen your pencil," he advised.

The interview, broken up by Terry being called to the set, might have helped him out of the frying pan; nevertheless, it also assisted him into the fire. In two day's time Hank invaded his dressing-room and handed an envelope.

"Here, boy; your tickets for the opening night at the Park Lane. You're taking Stephanie."

"I'm not going to any opening night. You take Stephanie."

"But I've been working for a week on this—reporters, photographers—everything fixed."

"Save yourself the trouble. I've got a wife, and I've got a duty to her. While I'm out at previews and openings, cocktail parties and testimonial dinners, all for the glory of your studio, she sits up at the hills twiddling her thumbs."

"She's not complaining, is she?"

"No, she's too good a sport. But I know how she feels, and I don't blame her."

Bennett Regan, called in to deal with the crisis, promised Terry four weeks' vacation in New York with Rita on completion of the film in hand, provided that he went to the opening. The producer even told Hank to wire reservations for the journey and at one of the leading hotels.

Doubtful whether Regan meant to keep to his share of the bargain, which, in point of fact, he had no intention of doing, Terry went home to dress. He found, for once, a tearful Rita ready to look upon the coming separation as the last straw.

"How would you like to go east, see your mother and the boys while I finish the picture?" he suggested in despair, not daring to show the sympathy he felt for the pathetic figure on the bed.

"All right. If you want me to."

"I didn't say I wanted you to. I thought it might be a good idea. Now you've got me all het up. I'm not going!"

"You must. It was a promise. Here, get into that coat."

The argument continued long after he should have left. Terry had recollections of Rita stubbornly maintaining that she would go east, of telling him to go, as she wanted to pack, and of his closing the door, only to hear her sobbing her heart out. He removed his dress clothes quickly and came back to her. All the same, Rita stuck to her determination, and Terry threw himself heart and soul into the "peak" love sequences of his role. He succeeded so well in those culminating in a tender embrace of Stephanie that everyone on the set, from Mark Blaine downwards, offered congratulations.

Stephanie even voluntarily repeated the embrace in full view, as it happened, of Miss Robbins. Mildly embarrassed, Terry excused himself to go and change. The following morning, while waiting for his cue, he took up a newspaper, only to have it snatched by Hank, saying something about "wanting to do the crossword puzzle." Ten seconds later, Easton, the make-up man, exclaiming, "My dear Terry. I want to be the first to congratulate you," was sent flying under Hank's ungentle push.

"Regan's orders. Terry's not to be disturbed while working. You ought to know that!" he barked.

"What's the matter with you?" Terry demanded. The wardrobe expert, coming up with a newspaper, at which Terry glanced before he could be stopped, unveiled the mystery. Across the front page stood out the headline, "Hajos' engagement to Rooney."

Hank might wear out his tongue trying to convince Terry that he, Hank, had nothing to do with the announcement. To do him justice, he wouldn't part with the originator's name until he had seen that lady. During the interview, while admitting that she had supplied the information to Miss Robbins, Stephanie poutingly said she didn't see why Terry should object to being engaged to her for a couple of weeks. Being enlightened as to his marriage, she declared her intention against hurting anyone—she who had been hurt so many, many times—and agreed to accompany Hank to apologise to Terry in person.

Arrived at the bungalow, they found him gone.

Twice Terry Rooney had left Hollywood abruptly without leaving name or address. The second time he took a 'plane to Chicago, arriving after dark. No difficulty in knowing the whereabouts of Rita. Every evening paper informed that Mrs. Terry Rooney was singing that night, for one night only, at the Palestrina Roof Hotel. He arrived in the hotel back lobby to find a bell boy removing familiar-looking luggage. Emphatically those trunks belonged to the band of which Terry had been leader. Hello, Holly!" he said, addressing an ex-colleague. "Who's doing all the travelling?"

"We are. Since Rita joined us again, we're on the up and up. A thousand dollars for our appearance to-night, and tomorrow we're——"

"Never mind to-morrow. Where is Rita now?"

"She's on, doing her number."

"Then will you go in there and tell the boys to start my music, for the song and dance duo?"

"Terry, I wouldn't interfere. She knows that engagement of yours, as far as the Hajos dame's concerned, is the goods. She put through a long-distance call and Stephanie answered from your bungalow."

"Will you go in and start that music?"

He hustled the bewildered Holly up the stairs. In the wings he watched Holly pass the word. From fluautist to drummer, to xylophone and piccolo players it went round. Their reaction, as one by one glimpsed him, was inspiring. Rita, with her back to him, was at the footlights. She began to sing. "Though life may be heaven or hell, I'll string along." She was wearing glistening white, and under her professional air of indifference, as he joined her downstage, he sensed her deep dejection. Neatly he brought out a newspaper from his coat pocket and showed it to her. Singing still, she shook her head. He moved across stage confidently holding out the sheet for every diner at the packed tables to read the headline, for the perpetration of which, thank heaven, Hank hadn't failed him; "Hajos Rooney Romance Hoax."

Applause thundered while Rita joined him in a tap dance. Her face was smiling. Music mounted towards the finale. Terry opened his arms. "Hop in, little canary, we've something to sing about," he whispered. A roar of cheering greeted their kiss.



"Bad Girl" makes GOOD

The amazing "Up-and-down" career of Sally Eilers, who is now coming back to the top.

Sally Eilers pauses between scenes for repairs to make-up.

THERE are few actresses who have had such astonishing changes of fortune in Hollywood as Sally Eilers. This star, who was born some 30 years ago in New York City has really had two careers.

Sally Eilers came into prominence when, not twenty years of age, she married Cowboy star Hoot Gibson after a whirlwind courtship. At that time Sally Eilers had been playing leads in cowboy pictures and small roles in ordinary feature films. She had been elected a Wampas Baby star in 1928 and looked all set for a good career in Hollywood.

The Fox Company put her under contract and she was given a few parts in fairly good feature films. Then she was chosen to play the leading role in *Bad Girl*—which made her a star.

The newspapers were full of stories about her and whatever she did became news, especially her divorce from Hoot Gibson.

Film after film was turned out with Sally Eilers in the leading role. All good, commercial, slickly made stories—and most of them were probably very profitable to the makers, but never once did we see the Sally Eilers who gave such a brilliant display of acting in *Bad Girl*.

It is surely no criticism of Miss Eilers to say that any actress could have played the parts equally successfully—they called for little more than looking pretty and being ready to fall into the hero's arms in the final fade-out.

Sally Eilers got fed up with it, so the studio told her to take a holiday in Europe. She took the opportunity and got out of Hollywood as quickly as possible.

It could safely be said that was the end of Career No. 1.

On the boat coming from New York to England to make a film, Sally Eilers met a brilliant young film producer named Harry Joe Brown, who was also on holiday. They fell in love.

Soon after her return to America she married him.

That was five years ago and was the start of Career No. 2.

Miss Eilers continued to make films under her old contract with Fox, but her roles did not improve, and gradually people began to believe that she was only a "one-picture star."

Finally she had to make her decision. Whether to continue with this type of part or make a clean break and start all over again. Miss Eilers decided to free-lance in the hope that she would be offered better parts, and that at least the opportunity of picking her roles would be her future right. It was taking a big risk and she knew it. Many actresses have ruined their careers by taking the same step.

Her marriage had been a big success. Indeed it must have been a great consolation to know that although her film career had received a set-back, she had been successful at one thing which few actresses in Hollywood are—a happy marriage.

The roles she expected did not materialise. True, she was never idle. More films were offered to her than any actress could reasonably play. She was never out of work. But they were not the big roles which she expected to bring her back to the *Bad Girl* days. Sally Eilers was wise.

Some actresses would have given it up as a bad job. After all, her husband had a big and important position and was earning plenty of money. He was making films as fast as it was possible to produce them. She had nothing to worry about, and could, if she liked, have just sat back and had a good time. But that was not what Sally wanted.

So she played all the reasonably good parts which were offered and passed up the others.

Her career was interrupted when she had her baby. But not for long. Other film actresses who had children did not give up their careers and Sally Eilers was soon back at the studios making pictures again.

It began to look as though the big picture was never coming for her. She received another offer to make a film in England and took it.

The picture was called *Talk of the Devil*, and although it was not a film which proved anything from the star's point of view, it was more successful from the directorial angle, proving that there were young men in England who could direct. But it certainly did show that those who still hoped for something fine from Sally Eilers were not mistaken. Given the opportunity she could act. Back to Hollywood again went Sally, still hoping.

Then out of the blue came the offer for a film which set Hollywood talking about her again. The British Lion-Republic Studios had started a bigger-picture policy. Two or three films produced by this organisation had made Hollywood sit up and take notice.

They had a story entitled *Lady Behave* scheduled for production. The leading part was to be played by an attractive star who had passed the ingenue stage, but must be a capable actress. Someone at the studio had the idea of casting Sally Eilers in the role. She read the script and jumped at the offer.

The part proved the one for which she had been waiting. For seven long years her admirers and fans have been waiting to see Sally Eilers given the same chance of acting as she had in *Bad Girl*. Now they have the chance.

Louella Parsons, the famous Hollywood columnist and radio commentator, said over the air in Hollywood about Sally Eilers' performance in *Lady Behave*: "Sally Eilers might like to know that *Lady Behave* is lots of fun and one of the fastest-moving comedies of the season."

Later, Louella Parsons, in the big chain of newspapers for which she writes, gave Sally a rave notice over her performance

Lady Behave has some good comedy with many really fine situations, and, like all good modern comedy, has a touch of pathos here and there. Sally Eilers has plenty of competition, for, apart from Neil Hamilton and Joseph Schildkraut, the Academy award winner for the best supporting performance of last year in *The Life of Emile Zola*, there is Marcia Mae Jones and George Ernest as the two children, and a host of other extremely good bit players, who never hesitate to steal any scenes from the leading players.

The picture gives Sally Eilers all the chances for which she has been waiting for years. It is to her everlasting credit that she does not wear glasses, a wig, or any other disguise which some actresses might use to suggest that they are other than their usual beautiful coy selves. Miss Eilers preferred the more difficult way, of acting the part, which she achieves with great subtlety.

Now once more she is being offered good films. Her admirers and fans hope that it is not too late.

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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

c***HEIDI

20th Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Romantic period melodrama. Runs 82 minutes.

Shirley Temple	Heidi
Jean Hersholt	Adolph Kramer
Arthur Treacher	Andrews
Helen Westley	Blind Anna
Pauline Moore	Elsa
Thomas Beck	Pastor Schultz
Mary Nash	Fraulein Rottenmeier
Sidney Blackmer	Sesemann
Mady Christians	Dete
Sig Rumann	Police Captain
Marcia Mae Jones	Klara Sesemann
Delmar Watson	Peter
Egon Brecher	Inn Keeper
Christian Rub	Baker
George Humbert	Organ Grinder

Directed by Allan Dwan. From the story by Johanna Spyri.

Rather old-fashioned in design and outlook, this picture nevertheless is bound to find favour with Shirley Temple's numerous fans. She acts like a veteran and still retains her charm of childishness. Incidentally, she is supported by a very strong and capable cast, all of whom show to advantage.

Shirley is cast as Heidi, a little Swiss girl, who is delivered into the hands of her tyrannical grandfather by her ruthless Aunt Dete.

Her charm, however, soon softens the old gentleman, but just as her conquest is complete, Aunt Dete kidnaps her and takes her to a big house in Frankfurt.

Meanwhile, grandfather has come to Frankfurt in search of Heidi, and the two are reunited on Christmas Eve after much harrowing ado, thereby supplying a picturesque prelude to the happiest of happy endings.

c**SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

British Lion. Republic. Western musical comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

Gene Autry	Gene
Smiley Burnette	Frog
Polly Rowles	Sandra
Ula Love	Silly Sylvia
Ruth Bacon	Peggy
Jane Hunt	Jane
George Chesebro	Morgan
Alan Bridge	Briggs
Tom London	Tracy
Edward Hearn	Thorpe
Frankie Darvin	Frankie
William Hole	Bub
Edmund Cobb	Sheriff
Fred Burns	Harris
Jimmy's Saddle Pals	Orchestra

Directed by Joe Hane from original screen play by Gilbert Wright and Betty Burbridge.

Good Western fare enlivened by songs and a stronger feminine influence than is usually found in pictures of its type.

Gene Autry, besides attractive vocally, is very good as the foreman of a ranch whose new owner turns out to be a girl from a farming college.

She brings two friends with her and misunderstands Autry's endeavours to keep her from selling her land to a bunch of crooks.

The comedy is bright and there is plenty of virile action.

c**THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

United Artists. British. "U" certificate. Romantic period drama. Runs 92 minutes.

Barry Barnes	Sir Percy Blakeney
Sophie Stewart	Marguerite, his wife
Margaretta Scott	Theresia Cabarrus
James Mason	Jean Tallien
Francis Lister	Chauvelin
Anthony Bushell	Sir Andrew Ffoulkes
Patrick Barr	Lord Hastings
David Tree	Lord (Harry) Denning
John Counsell	Sir John Selton
Henry Oscar	Robespierre
Hugh Miller	De Calmet, his secretary
Allan Jeayes	Judge of the Tribunal
O. B. Clarence	De Marre
George Merritt	Chief of the Police
Evelyn Roberts	Prince of Wales
Esme Percy	Sheridan, the Playwright
Edmund Breon	Colonel Winterbottom
Frank Allenby	Professor Wilkins

Directed by Hans Schwartz from the story by Baroness Orczy. Previewed January 15, 1938

This sequel to *The Scarlet Pimpernel* lacks most of the thrills and surprises which were a feature of its forerunner. It is impossible to believe wholly in the characters, and while Barry Barnes is good, he does not bring the daring adventurer to life with nearly so much conviction as did Leslie Howard.

As a matter of fact, Barry Barnes is not well cast and he is handicapped by the ridiculous disguises he is given, most of which include a nose of Cyrano proportions.

The plot deals with Chauvelin's attempts to trap Sir Percy by kidnapping his wife, transporting her to Paris and having her condemned to death.

Sophie Stewart is good as Lady Blakeney and displays a pleasing quietness of charm, and Margaretta Scott scores as the actress Chauvelin uses to trap the Pimpernel.

Francis Lister is far too bluff and obvious to suggest the cunning Chauvelin. I would sooner have seen Hugh Miller, who does extremely well in a small role, play the part.

The best scenes are those round the guillotine which appeared in the first picture, but generally technical qualities are very good.

c**THE LAST ADVENTURERS

Sound City. British. "U" certificate. Fishing port drama. Runs 77 minutes.

Niall MacGinnis	Jeremy Bowker
Roy Emerton	John Arkell
Linden Travers	Ann Arkell
Kay Walsh	Margaret Arkell
Peter Gawthorne	Fergus Arkell
Katie Johnson	Susan Arkell
Johnnie Schofield	Mate Stalky
Norah Howard	Mary Allen
Ballard Berkeley	Fred Delvin
Esma Cannon	Polly Shepherd
Billy Shine	Joe Hanson
Tony Wilde	W. O. "Glory Be"
Howard Douglas	Jason
Bernard Rensell	Cook

Directed by Roy Kellino. Adapted from the story by Dennison Clift.

The documentary side of this picture is stronger than the dramatic, and provides a thrilling glimpse of the work of the Grimsby trawlers. Camera work is particularly good and the authentic atmosphere is a great asset.

The story deals with Jeremy Bowker, a young Scottish fisherman, who is saved from a watery grave by John Arkell, skipper of a Grimsby boat. He falls in love with John's daughter, Anne, and John gives him a job, but Margaret, daughter of Ferguson Arkell, John's wealthy brother, throws her cap at him, parts him by trickery from Anne, and persuades him to sign up as mate on her father's new steam trawler.

A feud of long standing exists between John and Ferguson, the latter having cheated John out of his rightful inheritance, and this is heightened by current events. However, Ferguson's boat, with the owner on board, is wrecked during its maiden trip, and all hatchets are buried when John sails to the rescue.

Niall McGinnis is easily natural as Jeremy and Linden Travers makes a pretty heroine, as well as a sympathetic one.

c**VARSITY SHOW

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Collegiate musical comedy. Runs 118 minutes.

Dick Powell	Charles "Chuck" Daly
Ted Healy	William Williams
Fred Waring	Ernie Mason
Rosemary Lane	Barbara "Babs" Stewart
Priscilla Lane	Betty Bradley
Walter Catlett	Professor Sylvester Biddle
Johnny Davis	Buzz Bolton
Buck and Bubbles	Buck and Bubbles
Lee Dixon	Johnny "Rubberlegs" Stevens
Sterling Holloway	Trout
Mabel Todd	Cuddles
Scotty Bates	Scotty
Hallwell Hobbes	Dean Meredith
Holey McClintock	Poley
Ed Brophy	Mike Barclay
Roy Atwell	Professor Washburn
Emma Dunn	Mrs. Smith
Ben Welden	Hammer
George MacFarland	Hap

Directed by William Keighley.

One of this film's main faults is its length. It could have been much snappier if it had been shortened considerably, as it is it sags very badly in the middle; the opening and finale are both first-rate.

The story, such as it is, shows how students of Winfield College go all out to make their annual club revue the best ever, but are hampered at every turn by the faculty adviser, Professor Sylvester Biddle, a gentleman who lives in the past.

In desperation they decide to enlist the help of Chuck Daly, a former Winfield boy and now a Broadway producer down on his luck, and he and his assistant, William take up residence. Soon Chuck and William clash with Biddle, and rather than partisanship should result in the expulsion of leading students, they first put the show into active preparation and then depart.

When the students learn that Chuck has done the big thing, they take matters into their own hands and remove the show, lock, stock and barrel, to Broadway. It is a hit, and its success re-establishes Chuck as a leading producer.

Dick Powell combines song, comedy and romance with his accustomed ease and assurance, while the late Ted Healy, dispensing with his stooges, becomes one himself very capably as William.

Rosemary Lane registers quite well as the heroine and the support does all that is expected of it.

c**NAVY BLUE AND GOLD

M.-G.-M. American. "U" certificate. American Naval Academy romance. Runs 94 minutes.

Robert Young	Roger Ash
James Stewart	"Truck" Cross
Florence Rice	Patricia Gates
Billie Burke	Mrs. Gates
Lionel Barrymore	Captain "Skinny" Dawes
Tom Brown	Richard Gates, jun.
Samuel S. Hinds	Richard Gates, sen.
Paul Kelly	Tommy Milton
Barnett Parker	Graves
Frank Albertson	Weeks
Minor Watson	Lieut. Milburn
Robert Middlemass	Academy Superintendent
Phillip Terry	Kelly
Charles Waldron	Commander Carter
Pat Flaherty	Coach of Southern Institute
Stanley Morner	Lieut. of Marines
Matt McHugh	Heckler
Ted Pearson	Harnet

Directed by Sam Wood. Previewed December 11, 1937.

Full of "old school" sentiment of a blatant and often laughable order this glorification of the American Naval Academy is not likely to appeal very strongly to British audiences.

It is, however, well staged and the glimpses of the training of the cadets and their customs are well photographed.

Robert Young is well cast as one of the cadets and James Stewart is excellent as another in spite of the fact that some of his lines are likely to make one laugh rather than feel exalted as they are intended to do.

Florence Rice supplies the romantic interest and Lionel Barrymore appears at intervals as an infirm, retired naval captain who still takes an interest in football, which, by the way, plays a big part in the make-up of the picture.

*A BRIDE FOR HENRY

Pathe. American. "A" certificate. Marital comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

Warren Hull	Henry
Anne Nagel	Sheila
Henry Mollison	Eric
Claudia Dell	Helen
Harrison Green	Constable
Betty Ross Clark	Mrs. Curtis

Directed by William Nigh. Original story by Josephine Bentham.

There is quite a lot of piquancy about this marital comedy which suffers, however, from an excess of verbiage and a very slight plot.

However, dialogue is brightly written and some good acting comes from Anne Nagel, Warren Hull and Henry Mollison. The first mentioned plays the role of a society bride-to-be who marries her lawyer because the bridegroom is late.

The husband soon realises that he is only being used to bring the errant bridegroom up to scratch, and refuses a divorce.

In return, he flirts with every girl in sight and so according to all the best rules of screen comedy, comes out the matrimonial stakes winner.

*SOME BLONDES ARE DANGEROUS

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "A" certificate. Boxing drama. Runs 66 minutes.

Noah Beery, jun.	Bud Mason
William Gargan	George Regan
Dorothea Kent	Rose Whitney
Nan Grey	Judy Williams
Roland Drew	Paul Lewis
Polly Rowles	Mrs. Lewis
Lew Kelly	Jeff
Ed Santley	Dink Riley
John Butler	McNeil
Louis Natheaux	Woods
Eddie Roberts	Rattler O'Keefe
Max Wagner	Ruby Hall
Walter Friedman	Pappas

Directed by Millon Carruth. Based on the story by William R. Burnett.

Stereotyped story of the prize ring with Noah Beery, jun., as a youth with more courage than brains who falls for a gold-digging actress, goes to pieces, but is redeemed by his original girl-friend.

Fights are well staged and help to minimise the obviousness of the plot.

*BANK ALARM

A.B.F.D. Grand National. (American) "A" Certificate. G-Man melodrama. Runs 61 minutes.

Conrad Nagel	Alan O'Connor
Eleanor Hunt	Bobbie Reynolds
Vince Barnett	Bulb
Frank Milan	Turner
Wilma Francis	Kay
William Thorne	Inspector Macy
Wheeler Oakman	Kariotti
Charles Delaney	Duke
Phil Dunham	Curtis
Sid D'Albrook	Grimes
Pat Gleason	Barney
Wilson Benge	Overman
Henry Rocquemore	Sheriff
Ed Shaffer	Tracy
Floyd Griswell	Smith
Nat Carr	Yowitz
Dan Wolheim	Meyniak
Sid Jarvis	Police Doctor
Al Thompson	Auto Camp Manager
Harry Anderson	Reporter

Directed by Louis Gasnier.

Gun-play, romance and comedy, all play their part in this conventional G. Man drama which is staged on an unpretentious scale and has a fair quota of thrills of a familiar order.

Conrad Nagel is quite sound as a G. Man engaged in running down a gang of bank robbers, who falls in love with his girl assistant, Bobbie, provocatively interpreted by Eleanor Hunt.

*ON SUCH A NIGHT

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Gangster drama. Runs 72 minutes.

Grant Richards	Nicky Last
Karen Morley	Gail Stanley
Roscoe Karns	Joe Flynn
Eduardo Ciannelli	"Ice" Richmond
Milli Monti	Mlle. Mimi
Alan Mowbray	Prof. Richard Candle
Robert McWade	Colonel Fentridge

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

c***HEIDI
c**SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES
c**THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL
c**THE LAST ADVENTURERS
c**VARSITY SHOW
c**NAVY BLUE AND GOLD
*A BRIDE FOR HENRY
*SOME BLONDES ARE DANGEROUS
*BANK ALARM
*ON SUCH A NIGHT
c*BOSS OF LONELY VALLEY
*RACING ROMANCE
FALSE EVIDENCE

What the asterisks mean—

******** *An outstanding feature.*
******* *Very good.*
****** *Good.*
***** *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

ESTHER DALE.....Miss Belinda Fentridge
JOHN WRAY.....Guard Rumann
FRANK REICHER.....Horace Darwin
PAUL FIX.....Maxie Barnes
JOHN ALEXANDER.....District Attorney
Directed by E. A. Dupont from a story by Morley F. Cassidy.

Gangster melodrama played out against a background of Mississippi floods which include some actual shots of the disaster.

Grant Richards is good as Nicky Last, who has been framed by gangster "Ice" Richmond, who plants a murder on him and secures his silence by threatening to kill his wife.

While being transferred from one prison to another, Nicky escapes and is found by his wife at a refuge station; she takes him away in a hired car, but they are forced by the rising water to take refuge in a country mansion. Here Richmond overtakes them, and is forced by Nicky to confess; Nicky then saves the lives of the whole household.

c*BOSS OF LONELY VALLEY

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

BUCK JONES.....Steve Henson
MURIEL EVANS.....Retta Lowrey
HARVEY CLARK.....Jim Lynch
WALTER MILLER.....Jake Wagner
LEE PHELPS.....Peter Starr
TED ADAMS.....Slim
DICKIE HOWLAND.....Sonny Lowrey
EZRA PAULLETTE.....Suds Maloney
MATTY FAIN.....Sam Leavitt
GRACE GOODALL.....Aunt Martha
Directed by Ray Taylor.

Somewhat machine-made Western with Buck Jones riding well and putting over a virile performance as a cowboy who helps a Government Agent to round up a crook who has stolen his girl friend's land.

Muriel Evans shows to advantage in this latter role.

*RACING ROMANCE

Radio. British. "U" certificate. Turf comedy Runs 62 minutes.

BRUCE SETON.....Harry Stone
MARJORIE TAYLOR.....Peggy Lanstone
ELIOT MAKEHAM.....George Hanway
SYBIL GROVE.....Mrs. Hanway
ELIZABETH KENT.....Muriel Hanway
IAN FLEMING.....Martin Royce
ROBERT HOBBS.....James Archer
CHARLES SEWELL.....Mr. Lanstone
MICHAEL RIPPER.....Ted
JONATHAN FIELD.....Mr. Lilly
Directed by P. Maclean Rogers. Story by John Hunter.

There is quite sound romance and domestic humour in this simple little comedy which shows how Harry Stone, garage proprietor, engaged to ambitious Muriel Hanway, meets Peggy Langstone, a pretty girl whose father, a farmer and racehorse owner, is going broke. Touched by her concern he buys a filley from her at a very low price and gets her to train it for a race. Muriel, jealous, pretends to acquiesce if he will promise to sell the horse if it does not win. It does win, however, and is entered for the Oaks.

Harry realises that if the horse wins he will have to marry Muriel, whom he at last realises he does not love. The horse loses and Muriel breaks her engagement. The objection flag goes up, the objection is sustained, and Harry finds himself the owner of a valuable horse and free to marry Peggy.

The acting honours go to Eliot Makeham who is exceedingly good as Muriel's hen-pecked father.

FALSE EVIDENCE

Paramount. British. "A" certificate. Murder drama. Runs 70 minutes.

GWENLLIAN GILL.....Judy Endale
GEORGE PEMBROKE.....John Massiter
MICHAEL HOGARTH.....Gerald Wickham
DAPHNE RAGLAN.....Annabelle Sterling
GEORGE PUGH.....Tom Vanderiam
FRANCIS ROBERTS.....Det. Inspector Jones
LANGLEY HOWARD.....Julius Wickham
DEMPSEY STUART.....Det. Sergeant Fuller
RALPH MICHAEL.....Constable Barlow
BEN WILLIAMS.....Mobile Police Constable
TERRY CONLIN.....Station Sergeant
Directed by Donovan Pedelty from the novel "I'll Never Tell," by Roy Vickers.

Indifferent acting and lack of action tend to negative an otherwise quite fairly ingenious murder story. The picture would have gained immeasureably by better acting and less dialogue.

The best performance comes from George Pembroke as Massiter, an American who employs the heroine and eventually marries her after she has exposed her defaulting fiancé's wife who had married him for his money, and been implicated in the murder of his uncle.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

Number of stars awarded in brackets:—

Ali Baba Goes to Town (2)	*March* 5
Artists and Models (3)	*March* 19
Awful Truth, The (4)	*April* 2
Back in Circulation (2)	*March* 12
Bride Wore Red, The (2)	*March* 5
Charlie Chan on Broadway (2)	*March* 19
Confession (3)	*March* 26
Counsel For Crime (2)	*March* 12
Dangerously Yours (2)	*April* 9
Dead End (4)	*April* 2
Dinner at Eight (2)	*April* 2
Double or Nothing (2)	*March* 26
Double Wedding (2)	*Feb.* 12
Dr. Syn (2)	*Feb.* 12
Ever Since Eve (2)	*March* 19
Firefly, The (2)	*Feb.* 19
Foolight Heiress (2)	*Feb.* 12
Hideaway (2)	*March* 26
Hopalong Rides Again (2)c	*April* 9
Hot Water (2)	*March* 12
It's Love I'm After (3)	*Feb.* 26
Keep Fit (2)c	*Feb.* 19
Lancer Spy (3)	*March* 26
Law for Tombstone (2)c	*March* 5
Life of Emile Zola, The (3)	*Feb.* 26
Madame X (2)	*Feb.* 26
Man Betrayed, A (2)	*Feb.* 19
Marie Walewska (4)	*April* 9
Night Club Scandal (2)	*April* 9
Non-Stop New York (2)	*March* 19
100 Men and a Girl (3)c	*March* 12
Pathetone Parade of 1938 (2)	*March* 26
Prisoner of Zenda, The (3)c	*March* 12
Rustler's Valley (2)c	*Feb.* 19
School for Husbands (3)	*March* 26
She's No Lady (2)	*Feb.* 26
Sky's the Limit, The (2)	*Feb.* 26
Sing and Be Happy (2)	*Feb.* 19
Singing Marine, The (2)	*March* 5
Smash and Grab (2)	*April* 9
Souls at Sea (3)	*Feb.* 12
Squeaker, The (2)	*Feb.* 12
Stage Door (4)	*March* 19
Stand-In (3)	*April* 9
Super Sleuth (2)c	*Feb.* 12
Take It From Me (2)	*March* 12
That Certain Women (3)	*April* 2
They Won't Forget (3)	*March* 5
Thirteenth Man, The (2)	*Feb.* 19
Toast of New York, The (3)	*March* 5
Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938 (2)	*Feb.* 19
Wild and Woolly (2)c	*Feb.* 12



'HAIR FULL OF DANDRUFF— coming out!'







(*Right*) *Miss Helen Beddall (see her story above) as she is now.*



Measles' aftermath: described in an actual letter.

Read this grateful letter from Miss Helen Beddall, London, W.9. 'I had measles very badly three months ago (no joke at my age—24). Since then my hair has been full of dandruff and coming out. After two applications of Silvikrin the dandruff ceased; after four days my hair had almost stopped 'moulting.' It now looks so glossy everyone wants to know what I've done to it.'

Not only hundreds of thousands of sufferers from hair troubles—serious troubles—but also a wide panel of the most famous hospitals, Universities, doctors and hair specialists, have *proved* the worth of Silvikrin. It definitely clears up dandruff, stops falling hair, and if the root is still alive, actually makes new hair grow.

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Silvikrin is the very thing to put new life into *your* hair—it livens up dull hair and makes it ten times more vigorous and glossy, with the glow of youthful vitality. Get your Silvikrin *to-day!*

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SILVIKRIN LOTION — the daily dressing to prevent dandruff and falling hair. Strengthens and gives new life to the hair—brings out its hidden beauty and keeps it in perfect health.

PURE SILVIKRIN — the concentrated natural hair tood, for severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. To grow new healthy hair even where hair has been lost.

Which do you need? Get your Silvikrin to-day—from chemists, hairdressers or stores

Silvikrin

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She was always beautiful—but something has given a thrilling new accent to her attraction, made her more adorable than ever before. It is the subtle magic of Tangee, the "open sesame" to romance, the lipstick that stresses the natural loveliness of girlish lips, bringing out the warmth, the colour and the form without suggesting "make-up" in the least.

Tangee is the lipstick that deepens to a shade blending perfectly with your own colouring when you apply it to your lips.

When lights are bright and you need more colour on your lips for evening wear you can use Tangee Theatrical Lipstick. And to take full advantage of the loveliness Tangee offers remember Tangee Powder, Creme Rouge and Rouge Compact.

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BLOCK LETTERS

HAVING BEASTLY TIME

Some Current Films Explained

SHORTLY after the War, Harold Brighouse, author of the famous play *Hobson's Choice*, in discussing the theatre, wrote: "Underclothing, violent colour, crude incident and emotion were the marks of the theatre in our war-time . . . not the marks of the beast; only the marks of a beastly time."

What was true of the Theatre then is true of the Cinema now. We are experiencing a film cycle of craziness and crude emotion that is nothing more than the "marks of a beastly time." The tension and political upheaval of the past years has produced a craving for the unnaturally exciting that can only be likened to that of the War years.

Mr. Brighouse, in speaking of the theatre of the future, added: "The fundamental keynote will be simplicity. . . ." We who remember the immediate post-War Cinema, know that simplicity ruled—how Stewart Rome, Henry Edwards, Chrissie White and Alma Taylor made our England and its people lovely in our eyes.

The solution to the problems of the films which flounder in uncertainty will be found in that greater solution to the problems of this perplexed world.—(*Miss*) *Edith Chilman, Dibrugarh Lodge, South Benfleet, Essex, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1s.

The Infant Star Speaks Out

● They put me down, and they playfully say,
"Now girlie be good, where's your big smile to-day?"
It won't come to order—it doesn't just grow,
A thing that the grown-ups don't happen to know.
They think those great moon-things, that glitter so bright
Are funny to me—a remarkable sight.
I assure you they're not! And my blue eyes they ache,
And soon I'll be deaf from the noise "prop-men" make.
Then—"Sweetheart, I love you!"—d'you think he means me?
"Cut!" . . . "Shoot!" . . . "Get a move on!" . . . "Half an hour, all, for tea!"
There's a glorious rush, and the room is left clear,
So *I'm* carted off to my cot at the rear,
Where "extras" (What *are* they?) come murmuring sweet,
"Oh, look at her eyes—and her hair—and her feet!"
"My—*she* earns big money!"—yet I'm sure that's wrong,
For *I* never see it—I've waited so long.
I'm fussed and I'm fettered. I don't want my tea.
Oh, why did they make a great Film Star of me?
—(*Miss*) *B. J. Brown, 2 Melville Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16, who is awarded the second prize of* 10s 6d.

Scots English

● If this letter was, by any chance, printed, I should like it to come under the eye of some producer for I desire to know if they consider the people of Scotland semi-barbarians who always wear kilts, drink whisky and eat porridge.

I recently saw a film, *Wise Guys*, with Edinburgh on the screen. In it were a lawyer, several well-to-do business men and a servant who all spoke broad Scotch and, furthermore, each one had "mac" in front of his name.

And this isn't the first time by any means. Perhaps they don't know that the Edinburgh of to-day is one of the greatest centres of Medical learning.

We also have schools in which we learn good King's English.—(*Miss*) *D. Blaikie, c/o Hunter, 74 Haymarket Terrace, Edinburgh.*

(*Ay, lassie, ye're richt.—"Thinker."*)

A Use for Trailers

● From time to time readers have written protesting letters against "trailers." The general opinion is that they are a sheer pain in the neck.

All this criticism has made me feel a little uneasy, and I am wondering if I am quite sane; for I actually *like* them!

As an admirer of the cinema as an art they represent to me perfect little cameos of skilful editorship and ingenuity. What matter if they do describe some cheap quota quickie as "stupendous" and "colossal"?

When I am engaged in making my own amateur films they are to me a lesson on "How to make the most of my films."

As far as their value as advertising matter is concerned, I quite agree with readers. No normally intelligent filmgoer takes notice of the trailers' efforts to convince the public that this is *the* film of the year.

But as far as I'm concerned, "Long Live Trailers!"—*Donald Chapman, 209 Ashburton Avenue, Goodmayes Lane, Ilford, Essex.*

(*I have received a large number of letters from readers who like trailers.—"Thinker."*)

Unfair Criticism

● America, I hear, objects to the clothes worn by British actresses, especially by Nova Pilbeam in *Young and Innocent*. These comprise a tailor-made suit, a few plain dresses with contrasting collars and cuffs, and shoes of the long-vamped low-heeled English type.

Objection over-ruled.

Since exotic clothes are not worn by well-bred English girls of eighteen, Miss Pilbeam would have been out of character dressed otherwise than she was, even if she had gained in attraction, which is doubtful; and she could only have worn the short-toed American shoe if she had been impersonating an American girl.

If Nova *had* been dressed to American taste we should have been told that America wanted to see a representative of *our* girlhood, and not a reflection of theirs.

Perhaps if Nova had been a Swiss miss she would have been hailed as "unspoiled" or "different" instead of dowdy.—*Elizabeth Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs.*

(*Personally, I was struck by the appropriateness of Nova's dresses in that picture.—"Thinker."*)

Antidote for Life

● Last night I saw the film *Topper*, depicting man's revolt against a drab sameness of existence.

It was more than a clever story. It was the justification for the whole film industry.

Think of it—millions nightly moved to laughter . . . tears; each seeking to forget, temporarily, daily struggle—sight of wallpaper hanging from damp rooms; soul-racking tragedy of unemployment; monotony of moving belts; ogre of loneliness; discord—domestic, national, international.

The screen does give blind their sight, dreams come true, tribulation ends in lovers meeting.

Let those wiseacres who assert filmgoers would be better employed studying graver questions of the day than witnessing improbable exploits of allegedly impossible actors—realise most of us have oceans of worries.

The screen is our antidote. It's but truth to

(*Continued on page 26*)

Hair Combed This Way Stays Arranged!

It isn't any trouble, and there's hardly any cost



'DANDERINE' insures your hair for a penny a day

After you've spent many minutes arranging your hair, here's a way to *keep* it arranged all day long. Without another "pat" or another thought! Use a little 'Danderine' before you comb it.

A woman can't believe the way this works until she has *tried* it.

'Danderine' isn't a sticky or oily dressing, yet it keeps every hair in place. Its delicate fragrance is appealing and it creates a marvellous effect of freshness and cleanliness!

When you've had your hair shampooed, 'Danderine' will keep it from getting out of place.

Just try this:

Use 'Danderine' every day—every time you comb your hair—to be *sure* of your hair all day long! To have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only clean but that it really *looks* clean. To know it will stay as you arranged it. And to know no dandruff will appear.

With all the care you give to your hair, it's a pity to omit this last touch that means so much. It's *no* trouble! Yet you can hardly believe anything so mild and pleasant as 'Danderine' could bring such a change in the condition and appearance of your hair and scalp. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

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HERE is news of greater comfort and ease-of-mind for women everywhere. You can now have the benefit of the "Can't fail—can't chafe—can't show" protection exclusive to Kotex, no matter what form of belt or tape you are accustomed to use—and you can have it, too, at lower prices than ever before! *Kotex is now made with and without loops*, and though the same high quality is maintained, prices have been lowered to 6d. for 6 pads, 1/- for 12. (In the Blue Box with loops—in the Green Box without loops.)

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MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

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WHO'S WHO

John Mills

● *Journey's End* has been journey's beginning for several successful careers. One was that of John Mills. John, born in Felixstowe on February 22, 1909, had started work in the grain business at the age of 16. Growing discontented with office life he left home and came to London to find work on the stage. Nobody would look at him and he had almost given up hope when an agent sent him to R. C. Sheriff, who was casting *Journey's End* for a tour of India. He was given the role of Raleigh. On his return to London he scored in *Words and Music, London Wall, Jill Darling* and *Cavalcade*. After the Coward hit film offers (he turned down one from Hollywood to play his original role) were inevitable. Mills made his screen debut in *The Midshipmaid* and he has subsequently appeared in *Those Were the Days, The River Wolves, The Lash, Doctor's Orders, Brown on Resolution, Tudor Rose*, and *O.H.M.S.* The actor is 5 ft. 9 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Billy Milton

● Was also in business before turning his attention to the stage. He was educated at Lancing and on leaving school was engaged for some years in the wine trade in London. He made his stage bow in *The Devil's Disciple* in 1926. Soon in shows like *Bitter Sweet, This Year of Grace* and *White Birds*, he had established a reputation in the theatre.

Billy's first film appearance was in the silent version of *The Flag Lieutenant*, but he did not achieve a really big success until *Young Woodley*.

Recently he has been seen in *The Dominant Sex, Aren't Men Beasts, Cross My Heart, Spring Handicap, Saturday Night Revue, The Last Chance*.

Milton, that's his real name, by the way, was born in London, December 8, 1905. He is 5 ft. 9 in. tall and has black hair and brown eyes.

Geneva Mitchell

● Born Medarysville, Indiana, February 3, 1908, the daughter of an actress. Geneva appeared on the New York stage as a child performer, but did not succeed in making Broadway Mitchell-conscious until some years later when Ziegfeld "glorified" her as the original "Pogo" girl—she did a pogo-stick dance speciality in his famous *Midnight Frolics*. She also appeared for the Great Glorifier in *Sally*.

Geneva entered films in 1929, in a featured role in a Clara Bow picture, *Her Wedding Night*. Other films in which she has appeared are *Morning Glory, Only Yesterday, Born to Be Bad, Western Courage, The Crime Patrol, What Price Beauty? Lawless Riders, The Cattle Thief*.

Actress is 5 ft. 4 in. tall; has brown hair, blue eyes.

Grant Mitchell

● Was born in Columbus, Ohio, on June 17, 1874, the son of General John Mitchell. He was educated at Yale and took a post graduate law course at Harvard.

He soon exchanged legal tomes for play scripts, however. And when he came into pictures some half-dozen years ago he had been appearing on the stage for twenty-five years, ten of them on Broadway. In films he has played a wide variety of character roles and is probably one of the best known of supporting players in Hollywood.

Pictures include *Dinner at Eight, Convention City, One More Spring, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Piccadilly Jim, Devil Takes the Count, Life of Emile Zola, The Last Gangster, First Lady*, and *Hollywood Hotel*.

The actor is 5 ft. 9 in. tall.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

say that without that antidote—life would have lost its savour.—*R. J. H., Woodthorpe, Nottingham.*

(I don't think our debt to the cinema is fully appreciated.—"Thinker.")

Looking Back

● I did not realise the strides the cinema has made until this week, when I chanced upon a small Picture Palace poster of 1914!

Both the name of films and stars were conspicuous by their absence, and, though I would not wish to revert to the programmes of that period, my pocket would gladly respond to the prices then ruling!

Here is the bill, verbatim:

Look! Look!
You
Need never feel lonely,
Need never feel dull.
You can always have Refined Amusement,
Entertaining, Instructive, and Mirth-Provoking at ———
Electric Pictures and Varieties.
Open every evening, twice nightly 7 and 9.
Matinee Saturday, 2.30. Change of programme weekly; seats can be booked.
Popular prices: 2d., 4d., 6d. and 9d.

—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, S. Devon.*

(How well I remember that refined amusement! —"Thinker.")

A Change of Air

● On September 26, 1936, PICTUREGOER said of a certain actor (playing a minor part in a film) "he is poor."

On April 24, 1937, PICTUREGOER said of a certain actor (playing a minor part in a film) "he gives the best performance."

Well, you'll say; obviously different people. But you'll be wrong—the difference lies in the countries. Film 1 is British, film 2 is American! And then:

On March 5, 1938, PICTUREGOER said of the same actor (now starring in a film) "he assures his future by an exceedingly clever performance."

No. 3 is also an American film.

And the actor? George Sanders. For the benefit of those who seek to verify my words, the films are (1) *Find the Lady*, (2) *Lloyds of London* and (3) *Lancer Spy*.

Anyone can think of countless repetitions of this story. Can anyone think of a remedy?—*"Carpe Diem," Malvern.*

(Unfortunately, many players appear in a British film just to get over their first awkwardness. —"Thinker.")

Discovery by Hollywood

● The ludicrousness of Hollywood publicity methods and the credulity of the movie public are well illustrated by the present raves over Edgar Bergen and his ventriloquist's dummy, "Charlie McCarthy."

Hollywood, evidently, has never seen a ventriloquial act before and it seems a new wonder of the world. Yet such turns have been common on the British music-halls for years and in Arthur Prince we have one of the foremost exponents of this art. Naturally, it did not occur to British film studios to make a sensation of him.

Next, no doubt, Hollywood will discover a variety artiste who juggles with half a dozen balls at once. He will be placed in the middle of a million-dollar musical-spectacle. And boy, will he be wonderful!—*G. Livesey, 19 Colville Terrace, Bayswater, W.11.*

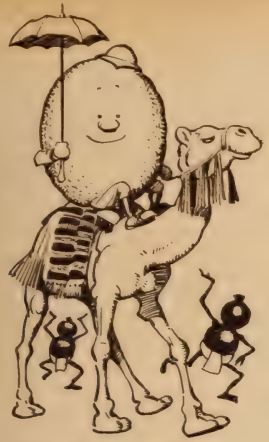
(The cream of the joke is that ventriloquism is not needed on the screen; it can be perfectly faked. —"Thinker.")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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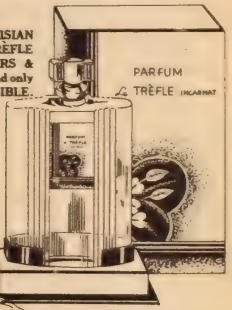
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Your nails will always look neat and attractive if you care for them with AMAMI. Get a 6d. bottle of AMAMI Nail Varnish now in your favourite shade: Colourless, Natural, Rust, Coral, Ruby, Rose or Pearl. It will last you months! And keep your nails smooth as polished Ivory.

ALWAYS use AMAMI NAIL VARNISH

FOR FINGERTIP PERFECTION

"LOVELY TO LOOK AT"

—So are Sonja's postcards!



SHE murmurs love to Tyrone Power, she pirouettes on one dainty foot—skirts spread fan-wise and just held by the tips of her fingers. She is Queen of the Ice in carnival costume . . . the new cards of Sonja Henie in "Lovely to Look At" will take you by storm. Hurry and get yours.

ALL NEW CARDS 3d. EACH, 2/6 DOZ.

SEPIA GLOSSY

Anthony Bushell; Sonja Henie (2 poses); Cesar Romero; Lyle Talbot; Annabella; Wendy Barrie; Jane Carr; Jean Colin; Marlene Dietrich (3 poses); Ann Dvorak; Douglas Fairbanks, jun.; Greta Garbo (3 poses); Greer Garson; John Gielgud; Josephine Hutchinson; Billy and Bobby Mauch; Doris Nolan; Jean Parker; Florence Rice; James Stewart; Robert Taylor (7 poses); Spencer Tracy; Conrad Veidt; Fay Wray.

COLOURGRAPH SERIES

Annabella; Virginia Bruce; Ronald Colman; Nelson Eddy; Greta Garbo (2 poses); Fredric March; Anna May Wong.

PARTNERS, SEPIA

Don Ameche and Alice Faye; Dick Baldwin and Simone Simon; Warner Baxter and Loretta Young (2 poses); Brian Donlevy and Rochelle Hudson; Tony Martin and Alice Faye; Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie (2 poses); Walter Winchell and Simone Simon; and Sepia or coloured ones of Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll (2 poses); Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan.

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By joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a superb De Luxe Album in blue reptine. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 per doz. Choose your cards from the list given above or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos, 3d. each, 2/6 per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list sent free.



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"Cross P.O. /and Co./ and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Pic.16/4/38



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so it's rather odd she doesn't know she won't get Line *till she wears Kestos*

Intuition tells most women to wear Kestos. Cut as no other brassière is cut . . . to give uplift . . . to mould . . . to control . . . to flatter.

Even a perfect figure can gain from Kestos . . . This season, when fashion insists on a high breast-line, a perfect figure is so important.

Thank goodness for Kestos.

Change your Kestos Brassière to suit your mood. For work or play — the 3/11d. model commends itself. Thé Dansant calls for Jap Silk (6/11d.)— while soft lights and slow music need at least Crêpe de Chine or Triple Ninon at 8/11d. All models are adaptable for backless evening wear, as illustrated.



Write for illustrated leaflet to Kestos Ltd., Maddox House, Regent Street, W.1. (Wholesale only)

KESTOS REG.

The brassière that gives you LINE

LET GEORGE DO IT!

S. B. (London).—(1) Francis Lederer wore the uniform of a bell boy in the film *Gay Deception*. (2) Ann Sheridan took the part of Kay Allyn in *Footloose Heiress*. (3) Harry Carey took the part of Commandant in *The Prisoner of Shark Island* and that of Tex in *Border Cafe*. (4) Edward G. Robinson, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart, Wayne Morris and Jane Bryan took the chief roles in *Kid Galahad*. (5) So far as we know, Frances Farmer, Katharine Hepburn, Fred Mac Murray and Clark Gable use their own names for screen purposes.

ERROL'S ADMIRER.—(1) "Beam Ends" was published late last year. (2) Your requests have been passed on to the Editor.

MIB.—So far as we know, Esme Percy is not married.

BOBBIE (Glasgow).—(1) Write to Mrs. Glenna Riley, 149 57th Street, New Castle, Indiana, U.S.A., for particulars of a fan club for Jeanette MacDonald. We have no details of a club for Tyrone Power or The Ritz Brothers. (2) Natalie Draper married Tom Brown, July 5, 1937. (3) Fritz Kortner took the part of Abdul in the film *Abdul the Damned*. (4) Edward Norris, b. Philadelphia, Pa., he is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, has dark hair and brown eyes and weighs 155 lb., married (*a*) Lona Andre (mar. dis.). (*b*) Ann Sheridan. (5) Tony Martin, b. Dec. 25 (no year given), Oakland. He is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lb., and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Married Alice Faye. (6) J. Carroll Naish, b. Jan. 21, 1901, New York City, is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, has black hair and brown eyes, weighs 152 lb. Married Gladys Heaney.

M. M. S. (Hove).—We did not publish a centre-spread of *Cleopatra*. (2) We published an article "Within the Wilcoxon Hedge" in the Oct. 5, 1935, issue of this magazine. Unfortunately this issue is out of print.

T. B. (Bristol).—The Arabic phrase quoted in *Another Dawn* was *L'Alitoom dakhara nahar dinka*, which means "The hopes we have for to-morrow die to-day." (2) Latest films : Nelson Eddy, *The Girl of the Golden West;* Errol Flynn, *The Adventures of Robin Hood;* and Bing Crosby, *Doctor Rhythm*.

J. F. (Kent).—(1) Myrna Loy's real name is Myrna Williams. William Powell and Deanna Durbin use their own names for screen purposes. (2) Jane Bryan, b. June 11, 1908, Hollywood, California, she has blonde hair and blue eyes. (3) Myrna Loy and Clark Gable are at present making *Test Pilot* with Spencer Tracy for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

A. G. (Urmston).—Write to Pat O'Brien c/o Warner Bros. (U.S.A.).

FAN (Plymouth).—Henry Hallatt took the part of Joseph Chamberlain in *Victoria The Great*.

E. M. (Bristol).—Movita is at present making *Rose of the Rio Grande* for Monogram Films with John Carroll and Antonio Moreno.

RATHBONE FAN.—Basil Rathbone, b. June 13, 1892, South Africa, he has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, weighs 165 lb. and married (*a*) Ethel Forman (mar. dis.), (*b*) Ouida Bergere. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1911 and his first film in 1925.

SALLY.—Write to William Robinson, 9 Ducketts Road, Harringay, N.4, for full particulars of a fan club for James Stewart. I am sorry, but we have no details of a club for Patsy Kelly.

D. R. (Perthshire).—Write to Anna Lee c/o Gaumont British Studios.

V. B. (London).—The tunes "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" and "Tip Toe Through the Tulips" were sung in *Gold Diggers of Broadway*.

FRANCHOT TONE CRAZY (Reading).—(1) Randolph Scott took the part of Bilge in the film *Follow the Fleet*. (2) Franchot Tone, b. Feb. 27, 1907, Niagara Falls, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 11½ stone, has light brown hair and hazel eyes and is married to Joan Crawford. His latest film is *Three Comrades* with Robert Taylor, Robert Young and Margaret Sullavan. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). (3) We published the story of *The Bride Wore Red* in the Dec. 11, 1937, issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free. (4) Clark Gable married (*a*) Josephine Dillon (mar. dis.), (*b*) Rhea Langham (sep.).

D. M. (Glamorgan).—Write to Irving Berlin, c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.).

SYLVIA (Dulwich).—(1) Akim Tamiroff, b. Bakou, Russia, he has dark hair and eyes and is married. (2) Sybil Jason, b. Nov. 23, 1929. Clark Trevor, b. March 8, no year given. (4) You can obtain photograph of Akim Tamiroff from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

E. Y. (Scotland).—The music in *The Jazz Singer* was as follows : "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face," "April Showers," "Blue Skies," "Toot, Toot, Tootsie," "Mother, I Still Have You," and "Kol Nidre." *The Singing Fool* : "Sonny Boy," "It All Depends On You," "I'm Sitting on Top of the World," "The Spaniard Who Blighted My Life," "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulders," "Golden Gate," "Keep Smiling at Trouble."

V. J. H. (S.E.25).—Niall MacGinnis b. Dublin, March 29, 1913, he is 6 ft. tall, broadly built and has black curly hair and green eyes. Write to him c/o Gaumont British Studios.

G. and G. (Bristol).—Write to Leslie Howard, c/o Pascal Productions at Pinewood where he is making *Pygmalion*.

TYRONE POWER CRAZY.—(1) Tyrone Power b. May 5, 1914, he has raven black hair and brown eyes, is 6 ft. tall and weighs 155 lb. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A. His latest films include : *In Old Chicago, Marie Antoinette* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. (2) Sonja Henie b. Oslo, April 8, 1913, she has fair hair and blue eyes. Her latest film is *Happy Landings*. (3) Janet Gaynor b. Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1907, she is 5 ft. tall, weighs 100 lb. and has golden brown hair and brown eyes, married Lydell Peck (sep.). Write to her c/o Selznick International Studios (U.S.A.).

CURIOUS CONNIE.—(1) Carl Esmond b. Vienna. He is 6 ft. tall, has brown hair and grey eyes; real name Willy Eichberger. He is at present making *Three Comrades* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. (2) Ramon Novarro is not married. Write to him c/o Republic Films (U.S.A.). (3) Randolph Scott is married to Mrs. Thomas Somerville. Write to him c/o Paramount (U.S.A.).

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

Will all readers please note that the Birmingham Branch Secretary of the FILM STARS INFORMATION AND PHOTOGRAPH CLUB has now changed his address to 47 Yardley Green Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, and all further communications should be sent to this new address.

• • •

AN ASSOCIATED BRITISH CLUB for men only is being arranged by Gerald Ellis, Ray Lodge, Sussex Place, Bath Road, Slough, Bucks. This club hopes to be able to open a club room in Slough and in London and also to start a seaside camp shortly.

• • •

A WESTERNERS CLUB is now being formed and any readers interested should write for particulars, either to Mr. Bradley Dix, 8 Stirton Street, off Lindley Road, Bradford, Yorks., or to Mr. Ernest Hignett, 1 Water Street, Egremont, Wallasey, Cheshire. The club is being formed for all interested in Western films and stars. Tom Keene has been nominated honorary member of the Club. Competitions, etc., will be held and a quarterly news issued.

• • •

THE NIALL MACGINNIS FAN CLUB is now being organised. The object of this club is to bring together all those interested in Mr. MacGinnis' career to form one happy band. On enrolment, each member receives a personally autographed photograph of Niall MacGinnis, membership card and pen pal list. Competitions will be arranged from time to time and a club magazine will be published each month. Will readers who are interested write to Vera Hubbard, 122 Stonefield Terrace, Hastings, Sussex.

• • •

THE FILMGOERS ASSOCIATION welcomes new members. At present, the activities of this club are confined solely to correspondence, but it is hoped shortly to be able to organise meetings and socials and, later on, to open a permanent social club in London. The Filmgoers News is published quarterly and members are invited to contribute to the Magazine. Write to Miss Hazel Bailey, 29 Carlingford Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

No. 360 (New Series) Vol. 7. April 16, 1938.

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Advt. Offices, 57 Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone, Temple Bar 2468.

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Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-



Small bottle 8d., post 10d.; 1/4 size, post 1/6; 2/6, post 2/9; 3/9, post 4/3.

For GREY HAIR SHADEINE

Is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid: nothing injurious; permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour. See Medical Certificate enclosed.

AT ALL CHEMISTS OR SHADEINE Co., *Dept. A*, 49 Churchfield Road, ACTON, W.3.



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Threepence a week for AMAMI No. 5... makes dull, tired hair radiant, full of life! The 47 ingredients in AMAMI refresh your scalp, stimulate your hair-roots, keep your hair fair as fair without bleaching. Blondes: use AMAMI No. 5. Brunettes—AMAMI No. 1. 3d. and 6d., at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

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AMONG THOSE PRESENT. Just a touch of Phūl-Nānā's magic—to be remembered by. 1/-, 1/6, 2/9, 4/9 upwards. Sold everywhere. En suite there is Phūl-Nānā Powder in all shades.

Phūl-nānā

PERFUME BY

GROSSMITH

"MADE UP" CHEEKS SCARE AWAY ROMANCE



put on natural colour!

Men are always put off by over-rouged cheeks, just as they're always attracted by a lovely healthy colour. Use the *new* rouge—Snowfire Blush Cream—which looks absolutely natural. Because it's a cream it goes on more evenly, without coarsening your skin, and it stays on all day or evening long. A choice of three flattering shades—Blonde, Brunette and Tangerine. Get yourself a tube to-day.

Colour your cheeks naturally with



SNOWFIRE BLUSH CREAM

Tubes 3d. & 6d.



LEAVE IT TO ANNE

EARLY sunshine and spring weather naturally turn our thoughts to open air diversions and pleasures, and among them sunbathing.

So let us take time by the forelock and discuss that much debated and also much abused pastime, basking in the sunshine. It is perfectly true that summer beauty should be some shade of tan, whether it be a golden honey tint or a deep bronze. But neither can be acquired casually and without a little trouble. Unless you do take a little trouble about your tanning you merely look like a burnt-offering instead, and, incidentally, do your health a great deal of harm.

Sunshine, taken in moderation, at the right time, and by the right people, is health-giving. I mention the "right" people advisedly, for there are some who never can tan with success, and to whom direct sunlight in anything but the very smallest doses is distinctly harmful.

Remember always that if you overdo it the damage you do to your health is in proportion to the amount of body you have burned. Thus if you burn your neck and your arms, you are unhappy enough to be sore, but you are not so damaged in health as when you foolishly lie face downwards on a blazing beach and redden to excess nearly the whole of that side of your body.

You may be longing to make the most of that extremely smart and brief bathing suit you have bought, but you will be wise to take cover under a towel to begin and expose to the sun only a bit of your legs and arms, and then only for a short time.

How long? you ask. Well, very few minutes the first time, although that, too, depends upon individual reactions. But it may be taken as a golden rule to cover up the moment your skin begins to glow pink. It is so easy to think that a little pinkness doesn't matter, but the real action of sunburn is delayed, and it is not until some hours after exposure that the full painful effects of sunburn begin to be felt.

Having stopped short at pinkness the first day, you will find that you can take a little more the next day, and so on, gradually increasing the area of skin exposed and the time spent in exposure, until you acquire a becoming and a protective tan, and can remain in the sun for quite a while.

That is all very well, I hear a lot of you protesting, but half the holiday will be spent sitting in the shadow of the cliffs or the bandstand, and that is not everyone's idea of pleasure.

Of course not, and that is where the cosmetic manufacturers of to-day step in to help you.

They very rightly have paid a great deal of attention to the effects of sunbathing, and have devised ways and means whereby we may play in the sun without harm to our health and our skins.

There are a good many excellent preparations to be had in both liquid and cream form that are protective in their composition. They are most accommodating, too, for nearly all serve two purposes. Used sparingly they help in producing an even tan without burning.

Used more generously, they prevent tanning altogether. Who wants to prevent tanning? you ask. I am ready to agree that alabaster legs and arms, once so much admired, look extraordinarily pallid and unattractive to-day. But the real truth is that the owners of those alabaster skins never do anything but burn in the sun, and the effects of too much sun for them are really disastrous.

These are the women and girls who should rely on artificial sun tan. Nowadays these preparations are made so successfully, that given a little patient co-operation in applying them, the real tan is difficult to tell from the synthetic, except that the synthetic is often the more attractive.

It has the added advantage, too, that when you are tired of it (and we often get tired of sun tan when we get home again and it is beginning to get patchy), it can be washed off.

But suppose that, in spite of all I have written—and I know quite well that I harp upon this theme every summer—you have sunned yourself unwisely and have burned up your skin to the point of pain and inflammation, what should be done about it?

There is always calomine lotion which will cool the skin and relieve the pain, but, better still, if you are within reach of a chemist, buy a preparation of tannic acid. You can get this from all chemists by the tube. It is the best of all treatments for burns of any kinds, both by the sun and other ways too. Smear it over that patch of painful burn. Put it on liberally, and renew the application every four hours.

It will relieve the pain and heal the damaged skin, but please do keep out of the sun while it heals. You know, there is both pleasure and health in sitting in the shade. When the sun is really hot, sit in the shade. You are still getting the benefit of reflected sunshine, and you will avoid the headache and the listlessness that come from too much sun. If you do suffer from sunshine headaches, get yourself some sun glasses. They are quite inexpensive, and you can even afford to have several pairs with coloured frames to match your dresses.

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Marsh (*Walton*).—A theatrical shoemaker would be able to supply your wants.

• •

C. Frearson (*Wealdstone*).—Dab with calomine lotion.

• • •

Red.—You are probably suffering from eyestrain. Have your eyes tested.

• •

A.B.C.—Send stamped addressed envelope for a treatment too long to describe here. Any of the camomile shampoos would suit your colouring.

• • •

M. Davies (*Salisbury*).—The marks are not freckles but what are known as "liver" spots. The term refers to their colour and not to their origin. A bleaching cream may help you, but they are extremely difficult to get rid of.

★ ★ ★

If you are in any difficulty or would like advice on a beauty problem, please do not hesitate to write to me. Address your letter to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss R. Hardy, 413 West Ferry Road, Millwall, E.14, for :—

The Devil is a Woman
You're Telling Me
My Wife's Mother
In Person

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to :—

Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for :—

Blessed Event
Twins
Experts' Opinion
Okay for Sound

G. A. Cummings, 5 Cook Street, New Seaham, Co. Durham, for :—

To Be a Lady
You Must Get Married
Strike Me Pink !
Are Husbands Necessary?

Miss K. L. Hazell, 19 Southcote Farm Lane, Reading, Berks, for :—

A Star is Born
A Star Fell from Heaven
Trouble in Paradise
Calling All Stars

M. Arnold, 52 Queenscroft Road, Eltham, S.E.9, for :—

Flying Hostess
Panic on the Air
Keep Your Seats, Please
No Exit

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o Picturegoer, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

What is this thing called GLAMOUR?



WHAT makes some women so sparkling and alluring that they rival, in everyday life, the much-admired "glamour girls" of stage and screen?

It isn't a matter of money. But it certainly is a matter of "knowing how" in all that concerns make-up and dress. Knowing one's type and knowing what therefore can and cannot be done when using cosmetics or choosing costumes.

In a word, by being a regular reader of the one monthly magazine which, above all others, has won popularity by its practical, helpful and thorough mastery of the arts of appearance—"Woman's Fair, The Journal of Beauty." The brilliant new May issue, just out—price 6d. everywhere—will put you right on the road to glamour. And as a reader you are entitled to the free service and advice of experts on any beauty problem that, itself, may prove worth pounds to you. Get "Woman's Fair" to-day and place a regular order with your newsagent.







EYEBROW MAKE-UP—done properly—can make a world of difference to your attractiveness. So can the subtle touch of just the right perfume and really scientific but simple home massage to remove wrinkles. These are just three of the hundreds of beauty topics on which "Woman's Fair" Beauty Experts can advise you free of charge. What is YOUR problem?

WOMAN'S FAIR

The Journal of Beauty

NOW ON SALE 6D

Help yourself . . and please yourself

"Help yourself to Cigarettes." As a business woman and hostess I know that invitation to be a most useful conversational opening . . . . . particularly if the Cigarettes are Player's, because "all the world and his wife" seem to prefer Player's, either "Medium" or "Mild." So I always offer a box of each with the injunction "Help yourself and please yourself" knowing for certain they will.

BOTH BLENDS ARE CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD



N.C.C.430A

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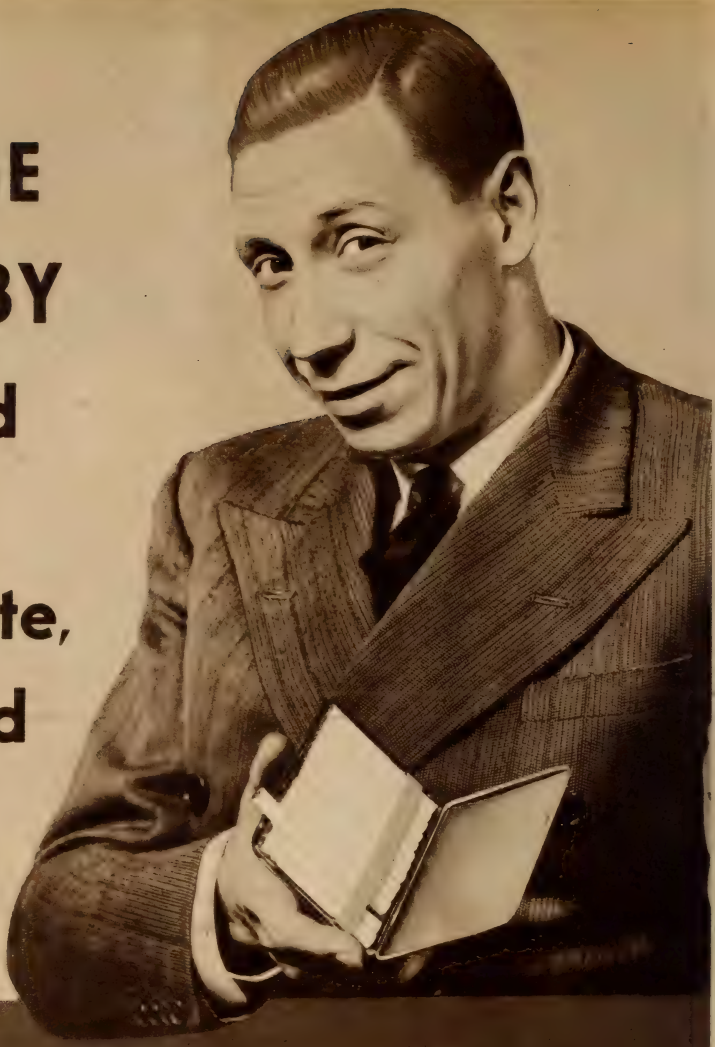
2d WEEKLY



sylvia SIDNEY

TYRONE POWER Calls Hollywood's Bluff

If GEORGE FORMBY offered you a cigarette, it would be a



De Reszke

- of course !

MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR RED-TIPPED

15 FOR 6D

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1 ● Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.



BARBARA STANWYCK

Barbara, after scoring a considerable personal hit in the title role of "Stella Dallas," has been having a spot of story trouble with her studio. Recently she was suspended for refusing to lead in "Distant Field." She was reinstated and assigned to "The Saint In New York." In the meanwhile, she is still Robert Taylor's regular companion at the Hollywood social events.

ANNABELLA

in

Dinner at the Ritz

"The idea is clever; the dialogue is bright. . . . 'Dinner at the Ritz' has sumptuous settings, beautiful Annabella and fine acting by David Niven."
—SUNDAY PICTORIAL.

"Confirming the charm and ability of Annabella, 'Dinner at the Ritz' is a pleasant comedy thriller with interesting settings in Paris, on the Riviera, and on the Thames near Windsor. . . . It has real entertainment value. . . . It will substantially advance the reputation of Annabella."—DAILY MAIL.



PAUL LUKAS
DAVID NIVEN
ROMNEY BRENT
Francis L. SULLIVAN
STEWART ROME
Norah SWINBURNE
TYRELL DAVIS

PRODUCED BY ROBERT T. KANE
Directed by
HAROLD SCHUSTER

"Verdict: Delightful. Here is melodrama at its most civilised and sophisticated. Here is Annabella, French, boyish and quite adorable . . . . I enjoyed every minute of it."
—SUNDAY CHRONICLE.

20th CENTURY FOX

New Menace to Movie Stars

- "Revivals" may ruin reputations.
- Kay Francis and her Baron.
- Dancers the next screen vogue.
- Shearer on the Gold Standard.

IF acting art is, as they say, ageless, the claims to genius of some of our most distinguished stars may be exploded in the next few months.

The danger lies in the present rush of "revivals" resulting from the film shortage—the re-issuing of pictures that were hits in nights gone by.

Films have advanced so much in technique, photography and make-up in the last half-dozen years that performances that thrilled us, say, in 1932, will have to have been of genuine worth to "stand up" in 1938. Some reputations, I fear, will inevitably suffer.

No producer would to-day deliberately risk one of his stellar assets in any picture so technically crude as many of those already announced for resurrection.

The studios, in fact, are running the risk of a wholesale devaluation of their star names. Ridicule is glamour's greatest menace. One dose is usually fatal.

The feminine stars are in the greatest danger in this respect. If you believe that the coiffures and fashions of five years before last don't look funny now, take a look in your own family album. Added to that is inferior lighting and camerawork.

◆ ◆ ◆

I doubt if Irene Dunne, for instance, will ever be quite the same to me after seeing *Back Street* again the other day after six years. Irene, badly made-up and photographed, is a pale shadow of her present soignée self and a performance, regarded in its day as something of an exhibition piece, is revealed as a merely competent bit of hack work and occasionally barely that. At times there is a whine in her voice reminiscent of Zasu Pitts (also in the picture, by the way), while the crude make-up employed to "age" her in the last scene makes her appear almost ludicrous.

And there is an axiom in the studio that a star is only as good as his, or her, last picture. . . .

Powell Gets His Way

● Another revolt that has had a happy ending is that of Dick Powell, who, very wisely, I think, has been battling with the Warner Brothers for a change from the romantic roles they have given him during most of his career on the lot. Dick, like many of his fans, is tired of seeing himself on the screen as a somewhat bumptious young man, irresistible to the fair sex. Now as a breakaway from crooning Romeo parts, he is to have the lead in the re-make of *The Hottentot*.

Film has already been done three times, having been made in the silent days with Douglas MacLean, then as an early Edward Everett Horton talkie and, finally, as a Joe E. Brown comedy!

Kay's Baron—and Her Career

In the meanwhile, however, we are threatened with loss of two of our most important feminine favourites. Joan Blondell (Mrs. Dick Powell) is talking of devoting all her time to being the little wife and mother at home and Kay Francis is reported as saying that she will retire after her marriage to Baron Barnekow.

The Warner studio will be hard hit if these plans eventuate. Both actresses are on the Burbank payroll.

Kay's Baron is a wealthy man, and is planning to build an aeroplane factory in California.

Hollywood has taken him to its heart but, as usual (it is quite common for film colony writers to confuse the British peerage with royalty), is a bit bewildered about, as well as interested in, his title.

In one interview he is quoted as saying that he is not a Baron and in another he was alleged to have announced that he prefers to be known as "Mr." and is taking out American citizenship papers.

The studio publicity department added to the general confusion by declaring that he holds a British baronetcy as well.

Well, who cares?

Now the Ballerinas

● While the song birds flit out the ballerinas are tripping daintily into the studios. Dancers, in fact, will be the next screen vogue.

Sam Goldwyn is planning to star Zorina, who scored a hit in his recent *Follies*, in her next picture.

Now David Selznick has signed Toni Neviska,

(*Continued on page* 6)



Ginger Rogers looks more mature and dignified than usual in her latest portrait — possibly a concession to her new reputation as a dramatic actress — and even more lovely.

An Open Letter to

ALICE BRADY

Congratulations

DEAR ALICE BRADY,

Few occasions give us greater pleasure than those on which we are able to turn away from the stars for a moment to pay a well-deserved tribute to the supporting players, who are the real backbone of the screen.

The recent Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Dinner has left an aftermath of controversy over the destination of the statuettes, but few, we imagine, will quarrel with the award for the "Best Performance by a Supporting Actress" that honoured your portrayal of "Mrs. O'Leary" in "In Old Chicago."

You worthily represent a type and a body of artistes that the screen could not do without.

Like most of them, you know your job and get on with it while the whippersnappers, who have had all of six months' experience in some "little theatre" group, are busy talking about their art.

You were a star of the screen when most of the Young Turks of the Talkies were still playing with their dolls.

★ ★ ★

Even before that you had made a great reputation on the stage. The daughter of a famous producer, William A. Brady, you have the best traditions of the theatre behind you.

In the approved fashion you ran away from school to start your career on the boards—in a musical comedy company, incidentally.

By the time you came to make silent films, some 15 years ago, you came to the studio as a star. The younger generation of filmgoers, by the way, may be surprised to hear that you appeared in no fewer than thirty-two pictures at that time before deserting the screen for the theatre for ten years.

Some of them may be even more surprised to know that during that ten years absence from the studio, you built up a prestige as a dramatic actress rivalled on the New York stage only by artistes like Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Eve le Gallienne and Ina Claire—such is the pernicious power of the system that since "When Ladies Meet" has "typed" you on the screen as a dithery, feather-brained matron, indispensable to the crazier forms of crazy comedy.

★ ★ ★

Your "In Old Chicago" success, however, has not surprised any of us who gratefully remember your work in "Ring Up the Curtain," one of the talkies in which you appeared before the "crazy" rot set in and the last which gave you an opportunity to play a role worthy of your talents and stage reputation.

We hope that "In Old Chicago" will be a bigger "break" for Brady even than a well-merited Academy honour—a breakaway, in fact, from crazy comedy for a while, at least.

In the meanwhile, our congratulations.

THE EDITOR.



Edgar Bergen gives Charlie McCarthy a driving lesson—and doesn't seem impressed with his progress.

ALL THE GOSSIP—*Continued*

prima ballerina of the Polish Ballet, and is grooming her for stardom. She is at present being coached in diction.

Norma Shearer Goes Blonde

● In *Marie Antoinette*, Norma Shearer will, for the first time since *Smilin' Through*, appear on the screen as a blonde.

Antoinette had light hair, with a reddish cast, described by her friends as "sunny"; blue eyes and a fair complexion. It was du Barry who nicknamed her "Little Redhead."

The hairdress and make-up worn by Miss Shearer for purposes of historical fidelity were copied from an original miniature of the Hapsburg Archduchess, purchased in Vienna by Adrian.

Miss Shearer will be a blonde only in the opening scenes of the picture. Later in the film she wears the white wigs of the period, which became the fashion in the France of Antoinette's day.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

FIRST LADY IN FILMLAND

HOLLYWOOD'S most distinguished recent visitor was Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the President. Stars, executives and directors entertained her.

Mrs. Roosevelt had ten minutes alone with Shirley Temple in the Twentieth Century-Fox schoolroom and discovered that Shirley likes both school and acting. Shirley sent two of her Shirley Temple Police Badges to the Roosevelt grandchildren, Sistie and Buzzie.

Then Joseph Schenck, President of Twentieth Century-Fox, escorted her about the lot, which was gay with American flags, waving their welcome to the First Lady.

Next, Mrs. Roosevelt went to Culver City, where she congratulated Luise Rainer on again receiving the Academy Award and visited Bob Taylor, who has been a White House guest on several occasions.

Then she was driven to Burbank where Jack L. Warner, vice-president, met her and showed her the lot. She visited the sets of *Boy Meets Girl* and *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, met James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Edward G. Robinson and others, inspected the research department and lunched with Bette Davis. A busy day for a busy lady.

Irresistible

● Even the bees can't keep away from Robert Taylor. A beehive filled with queens, workers and drones, but probably pushed over by the queens, fell from the eaves of Stage 7 at M.-G.-M. while Bob was in the middle of a scene.

Fortunately it missed hitting him and he was able to dodge another insistent group of fans of a new variety.

WHAT has he that other male stars have not?

A New Mother

● Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, New York dentist, varied the adoption proceedings usual in the case of Hollywood stars.

A year and a half ago they decided to adopt a baby, visited an orphanage in New York and selected a darling little two-year-old girl as their prospective daughter.

She has been living in their home as a visitor until the other day when she legally became Little Miss Griffin, with one of the most charming mothers in the world. Former little orphan is a lucky child.

Inquisitive Police

● Three times inquisitive policemen stopped Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond when they were indulging in a romantic walk in the moonlight. It was necessary for the two stars to identify themselves, and once to give their autographs, in order to go on their way in peace.

You see, walking is not indulged in often in Hollywood, or Beverly Hills, and when a husband and wife walk out together—well, it just isn't done in these parts!

Belated Gift

● A package bounced off Santa Claus' sleigh and did not reach Gracie Allen until the other day. George Burns explained very convincingly to Gracie that the diamond bracelet from Paris had been delayed because of shipping difficulties.

"Georgie Porgie" was not caught napping and gave her another gift for Christmas; as for Gracie, she would just as soon have Christmas come every day.

The Reason Why

● A woman in Memphis, Tennessee, had Ken Maynard arrested claiming that "he beat me on the chest, grabbed at my throat, tore off my clothing and twisted me," in a Tennessee theatre.

Ken paid a fine of fifty dollars, but stated that he was innocent, paying the fine because he could not afford to stay in Memphis to fight the case because of theatrical engagements.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

GATHERING MOMENTUM

WELL, folks, just as I hoped, British production is really beginning to get limbered and is settling down nicely into its stride.

One of the most important films in production at the moment is undoubtedly Alfred Hitchcock's *Lost Lady* down at Islington.

This is the film which began life as *The Wheel Spins*, which seems to me such a good title that I half hoped (though I know the weight of experience is against this) that it might be retained.

However, apparently neither "Wheel" nor "Spin" is a box-office word, whereas "Lady" *is*—according to the authorities on these matters. So the lady is lost, and if you get it mixed up with *Where Is This Lady* or *Three Girls Lost* don't blame me.

Skip It!

● Like to know the story? I thought so; majority in favour. Well, all those who dislike being told the plot in advance, skip the rest of this paragraph.

Beautiful daughter of wealthy jam-manufacturer (Margaret Lockwood) is about to return from European holiday to marry British lordling.

On borders of Balkan lake she meets British youth collecting folk-songs (Michael Redgrave) quarrels with him, naturally, but meets him again on the train.

Small English spinster (Dame May Whitty) disappears, and her disappearance lands young couple in web of international espionage, with a foreign doctor being sinister all over the place (that's Paul Lukas).

Then there's a dead body, and . . . no, I find I haven't the heart. You jolly well see it for yourselves.

You can come in now, you others; I've decided not to split after all.

We're used to some pretty impressive casts in major British pictures nowadays, but really I think this one just about sets a new high. See what you think.

I shall need a new paragraph for this.

And Here They Are

● Besides the four I have mentioned, there are Cecil Parker (who was so good as the Scots M.P. in *Storm in a Teacup*), Linden Travers (who figured once before in a film with Margaret Lockwood, *Bank Holiday*), Naunton Wayne (I saw him put up a rattling good performance lately in *Wise To-morrow*, his first "straight" play), Basil Radford (who played the kind uncle in a paper cap in Hitchcock's *Young and Innocent*); and Mary Clare, who played his wife, is here too.

Then there are Googie Withers (no introduction needed), Philip Leaver, Emile Boreo, Catherine Lacy, Sally Stewart, Cathleen Tremayne, Zelma Vas Dias, and Emile Gamba.

Emile Boreo used to be in the famous *Chauve Souris*, that amazingly clever collection of playlets, sketches, and mimes, which made two or three visits to London under the direction of the late Nikita Balieff.

Boreo is now contemplating a revival of *Chauve Souris*, which sounds like good news; it was an unforgettable organisation, and Boreo, I understand, was always a leading spirit in it.

For one thing, he created the famous "March of the Wooden Soldiers."

Gentler Smoke

● While I was watching Alfred Hitchcock directing Dame May Whitty in a scene in a Balkan hotel dining-room, it occurred to me how times had changed.

"Hitch" wanted more smoke in the room; and although several people were busily puffing cigarettes on to the set, it wasn't enough.

So he gave orders for a ration of cigarettes and Panatellas to be issued to the electricians, carpenters, prop-men, and stage-hands, and they all gathered solemnly on the set and smoked away as though their lives depended upon it.

This suited their book exactly, because in the ordinary way of course smoking is not permitted in the studio, and the long spells these men have to put in without a gasper is a little hard on some of them.

But I couldn't help casting my mind back ten years, to when "Hitch" was directing Betty Balfour in *Champagne*.

Then, when he wanted more smoke on the set, he gave the word to the prop-men, who set fire to short pieces of celluloid, plunged these into buckets of water, and carried the reeking objects rapidly round the set, spready a sulphurous yellow smoke everywhere.

Kept Bending

● However, I don't think "Hitch's" heart has softened; I think it's simply that he has realised that he can get a better shot when half his extras don't have red-rimmed eyes and tears streaming down their cheeks.

"Hitch," I find, is just as relentless as ever when it comes to getting his shot right; with him the film is the thing that matters.

For instance, he wanted a shot of Margaret Lockwood bending down in a "touch-your-toes" posture and looking between her wide-apart legs into the lens of the camera just behind her.

Of course her stand-in, Kathleen Marshall, had to do it while the lights were adjusted, the camera focused, and so forth; and I noticed that poor Kathleen was kept in that position, head-down, in front of dozens of blazing studio lights, for nearly a quarter of an hour, before she stepped out to allow Margaret to take her place and be "shot."

Anyone fancy a job as stand-in?

Wetting Wendy

● Another case I encountered this week of suffering for Art's sake was down at Pine-

(*Continued on page* 8)



(*Above*) *Charles Winninger, Alice Brady and Frank Jenks in a scene from "Good-bye Broadway."*



(*Left*) *Ralph Bellamy, Josephine Hutchinson, Barbara Read and William Gargan as they appear in "The Crime of Dr. Hallet."*

ALL the GOSSIP



Googie Withers, Sally Stewart, Margaret Lockwood and Emile Boreo in the new Hitchcock picture, "Lost Lady."

ALL THE GOSSIP—*Continued*

wood, during making of Pascal Productions' *Pygmalion*.

Wendy Hiller had to have a bath; well, to be more accurate, "Eliza Doolittle" had to have a bath, for the dirt really belonged to her.

And although Wendy has had many, many baths in her time, this was Eliza's first, so it was naturally attended by a certain amount of ceremony, and in fact was supervised by Professor Higgins's housekeeper, Mrs. Pearce (played by Jean Cadell).

It was also supervised by two directors (Leslie Howard and Anthony Asquith), a first cameraman, second and third ditto, a crew, a floor staff, and about umpteen electricians, to say nothing of floor secretary, hairdresser, dressers, stand-ins, make-up men, and a few odd visitors, of whom not the least odd was probably your devoted servant.

So you see it was quite a bath.

The previous week, in the Covent Garden scenes, Wendy Hiller had had to get very wet; but she confided to me that this was the wettest day of her life, for between rehearsals, takes, and re-takes she spent about five hours partially submerged.

Just imagine how this would have appalled our ancestors who considered that too-frequent bathing caused the flesh to rot!

At Sea

● Owing to a slight technical 'itch (as the proprietor of the flea-circus remarked when the performance was interrupted), I have not previously been able to tell you about a current Associated British film at Elstree; but all is now apparently ironed out, and I can safely spill what beans are left to spill about this picture, which is nearly finished.

It's called *Queer Cargo*, and stars John Lodge as "Captain Harley," skipper of a tramp steamer carrying a miscellaneous party of passengers, which becomes involved with mutiny and piracy on the high seas.

I'd like to see a bit of a boom in tramp-steamer stories, for they can be virile, and afford great scope for outdoor photography. The sea-going bits of *Captain's Orders*, the most recent Henry Edwards picture, I thought were very attractive.

In that, by the way, there was a strong-willed young film-star (played by Jane Carr) who chose to travel in hazardous fashion on a tramp steamer instead of in luxury on a liner.

In *Queer Cargo* there is a strong-willed young daughter of a British Vice-Consul (played by Judy Kelly) who chooses to travel in hazardous fashion on a tramp steamer instead of in luxury.

Break For Judy

● I'm glad to see Judy Kelly getting this break; she's been rather waiting around lately, which shouldn't happen to a girl of Judy's beauty and talent.

Arch-villain is Keneth Kent, who has not previously been seen on the screen, though he is known and honoured as a fine actor on the West End stage. He has played some of the dirtiest dogs I've ever seen in the English theatre.

Suave and gentlemanly villainy is his long suit; and he is further distinguished by the spelling of his first name, which sets him apart from all Kenneths.

Louis Borell, the young Dutch actor, has an important role, and the comedy is supplied by Jerry Verno and Frank Pettingell as one team, and Bertha Belmore and Wylie Watson as another—the latter pair being missionaries.

I hold no brief for missionaries, but I have known a good many, and comic ones are as rare in real life as comic policemen and comic curates and housemaids.

No offence meant, Elstree, but you don't mind my just mentioning it?

Famous Comedy

● *Queer Cargo* is being directed by Harold Schuster, the young American who (as I hope you have grasped by this time) came over to edit *Wings of the Morning* and stayed to direct it—owing to another slight technical 'itch—while Otto Kanturek, the Czech cameraman, just back from Hollywood, is squinting through the lens.

Another important Associated British production is getting nicely under way—*Yellow Sands*, a version of Eden Philpotts's famous play about West Country fishermen and farmers; or maybe I should zay vaarmers, bein' as 'ow that be the way they be tarkin' down Elstree way, zee?

Diana Churchill, who suddenly changed her name to Mrs. Barry K. Barnes the other day, had been hauled back from her honeymoon abroad to play the juvenile lead, opposite Robert Newton, but was taken ill, and Belle Chrystall now has the role.

Wilfred Lawson, I am glad to say, is to play the extremely fat part of Uncle Dick, the Devonshire beachcomber who has "too many brains to work." He will be able to interleave this with his work as dustman Doolittle in *Pygmalion*.

I have a feeling that in a year or two the name of Lawson is going to be spoken with the same degree of respect as the name of Laughton receives to-day. He is an uncannily clever actor.

Husky

● Patrick Barr, one of our most promising young huskies, plays an important role; Coral Brown plays a barmaid, and Amy Veness will be Mary, the sanctimonious farmer's widow, a part she created on the stage.

Drusilla Wills and Muriel Johnston will be the little spinster sisters, Minnie and Nellie, who anticipated by twelve years the two "pixilated" characters in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

The most important role of all, that of the elderly maiden lady with money to leave, is to be played by that great comedienne, Marie Tempest. This is going to be good.

NEXT WEEK

My Hollywood Temptations
By CLARK GABLE

Women. Extravagance. Wild Parties. Temperament. Swelled Head. Those are the temptations that beset all the movie matinee idols.

Clark Gable, the most popular masculine player since Valentino, has had to face his share of the "seductive lures of stardom" during the years since he arrived at the top.

He talks freely and frankly about those temptations in a sensational article you cannot afford to miss in next week's PICTUREGOER. *Make sure you get your copy by ordering early.*



A lesson in the control and management of spaghetti! Sylvia Sidney, with George Raft, in her latest picture, "You and Me."

A HOLLYWOOD COMMUTOR

Lionel Collier discusses Sylvia Sidney, the attractive artiste who spends as much time on the New York stage as she does on the screen and concludes that she is still awaiting her big film opportunity.

SYLVIA SIDNEY has one of the most provocative personalities on the screen today. She is also one of the few artistes who really live the parts they are given.

In view of these facts, which few will dispute, it seems a pity that we see her so infrequently and are indeed in danger of losing her altogether.

For Sylvia Sidney is a commutor between the New York stage and Hollywood and at the present moment has left the film capital after making *You and Me*, and gone back to the stage.

There appears to have been some trouble between the studio and the star but whatever it was has not been publicised. The unfortunate fact remains that we have again—we hope temporarily—lost a particularly bright star in the screen constellation.

There are undoubtedly faults on both sides.

For their part, the studios have not been particularly kind to Sylvia Sidney in the matter of story material. She had some fine parts which she has made outstanding but on the whole she can hardly be said to have had the breaks her talent deserved.

On the other hand, the star has the reputation of being "difficult" and there is no doubt that she has a very strong will of her own coupled with a certain amount of obstinacy.

These two facts in conjunction seem to have lead to Sylvia Sidney indulging in this long distance commuting.

I do not think that she has ever really recovered from her first big disappointment. She had been proved a stage success in New York and had had wide experience in stock when she went to Hollywood.

That was in 1929. She apparently did not impress the Fox executives who had signed her up, for it was months before she was given her first part—a small role in *Through Different Eyes* which featured Warner Baxter, Edmund Lowe and Mary Duncan.

The picture on its box-office receipts was not a success and Sylvia Sidney, who had had plenty of time for reflection while it was being made—since she spent most of the time sitting around the set waiting for a call, decided that she was not a success either.

She said she could not feel the part and that the break between stage and screen acting had been too sudden.

So she asked for her contract to be annulled—the executives did not need a great deal of persuading—and she went back to New York as soon as she could.

It was there that she created an outstanding success in Vina Delmar's *Bad Girl*, a success, that Sally Eilers emulated on the screen.

Hollywood once again sat up and took interest and made her another attractive offer. She was asked to step into Clara Bow's part in *City Streets*, the "It" girl having had a spot of bother and walked out.

There was a lot of publicity at the time about the Bow-Sidney war but actually it did not amount to much. The main point was that she was immediately supplied with a label as the new "It" girl.

Luckily she did not live down to it. She gave a brilliant performance which the critics were not slow to recognise, and she was hailed as a striking new personality who was entirely different to any other actress on the screen.

That was as true then as indeed it is now.

She followed this re-commencement of her screen career with a role in *An American Tragedy* one of those "weepie" roles that are not wholly suited to the star.

Then came *Confessions of a Co-Ed* and *Street Scene*. It was, however, in *Ladies of the Big House* that Sylvia Sidney ran again into consistent form. The next picture *The Miracle Man* gave her no opportunity except to be her charming self.

I think it was in *Madame Butterfly* that the star's sensitivity and sincerity showed itself to the best advantage. It was not a great picture but her performance undoubtedly was. I could never hope to see a more perfect characterisation of the pathetic little figure of Puccini's opera.

In complete contrast was her light comedy role in *Thirty Day Princess*, but here again the actress was far greater than the part.

She has always acquitted herself well but I still think she is awaiting her really big chance. *Merrily We Go To——*, *Pick Up* (with George Raft who appears with her in her latest picture *You and Me*) *Jennie Gerhardt*, *Behold My Wife* and *Accent on Youth*, all redound to her credit as an actress but none has really been big enough to put her in her rightful place.

That she photographs excellently in Technicolor was proved in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* in which she once again gave a charming characterisation.

In *Mary Burns' Fugitive* she was the picture, and in *Fury* her performance was of sheer brilliance but it was small and all the limelight was taken by Spencer Tracy who gave one of his finest pieces of acting in it.

As a matter of fact, Alfred Hitchcock has got as much out of Sylvia Sidney as anyone. To my mind, she had one of the finest dramatic moments in her career as the wife of the secret agent in *Sabotage*, a film which did not live up to the reputation of its author, Joseph Conrad.

Perhaps in *You and Me* she may get the opportunity we all wish her.



It was in "City Streets," with Gary Cooper, that Sylvia Sidney made her first big hit on the screen.

Incidentally, Sylvia Sidney possesses an excellent singing voice which she has never been able to use until this current production, although she has pleaded to do so.

She was asked to sing a little number entitled "We're the kind of people who sing lullabies" in *You and Me* and was highly delighted.

She immediately went into training under the Paramount singing coach Al Siegal, learned the song, and spent an hour practising every day.

Then the song was cut out of the script in order to tighten the plot.

"So I suppose I'll never be a singing star," she opines. "And to think my mother wanted me to be an opera singer!"

Well, I have no desire myself to see Sylvia Sidney join the ranks of the vocal celebrities, all I wish for her is a big picture which she does not carry—as she has so often had to do—on her own shoulders.

Tyrone Power SURVIVES



NORMAN MAINE gives you a new angle on the star who, as he points out, has called Hollywood's bluff and refused to be put through the movie circus hoop.

IN Hollywood where they like to boast that this or that screen hero was always "such a man" that he arrived with a full set of teeth and, at thirteen, was as hairy as an ape, it is refreshing to hear them speak an occasional truth about this fellow Tyrone Power.

Over at Twentieth Century studios, where they are as proud as a pikestaff of young "Tye," they will tell you that until his seventh year he was "a frail child who could not stand the rigours of the wintry cold in Eastern U.S.A., so was taken by his parents to sunny California." After explaining how he grew sturdy and strong on the warm beach sands at Coronada, they will go on to describe for you a terrible scene which some years later almost cheated Hollywood of this fine young star. He was on the stage at the time, and his father, Tyrone Power, well-known Shakespearian actor, was dividing his attention between the role he himself was playing and that which his young chit of a son had been given as his very first stage part. They were doing *The Merchant of Venice*, young Tyrone playing an old man, friend of the Doge of Venice, who was impersonated by his father.

Fritz Lieber who was playing the title role—or was it Shylock?—picked up the knife with which to demand his legal "pound of flesh." The knife slipped from his grasp, flew across the stage and narrowly missed hitting young Power. His father gasped: "My heavens, son, are you hurt?" Which, of course, wasn't in Shakespeare's lines at all, and Lieber almost collapsed.

I have heard many people in Hollywood solemnly tell this tale and not one of them ever seems to have tumbled to the fact that the knife would have been "a dummy" and could not possibly have hurt young Power even if it had been hurled at him full force by one of Gulliver's giants.

I mention these little things just now, because it seems to me that while Hollywood strains itself to exaggerate every little untoward incident in the life of young Tyrone Power, it overlooks, with characteristic blandness, the real obstacles he has "hurdled" in his sprint towards fame.

I have known "Tye" quite well almost from the first few months he spent in Hollywood. They were disheartening times for the young fellow. He was so youthful-looking that no producer could possibly imagine him playing a leading romantic part. Darryl Zanuck thought he might be all right for the punk son in the Jones family pictures . . . you know, a lad just beginning to feel his feet and making an awfully bad showing of it.

At the time Tyrone didn't care very much what parts they offered him if only they would give him a chance to earn his own living. He couldn't very well contradict when a producer eyed him, as a cattle-dealer might a pre-Christmas buy, and then with a snort said "You're a little too slim for a hero." He'd heard all about Gable and Tracy and Cooper. And never for a moment did he picture himself in the same breadline with them.

He did his best to prove to Hollywood that, whether he happened to look a man or just a kid, he was a man all right and more than that, he'd show 'em that the Hollywood "gals" thought so too.

It must have been just about the time Darryl Zanuck had decided to "try" this young slim fellow with the pitch-black glossy hair; small wan face and large soft-brown eyes in a rather small role in *Girls' Dormitory* with Herbert Marshall and Simone Simon.

Only Tyrone's closest friends knew how intensely he was hoping and working for success. He never became moody, but those who knew him well could read anxiety in every line of his sensitive face.

I saw him dining one evening at a fashionable Hollywood restaurant. It was early evening. The lovely lady with him, then known to Hollywood as Joy Haworth, had recently arrived from Australia. I didn't know any more than he did that within a few hours his name might be splashed in the Hollywood headlines and a mischievous and wholly unfounded campaign of gossip started against him.

But only his own alertness and keen perception of what Hollywood headlines will do, and what some people in Hollywood will do for headlines, saved him from a much greater risk of annihilation than he faced on that Shakespearian stage the studio press agents tell us about.

No one has ever heard this story before. Only four people ever knew it and I happen to be one of them.

Sonja Henie, with whom Tyrone Power scored a big success in "Thin Ice." The gossips naturally found plenty to talk about this young pair—untrue, of course. Left—In "Lloyd's of London"

I tell it now merely to indicate how Tyrone Power's own ability and resourcefulness have contributed to his success and to show how he has made his way with his public, more in spite of than because of anything Hollywood has done to "build up public interest in him."

Tyrone Power went home that night and at three in the morning his phone rang. He heard a faint cry from the other end and recognised the voice of Miss Haworth. He hurried to her apartment: found it filled with gas. Miss Haworth was ill: almost unconscious.

He called a doctor: the doctor formally notified the police. The police promised not to report the call to the local press. Shortly afterwards, however, reporters and press photographers arrived. Miss Haworth who explained that she had been feeling ill, begged them to excuse her, but they were out for headlines if they could find them.

If those gossip hounds had noticed inscribed photographs of Tyrone Power all around the apartment, in spite of the fact that the inscriptions were moderately phrased to express "love from Tye," the young man would have figured in the kind of headlines no studio likes its coming stars to "make."

But they didn't notice those photos, for "Tye" beat the press sleuths at their own game. He slipped each photo out of its frame and just as the advance guard of the press army stole into the apartment by the front door, he left by the back.

He hadn't a thing to hide: his friendship with Miss Haworth was a quite delightful one and

apart from the fact that it concerned no one but the two of them, was in no sense "one of the usual Hollywood romances." In fact it wasn't a romance at all. But Tyrone knew instinctively that once those press people "got him wrong" the story of that night's exciting incidents would keep on repeating itself for years.

How right he was! Miss Howarth afterwards became known as Miss Constance Worth, and later still, in private life as Mrs. George Brent. The eventual upstir in her matrimonial affairs would inevitably have led to all kinds of miserable and unnecessary confusion in which Tyrone's name might have arisen.

As one of the all-too-few young gentlemen of Hollywood, Tyrone wasn't going to stand for that, but it remains a tribute to his alertness and good horsesense that he outwitted the underworld of Hollywood gossips and protected not only the good name of a nice little lady, but his own as well.

Soon after this Tyrone made his first sensational hit in *Lloyd's of London* and the Hollywoodenheads began to say, "now see him go high hat." Tyrone fooled them. He didn't change in the least bit and he hasn't changed to this very day.

He stuck out his chin while Hollywood bandied about his name with Sonja Henie's. He had met Sonja and they liked each other quite a lot. Tye told me at the time that he "would rather marry Sonja than any other girl" he knew if he felt like getting married at all. But he didn't just then.

Hollywood refused to believe it. So day after day he had to read how Sonja had stamped her foot at him: how he had failed to keep a date he made with her: how they had kissed and made up: how they had fallen out again! It must have nauseated both Tyrone and Sonja. But "Tye" just took it lying down. "I guess they must write something about us," he would grin.

Then after he had been co-starred with Loretta Young in *Love is News*, they started the tale that he had been out with Loretta and that Sonja had told him what she thought about it. Still he smiled.

Café Metropole came along and some enthusiastic press agent discovered that Tyrone was "a second Robert Taylor!" Now Tyrone is too much of a good sort to kick against that because he knows and likes Robert Taylor, but he did begin to wonder where the likeness came in. Tyrone has a good business sense: he is not just a harum-scarum actor. Adroitly he tackled the trouble at its source and the studio dropped the habit of tying up Tyrone with Robert, as you might drop a hot potato.

It ought to have been clear from the start that the only thing Power and Taylor shared in common, was a definite place among Hollywood's young romantic set. In personality, physical build and general character they were no more alike than Clark Gable and Gary Cooper. It happened that while Tyrone was making *Thin Ice* with Sonja Henie, Robert Taylor made his sensational first trip to London, where he had to "take the rap" for one of the most uninspired and stupid pieces of New York press agentry ever perpetrated upon a decent fellow. That finally convinced Hollywood that perhaps after all it might be just as well to let Tyrone Power go on being his own pleasant self, and doing his own fine job of acting as only he could.

Tyrone didn't express any opinion, but he might have felt a great deal of sympathy for Robert Taylor when the headlines all over the world started to scream hysterically about his "pretty face and his dimples." In any case Tyrone knew that sort of thing wasn't ever going to happen to him.

He is always two jumps ahead of people who want to make a "fake" out of him. I doubt whether anyone will ever have to "de-bunk" Tye, for the reason that he never has fallen for the bunk in the first place and his buoyant sense of humour saves him every time the bunk threatens to fall on him. He can laugh at Hollywood without deriding it. He can laugh at himself without turning into a clowning act. That is why he has survived the worst Hollywood can do to him, and has made the most of the good chances it had to offer. Apart from the fact that his latest work in *In Old Chicago* and again with Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette* proves conclusively that "this slight fellow with the boyish air and no hair on his chest" belongs among the screen's most electrifying young heroes, he comes through handsomely in private life as the young fellow with the way of a gentleman.

Hollywood wanted to continue spreading stories about his friendship with Sonja Henie. "Of course, if you wish . . . provided that is all right with Sonja," was his reply.

At the same time he made it known that although Janet Gaynor and he happen to be employed by rival studios and are not, therefore, a "ready-made romance story" for any particular film company, they did not propose to see each other in secret in order to keep the story running that "Tyrone and Sonja are still that way about each other." Every now and again there flashes across the Hollywood scene, a new personal force so strong that even the most stupid of Hollywood's impresarios cannot help sitting up to take notice.

People will tell you that nine times out of ten, the quality which makes that personality what it is, is merely a photogenic thing: a kind of knack or trick: a gift which has nothing to do with brains and not much to do with ability.

If those people are right then Tyrone Power is the one man in ten, for as I know him I realise that the force with which he drilled a hole through the numbskulls of the film capital had more to do with his clear-cut methods of tackling people and things than with his finely chiselled profile, his impishly tilted nose, his mischievous dark eyes, or his crisp honest-sounding voice.

He may not be a he-man, but what a *real* man he is. After he is through with his new role in *Suez*, 20th Century-Fox intend, as Darryl Zanuck tells me, to star him in his first colour film. He will be seen in all his glory as Jesse James, the American Robin Hood, which gives one a feeling it may not be long before Hollywood will try to tip him off as a "second Errol Flynn."

Second to none, I would say if you asked me to sum up Tyrone, and Technicolor or no, a "white guy" all through.



Above: A new studio portrait of Tyrone Power, who will soon be seen in "Suez"



The star with his friend and stand-in, Tom M. Noonan. They can obviously share a joke together too



With Norma Shearer and W. S. van Dyke on the "Marie Antoinette" set. His fans are counting on him to score in this

In "Cafe Metropole" with Loretta Young. Some of his biggest hits have been made with this star



FILMLAND'S *Junior* ROYALTY

HOW many child actors can you think of? You may be surprised at their number and variety as here described

by MAX BREEN



Don't let Bonita Granville kid you she's really driving that wagon

WHO has made the biggest splash in Filmland's turbulent waters during the last year or so?

Well, certainly Sonja Henie has unsettled some of the judges of form; but still more startling has been the success of a child of fifteen, Deanna Durbin.

This induces a train of thought; have you noticed how consistently and systematically the screen kids have been scooping the pool during the last twelve months?

Queen-pin of the world's movies is still, of course, the amazing Shirley Temple, whose name is balm to the exhibitor's tired and worried soul, inasmuch as she can be relied upon to "stand 'em up in the aisles" at any time or place.

Not content with topping the Motion Picture Herald's popularity poll for two successive years, she has maintained her high standard in such films as *Heidi* and *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*—and this despite the fact that most film scribes (including myself) have spoken gloomily of her rapid approach to the "awkward age."

What has happened to that awkward age? It seems to have disappeared.

One of the young people mainly responsible for its being "knocked for a loop" was the 14-year-old New Zealander whom we first encountered as Ra Hould, though he is now known as Ronald Sinclair.

Ra, having been a child star in a very modest way in our farthest-flung Dominion, was taken to Hollywood as a "long chance" by his father and mother, and made his first appearance as the urchin in *Beloved Enemy*.



We are likely to see much more of that charming comedienne Marcia Mae Jones

So far his greatest value to his sponsors, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is his use as a whip to threaten Freddie Bartholomew in case that remarkable young man should become "difficult" over questions of salary. It is said that Ronald's success in *Thoroughbreds Don't Cry* was largely instrumental in causing Freddie's Aunt Millicent to hurry her nephew back to work.

Freddie's own popularity shows no signs of abating; his performance in *Captains Courageous* was a notable one, which would have received even more attention if it had not been overshadowed by the *tour de force* of Spencer Tracy.

Speaking of Freddie reminds me of Douglas Scott, the sturdy youngster who played with him as the boy Nelson in *Lloyd's of London*.

There were many who felt that his acting and personality overshadowed those of the more famous Freddie, who is two years his senior.

And So They Were Married, The Last Gangster, Easy to Take, Slave Ship, Wee Willie Winkie, and *Wild and Woolly* have all furnished young Scott with invaluable acting experience; and, his parents being British, he is sedulously preserving that English accent which is so much in demand these days. Douglas is going places.

And so, undoubtedly, is Bonita Granville, the 13½-year-old villainess of *These Three* and *Maid of Salem*, who was so startlingly angelic in *The Plough and the Stars*. From the evidence of the first two you'd have said she would finish up in a reformatory; from her third effort you'd say she was heading for Heaven for sure.

Her latest real chance is in *Merrily We Live*, where the brat is again brattish; but now that we have seen definitely that she can play less repulsive characters, I expect to find her increasingly recurring in films.

Speaking of brats reminds me of Edith Fellows, who was the oh-so-spankable little demon in *She Married Her Boss*. Edith is thirteen now, but she was only nine when she put up her diabolically clever performance in that picture, and followed it up in *And So They Were Married*, in which she was teamed with Jackie Moran.

We saw Jackie, now a sturdy young man of 13, just the other day in *Mad About Music*; and another very promising youngster is Deanna Durbin's school friend in that—the 12½-year-old comedienne Marcia Mae Jones, who, by the way, was in *These Three*. Both Marcia and Jackie will shortly be seen in *Tom Sawyer*.

That's a film that's going to give the kids a break, and among them one or two you never previously saw, heard, or thought of, including the Tom Sawyer himself, a 12-year-old mass of freckles from the Bronx named Tommy Kelly, who was selected from 25,000 applicants for the part.

The cast includes Micky Rentschler, aged 14, Byron Armstrong, aged 13 (he plays the cornet in the North Hollywood band when he isn't film-acting), 12-year-old Georgie Billings, 10-year-old David Holt, and my little podgy black-eyed favourite Cora Sue Collins, now aged 11, who has already figured in about thirty films.

The last time they made *Tom Sawyer* Jackie Coogan and that amazing little mimic Mitzi Green were the stars; now Jackie is a married man, and Mitzi, aged seventeen, is returning to the screen with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in *Carefree*, after four years' absence.

Jackie Cooper, too, who graduated from Our Gang to become Number One Child at 6, is sailing nicely over the so-called "awkward age" with the successful *Boy of the Streets*, which has been hailed as a better film than *Dead End*, though made at a fraction of its cost. Jackie is 14½ now, and, of course, he no longer does his celebrated blubbing act, but he comes out strong in other directions.

An old associate of Jackie's, Mickey Rooney, is also weathering the mid-teens very successfully. In *Devil Takes the Count* and *Captains*



Binkie Stuart does a Marlene Dietrich act—but more winningly



Here are Tommy Kelly and Jackie Moran in a tense moment in "Tom Sawyer"



John England is growing up into a sturdier Freddie Bartholomew

Courageous he put up as good performances as he has ever done—and that's saying a lot.

Mickey's 16½ now, and lanky for his age, but I feel there's going to be no gap in *his* career.

Young Mauch owes much of his success to the fact that he is twins—Billy and Bobby—so much alike that you have to undress them to find distinguishing birthmarks.

They're 27 between them now—13½ each; but Billy made his film debut at the age of 6.

They do a great deal of broadcasting together, but the only film in which they have both been seen was *The Prince and the Pauper*; there isn't a very heavy demand for twins on the screen, since the camera, with diabolical cunning, can make twins out of anybody.

But Billy, after his good work in *Anthony Adverse* and *The White Angel*, will probably march on alone, with Bobby standing-in for him. Or perhaps it's *vice versa*; I don't see how anyone can tell, anyway.

Jane Withers, 12 this month, is an actress who cannot be overlooked when child stars are lined up.

Making her debut as the abomination in the Shirley Temple film *Bright Eyes*, she was immediately clapped on long contracts by Fox, who thought that was the only way of preventing her from becoming a serious rival to their precious Shirley. Actually she is a totally different type, being at her best in tomboy roles.

Probably the nearest approach to a Shirley who has hit the Hollywood lots is little South African-born Sybil Jason, exported by Warners at Teddington to Warners at Burbank, Calif., some four years ago.

Sybil is now 8½, but when I last saw her (in a colour short so reminiscent of *Wee Willie Winkie* as to be almost a parody of that parodic film) she had retained all her baby charm and had improved greatly in her singing and dancing technique.

The real forerunner of Deanna Durbin may be said to be Judy Garland from Tennessee, inasmuch as Judy sings all over the place; but this child, a few months younger than Deanna, has been described by Sophie Tucker as a "junior red-hot momma; she sings "swing" music, tap dances, plays the saxophone, and altogether acts like a three-ring circus.

Another notable singing prodigy is Bobbie Breen from Canada (no relation of mine, I'm afraid), who sings in English, French, Italian, and Spanish, as often as you'll let him.

Bobby's 10½ now, but he's been a remarkable singer from the age of 3, and made his professional debut a year later. If he goes on like this he should be a Caruso by the time he reaches maturity . . . but there is always that "if."

I confess to a weakness for Virginia Weidler, who made her film debut in *Moby Dick* at the age of 2. Unfortunately the script called for her to take off her dress, which caused her to retire indignantly from the screen for four years.

Virgie is now 11, and there is talk of teaming her with Ronald Sinclair in a series of small-boy-meets-small-girl pictures; she speaks English, French, and German fluently.

Passing lightly over the Dionne Quintuplets, who are film stars chiefly by virtue of their numerical strength, let's see what we have in England since Freddie Bartholomew and Sybil Jason left us and Nova Pilbeam and Desmond Tester are out of the child-actor stage.

Well, British studios do little to foster child players, because our grandmotherly Government says "No, no, the kid ought to be in school"; consequently it is only the very young ones who have a real chance to shine; and of these the brightest-shining starlet is little Binkie Stuart, who turned 4 last month.

Binkie was christened Fiona, but she played a character named Binkie in *Keep Your Seats, Please*, and the name stuck.

Before her second birthday she had won a child beauty competition by public vote, but she survived that to become Britain's highest-paid juvenile player.

She sings and tap-dances with great éclat, and yet manages to remain perfectly natural. I should say Binkie has "the makings" to a remarkable degree. She has now reached the point of having stories written specially for her, her latest being *Little Dolly Daydream*.

By the way, if you meet Binkie don't attempt to kiss her; she's too much of a lady to snub you, but she hates it.

Her nearest rival here is nine-year-old Hazel Ascot, who has won tap-dancing championships all up and down the country, and who made a stir in her first film, *Talking Feet*, and has since starred with great effect in *Stepping Toes*.

Her genius is inherited, for she is the daughter of two of the original "four Ascots," once famous as the world's fastest dancers.

Boy roles in British pictures generally seem to be played by the three Hepworth boys, Ronnie especially having figured in a very large number of films; and there is a diminutive young man named John Singer, who is a force to be reckoned with in films; I have it on reliable authority that he conducted an orchestra before an audience of 3,000 (including the Prince of Wales) at the age of 3½.

South Riding was responsible for the introduction of two very promising children, Joan Ellum and Glynis Johns, both of whom should be heard of again.

Glynis Johns was only fourteen when she played "Midge Carne" in that film, but she evinced a sense of character and a "camera consciousness" which would have done credit to a far more experienced performer.

Her most important role up to that date was in Elmer Rice's stage play *Judgment Day*.

Joan Ellum is a Yorkshire lass whom most of us would have put down as decidedly improbable screen material; but her performance showed her to possess sincerity, character, and charm.

It would manifestly be impossible to deal here with all the likely youngsters in Britain and America, but I must certainly wedge in 6-year-old John England, who will probably be filched from us by Hollywood shortly. He is a sturdy young man who boxes remarkably well, being trained by the "monocled boxer" Desmond Jeans.

John is now growing *into* the boy that Freddie Bartholomew is growing *away* from, and there is certain to be an opening for him shortly. Unfortunately he's a year too old to be legitimately employed here—or six years too young!

We are told that Hollywood is abandoning crazy comedy and going in for simple heart-touching stories of the *Little Women* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* type.

They'll need the kids; and the juvenile camera-fodder is certainly available in bulk . . . and at a price!

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They Fooled the FILM KINGS

—and got away with it. Malcolm Phillips reveals the great recent Hollywood hoaxes.



(*Above*) *Clark Gable bluffed his way into "The Painted Desert" (with Helen Twelvetrees and J. Farrell MacDonald).*

(*Left*) *Sigrid Gurie, "Sensational Norwegian actress" — born in Brooklyn.*

SO Sigrid Gurie, Goldwyn's "Sensational Scandinavian Screen Discovery," was really born in Brooklyn, New York, and possesses the prosaic private-life name of "Mrs. Thomas Stewart." Sigrid's Continental background, to be fair to the girl, is sounder than those of most of the exotic young ladies with fancy, but phoney, accents who have fooled the film kings from time to time.

She was educated in Oslo, Brussels, and London, where she met and married Mr. Stewart, an American, and where, following the advice of an agent, she got an interview with Goldwyn and "sold" herself to that usually astute producer as a "well-known Norwegian actress."

No very great harm seems to have been done by the deception, though the public, one imagines, may be somewhat suspicious of Mr. Goldwyn's finds in future. Sam himself bears no hard feelings. "It was," he says, "a good piece of showmanship. I told her: 'You stick with me and show me some more.'"

In the meantime, however, it is significant that Miss Gurie, hailed as "colossal" at the time when she was guarded from the Press "while she was perfecting her English," will appear in a supporting role in her second picture, *Grawstark*, after making her bow as Gary Cooper's leading lady in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*.

Hollywood is not so easy to hoax as it was in the old days, when the studios rang with the fake "'ow you say eet in your so deelightful countree" accents of brunettes from the Bronx, and bogus representatives of Russian royalty like Harry Gergusson were lionised and fought over by film-colony hostesses, but the movie moguls are still notoriously optimists where "new faces" are concerned, and optimists are notoriously gullible.

The classic recent example of a bluff that worked was that of Margaret Lindsay, "eminent English actress, engaged at enormous expense for the all-British cast of *Cavalcade*," who turned out to be "Lizzie" Kies, of Dubuque, Iowa.

Margaret has never expressed any regret for the trick, exposed, incidentally, by Walter Winchell, the columnist. She had discovered previously that no one wanted unknown Iowans, and some experience on the London stage had equipped her to put over the masquerade. *Cavalcade* launched her on a successful career.

A similar deception is responsible, indirectly, for the present screen eminence of Rosalind Russell, who may have the role of the English heroine of *The Citadel*. A few years ago, when she was unknown, she met E. E. Clive, the actor and producer, and in faultless West End theatre diction, asked him for a part with his well-known All-British Copley Players. That job first set her feet on the road to success.

Some of the screen's greatest careers have started with a bluff of this kind. There was Clark Gable, for instance. He was just getting started in pictures and needed work badly when he was offered a part in *The Painted Desert*, provided he was an expert horseman.

Gable, as he admits himself, lied like a trooper when they asked if he could ride. He had never been on a horse in his life, but to hear him tell it, they were clamouring for him in the big steeplechase.

Furtively, after the interview, he went to a riding school. Stiff and bruised, but if no Tom Mix, at least qualified to sit a horse, he reported for the role a week later. *The Painted Desert* was the turning point of his life.

Madalyne Fields, Carole Lombard's secretary and friend, relates how Carole, trying to struggle out of the beach belle and horse opera ingenue ranks, took a test for a "vamp" role at a Poverty Row studio.

"We rigged her out in a slinky gown and false eyelashes (then far less common than to-day)," Miss Fields recalls. "She looked a sight, but it photographed marvellously." The role established Lombard as a potential glamour queen and laid the foundations of her present fame.

Hedy Lamarr, the *Ecstasy* actress, and now being hailed as a new Garbo, literally bluffed herself into screen success. She got her first job in a studio by pretending she was an expert script girl. Somehow she managed to get away with it for several weeks. And when they needed a young girl to play a minor part, she spoke up and said that she was "once" an actress. They gave her the chance and Hedy Lamarr was launched upon one of the most spectacular careers in film history.

Sonja Henie arrived in the United States with trunks full of skating trophies and Press cuttings, but Hollywood had never heard of her. Discreet hints of fabulous film contracts, however, followed her as she travelled across America.

At one place it was Paramount; at another, M.G.M., and at still another, Radio. One studio, on wired instructions that, wherever they came from, did not come from the head office, gave her an official reception, complete with cameramen. By the time she was ready to talk business everyone was interested in her.

Katharine Hepburn figured in a mystery that certainly helped her early career, although, as she points out, no one ever heard her claim to be a sixteen-million-heiress, the story that made her a talked about film colony personality before a movie camera was ever turned on her.

Probably the most famous and successful Hollywood hoax of recent times was that pulled off by Ginger Rogers on Producer Pan Berman. Posing as "Lady Ainsley, famous English actress," Ginger, through Director John Ford, who was, of course, in the joke, secured a test for the role of Queen Elizabeth in *Mary of Scotland*. Berman was enthusiastic. For a week he frantically tried to contact "Lady Ainsley."

Then a columnist gave the gag away. Ginger, however, had proved that she could act.

Of course, bluffing does not always work, even if you have something to back it up. Take the case of the same Ginger Rogers. Some years ago she was combining a part in a New York show with film work in one of the Eastern studios.

Hoping for a "rise" and better parts, she told the studio executives she was making more money out of her stage engagement than she was from her film contract and demanded that they release her from her agreement. They did!



This scene with Joe Penner may be a scream on the screen—but this is how it looks to the candid cameraman on the set.



Hoaxer and hoaxed—Sigrid Gurie with Sam Goldwyn and Mrs. Goldwyn (see story page 15.)

Shots with our CANDID CAMERA



Spring fashion note by Nan Grey—the frock is of flowered silk with a black shiny belt, which matches hat, coat and shoes.



Bob Taylor has to play the piano in "Three Comrades." Here he is practising between scenes.



Lee Patrick, the well-known New York stage actress had just had to do a swimming scene in an icy pool when the cameraman arrived on the "Crashing Hollywood" set.

(Above) Danielle Darrieux caught by our camera sleuth sunbathing on the roof of her Hollywood home.



(Left) Allan Lane takes time off to eat a sweet presented by Vicki Lester while waiting for a call for "Maids' Night Out."



bove) Joan Fontaine chooses this gay nnish black and white ensemble for her personal wardrobe.

ight) Midge Ray, Dorothea Kent and ary Brodel "go literary" between scenes of "Good-bye Broadway."



BLUEBEARD'

Gary Cooper is a r
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While shopping in Nice, millionaire Michael Brandon (Gary Cooper) meets Nicole, daughter of the poverty-stricken Marquis de Loiselle.





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Above: Michael and his prospective father-in-law (Edward Everett Horton) are horrified when Nicole at first says "no" to his proposal.





Above: Nicole eventually realises that she really loves Michael, but he disappears. She finally locates him in a sanatorium.

Left: Wedding group. Nicole and Michael pose for the photographers after their marriage.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of M.-G.-M.



Arsene Lupin RETURNS

Steve Emerson (Warren William) joined Lorraine (Virginia Bruce) and Rene (Melvyn Douglas) on the sofa and to keep the conversation for three moving, he took up the subject of parlour tricks.

"IF anything could bring Arsene Lupin back from the grave, that emerald would," the Prefect of the French police declared.

Steve Emerson, late of the Criminal Investigation Department of America, now private detective to the Tyron Insurance Company, allowed his thoughts to wander from the magnificent stone at the end of the necklace before him to its rightful wearer.

Ever since he had found Lorraine with her uncle, Count de Grissac, and his cousin, Georges Bouchet, gagged and bound in a New York hotel room, Steve had been attracted to the fair-haired young woman who had made light of her ordeal. True, the thief who had been in search of the emerald, and only succeeded in lifting its replica, had since apparently vanished into the blue. Steve was in possession of the only objects he had left behind—a bullet, proved by a ballistic expert to have been fired from a French pistol of unusual type (a Rossi Superieure), and a card bearing the signature of the world-famous international thief of former days —Arsene Lupin.

Could Arsene Lupin be alive? The question had puzzled Steve on the journey from New York to the Château de Grissac, near Paris, where as insurance employee he was responsible for the safe arrival of the emerald.

"I suggest, monsieur," the Prefect was saying, as the Count, after opening a sliding panel by the library fireplace, turned the combination of the concealed safe, "that you have a guard over the week-end until you can place the necklace in the bank vault."

"A month ago I should have pooh-poohed the idea," negatived Georges Bouchet.

"Nevertheless, I think it a wise precaution," agreed the Count, "particularly if Arsene Lupin has come to life."

"Impossible!" declared the Prefect. "One of my colleagues shot him as he jumped from a bridge into the Seine."

"But on a foggy night a man might swim under water," Steve put in. Having no legitimate excuse for staying at the château, he later betook himself to his hotel, glad for an agreement to ride with Lorraine in the morning. Her suggestion that they should go over to a farm recently acquired by a certain Rene Farrand was both pleasing and the reverse.

Steve had seen this good-looking young man, with a fair moustache, easy manners, and an obvious liking for Lorraine, only once—on the Cherbourg quay. He had brought Lorraine an armful of pug puppies, and the pair's exchanges of "dears" and "darlings" had caused Steve to wonder how near friendship stood to an engagement.

A short ride ended for the time being in a typically charming village street, where Steve's mind was soon taken off a mere personal issue. Rene, wearing a sweater and knee-breeches, with an armful of black pigs, came up to the horses and introduced two companions as Messrs. Hammond and Doyle.

"Mr. Doyle used to conduct a physical culture institute and Mr. Hammond managed it. They've been looking over Paris as a possible field for their work," Rene explained, feeding Lorraine's chestnut with sugar.

"Ever had a place in the United States, Mr. Doyle?" Steve inquired, thinking that, if he ever saw a Chicagoan "tough guy," he saw one now. Mr. Hammond, on the other hand, shifty-looking, with a seedy moustache, spoke with an Oxford accent.

"Don't forget we're expecting you to dinner to-night, Rene," Lorraine was saying.

"That's an odd-looking pistol in your pocket, if you don't mind my mentioning it," Steve commented, one eye upon the practice target near a haystack and opposite the farm buildings.

"An old favourite—a Rossi Superieure," Rene said calmly. With a double interest at heart, Steve dressed for the evening's entertainment. As regards looks, he could stand up to his rival, being above average height, with clean-cut features, moustache, and penetrating dark eyes. Lorraine, lovely in dull white satin, real flowers vying with the sheen of her flaxen hair, tempted him to say, while dancing with her in the Louis Quinze ballroom:

"Might I know what Rene Farrand means to you?"

"Just a friend of the family."

"I wish you'd put me down for the first vacancy among old friends." Here, Rene, quoting an American custom, deliberately "cut in" and, before the dance was finished, escorted Lorraine to the library.

On his mettle, Steve followed.

"Did someone call for the handsome waiter?" he inquired, handing three champagne glasses on a salver, eager to note that the couple were sitting close together on the sofa. To keep the conversation for three moving, he took up the subject of parlour tricks. Rene, inveigled into demonstration, showed himself unusually practiced in sleight-of-hand. They were all laughing over his efforts to emulate Steve, who had been testing his Samson strength by tearing a telephone directory in half, when the Count came in.

"I'm as nervous as a cat. Every time I enter this room at night I expect to find the safe open," he confessed.

"No, no. Lightning never strikes except in a thunderstorm," Rene countered. At the same moment a glass door leading into the room from the garden was thrown open from the outside. Two of the Prefect's detectives appeared, ushering in a bearded man.

"Up to your old tricks, Pavlov!" the detective sergeant remarked. "We caught him signalling to someone in this room."

"No one here except Count de Grissac, his niece, Mr. Emerson, and myself," Rene affirmed.

"What about the servants? One might easily have been hidden here to receive the signal. I'll question them at once." The sergeant paused, and Steve felt himself the subject of quiet scrutiny.

"Monsieur Emerson. Is he an American detective, M. le Comte?"

"You're not implying——" the Count began, and though the sergeant hurriedly claimed that he only wanted the correct name and description for his reports, Steve felt himself under suspicion.

The sergeant departed on his quest. Pavlov was removed under arrest without disturbing the guests, and the ball proceeded. Next morning, Steve sought out a detective agency, miserably aware, from radio and newspaper reports, that in the night the emerald had been stolen from the de Grissac safe, across which the two words, "Arsene Lupin," had been scrawled in chalk. At the police court, Pavlov, alleged by the Prefect once to have worked for Lupin, disclaimed all knowledge of the robbery.

Privately, Steve was far more likely to suspect Messrs. Hammond and Boyle as Lupin's accomplices. Discovery from the agency that Rene Farrand, of independent means, had bought his farm three years ago, prior to which his doings were shrouded in mystery, did nothing to detract from Steve's suspicions. That night he visited the farm, determined to secure from the shooting target a bullet which he doubted not would correspond with the one fired at the wall of the de Grissac's suite in New York.

All went well till he stumbled into a groom who, hearing that Steve had come to fetch his hunting crop, offered politely to help find it.

"No, thanks. I know where it is. I won't trouble you," Steve countered. He had secured a bullet with the help of a knife and a torch, and was strolling back to the road, carefully tapping his boot with a crop, when again he ran into the groom.

A slight difference in the man's manner from that of their first encounter struck Steve, who watched him closely as he vaulted the fence and asked for a lift from the driver of a passing cart, who told him to jump in. Two minutes later, catching a glimpse through an uncurtained window of a lighted kitchen, Steve saw the groom's replica laughing and drinking with the other servants. The raised voice was quite unmistakable. He was the man to whom Steve had first spoken. Could the fellow now on the farm cart be Rene

(*Continued on page 22*)



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ARSENE LUPIN—*continued*

in disguise? If so, what was his mission?

A further visit to the detective agency proved something besides the fact that the two bullets in Steve's possession were identical. The passport photograph of a certain Paul de Lourday, recently shown to have been in America for two days, when touched with potassium iodide, showed that a photograph of Rene Farrand had been faked up for the purposes of alias. Meanwhile, radio and newspapers further reported, in apparent connection with the de Grissac robbery, that a certain precious stone-cutter, by name Papa Monelle, had been found murdered in his room beside an empty and violated safe. Arsene Lupin, who had again left his signature, was declared to be alive and wanted for the murder.

Steve had ordered a car to take him to the farm at four o'clock. Before he left the hotel, he received a visit from Pavlov, who had been recently discharged on insufficient evidence of crime.

"I came to you, Mr. Emerson, because I want to make a fresh start in America," he began in a whining tone.

"Very considerate of you. Suppose the police followed you here. Already you have been accused of trying to contact someone in the de Grissac library, and the someone presumably might have been me—a useful scapegoat—you follow me?"

"But you're a detective."

"In America, yes. In France, I'm only another suspect. The door is that way."

Steve suspicions as regards himself were shortly proved correct. He had hardly arrived when the Prefect appeared, full of importance.

"No one is to leave this room!" he ordered. "Mr. Emerson, you realise that, as one of the four present on the night of the robbery, you are under suspicion?

"You have been in conversation with Pavlov since he came out of the cells. You must give us leave, since your hotel apartment has already been searched, to search you for the emerald."

"I'm sorry this should happen in my house," Rene apologised. "No one is to leave the room!" the Prefect reiterated. "We shall search that, too." Under his orders, plain-clothesmen proceeded to reverse sofa cushions and carpets and to cause Messrs. Hammond and Boyle to look and admit themselves extremely uncomfortable. Rene's imperturbability, on the other hand, was equally striking and his sleight-of-hand too good for Steve. He neither saw Rene, at one stage, transfer the emerald from his own to the Prefect's pocket, nor Joe Hammond transfer it from the Prefect's pocket to his own, with the object of returning it to Rene.

That evening, as Steve was dining at the château, Franz, the butler, entered and handed the Count a neat package. When unwrapped, out came the emerald necklace.

"You're sure it's not the imitation?" Georges Bouchet asked.

"Certain. This is the genuine emerald. Who brought it, Franz?"

"A man with a strong American accent, sir. He drove away."

"May I suggest, M. le Comte," said the Prefect, "that you telephone the Armoured Car Company and ask for an armoured car to be sent at once to take the emerald to my office, until you can place it in your bank vault in the morning?"

"An excellent idea," Bouchet said. Before he could take up the receiver, the telephone bell rang. "It's only the Press wanting to know if it's true the necklace has been returned," he said.

"How could they think that it was so soon?" the Count inquired.

"Not unless the person who sent it sent the report at the same time," Steve put in. It struck him that Bouchet was unusual in apparently knowing the car company's telephone number offhand. Rene, too, watched him as he dialled. Before speaking, Bouchet asked for the radio, which was on at full volume, to be toned down. "There will be some delay. The men have all gone home, and a crew must be reassembled," he reported.

"Good! I'll go to my office and arrange for the necklace to be kept there," the Prefect said. Steve with Rene and Lorraine escorted him to the hall; Lorraine arguing with Rene, who was saying he must go home and get some sleep.

"But it's so early," she pleaded.

"Not for a farmer, dear. I'm sure Emerson will stay with you."

"Unfortunately, I have packing to do. My job's over. I've been cabled for," Steve said. He wasn't surprised when, at the door and before the Prefect had left, Rene stated that he'd forgotten his cigarette case and asked to be allowed to fetch it.

"Excuse me for butting in on your business, Prefect," Steve said, noting that Rene had disappeared in the direction of an upper floor. "But what about protection for the house? I think I'll look round—just in case." Thankful to get away, Steve made for the library. As he expected, Rene had accomplished his mission, whatever it was, upstairs, and was busy smearing some substance on the safe. He lowered the panel, turned and caught Steve, who purposely stumbled down the three steps leading into the room.

"I was looking for you. Thought I'd help you find your cigarette case," he said solicitously.

"Nice of you. As a matter of fact, I found it. Can I drop you anywhere? My car's outside."

"No, thanks." Having seen Rene off, Steve took a look at a small round object which he had removed from Rene's pocket when contacting him in the stumble. It was as he thought—a woman's lipstick. Far too excited to leave the house, Steve hung about the shrubbery in view of the library windows. At 1 a.m. a light was switched on. Five minutes later two shots rang out. Steve, deciding to show that he had and could use a revolver, held it levelled as he entered the house. In the library, Rene was kneeling by a man's dead body. Georges Bouchet, also with a gun, was in the background. Steve had no time to take in more before he was seized and handcuffed to Rene by the Prefect's plain-clothesmen.

"Give me that gun!" the Prefect ordered. "Your clever ruse to catch Arsene Lupin didn't quite work."

"English Eddy—one of the most daring jewel thieves in the world," declared the Prefect's second-in-command, turning his torch on the dead man. "And to think I killed him!" Bouchet groaned.

"Don't upset yourself, monsieur; he was an enemy of justice," the Prefect soothed. "Rene! Steve! Oh, what's happened?" Lorraine cried, coming into the room. In spite of being handcuffed, Steve noted which name she uttered first.

"These men have been watching the house for hours," the Prefect declared. "Monsieur Farrand is Arsene Lupin, and Mr. Emerson his accomplice."

"Yes, while I was dozing here, waiting for the arrival of the armoured car," Bouchet added, "I had the lights out. When I woke the man you call Arsene Lupin and English Eddy were fighting."

"And the emerald—where is it?" the Count demanded. "I put it in the safe myself. Now it is gone."

"Pardon me," Rene said. "If I ask you, take a look at Monsieur Bouchet's gun."

"As I thought—a Rossi Superieure—one which was stolen from me three months ago. The Count knows and can vouch for that." Steve took him up.



In the night the emerald had been stolen and "Arsene Lupin" scrawled across the safe.

"I can prove that in the last three months Monsieur Bouchet has lost a quarter of a million francs at Monte Carlo."

"Next thing you say is that I fired that shot in New York," Bouchet declared.

"I'll say you got in touch with English Eddy and gave him the Rossi Superieure for a blind. I'll say you could make good your gambling losses by the sale of the emerald without hurting the Count, so long as he was covered by the insurance. I'll say that when English Eddy took the fake emerald he had lifted in New York to Papa Monelle, and Monelle found it was a fake, he had a tussle with Monelle, killed him, and came here to get the right stone."

"You haven't been exactly idle, have you, Emerson?" Rene said with an intonation which made Steve warm towards his rival.

"Nor have you, Monsieur Farrand. I believe I know what you were doing at the safe to-night. I believe it was you who, disguised as a groom, took the real emerald from Papa Monelle's safe, where Georges Bouchet consigned it after removing it from the château. I believe you did so with the intention of sending it back to the Count—in which you succeeded."

"Right. Then what are we waiting for?"

Handcuffed though they were, the two men succeeded in flinging themselves on Bouchet. Rene removed a pair of gloves from the man's pocket and turned down the coat collar for the Prefect to examine.

"You see!" he cried. "There is the red stain. I smeared some lipstick on the combination knob of the safe. These gloves, Bouchet wore, have rouge at the tips. He must have touched his coat collar."

"Is he Arsene Lupin?" the Prefect inquired.

"No," Steve took up. "That's his signature on the safe, I admit, but it's a forgery. So was the card I found in New York."

"Stay where you are—don't move!" Bouchet cried, levelling his gun. He was quickly overpowered and the emerald taken from his left hand.

"Darling, were you frightened?" Rene asked as the handcuffs were slipped from him.

"No. Only petrified. Monsieur le Prefect, don't you think you should apologise to Rene?"

"Certainly. I feel as small as a centime, monsieur, but I have one consolation: Arsene Lupin is not alive."

"I'm glad you're sure," Rene returned evenly.

"For a gentleman farmer, you're quite a detective," Steve said as he occupied a sofa with Rene, after Lorraine had left to show the Prefect out. "When did you first suspect Bouchet?"

"When he telephoned to-night. The radio magnified his dialling. He remembered to have it turned down too late. He didn't talk to the car company, but to one of the lowest haunts in Paris. I suppose you'll be leaving for New York shortly?"

"Ever been there?"

"Once. I only stayed two days. A friend of mine wanted to sell something, so I followed him incognito."

"Very chivalrous of you. Worthy of Arsene Lupin—if he were alive. Farrand, I want to make a trade with you — two bullets from Rossi Superieures, for your autograph. I won't trouble you for those of the two gentlemen—one so very American, the other so very English—who, I doubt not, used to be your accomplices, but who have, I take it, learned to behave themselves."

Steve held out pad and pencil. Rene wrote two words rapidly.

"Something I should see," Lorraine asked, coming into the room.

"Too incriminating, I think," Steve said. He watched Lorraine resting her fair head against Rene's shoulder.

"What he has," Rene explained gravely, "is a very rare autograph. There'll never be another like it in the world."

"I shan't be at the wedding and I haven't any rice, so this is the best I can do," Steve apologised. A few seconds later a shower of torn-up paper, too small to show the words, "Arsene Lupin," written by a master hand, no forger's, fluttered over Rene's head as he kissed the girl beside him.

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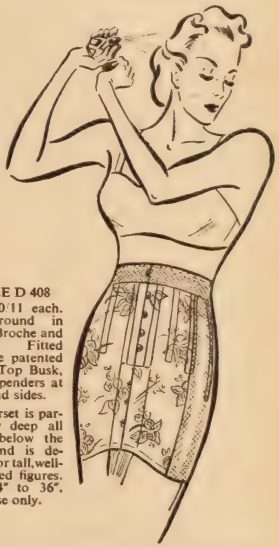
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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

A YANK AT OXFORD

OXFORD is the home of lost causes. It was a lost cause to imagine that Robert Taylor, as Lee Sheridan, an insufferably bumptious American from a transatlantic seminary, could absorb the Oxford atmosphere and develop into an unassuming product of England's senior university. In fact, as it seemed to me, who had the good fortune to be in residence at Oxford before the war, the insupportable Lee Sheridan, on the contrary, impressed the spirit of the American campus on his college.

After seeing this technically excellent and typically American picture—in spite of its partial British origin—I have an uneasy feeling that perhaps centuries of tradition are yielding to the cinema as represented by America. On the other hand, I may be taking a picture that is said to "breathe the spirit of Oxford and of British sportsmanship, combined with a great 'hands across the seas romance'" too seriously. I do, however, hope that American production companies in this country will refrain in future from trying to exploit our national institutions in this rather half-baked manner.

Which reminds me that I cannot recall having seen either Yale or Harvard pictured on the screen, which pre-supposes that they know their film producers.

Apart from the fact that the film is an incredible picture of Oxford life, it will undoubtedly prove entertaining to those who have been brought up on American college pictures. I should have felt much happier about it however if it had simply been called "A Yank at College."

Robert Taylor is the conceited American—a part he fits like a glove. Vivien Leigh is a vamp, the wife of a bookseller, who proceeds to lead Griffith Jones, an undergraduate who had taken a dislike to Taylor, astray. But Taylor, who had fallen in love with Jones' sister, quite charmingly played by Maureen O'Sullivan, sacrifices himself by taking the blame for a nocturnal visit of the aforesaid vamp to Jones' rooms on his own shoulders.

He is discovered with her by the Dean, who apparently believed in nocturnal prowling.

The Dean, incidentally, who one must doubt could ever have existed outside Hollywood, is played by Edmund Gwenn, and a crazy tutor, who also never existed outside the realms of fiction, is played delightfully by C. V. France.

Mr. Taylor proves to be a man of singular talents. He starts by kicking the Dean in the pants, follows it up by knocking him off his bicycle, and then proceeds by easy stages to win the mile relay race for Oxford—after having knocked out the man who was supposed to run in his stead—takes his boat to the head of the river in Eights Week, and finally strokes Oxford to victory over Cambridge, after he had just avoided being sent down by the united efforts of his father and the vamp he was supposed to have lured to his rooms and who, like all the best screen sirens, had a heart of gold.

Mr. Taylor in the boat race took the rate of striking up to forty-four in the final spurt. Cambridge this year were very bucked with a burst of forty-two whilst training. Still, what is that to an American who declares that beef-eating foreigners can't take it?

Pictorially, the picture has merit, but it does not capture the spirit of Oxford, and Cardinal College, the fictional college which rejoices in the residence of the hero, is not of Oxford.

In Oxford, the undergraduates do not go about in gangs as they apparently do in America. It is this which makes a debagging sequence ridiculous and also the reception to the freshman Rhodes Scholar theatrical; and, please, when you see the picture, do not take Robert Taylor for a typical Rhodes Scholar. I have known a good many, and, believe me, none was like Lee Sheridan.

The best and most authentic sequences are the bumping races.

I have never had the fortune, however, to meet such a vapidly sentimental scout as the one who served Mr. Taylor. He is enacted conscientiously by Edward Rigby.

Actually, the most real character in the whole picture is represented by Morton Selten as a passenger in the train to Oxford who is pestered by the Rhodes freshman to tell him something about Oxford.

He finally rises in all his dignity and asserts that such details can be discovered in the guide books. "He himself had had the good fortune to be educated at Cambridge."

And just in conclusion, I would like to know—just out of sheer curiosity, and perhaps ignorance—when a man got a double blue for running and rowing, as Taylor does in the picture, and also when an eight was burnt in a college quad after a bump supper? At the present day most colleges would find the latter a far too expensive pastime.

And, just by the way, the Eton boating song is *not* Oxford's theme song.

I had a queer feeling after seeing the picture, the entertainment value of which I will not deny to those who have not felt the atmosphere of Oxford, that I must have been educated unknowingly at some Middle-West university.

On the Screens Now

***ANGEL

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Marital satire. Runs 90 minutes.

MARLENE DIETRICH	Lady Barker
HERBERT MARSHALL	Sir Frederick Barker
MELVYN DOUGLAS	Anthony Halton
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON	Graham, Valet
ERNEST COSSART	Wilton, Butler
LAURA HOPE CREWS	Grand Duchess Anna
HERBERT MUNDIN	Greenwood, Secretary
DENNIE MOORE	Emma, Walton's Fiancee
LIONEL PAGE	Lord Davington
PHILLIS COGHLAN	Maid, Barker Home
ERIC WILTON	English Chauffeur
MICHAEL VISAROFF	Russian Butler

Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Story freely based on the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of Jan. 22, 1938. Previewed November 27, 1937.

Ernst Lubitsch still shows himself the master of pictorial subtlety, and in this delightfully piquant marital satire provides an oasis of intelligence in a very desert of ballyhoo.

The story he has to handle is a commonplace one, basically the old, old theme of the neglected wife, but under his treatment it assumes a keen sense of novelty, sparkles with wit, and entertains most admirably.

He has also shown Marlene Dietrich at her best. As the wife of a prominent British politician who finds that her love for her husband is growing dangerously cool, and who has an affair with an attractive stranger in Paris, which leads, strangely enough, to a stronger resumption of the marriage tie, the star is exceedingly provocative and human.

Herbert Marshall is good as the husband who is too secure in his thought of possession, and Melvyn Douglas excellent as the lover.

The whole thing is played in a sophisticated vein, and all three stars attune themselves to the satirical note that underlies the theme.

This note is emphasised by the behaviour of the servants "below stairs"—excellently characterised by Edward Everett Horton and Ernest Cossart.

Development is smooth and subtle and the dialogue is extremely apt and well polished.

Settings are well in keeping, and on the whole the picture provides one of the best comedies of the year.

c**RANGE DEFENDERS

British Lion. Republic American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON	Stony Brooke
RAY CORRIGAN	Tucson Smith
MAX TERHUNE	Lullaby Joslin
ELEANOR STEWART	Sylvia Ashton
HARRY WOODS	Harvey
EARLE HODGINS	Sheriff Gray
THOMAS CARR	The Kid
YAKIMA CANUTT	Hodge
JOHN MERTON	Crag
HARRISON GREENE	Auctioneer
HORACE CARPENTER	Pete
FRANK ELLIS	Henchman
SNOWFLAKE	Cook

Directed by Mack V. Wright. Original screen story by Joseph Bland.

Definitely good, exhilarating Western which will please both children and grown-ups. It is put over with plenty of action which helps to conceal time-honoured conventions.

The comedy element is good, and romance is not forgotten.

Robert Livingston, Ray Corrigan, and Max Terhune, cast as the "Three Mesquiteers," a roving band of Westerners, all do well, and there is nothing to choose between them.

They succeed in clearing up a murder mystery and freeing a falsely accused youth, the young brother of one of the company.

Eleanor Stewart is refreshingly youthful as the heroine, and Harry Woods is a real hearty villain.

Scenic qualities are picturesque.

**MUTINY OF THE ELSINORE

Assoc. British (Argyle). British. "A" certificate. Maritime melodrama. Runs 78 minutes.

PAUL LUKAS	Jack Pathurst
LYN HARDING	Mr. Pike
KATHLEEN KELLY	Margaret West
CLIFFORD EVANS	Bert Rhyne
MICHAEL MARTIN-HARVEY	Charles Davis
WILLIAM DEVLIN	O'Sullivan
BEN SOUTTEN	Mr. Mellaire
CONWAY DIXON	Captain West
PAT NOONAN	Murphy
TONY SYMPSON	Shorty
HAMILTON KEENE	Twist
ALEC FRASER	Benson
JIRO SONEVA	Wada

Directed by Roy Lockwood. Adapted from Jack London's story.

Full-blooded adaptation of Jack London's well-known story of mystery on the high seas. It is vigorous in action, and in fact at times it tends to become almost too brutal for the squeamish.

Paul Lukas is not too well served with the part of an author who takes a trip on a wind-jammer where the mutiny breaks out, but he invests the role with his usual charm of manner.

Kathleen Kelly is attractive as the heroine, and Lyn Harding is well in character as a hard-boiled mate.

One of the best performances is given by Michael Martin-Harvey as a sea-lawyer who causes most of the trouble.

Mutiny incidents are very well screened and, as a whole, the film provides robust melodramatic entertainment.

**SECOND HONEYMOON

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 79 minutes.

TYRONE POWER	Raoul McLeish
LORETTA YOUNG	Vicky
STUART ERWIN	Leo MacTavish
CLAIRE TREVOR	Marcia
MARJORIE WEAVER	Joy
LYLE TALBOT	Bob Benton
J. EDWARD BROMBERG	Herbie
PAUL HURST	Dennis Huggins
JAYNE REGAN	Paula
HAL K. DAWSON	Andy
MARY TREEN	Elsie

Directed by Walter Lang. Previewed February 26, 1938. Screen play by Kathryn Scola and Darrell Ware.

Patchy continuity prevents this from being a very good picture, but even as it stands it provides sound entertainment of the prevailing "crazy" variety.

Loretta Young, always attractive personally, and usually at her best in comedy, gives a vivacious and amusing performance as Vicky, a young woman who, having divorced her first husband for his irresponsibility and married a man who could give her a more ordered life, meets up again with the former and finds she is still in love with him.

Tyrone Power is very good in the role of husband number one—a playboy who cannot conceal the love he stills holds for his ex-wife—and Lyle Talbot is well cast in contrast as the more stolid spouse.

Stuart Erwin is amusing as Power's valet, and a newcomer, Marjorie Weaver, is very promising as a girl with whom he falls in love.

**PARADISE FOR TWO

United Artists. British. "U" certificate. Romantic musical. Runs 77 minutes.

JACK HULBERT	Martin
PATRICIA ELLIS	Jeanette
ARTHUR RISCOE	Jacques
GOOGIE WITHERS	Miki
SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER	Miss Claire
WYLIE WATSON	Clarence
DAVID TREE	Marcel
CECIL BEVAN	Renad
ANTHONY HOLLES	Brand
ROLAND CULVER	Paul Duval

Directed by Thornton Freeland. Previewed January 29, 1938.

Cheery, backstage comedy in which Jack Hulbert, appearing as a staid millionaire banker, has an affair with a chorus girl whilst posing as an indigent journalist.

He secretly backs a show for her, and after the usual misunderstandings wins her love.

Jack Hulbert has a chance to build up a definite character in this film, and he does it quite well. He is, of course, given a chance to introduce a song and dance.

The action is brisk and the direction generally slick and polished.

Patricia Ellis makes a very acceptable and charming heroine as well as singing delightfully, and good support comes from Arthur Riscoe, Googie Withers, Sydney Fairbrother and Wylie Watson.

(*Continued on page* 26)



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THESE THINGS AMAZE ME

Puzzling Aspects of the Films

Actresses who act with passionate intensity in worthless stories.

The huge amount of money needed to make certain films.

The film fan (ignorant of the cost of such films) who gives his verdict as "tripe."

The speed at which certain foreign actresses apparently manage to learn the English language.

The trashy stories that great personalities get for their first film.

Photos of film "glamour" girls taken unawares "off-screen."

Husky-voiced actresses who "get me."

The amount of money the American tax authorities grab from a star's salary.

American (film) newspaper offices. Such speed !

American (film) hospitals. Such luxury !

American (film) colleges. Such fun !

—*John A. Pirie, South Balmoor, Peterhead.*

Recipe

● British fans are always grumbling about the British studios and their failings. It would be interesting to know exactly what improvements they would make if left in charge of the whole industry for one year. Personally, I would—

Cut out the mass introduction of American and foreign leading ladies.

Build up Rene Ray and Vivien Leigh in just the same way that Anna Neagle has been built up.

Put some English MEN in our productions.

Pension off all juvenile leads over forty.

Start filming (a lot of films) of our own country instead of relying upon Vienna, Paris, and every other city under the sun to provide material.

Build stories around English football, cricket, horse racing, motor racing, flying, instead of allowing our audience to see all American sport.

Cut out trying to be a poor imitation of Hollywood and start the old tune up again of Britain Rules the Waves . . . and everything else.—(*Mrs.*) *J. E. Robertson, 80 Livingstone Road, Hove, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

Rival ?

● I am the treasurer of an amateur dramatic society, and my figures show a handsome profit.

I feel that a great deal of our success is due to the influence of the cinema. We invariably choose our productions from plays which have recently been filmed.

Each member of the cast is made to see the film version, as this gives him a much more intimate study of the character he is to play than he could ever hope to obtain from the original stage production.

Our producer, too, finds the cinema an enormous help in his work, and the box-office receipts are also much more satisfactory when our production has recently been seen on the screen.

Therefore, on behalf of a very humble branch of the theatre, I should like to thank our alleged rival—the cinema !—*John W. Hill, 42 Hereford Road, Bayswater, London, W.2, who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Subject

● Gabriele d'Annunzio has gone. The famous soldier-poet who defied the world is dead. Could any life have been more colourful, and thus more worthy of cinematic thought ?

This picturesque Italian figure, who published poetic works at 15, seized the City of Fiume in 1919, making himself Dictator and defying the whole of Europe—after winning laurels as a cavalry officer, infantryman, submarine officer and airman in the Great War, who lived a life of monastic severity, dressed in a mediaeval robe, and latterly almost renounced the world, is surely the most ideal subject ever conceived for a true stirring talkie !

Whether we look upon Lawrence on the screen or whether we don't—we *must* be given that truly great man, d'Annunzio ! Most remarkable in modern history.—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.*

[*Rich material here, certainly. What about it, Mr. Arliss ?*—"Thinker."]

Complaint

● I am writing to tell you the only thing I have to complain about, concerning films ! It is the fact that the best films are certified as "A." I am not easily horrified and find it most annoying having to be accompanied by an adult to a perfectly ordinary film.

For example, the film *The Ghost Goes West.* I was escorted to that imagining there would be a horrible skeleton creeping about ! Imagine my surprise on seeing a most pleasant ghost walking about looking and behaving just like an ordinary person !

I went to an "A" film the other day and just when I was getting interested was asked, "I don't think you like this do you? Perhaps we'd better go out !"

I really shall be thankful when I reach the great age of sixteen.—*"Grouser," The Old Hall, Albrighton, Staffs.*

[*And I don't wonder* !—"Thinker."]

Memories

● "We Called Her Baby Doll" much more than a year ago, but we still remember the tune, and already "September in the Rain" is half forgotten.

Ragtime was not a very high form of music, but it had this to be said for it—it was liked, and it lingers still in the ears of those old enough to remember early Chaplin films accompanied, as they generally were, by a piano on which somebody thumped out "You Made Me Love You," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," or "Everybody's Doing It."

Something about those tunes, half jaunty, half pathetic, seemed to suit Chaplin's personality.

Why not, therefore, a film *about* Ragtime? We have had "In the Gloaming" Strauss—sorts of old tunes revived, and even as they call up the atmosphere of the Victorian Age, so does Ragtime call up a period which is now distant enough to seem picturesque.—*Elizabeth Fletcher, Flat* 4, 205 *Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs.*

[*Right ! Let's have it.*—"*Thinker.*"]

Those Titles

● With all respects to those panjandrums of the industry who choose film titles, I feel they often underestimate the astuteness of authors.

A book which is to be filmed has, generally, a good title. Otherwise, in to-day's multitudinous ocean of books it would not be a best-seller : *ergo*, no film studio would touch it.

A Shilling for Candles was a book with a title which stuck in one's memory. Filmed, it is labelled with some trite tag which I, for one, have forgotten. Conversely, *Knight Without Armour* wisely keeps Hilton's title—an arresting name which tickles most people.

Studio executives may be able to write the author's book better than he—did not Hitchcock improve *Thirty-Nine Steps* with due praise from

(*Continued on page* 30)

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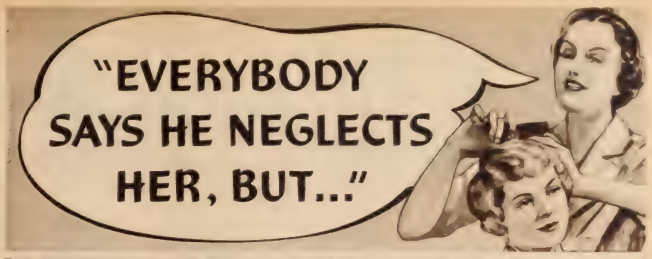
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Every "Picturegoer" reader should take advantage of the special offer of a generous sample of Clark's Glycola. This will be sent on receipt of 2d. stamp to cover cost of postage and packing. **Write to Clark's Glycola Co., Ltd., Dept. P.G., Oak Grove, London, N.W.2. SEND NOW.**

YEARS OF STOMACH PAINS ENDED IN A FEW MINUTES *thanks to* MOORLANDS

"I must write to thank you for the relief that your Moorland Tablets have given me. For as long as I can remember I have suffered with my stomach. The pains became so bad that I had to get advice and my chemist recommended me Moorlands, and within a little while I gained wonderful relief. I have told two of my friends about Moorlands and they, like me, are now never without a box. I hope that all stomach sufferers will take Moorland Tablets and get the same relief that I got."

F. S., Brighton.

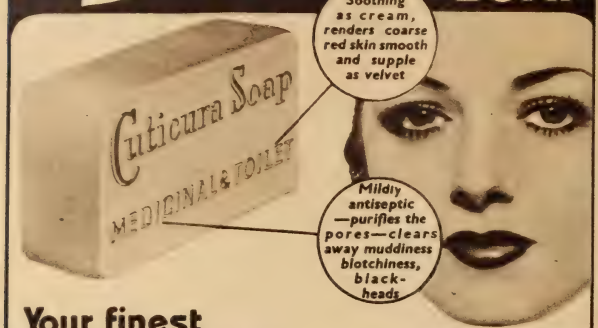
Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs.

At all Chemists: In cardboard cartons (50 tablets) 7½d. flat pocket tins (110 tablets) 1/3

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

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YOU MUST USE THIS
2-PURPOSE SOAP



Your finest safeguard against BLEMISHED SKIN

Being a MEDICINAL *and* TOILET Soap, Cuticura serves a twofold purpose. It keeps your skin gloriously clear and rosy in spite of frequent exposure to sun wind and rain; while its silky, emollient lather refines and beautifies coarse, sallow skin, making it smooth and supple as velvet. Start using this 2-purpose beauty soap to-day—it will endow you with a new peach-bloom loveliness, radiant with health.

If you have a tendency to pimples, rough skin or eruptions, apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. Its antiseptic action heals in a surprisingly short time. After the bath, Cuticura Talcum is delightfully soothing and refreshing.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS

7-DAY TRIAL OF DENTIFRICE FREE!

Write to-day for a free Trial Tube of Euthymol to Dept. 44/108, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1.



How to Bring Back that "Lighter" Golden Radiance to Darkened FAIR HAIR

All shades of Fair Hair given that "Lighter" more lustrous colour by amazing new "Vite F" Sta-blond

Here is the quick scientific but easy way to bring out the lighter radiant loveliness of all the darker fair hair, from ash blonde to brownish. Wash your hair with Sta-blond, the shampoo which coaxes out the lustrous natural lighter colour which alone make true fair hair so attractive. Sta-blond will make your hair from 2 to 4 shades lighter according to your type. *Light* fair hair can never darken as long as you use Sta-blond, the safe shampoo which contains no injurious bleaching or dye. Because it contains the precious Vite F, this new shampoo prevents brittleness and dandruff, and rejuvenates the roots. Your perm takes better, too. Try Sta-blond yourself today or insist that your hairdresser uses it.

STA-BLOND CONTAINS NO DYES, NO INJURIOUS BLEACHES

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The perfect LOOPED SOLUBLE *now & always*

IN 6d PACKETS

PRICES 11d, 1/2, 1/6 & 2/- per doz.
ALSO IN 64 PACKETS.
Standard XL. size, 64. & 1/- cartons without waterproofed back.

You scarcely know it's there, when you're wearing a SU-CAN . . . Sewn loops prevent knots and rucking. The rolled pad gives greater comfort and less bulk. The protective back gives complete confidence. For your especial safety use SU-CAN Soluble Towels always: though better they cost you no more.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

To MISS HAYNES, 168 OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.1. *Please send me free samples of SU-CAN Soluble Towels.*

NAME .....
(In Block Letters)
ADDRESS .....

(S.S.) *½d stamp sufficient if envelope unsealed*

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

the then Mr. Buchan?—but please leave the poor hack his title. It's usually good.—*Douglas G. Maitland, 29a Meldon Terrace, Newcastle-upon Tyne 6.*

[*But sometimes a previous film has been made with the same title.*—"*Thinker.*"]

Ingenuity

● It fascinates me to see the advertising "tie-ups" which cinema-managers often arrange as publicity for certain films. Some of these "tie-ups" are very novel and original and obviously require a great deal of thought; and great credit is due for those responsible.

I give full marks for the following which I have seen recently :—

1. *After the Thin Man*—a local chemist exhibiting body-building tablets.
2. *They Gave Him a Gun*—a store advising parents on Christmas gifts for the kiddies.
3. *Storm in a Teacup*—a grocer displaying an enormous number of tea packets.
4. *Call It a Day*—a display of So-and-so's clocks in a cinema lounge.
5. *The Charge of the Light Brigade*—a local electricity company making a special drive with their products.
6. *The Thirty-Nine Steps*—an announcement on the screen of a certain firm's reliable ladders.

—"*Advert,*" *Suffolk.*

Dialogue Books

● With the advent of talkies, photoplays have proved more effective than plays on the stage or novels in the library. Dialogues in pictures carry more sentiments, better philosophy or effective propaganda, at times, than the so-called cream of literature.

But it's a pity that these dialogues are not stabilised in book form. They are heard (or rather drowned) in the bustle of the auditorium, and if you wish to re-hear a sentence you have to see the whole picture again!

In India booklets of film dialogues are sold in thousands, besides which they play a prominent part in the field of literature.

If dialogue books of pictures like *Viva Villa, Ali Baba Goes to Town, Life of Emil Zola, Good Earth,* are published, they will be loved all over the world, in addition to which will also prove a source of income!

Why not try?—*R. K. Chinchlikar, B.A., Shalini Cinetone, Kolhapur, India.*

[*Unfortunately the dialogue of a film seems very disjointed when read, owing to the frequent changes of scene.*—"*Thinker.*"]

Managers' Duties

● Let me praise your open letter to exhibitors.

Could not some way be devised to ensure that managers attend to their business properly? Say a competition for the best-run house similar to that railway employees have for the best-kept station.

A supervising committee who found that any manager's tactics left much to be desired might administer a reprimand. Such an idea would surely encourage managers to do their best.

How many managers have ever seen their own auditorium since taking up their appointment?

Their evening duty seems to consist of standing in the vestibule to display their evening dress and cigarette; it never occurs to them to walk around and see how things are run inside.—*G. Livesey, 19 Colville Terrace, Bayswater, W.11.*

[*I admit I have often wished for a strong hand in the auditorium.*—"*Thinker.*"]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

Who's Who

Graham Moffatt

● Britain's Fat Boy of the Films spent most of his youth in Shepherd's Bush and used to pass the Gaumont-British studios on the way to school (his father is the proprietor of a local flower shop).

The studios always fascinated him and he was glad to get work as a call-boy on the Gaumont-British lot at 12s. 6d. a week when he left school. He did not have long to wait in that somewhat lowly occupation before he attracted the attention of Tom Walls, who gave him a small role in *A Cup of Kindness*. For some time he doubled the job of call-boy and actor, but after *Stormy Weather* he was given a contract.

Subsequently, he joined up with Will Hay and Moore Marriott in *Windbag The Sailor* and became a junior partner in one of the British screen's most popular fun firms in such comedy successes as *Good Morning, Boys*, and *Oh, Mr. Porter*. In addition, he has appeared in *O-Kay For Sound, Gangway, Dr. Syn* and *Owd Bob*.

At seventeen Graham is reputed to be earning £25 a week. Nice work if you can get it.

Henry Mollison

● Was born at Broughty Ferry, Dundee, February 21, 1905, is a member of a famous theatrical family, and a brother of Clifford Mollison, the stage actor and producer. He was carried on to the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, when he was three.

He was educated at St. Paul's and then started his stage career in earnest as a member of Sir Frank Benson's Shakespearean company. Later he appeared in London in *Young Woodley*.

British films include : *Third Time Lucky, The Face At The Window, Mister Cinders, McGlusky The Sea Rover, Drake of England* and *Someday*.

In 1935 Mollison went to Hollywood, where he has appeared in : *Sing Me a Love Song, The Great Impersonation, Devil's Squadron, Counterfeit Lady, The Music Goes Round, The Lone Wolf Returns, Secret Patrol, Find The Witness* and *A Bride For Henry*.

The actor has dark hair and eyes and is 5ft. 11in. tall.

Robert Montgomery

● Robert Montgomery was born in Beacon, New York, on May 21, 1904. He is 6ft. tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes.

With the death of his father when Robert was about 16 came the discovery that the family fortune had vanished. His first job was with his brother as mechanic's helper on a railway. Four months later he sailed as deck hand on the Standard Oil tanker *Caddo*.

On his return he shared lodgings with Steve Janney, a boy in the theatrical business, who got him a chance to do small roles. Then for months he appeared with a stock company in Rochester.

His biggest stage hit was in the Edgar Selwyn production *Possession*. Work in this piece got him a contract to play opposite Vilma Banky on the screen in *So This is Heaven*. The contract was finally cancelled because Montgomery didn't think he would like silent pictures.

First talkie appearance was in *So This is College*. Other pictures include : *Their Own Desire*, starring Norma Shearer; *The Big House, The Divorcee, War Nurse, Inspiration, The Easiest Way, Free and Easy, Love in the Rough, Richest Man in the World, Our Blushing Brides, Strangers May Kiss*, his first starring vehicle; *Private Lives, Lovers Courageous, —But the Flesh is Weak, Letty Lynton*. More recently he has starred in *Fugitive Lovers, Hide Out, When Ladies Meet, Biography of a Bachelor Girl, Night Flight, Riptide, Forsaking All Others, Another Language, Vanessa, Petticoat Fever, The Suicide Club, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, Night Must Fall, Ever Since Eve, Live, Love and Learn* and *The First Hundred Years*.

The softer-working and deeper-cleansing oils in D & R Perfect Cold Cream smooth and clear the skin and feed the under-tissues.



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Beauty Preparations

Perfect COLD CREAM, 1/3, 2/6, 4/3, and 7/-

Perfect VANISHING CREAM, 1/3 and 2/6

Perfect SKIN TONIC, 1/6 and 2/6

DAGGETT and RAMSDELL

'Incurable' Indigestion relieved in 5 minutes!

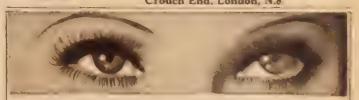
You may have suffered so long that you regard your indigestion as incurable. But try 'Bisurated' Magnesia after your next meal—*you'll get wonderful relief in 5 minutes*. By preventing fermentation, and instantly neutralising excess acidity—which causes practically all stomach trouble—'Bisurated' Magnesia stops pain at once, and restores normal, healthy digestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is sold at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. (powder or tablets) by all chemists. Tablets, trial size 6d. Doctors and Hospitals the world over use and prescribe it for all forms of stomach trouble.

NAIL BITING

Stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. No glues, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1½d. stamp for postage. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.) 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8



LONG, CURLING EYELASHES

Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone. Adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply wonderfully effective.

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From Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and all High-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty, send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS (Dept. L), 75 BAYHAM STREET, N.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.

"A friend's face powder showed why my make-up didn't look right"



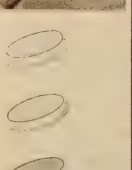
Lady Ursula is the sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury. She has a very fair skin, blue eyes and lovely deep auburn hair.

★ LADY ★
URSULA STEWART

"AT A RACE MEETING, one sunny day, I glanced in my handbag mirror," Lady Ursula Stewart said. "And I was horrified! My skin looked so powdery!

"A friend who used the same shade told me to try *her* powder. And the effect was wonderful! The made-up look was gone! My skin had a new, clear, pearly tone.

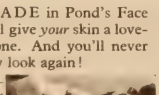
"Next day I got that same powder—a pale rachel, Pond's Rachel 1. And I found it did what the half-dozen others I'd tried before had never done. At last my skin had the smart, lovely look I'd longed for. I wouldn't be without Pond's Powder now."



FOUND IN ONE SHOP
—4 *rachel shades all different in tone. But only the Pond's Rachel shades were scientifically blended to give the true colouring of lovely skin.*

Amazing New Effect—Here's Why!

YOUR SHADE in Pond's Face Powder will give *your* skin a lovelier, smarter tone. And you'll never have a powdery look again!



Amazing! The colourscope revealed blue in beautiful blonde skin — and green in lovely brunette skin.

This marvellous effect is no accident. Until recently *all face powders were made without any scientific knowledge of true skin-colouring!* As a result, they often gave the skin untrue tints that made it look grey, dull, old! But Pond's analysed the complexions of 200 beautiful girls and found the hidden tints that give each type its special beauty. Then Pond's made 5 shades—each scientifically blended to create the perfect colouring of one type!

Try your usual shade in *Pond's* Face Powder and see the lovely difference in your skin. It gives a new smoothness, because of its fine texture. And it clings longer than other powders. Its "expensive" perfume will delight you. Boxes 1/9, 1/- and 6d. at all chemists and stores.

★

POND'S
Face Powder

LET GEORGE DO IT!

W. P. (Newcastle).—(1) Phyllis Brooks b. July 18, 1914, Boise, Idaho. Phyllis Seiler is her real name, she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 120 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair; not married. Her films include: *I've Been Around, McFadden's Flats, The Gay Lady, It Happened in Hollywood, To Beat the Band, You Can't Have Everything, Dangerously Yours, City Girl.* (2) Kay Walsh b. London, 1914: fair hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 8 st. 4 lb. Latest film, *I See Ice.* Her films include: *Smith's Wives, The Luck of the Irish, If I Were Rich, The Secret of Stamboul, All That Glitters, Keep Fit, The Last Adventurers* and *I See Ice.*

J. McB. (Liverpool).—Owing to lack of space and the enormous number of enquiries received each week, I am afraid it is impossible to print the full list of studio addresses regularly.

JOSEPH SAWYER FAN (Co. Cork).—(1) Robert Wilcox b. May 19, 1910, Rochester, New York. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, weighs 160 lb. and has brown hair and blue eyes. (2) Thomas Beck b. New York, Dec. 28 (no year given); light brown hair and dark brown eyes; is 6 ft. tall and weighs 168 lb. (3) Harvey Stephens b. Aug. 22 (no year given), Los Angeles; is 5 ft. 11½ in. tall, weighs 175 lb. and has brown hair and eyes; married Beatrice Nichols. (4) Jack Haley b. Boston, Mass.; married Florence MacFadden and has a son and daughter. (5) Anthony Quinn b. Mexico; is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 185 lb. and has black hair and brown eyes; married Katharine DeMille. (6) Porter Hall is married and has one son. (7) John Gallaudet b. Aug. 23, 1903, Philadelphia, Pa.; is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weighs 150 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair; married and has a young son. (8) Paul Guilfoyle b. Jersey City, July 14, 1902; married Kathleen Mulqueen and has one son.

DONAT FOLLOWER.—(1) Yes, it is quite true that William Powell has a son about 15 years old. (2) Robert Donat is scheduled to make *The Citadel.* (3) I am sorry but we have no details of fan clubs for either Anton Walbrook or Robert Donat. Before starting a club you must write to the star and obtain his permission to do so.

G. McK. (Bristol).—(1) The release date of *Something to Sing About* has not been fixed yet. (2) Noel Madison, b. New York. He is 5 ft. 10½ in. tall, weighs 147 lb. and has dark brown hair and hazel eyes; married Joyce Nathan.

NELSON EDDY FAN (Salford).—It is not advisable to send your autograph book to a star. The best thing to do is to obtain the star's autograph on a separate piece of paper and paste it neatly in your book. The usual charge for an autographed photograph from a star in America, including postage, is 1/6. You must obtain an International Postal Order for this amount from your local Post Office and include it in your letter.

AMBITION.—Ramon Novarro, b. Feb. 6, 1899, Durango, Mexico; real name Ramon Gil Sameniegos. He has black hair and brown eyes; is 5 ft. 8 in. tall and is not married. Write to him c/o Republic Studios (U.S.A.).

J. K. (N.6).—No, Henry Wilcoxon did not appear in *The Last Days of Pompeii.*

A. F. H. H. (Reading).—Most of the major American film companies have producing units over here. Not all film companies own their own studios; they usually rent floor space from the large film studios such as Pinewood Studios.

J. T. (Liverpool).—Clark Gable, Loretta Young and Jack Oakie took the chief roles in *Call of the Wild.* (2) Gary Cooper films since 1933 include: *To-day We Live, One Sunday Afternoon, Design for Living, Alice in Wonderland, Spy* 13, *Now and Forever, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, The Wedding Night, Peter Ibbetson, Desire, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, The General Died At Dawn, The Plainsman, Souls at Sea, The Adventures of Marco Polo* and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife.* (3) Pat O'Brien's films since 1933: *Bureau of Missing Persons, Blonde Bombshell, Football Coach, Flaming Gold, I've Got Your Number, Gambling Lady, Twenty Million Sweethearts, Personality Kid, Dames, Here Comes the Navy, I Sell Anything, Flirtation Walk, Devil Dogs of the Air, Oil For the Lamps of China, Page Miss Glory, The Roaring West, The Irish in Us, Outlawed Guns, In Caliente, I Married a Doctor, Ceiling Zero, G. Man's Wife, China Clipper, The Great O'Malley, San Quentin, Slim, Back in Circulation, Submarine D.1, First Lady.*

READER (Queen's Park).—Allan Jones, b. Scranton, Pa., 1908, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lb., and has brown eyes and light brown hair, married Irene Hervey, July 26, 1936, and they have a son John Allan born this year.

AYL (Cote d'Azur).—*Swing Time* released Dec. 28, 1936. *The Good Earth* Jan. 8, 1938.

M. A. (Chiswick).—Yes, "You" was sung in *The Great Ziegfeld* by the Glorified Girls in "The Honeymoon Cottage" setting.

E. S. (Wilts.)—The *Preview* of a film corresponds to a theatre first night. *Pre-release* is the showing of a film which generally takes place in the West End or large provincial centre or, in some cases, a seaside resort during the summer. This is not to be confused with the sneak preview which is a try-out of a film. *General Release*—when a film is released throughout the country for universal exhibition.

V. M. P.—(1) Leonard Penn, b. Nov. 13, no year given, Springfield, Mass. He is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, has dark hair and eyes, and is married to Gladys George. His films include: *Between Two Women, The Firefly, The Women Men Marry, Man Proof, The Girl of the Golden West, Judge Hardy's Children;* (2) Billy Milton, b. Dec. 8, 1905, not married. His latest film is *The Last Chance.* Write to him c/o Associated British Pictures; (3) Terence De Marney, b. March 1, 1909, London, married Diana Hope-Dunbar; (4) Hugh Williams, b. March 6, 1904. His latest film is *Dead Men Tell No Tales.*

M. D. (Gateshead).—(1) George Houston, b. Jan., 1900, Hempton, New Jersey. He has brown eyes and thick black hair, is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 190 lb., and is married to Leone Sousa. His films besides *Captain Calamity,* include *The Melody Lingers On, Singing Stevedore, Let's Sing Again and Marie Walewska;* (2) No, Nino Martini did not appear in a short film entitled *Springtime in Holland.* Felix Knight was the lead in this film. (3) Ramon Novarro is making films for Republic and his next film is *As You Are* (4) No release date yet fixed for *Four Dark Hours.*

D. A. A. (Dover).—Annabella is now under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.), and her first film for them is now finished. It is called *The Baroness and the Butler* with William Powell.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this pages will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

THE VICTOR JORY FAN CLUB is still open to receive new members. All readers interested should write to Florrie Coulson, Sydney Villa, The Avenue, Hadleigh, Essex, for full particulars of this club.

• • •

New Branches of the BILLY COTTON CLUB have been formed in Nottingham and Leicester and new members are invited to join in these districts. The Secretaries are: Nottingham, Arthur Mellows, Ravenscar, Wilford Hill, West Bridgford, Nottingham; and Leicester, Ronald Trillo, 14 Princess Road, Leicester.

• • •

THE INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY has a department dealing with film fans, stars and all topics connected with the Kinema both here and abroad. All readers who are interested should write to N. K. Baindail, 14 Spencer Rise, Kentish Town, London, N.W.5, for full particulars.

• • •

THE UNITED FILM FAN CLUB is only for correspondence. It has a membership of 150 and all people who are interested in films should write to Gerald P. Ellis, Ray Lodge, Sussex Place, Slough, Bucks. for full particulars.

• • •

THE CRAIG REYNOLDS FRIENDSHIP CLUB wishes to receive new members. This club published a magazine, The Craig Reynolds Review and an autographed photograph is sent free to all members and interesting competitions are held for which Mr. Reynolds presents the prizes. Write to Miss W. Jarvis, 20 Rosalie Street, Brookfields, Birmingham, 18, for full particulars.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply.

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Advt. Offices, 57 Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone, Temple Bar 2468.

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ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.

Clever Beauty Secrets

Revealed by a London Chemist.



This series of articles by E. W. Smith, M.P.S., a qualified registered London chemist and pharmacist, is particularly interesting because of its authoritativeness. Under this heading, most valuable information will be found relating to beauty culture. Considering the bewildering mass of toilet requisites now offered to the public, Mr. Smith's simple and homely suggestions should come as a great relief to the puzzled beauty seeker. The dispensing chemist, above all others, is in a position to judge results from long experience with thousands of cases. Mr. Smith has made a special study of the chemistry of beauty culture for many years, and the time is ripe for some such expert's clear statements, backed by the authority of experience and knowledge.

ARE YOU HIDING A LOVELY COMPLEXION?

Hundreds of thousands of women still persist in the attempt to disguise sallowness, lines and wrinkles, enlarged pores, blackheads and pimples by piling on cosmetics. What a *pity* this is! The *only* way to achieve a fresh and lovely complexion is to help nature to complete her *own* beauty treatment. Nature provides a succession of surfaces to your skin which she intended to be continually replacing each other as the outer one got worn and blemished. The only way to beauty is to assist Nature in this process. This is very easily done with ordinary Mercolized Wax, obtainable from your chemist. Apply a little Mercolized Wax each night as you would cold cream. Overnight the wax absorbs the lifeless, withered skin, revealing the clear peach-like skin beneath.

TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Even nowadays one still sees many women whose attractiveness is ruined by superfluous hair. Probably many of them are either afraid to use the ordinary cheap depilatories or to undergo expensive and often painful treatments. These fears are not unjustified, as many a woman knows to her cost. But there *is* an answer to the problem of the woman afflicted with ugly unwanted hair—and as is so often the case, the best remedy is one of the simplest, safest and least expensive. All you need is just half an ounce of pure Sipolite, which you can get from your chemist. Mix a little Sipolite into a paste with cold water and apply the paste to the unwanted hair. As the paste dries the hair will shrivel away, leaving the skin smooth and unblemished. However sensitive your skin you can use Sipolite with perfect confidence. Moreover, this simple remedy retards the re-growth of the hair in the part treated.

MAKE YOUR OWN SHAMPOO

Though there *are* several excellent ready-made shampoos on the market, I would strongly advise every woman who values the health and colour of her hair to make up her own shampoo from ordinary Stallax granules dissolved in warm water. There is nothing to equal this simple home-made shampoo for giving a rich natural gloss to the hair, stimulating the roots and preserving the colour. Our grandmothers knew this well, for Stallax was *their* hair secret as it was for generations of women before them. You should be able to get Stallax granules from any good chemist. To make the shampoo, simply dissolve a teaspoonful of the granules in a cup of hot water and apply to the scalp in the usual way.

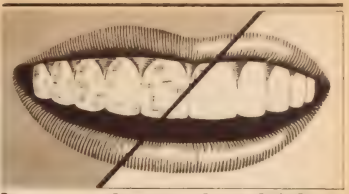
THE SAFE WAY TO SLIM

Literally millions of pounds are spent every year by women who are seeking to change their bulky figures for sylph-like lines. Some are successful, but many more are rewarded only with disappointment and even ill health. Isn't it strange then that the surest, simplest and safest remedy for obesity lies easy to every woman's hand? All you need to do to restore the lissom grace of youth is take a course of simple Clynol berries, which your chemist can supply. Take one little Clynol berry night and morning, and in a few short weeks you'll be delighted to find how much your figure *and* your health have improved. The great advantage of this simple and drugless treatment is that you can drop it without the slightest harmful reaction as soon as you have reduced sufficiently.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE GREY

It is not nearly well enough known among those who find grey hair a handicap in life that there is a very simple way to restore the hair to its *natural* colour without resorting to doubtful and often dangerous dyes. Get four ounces of Tammalite from your chemist, and you have a lotion which will not only gradually restore the hair to its natural colour, but will improve its texture, too. The lotion is neither sticky nor greasy and is easily applied at night with a small sponge.

FREE BOOK, "LESSONS IN LOVELINESS." WRITE FOR YOURS TO DEARBORN (1923), LTD., 37 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.



Less than 1/1000th of an inch separates

Good Teeth from Bad!

If you value your teeth remember this—less than a hair's-breadth of enamel protects them from decay at the gum line! If you use a gritty tooth-paste you are actually helping to wear this enamel away—so make sure your tooth-paste is *safe*. The test is simple. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there is the slightest sign of grittiness change at once to the paste which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day, or send the coupon for a free sample tube. You'll find no grit in Odol—it's as fine and smooth as dairy cream!

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Odol

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Address.....

Going out with 'him'?

Men hate perspiration odour — stop it with this new cream

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Natural Waves without heat or irons

Glamorous wavy hair like that of the stars can be yours if you use YOSEMAR, the harmless, scientific preparation which gives the hair natural waves and Curls. Send to-day (mentioning that you are a reader of "The Picturegoer") for free 24-page Booklet. Write for it to The Yosemar Co., Bury, Lancs.

she can't have "line" till she wears Kestos



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Look at the reason! Its unique cut gives uplift, control, ensures the fashionable high breastline, and—above all—it flatters, gives line.

Write (mentioning that you are a reader of the Picturegoer) for illustrated leaflet to:

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KESTOS

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Hiding natural skin beauty now at last quickly, secretly and safely banished for ever! This secret formula TILSON'S double-strength FRECKLE CREAM banishes freckles and blemishes, blotches and sallowness, while you sleep! Apply overnight, wipe away next morning, and watch freckles (even freckles of long standing) disappear! Your friends will be amazed and you delighted with the new beauty of your skin. Hundreds of users express complete satisfaction, so why not success in your case, too? Cannot irritate even the most sensitive skin, does not contain mercury or poison. Get a jar to-day and start this safe and pleasant treatment for freckles and blemishes right away. From Boots or Timothy White and Taylor shops, or direct for p.o. 2/9 to TILSON'S LABORATORIES (P.G.2 38), Balfour House, London, E.C.2

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in two minutes your "looks" are lovelier



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2/6

Glamour-eyes with Ricil's For longer lovelier lashes



To avoid blackheads, choose the right face powder

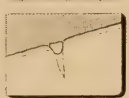
LOOK at the two diagrams on the right. There you see the cause of many blackheads. Tiny grains of powder get into the mouths of pores. If these grains swell when moistened by the skin, they force open the pores, which become permanently enlarged. Then dirt gets into the pores and blackheads form.

To avoid this happening you need a face powder like Coty "Air Spun." "Air Spun" is guaranteed free from materials that swell when moistened. It contains no artificial adhesives, no orris root — nothing to harm the most delicate skin. Because of the exclusive Coty "Air Spun" process, this powder also clings closer than ordinary powders — stays on hours longer.

Ask to see the full range of "Air Spun" shades (especially the new *Miblonde* and *Brunat*) next time you buy powder. And remember — the 2/3 box gives you twice as much as the 1/3 size. From your usual shop. Or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, London.



Tiny grains of powder easily lodge in the larger wise pores.



If these grains swell when moistened by the skin, the pores are forced open and enlarged. Avoid this by using "Air Spun" powder.



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THE FACE POWDER THAT STAYS ON BETTER

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Sonja will cut a very pretty figure in your postcard album!—solo, or practising a love duet with Tyrone Power. Order to-day the four new and different "Picturegoer" cards of Sonja in "Lovely to Look At," recently released.

ALL NEW CARDS, 3d. each; 2/6 doz.

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Annabella; Wendy Barrie; Jane Carr; Jean Colin; Marlene Dietrich (3 poses); Ann Dvorak; Douglas Fairbanks, Jun.; Greta Garbo (2 poses); Greer Garson; John Gielgud; Josephine Hutchinson; Billy and Bobby Mauch; Doris Nolan; Jean Parker; Florence Rice; James Stewart; Robert Taylor (7 poses); Spencer Tracy; Conrad Veidt; Fay Wray.

PARTNERS, SEPIA AND COLOURED
Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll (2 poses); Robert Taylor and Maureen O'Sullivan.

COLOURGRAPH SERIES
Annabella; Virginia Bruce; Ronald Colman; Nelson Eddy; Greta Garbo (2 poses); Fredric March; Anna May Wong.



Sonja Henie in "Lovely to Look At"

Get a 5/- Album Free

By joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 252 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a superb De Luxe Album in blue rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 per dozen. Choose your cards from the lists given above or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2/6 per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. Write for latest list of nearly 2,000 stars — free.

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

To "THE PICTUREGOER" Salon,
85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enrol me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album *free*. I enclose 1/- extra (or 5/- extra if the album *de luxe* is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

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P.O. No..... Amount.....

Overseas readers should enclose 5/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if album *de luxe* is required.

*Cross P.O. and Co.'s and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Pic.23/4/38

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

IT is always said that a man is as old as his arteries. I am perfectly sure that a woman is as old as her feet. If your feet are tired and aching, and sore with corns and callouses, you can be certain that you are not only looking your age, but five years older. Painful feet engrave lines on the face that no beauty treatment will erase.

How this warm spring weather finds them out too. Feet that were just possible in the winter are torture in the Spring.

I have often seen generalisations in print that corns and callouses are always the result of ill-fitting shoes. In young people, this may be true, but it is not always true of older women. Towards middle life the metatorsal bones—the part of the foot that forms the ball of the sole—and which are arranged in the form of an arch across the foot, tend to flatten. This flattening should not be confused with the flattening of the longitudinal arch that occurs in flat foot.

Nevertheless it is quite a painful disability. The flattening tends to make the foot widen at that part. In consequence the ball of the foot comes too precipitately against the ground. The nerves of the sole are compressed. This gives rise to the pain that is felt, and Nature in an effort to afford protection to the bones grows the pads of hard skin that form on the ball of the foot and below the toes.

Furthermore this flattening of the arch affects the position of the toes and causes them to rub against the toe block of the shoes in walking and some very painful corns are set up.

It is not to be denied that accurately fitted shoes will cause less pain than ill-fitting shoes, but they will not in themselves effect a cure.

There are certain simple exercises which will help to tone up the flabby muscles of the feet and greatly improve this painful condition. But they must be done with regularity. Five minutes a day will suffice, but let it be every day without fail.

Sit on a low chair with shoes and stockings removed. Keeping the soles on the floor, arch the feet and turn the toes under as if endeavouring to pick up something with the toes. Repeat this exercise for two or three minutes.

Next, still clenching the toes, walk around the room on the sides of the feet. Do about fifty paces. Do this with bare feet.

Another strengthening exercise is to tip toe a dozen times lifting both heels exactly together.

Swollen ankles seem to be more in evidence in the Spring, and they too are very tiring. Of course, if you suffer consistently from swollen feet, you should see your doctor. I am writing now of the swollen ankles that affect some women and girls after an afternoon of shopping, or a hard day's work.

Here is a simple treatment for this trouble. You need two footbaths, one filled with cold water and the other filled with hot water. First dip your feet into the hot water. Take them out and dip them into cold water. Continue in this way first into one and then into the other for five minutes. Do not allow the feet to soak in either, just leave them there long enough to feel the temperature of the water and then put them into the other bath.

Finishing up with cold water, dry the feet briskly with a rough Turkish towel. After five minutes of this treatment the circulation should be toned up and the feet ready for the special exercises.

Cross one leg over the other. Beginning with the right foot do some strenuous ankle rotating, moving in a clockwise direction. Circle 25 times. Then change over the legs and do the same for the left foot, circling in an anti-clockwise direction.

Next take the ankle between the two hands and do a firm wringing movement—first to the right and then to the left.

Now get up and stand with feet close together on the floor. Rise slowly to tip toe, and slowly lower. Repeat five times. Repeat on right foot, with left foot off the floor. Repeat on left foot, with right foot off the floor. Finish up with both feet together again.

Finish with this exercise. Rise on toes and walk three steps. Drop the heels and walk three steps. And then continue in this fashion, going around the room several times, alternately rising and falling on the heels.

At night time before going to bed, pat in some reducing lotion around the ankles and allow it to dry.

You need patience and perseverance, but if you do persevere each night for about ten days, I am sure that you will have your reward in more slender ankles that will bear you through the day without protest.

• • •

Worried Girl.—I expect you stand badly. Most girls with prominent tummies do. Here is an excellent exercise. Lie flat on the floor and place the palms of the hands under the small of the back. Press firmly for support. Raise the feet and bend the knees and pretend you are pedalling a cycle.

• • •

A *STAMPED addressed envelope accompanying your query, will bring a quick postal reply. Send your letter, to Anne, c/o* THE PICTUREGOER, *Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.*

• • •

WOMAN'S FAIR AND EXHIBITION.

The first Woman's Fair and Exhibition to be staged in Britain is to be held at Olympia in November of this year.

The double purpose of the Fair will be to show to the world the colossal advance that has been made by women in comparatively recent years and to reveal to every woman the resources that science, invention and commerce now put at her command.

The scope of the Fair, which opens for three weeks on November 2, will cover every aspect of modern women's interests, including home-making, beauty, fashion, motherhood and the increasingly important subject of leisure, embracing sport, hobbies and travel.

A Theatre of Fashion Arts will present continuous fashion parades staged with a magnificence never before seen in this country. In this wonder theatre, by means of an ingenious system of scene changes, thousands of visitors will be afforded an opportunity of seeing the latest creations in surroundings and colourful settings exactly suited to the styles being shown.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Doris M. Bell, 98 Lincoln Road, Peterborough, for:—

The Locked Door
The Man Who Knew Too Much
Smiling Through
The Hole in the Wall

Prizes of half-a-crown each are awarded to:

Miss K. Stockwell, Belle Vue, Marlborough Road, Thorpe Bay, Essex, for:

Yellowstone
Landslide
Afterwards
Yellow Dust

F. Slack, Jun., 296 Errwood Road, Levenshulme, Manchester, 19, for:

After Office Hours
More Than a Secretary
First Offence
Don't Tell the Wife

Miss B. Harrison, c/o Mrs. Singleton, 181c High Street, Kensington, W.8, for:

Pennies from Heaven
One in a Million
Falling for You

Miss R. Cullen, Field Gate House, Kenilworth, Warwick, for:

Sitting on the Moon
Panic on the Air
For the Love of Mike
Slide, Kelly, Slide

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "Titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

State Express superb quality at 6d. for 10

STATE EXPRESS 333 CIGARETTES

10 for 6D.
25 for 1'3

Ask please for 'Three Threes'



Now... lovely bright hair with **HILTONE BLEACH**

Whether you want to be light blonde or merely restore the natural golden lights to your hair, Hiltone will do it. Hiltone gives your hair the lustrous shade you want without destroying its elasticity, for Hiltone gently *dissolves away* the colour without damaging the natural structure of your hair. So always remember to ask your hairdresser for a HILTONE Bleach.

PERFECT PERMS after HILTONE

Hiltone leaves your hair soft, silky and pliable—just as your hairdresser likes it when he gives you a perm.

NO BLEACHED LOOK

That glaring "peroxidy" look so common to bleached hair is entirely avoided by Hiltone. You can't tell a Hiltoned head from a perfectly natural head.

HILTONE BLEACH
Safeguards the Hair.

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Rd., West Twyford, London, N.W.10.

THIS SMART FROCK with OVERDRESS YOURS FOR 5/- WITH ORDER



MAY. Printed Crepe sleeveless Frock, with Georgette overdress, gathered sleeves, open down front. Pink/Navy, Turquoise/Black, Yellow/Brown, Powder/Navy. All sizes. Price 45/-

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VISIT OUR MAGNIFICENT SHOWROOMS
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NO REFERENCES.—We are the largest high-class credit firm in Great Britain who give credit without any references whatever, even to Non-Householders.

Please send "May," for which I enclose 5/- deposit. **Money refunded if not satisfied.**

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Birmingham: 76, Bull St.
Sheffield: 98, Pinstone St.
Manchester: 47, Deansgate
Leicester: 30, Market St.

LET'S BE PRACTICAL!





The Yardley Way to Beauty is founded on these fundamental preparations — Skin Food —a nourishing cream for use at night, Liquefying Cleansing Cream, Foundation Cream, Toning Lotion, Complexion Milk and English Complexion Powder. In the Yardley Beauty Box complete, *one guinea*, or separately at 3/6 each.

THERE IS a sane sure way to be beautiful — the simple *right* way of the Yardley Beauty Method. In these few fundamental preparations there is everything which can transfigure your complexion and make you look your loveliest.

These perfect products are presented with the authority of Yardley's long and distinguished reputation, and are the same as Mary Foster, the Yardley Beauty Consultant, uses with such wonderful results at the Yardley Beauty Salons.

Yardley

BEAUTY SALONS 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

Write to Mary Foster, the Yardley Beauty Consultant, who will be glad to send you further particulars of the Yardley Home Beauty Method

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Picturegoer

The Screen's M... Magazine

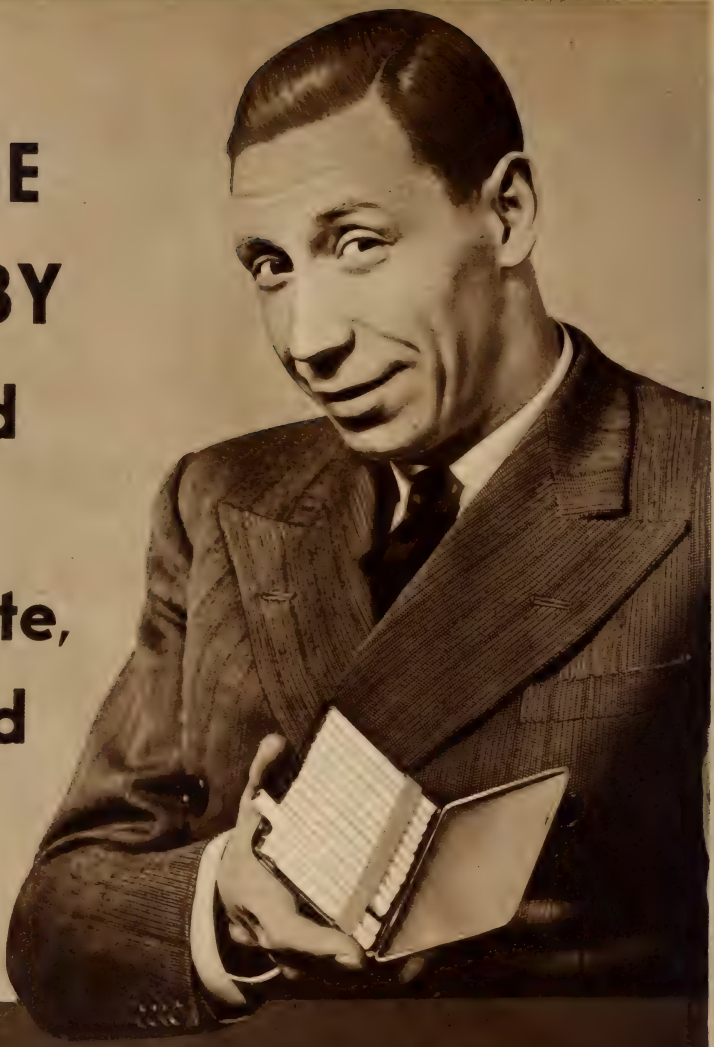
2d WEEKLY



Temptations I've Faced in Hollywood

by CLARK GABLE

If GEORGE FORMBY offered you a cigarette, it would be a



De Reszke

- of course !

MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR RED-TIPPED

15 FOR 6D

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1 ● Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.



DANIELLE AND "DOUG"

Danielle Darrieux, France's latest gift to Hollywood has been drawing a fabulous salary in the film colony for months without having to work, because her first American picture, "Rage of Paris" was not ready for her. One of the reasons for the delay was the lack of a leading man. Now they've found him in the handsome person of Douglas Fairbanks, jun. and the film is at last before the cameras.



FIRST— Medical Science Discovered its Magic Effect

IT REBUILDS SKIN TISSUE! Four years ago doctors first noticed that when one certain vitamin was applied to wounds and burns, the skin healed very quickly. It was learned, too, that when this vitamin was lacking in the diet, the skin became extremely scaly. Then scientists discovered the reason. This "skin-vitamin" is essential for rebuilding skin tissue. Without it, cells flatten, oil glands dry up, under-tissue becomes shrunken. And the skin suffers in health and beauty.



MOST SKIN STARVED OF IT. Th vitamin is in some food. But the body als uses it — for repairing internal tissue. And s the skin often must do without. Scientif tests proved, too, that what does get to th skin is constantly being removed by exposur to the air and washing with water. As result, the skin becomes harsher, duller, olde looking than it should.

THEN— we tested it in Face Creams for over three years



WHAT THE MICROSCOPE SHOWED

At Pond's request leading biologists put the "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Creams and studied the effects. Research continued for 3 years. When Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily for 2 to 3 weeks, the skin improved remarkably — became healthy, smooth, clear. The microscope showed that oil glands were functioning again, flattened cells and tissues were normal.



WOMEN TRY IT— ASK FOR MORE

Next, women were asked to test Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin." They used this new cream daily. Almost every one of them eagerly asked for more. After 2 to 3 weeks this new cream had made their skin smoother, brighter, younger, finer, they said.

NEW! *now in these Creams the* "Skin-Vitamin"

bringing Women wonderful new help to Beauty

NOW ALL WOMEN can have the beauty benefits of the "skin-vitamin." For now Pond's have put it into all Pond's Creams.

Now when you use Pond's Vanishing Cream to hold your powder and when you use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and stimulate your skin, you are putting into your skin the substance that will make your skin smoother, brighter, finer, younger-looking. You use these famous Creams as always. They are exactly the same as before except for the new ingredient. Not Vitamin F, not Vitamin B, not the sunshine vitamin, not the orange-juice vitamin, not the irradiated vitamin — but the "skin-vitamin," Vitamin A.

Where To Get It

Every jar and tube of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream now for sale at chemists and stores contains the "skin-vitamin." They sell at the same prices as before — in the same jars and tubes. Try Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin." See your skin transformed in 2 to 3 weeks.

• • •

POND'S VANISHING CREAM softens and smooths the skin instantly for powder; nourishes the skin, filling out lines; holds powder on. Use it before powdering. Leave some on the skin overnight. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."

POND'S COLD CREAM cleanses, clears, softens and smooths the skin. Patted in briskly, to stimulate the under-skin, it fights off blackheads and blemishes; reduces pores; softens and smooths out lines. Use it at night, in the morning, and to remove powder. Leave some on lines at night to nourish the tissue. IT NOW CONTAINS THE ACTIVE "SKIN-VITAMIN."



"Skin smoother, finer, fresher"

THE LADY TENNYSON

"I'm using Pond's Creams which contain the 'skin-vitamin.' And I've found they have a wonderful beautifying effect no other cream has ever given. They've made my skin so much smoother, finer, fresher and clearer than before."

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS— The Active "Skin-Vitamin"



Look for the sm "S.V." on the label. T means the Cream conta the "skin-vitamin."

FREE: For sample tubes of the improved Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address here, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C 441, Pond's, Perivale, Middlesex.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

HE-MEN HEROES AGAIN

- Back to Wide Open Spaces
- Taylor as a Tough Guy
- Good News for Feminine Stars
- Paul Muni Criticised

FILMS are moving from the millionaire mansions of crazy comedy to the great open spaces of adventure drama and the he-men and wide horizons are coming into their own again.

Clark Gable, for instance, whose dominant masculinity has been kept "under wraps" lately in pictures like *Love on the Run* and the best-forgotten *Parnell*, is back in the sort of role that made him famous in *Test Pilot*. After that he will be seen in *The Great Canadian*, a hockey story. We have already referred here, incidentally, to the coming aviation cycle. Latest star to join it is Gary Cooper, who is to star in *Transatlantic Flight*, which will have no women in it at all. Gary is also to do *The Cowboy and the Lady*, which rather sounds as if he is getting down his long neglected boots and saddle.

Robert Taylor, having coyly shown the hair on his chest in *A Yank at Oxford* is, figuratively speaking, striding about Culver City beating his breast like Johnny Weismuller at the moment. He seems likely to develop into the toughest guy in talkies if he appears in all the pictures announced for him at present. He is already scheduled to do *North-West Passage*, American trail-blazing epic; *They Seek a Country*, South Africa's "Covered Wagon" saga; *Kim*, the Kipling jungle story, and *Tell It to the Marines*, in which he will presumably exchange "Flagg and Quirt" rough stuff with Spencer Tracy.

Even the rather poetic-looking Tyrone Power, Taylor's greatest rival, is venturing forth into the great outdoors and pioneering drama. He is to play Ferdinand de Lesseps, the engineering genius of the canal in *Suez*, which is announced as Darryl Zanuck's most costly production ever. He is also to appear as Jesse James, one of the American West's wildest and woolliest gunmen, no less.

Over at Paramount, Randolph Scott has been busy working on *The Texans*, and George Raft, erstwhile city slicker, is due to make *Spawn of the North*, a drama of the Alaskan salmon fishing industry.

Defeating the Bogey Man

● Advancing age is no longer the bogey man it used to be to actresses in their thirties. Until recently there came a time in the career of every feminine star when lines could on longer be concealed by grease-paint and photography through gauze.

Jack Dawn, the make-up king, claims that he has perfected an invention that will change all that and, perhaps, add five years to the acting lives of the stars.

The invention is a development of the plastic make-up used for character creation in films like *The Good Earth* and *Marie Walewska*. It is a rubber-like compound which can be stretched over the artiste's head or face to build up bone structure, erase lines and otherwise change the facial geography.

"Put it on," he says, "and after thirty minutes you don't know it is there at all."

Prizes For Scenarios

● Those people who fancy their hands at scenario-writing have a chance to show what they can do in a competition organised by the League of Nations.

Prizes are offered for scenarios for documentary films :—

(*a*) Describing the fundamental purposes of the Covenant and the principal activities of the League.

(*b*) Dealing with some special branch or aspect of League work (e.g. the settlement of some political dispute; some aspect of the work of the Health Organisation, or Communications and Transit—such as the unification of road signals, buoying and lighting of coasts, pollution of the sea by oil, or the organisation of the control over the legitimate trade in opium and dangerous drugs, etc.).

The films should be sound films, with English and French versions.

The maximum length of the general film should be 6,000 feet, and that of the special film about 1,500 feet.

Scenarios should be complete with detailed technical indications both as regards photography and sound. Scenarios should be written in French or English, and should reach the Secretary-General of the League of Nations, Geneva, before August 1, 1938.

Short Shots

● Leopold Stokowski addresses Garbo as "Margaret," her real first name, not Greta—Rumours of a "romance" between Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper—Marlene Dietrich has rented a cottage in Beverley Hills—Filmland's latest fad is coloured eyelashes for evening wear—Twentieth Century-fox paid out some £500 for stockings for Sonja Henie during the making of *Happy Landing*; the opera length hose she wears with her skating costumes cost £9 a pair, and she sometimes went through six pairs in a day—Joan Crawford noticed to be chewing gum at a recent preview—Alice Faye and Tony Martin have an elaborate wedding scene in *Sally, Irene and Mary*; in real life they just eloped to Yuma—Anita Louise has been celebrating her twenty-first birthday by taking over the management of her business affairs—Myrna Loy has been using Garbo's dressing room while her own was being redecorated.

"Anti-Divorce" Diet

● Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman celebrated five years of happy married life the other day and credited their marital success to an "anti-divorce diet" they adopted shortly after their honeymoon.

Firmly convinced that food has a great bearing on personality, the singing actress and her husband have faithfully followed a diet which they recommended to their famous friends as a guarantee against domestic fireworks.

The secret, says Miss Swarthout, is to discover what foods tend to make you irritable, and strike them from your menu.

(*Continued on page 6*)



The screen's latest romance team—Norma Shearer and Tyrone Power go into a love scene for "Marie Antoinette."

An Open Letter to

BETTE DAVIS

Come out of the Dog House

DEAR BETTE,

So you've been occupying the well-known Warner dog house again. You must be fairly used to that often over-populated institution (the Messrs. Warner seem to be singularly unfortunate in their relations with their stars) by now, but we hope that you will be out by the time this letter reaches you.

For one thing, we happen to regard you as a swell actress—and a suspended actress, however swell, is no use to any one.

For another, these stellar rebellions, particularly over money, usually leave a nasty taste in the palate of the public, which is rarely moved to compassion by the plight of young ladies who apparently cannot keep the wolf from the door on a salary of £600 a week. Few stars, in fact, emerge from the dog house without loss of prestige.

We can sympathise with you to some extent. There are, we know, other artistes on the Warner pay-roll who are getting more money though they are less talented and mean less at the box-office.

The reason, which you know as well as we do, is that they were fortunate enough to be able to negotiate their present contracts as established stars at other studios. At the time you signed the now disputed agreement under which you have risen to fame and fortune you were practically an unknown, discarded (foolishly) by Universal as "lacking in sex appeal."

* * *

The Warners took a gamble, and it came off, and, strictly speaking, they should be entitled to the profits.

A star, moreover, is just as good as her company makes her. You owe your present position to some degree to your considerable acting ability, but mainly to the fact that it has been exploited wisely by your employers.

You have long held the view that you know what is best for you in the matter of stories and, indeed, lost a law-suit recently in which your demand for the right to choose your stories played a big part.

You took the defeat like a good sport and went back to work on the scripts that were given to you. And one of those was "Jezebel," which has sent the Davis stock soaring and has consequently, we are told, encouraged the present revolt.

We hope that you are not making the mistake of imagining that a successful film is made possible by the unaided efforts of any individual star, however brilliant. A motion picture, more than any other form of entertainment, is a co-operative work in which the actor is only a factor.

The real point, however, is that a contract is a contract. The whole of commerce is based on that fact; it would be impossible without it.

Why artistes should be privileged to dishonour their agreements whenever it suits them is something that has never been satisfactorily explained to us.

THE EDITOR.



The Spanish war is brought to the screen in "The Rising Tide," with Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda.

All the Gossip—*continued*

The result with them has been a sort of "Jack Spratt" diet on which neither eats the same kind of food as the other at the same time.

"This has been particularly important to Frank and me," Gladys adds. "We are together not only at home, but professionally as well."

Chapman explains the way in which they evolved their diet. Although it pleases them, Chapman admits it must be hard on their cook, because it means generally that six meals, instead of three, must be served daily.

He discovered that he could eat meat and be calm, but meat made Miss Swarthout irritable. On the other hand, sweets soothed her, but ruffled him. He didn't like fish, she did. They both liked vegetables, but different kinds.

"There was only one thing that agreed with us in common," he declared, "and that was cheese. The result is that we can meet dietically by eating cottage cheese with our salad."

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

PAUL MUNI IN AN INCIDENT

A GREAT actor is entitled to many privileges, but the right to be discourteous should not be one of them. Paul Muni is being criticised over an incident in New York.

When Muni returned from Europe recently, a representative of the Manischewitz Foundation boarded the steamer upon its arrival in New York, bearing with him a statuette, an award from the Foundation to Muni because of his outstanding film performances during the past year.

Muni refused to accept the statuette, saying curtly, "I don't accept any of those things!"

Talented Ladies

● Rosalind Russell has been besieged with magazine and book offers since announcement of the forthcoming publication of her "And So I Came to Hollywood," and the announcement of production in New York of *We Must Be Ladies*, the play on which she is working with Charlotte Winters and Nedda Harrigan, wife of Walter Connolly.

Gracie Allan, who appears in the movies and on the radio with her husband, George Burns, is not as "dumb" as her roles might indicate. She recently exhibited eight of her surrealist paintings at the Julian Levy Art Galleries in New York.

Helping Sister

The Columbia Studio proudly announces that it recently discovered Gloria Blondell, sister of the famous Joan Blondell, and has signed her to a contract.

Such is Hollywood. Gloria appeared in a few Radio pictures several years ago, and, until lately had some good roles at Warners.

And now Columbia discovers the lady!

Joan has been a great help to her sister at the studios, and her assistance will be invaluable to Gloria.

It was, incidentally while visiting Joan on the *"There's Always A Women"* set that Gloria caught the eye of Frank Capra, who suggested a test.

Curiously enough, William Cagney, brother of James Cagney, whom he closely resembles, does not covet film roles, and has refused many tempting offers. He is content to be Jim's busines manager.

Bing Crosby's brother, Everett, has no acting ambitions, and handles the financial affairs of the famous crooner.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

WELWYN THE SWIM

IT'S a long way out to Welwyn, and that will have to be my excuse for not travelling so far into the wilds of Hertfordshire unless there's something pretty important at Elstree on the way.

And if the production at Elstree is *very* important, I get stuck there and never get up to Welwyn at all; which rather suggests that though the Garden City may be in a very favourable position from some standpoints, it is not in a strategic position for film publicity.

Well, here goes to remedy that.

I would not have you think that nothing had been going on up there near the Polar Zone. Actually they've been rather more continuously in production than most other studios—and from what I hear they are liable to be still more strenuously employed in the coming months.

Films to Come

● Here's the line-up that Pathé have arranged for these studios.

The last two productions to be finished there were *Almost a Honeymoon*, with Tommy Trinder, Edmond Breon, and Linden Travers, and *Night Alone*, with Emlyn Williams, Leonora Corbett, Lesley Brook and Cyril Raymond.

Just at the moment they are doing a screen version of the stage comedy, *Lights Out at Eleven*, and calling it *Save a Little Sunshine*, which, to my mind, is a change for the better, for once.

It *is* inclined to suggest musical comedy, but perhaps it's the association of words with *Sunshine Susie* and *The Sunshine Girl*, both of which relied largely on catchy tunes.

Two newcomers are featured in this—Dave Willis, a pantomime star who is regarded as a new Charlie Chaplin, and Pat Kirkwood.

The Edgar Wallace play *The Flying 55*, is to be filmed in June (has anyone ever totted up how many plays, films, books, and short stories Wallace was responsible for?) and this will be followed by a re-make of the famous naval comedy, *The Middle Watch*.

This was last made about eight years ago,



Madge Evans, John Boles and Charlotte Wynters, as they appear in "Sinners In Paradise."

being one of the early talkies, and if I'm not very much mistaken it was made in these same Welwyn studios.

Missing

● Owen Nares and Jack Raine played the two heroes and Jacqueline Logan and Dodo Watts were the two feminine visitors to the battleship, whose presence caused all the dislocation and circumlocution.

Nares and Raine are still very much with us . . . but where are Jacqueline and Dodo? And where is Henry Wenman, who made a perfect "Marine Ogg"?

There is a certain melancholy in watching these newest talkies, so efficient, so slick, such a great improvement, technically, on the original ones . . . which are so very difficult to supplant in one's heart.

You wait until you see a re-make, in 1946 or 1947, of, say, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* . . . and you will understand what I mean.

And finally the farcical comedy *Laughter In Court*, which was a hit in London and the provinces, is to be offered to picturegoers.

That looks to me like a pretty handsome line-up. Pathé is one of the companies that don't break their hearts if their product isn't featured in West End houses, because they make so much money with them elsewhere that the West End is made to look like a parish.

Tranquillity

● Denham is still quiet and peaceful, so that the gardeners tending the famous rose-gardens can move about their work undisturbed by the harsh cries of assistant directors and the eldritch shrieks of clapper-boys.

Still, Alex Korda needn't feel too badly, considering the way his films have been making history in America.

No fewer than three films made at Denham were showing with success on Broadway at once —*Storm In a Teacup* (which has had especially good notices), *Gaiety Girls* (the Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis comedy which we know as *Paradise For Two*), and Merle Oberon's first Technicolor picture, *The Divorce of Lady X*.

And now we have been shown *The Drum* and are shortly to see *The Challenge* and *Over the Moon*—and of these three, *The Challenge* is the only one in black-and-white.

Colour is creeping up on us, and the sooner it is taken by producers in their stride instead of being "exploited," the better will colour films be.

She Glitters

● Here are two odds-and-ends of news for you, one from Elstree and one from Pinewood.

At Elstree, Vivien Leigh, playing in Mayflower's new Charles Laughton picture, *St. Martin's Lane*, reached the sequences in which she had developed into a full-blown musical comedy star, on the lines of Jessie Matthews.

For one or two of these scenes she had to wear a great deal of jewellery, and rather than load her down with paste, Erich Pommer, producer, hired £10,000 worth of gems from a West End jeweller's.

Very few people even engaged on the production knew it was genuine. However, it has all gone back safely now, down to the last sparkle and glitter, so the prop-men and studio detectives can breathe freely again.

And so can the West End jeweller.

Take Cover !

● Pinewood's bit of news concerns Pinebrook Productions, the co-operative unit headed by Capt. the Hon. "Dicky" Norton.

Having completed their first effort, *A Spot of Bother*, featuring a grand bunch of comedians in Alfred Drayton, Robertson Hare, Robert Hale, O. B. Clarence, Fewlass Llewelyn, Jimmy Godden, and others, they are now to embark on their second venture, which is at present short of a title.

They are expecting to spend £50,000 on it, which has come to be regarded as a modest amount in these crazy days, and it is to have a topical angle, being concerned with a London 'bus driver who volunteers as an A.R.P. warden.

Air-raid precautions will be shown in detail, but no actual raid will be included in the film,

(Continued on page 8)

All the Gossip—*continued*

which sounds to me a little like *Hamlet* without the Prince of Denmark.

On the other hand, I don't know that I would have picked this as an outstandingly appropriate subject for comedy, but as a nation we have always rather tended to derive our humour from grim subjects, and the fact of the lugubrious Mr. Gordon Harker playing the lead will ensure a good deal being extracted from this one.

Success

● Maurice Elvey will direct it, which pleases me very much—especially as Maurice has just received excellent notices for his last one, the prisoner-of-war film, *Who Goes Next?* in which Barry K. Barnes played the lead for Fox-British at Wembley.

In passing, it's tough luck on the new Mrs. Barnes, Diana Churchill, having a slight illness which has prevented her from taking part, after all, in the latest A.B.P. film, *Yellow Sands*.

Still, perhaps her slight indisposition is not an unmixed disadvantage, because this production is simply teeming with excellent character roles, which are likely to give their players a first-class chance to shine, and which may have the effect of putting the young heroine in the shade, however good she would certainly have been in her part.

Diana has tended lately to become more and more the centre-spot in her films, and I was a little surprised at A.B.P.'s decision to cast her in a film with so much competition, since I know how anxious they are to build her up to star value.

Belle Chrystall certainly deserves the break she gets in taking over this role, for she was telling me the other day that she had done nothing since her very excellent job of work in *Edge of the World*.

Herbert Brenon, who made a brilliant job of *Housemaster*, is directing.

Or so I Hear

● New World, the British subsidiary of Twentieth Century-Fox, has been very quiet about its plans lately, evidently waiting to see which way the cat would jump; in fact, all I have heard of its future movements (New World's, not the cat's) has come to me in a very roundabout way, via a friend in New York, who tells me that six pictures are to be made, probably all at Denham, with Anglo-American casts.

First, he says, will be *Husbands Beware*, featuring George Sanders and Virginia Fields.

HOLLYWOOD AT OLYMPIA

Hollywood will be brought to London soon when, in November, Woman's Fair and Exhibition opens at Olympia.

We are promised large-scale reproductions of the actual homes of our favourite film stars built in their natural settings of palm trees, roses and every flower that makes the playground of the stars the eighth wonder of the world.

In one corner of these Hollywood Gardens we shall see glamorous girls disporting themselves in a typical film-world bathing pool.

Fashions are to be linked with films in spectacular displays of 1939 women's wear, by using rear-projection films with a stage. This technique has never been used in England before but it will show us everything from tweeds to furs and jewellery to brogues in their natural settings.

These two clever young people were both in *Lloyd's of London*, he as Madeleine Carroll's dissolute husband and she as the coffee-house girl, and Sanders, of course, has lately made a big success in *Lancer Spy*.

Then there are to be two Gracie Fields pictures, whose subjects will probably depend upon our reaction to her last (and by that I mean first) one for this company, *We're Going to be Rich*, and Annabella will star in two, and that, as near as I can compute it, makes five.

I haven't the remotest idea what the sixth will be, I'm afraid. In fact, it's just a fluke that I know that much.

Discovery

● Speaking (as we were a few paragraphs back) of *A Spot of Bother*, reminds me that I received a pæan of excitement from the Publicity Department at Pinewood about a new discovery of theirs, a girl named Kathleen Joyce, who is playing the second feminine lead in that picture, and is described by "a studio official" (unnamed) as "the most versatile British film discovery of the year."

Now this is odd, because I distinctly remember a girl named Kathleen Joyce, answering to the same description—blonde, slight, pretty, and so on—who was one of the original candidates for the Gainsborough Baby Stars, about seven or eight years ago.

If Pinewood really have discovered the same girl, it puts a new valuation on the word "discover," for the girl I mean actually played the leading part in a film—not a very important one—called *Reflection* at Elstree years ago.

As Alice remarked in Wonderland, "mysteriouser and mysteriouser." Anyway, look out for Kathleen—she plays Robertson Hare's girl friend in this picture.

They Made It

● Personally, I admit to being more interested in the producer and the director of *A Spot of Bother*.

The director is David Macdonald, Scottish born, tough, wiry, wise-cracking, efficient and popular.

He was originally a rubber-planter in Malay, which perhaps is where he picked up his resilience, and having gone to Hollywood on a business-trip mixed with pleasure, he was immediately signed to be "technical adviser" to Cecil B. de Mille on two films with Eastern locales, *Painted Woman* and *White Woman*.

From that he graduated to assistant director on such films as *Bengal Lancer*, *The Crusades*, *Sign of the Cross*, and *Klondike Annie*.

Armed with this experience, he came home and in his first fifteen months here had directed ten films, including the highly successful thriller, *Dead Men Tell No Tales*.

Fighters

● Next time you're in Trafalgar Square, take a glance at the statue of General Havelock, who relieved Lucknow in the Indian Mutiny. He had a son who also was a general and won the V.C., and *his* grandson is Anthony Havelock-Allan, who wins several battles a day against insuperable difficulties in his capacity as executive producer for Pinebrook. He produced *A Spot of Bother*.

He started his working life as a jeweller, left that for the gramophone business, and just naturally stayed with the entertainment world.

During his spell with Brunswick he signed up people like Gracie Fields, Jessie Matthews, Helen Morgan, Ambrose, Igor Stravinsky, and the late Maurice Ravel.

Just for a little while he tried stockbroking, but you can't keep them out, and he returned to "show business" to produce Paramount's quota films, of which he produced nine in his first five months. Altogether he has been responsible for two dozen of them.

Bear this young man's name in mind (he's only 33, by the way): you'll be hearing more of him.

Director David Macdonald explains a scene to Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare during production of "A Spot of Bother."



Success is SIMPLE

IT's just a matter of hard work, says Shirley Ross, who expresses some surprising views, for a Blues singer, on the dignity of labour and the bringing up of children. If you are all for the lazy life or are a modern mother with ideas about child psychology you'd better not read this article.

IF you want your children to be successful, teach them to work and make them do it. That is to-day's Sunday School lesson, and it comes from a Hollywood motion picture actress, believe it or not.

"I love to work hard. I'm used to it, and I believe in it," said Shirley Ross across a luncheon table for two. "I've worked hard practically all my life. When I was six years old I started practising five hours a day on the piano. I kept it up until I started my career."

At that point time off was taken for the reporter to recover from a near fainting spell. The shock of hearing a girl with a face and a voice and a figure like that extol the virtues of humble toil was too much.

It didn't help to discover this blues-singing motion picture actress is a trained concert pianist.

Shirley Ross had given ten public concerts by the time she was enrolled in the University of California at Los Angeles as a freshman. Most singers of popular songs know music only by ear. They boast of not being able to read a note.

"Of course, there were times when so much practising grew tiresome," Shirley admitted. "I might have given in except for the insistence of my mother, who was ambitious for me. All children have to be made to work if they are to develop talents. And I think the discipline is good for them."

Now there's a state of affairs you wouldn't expect to hear praised by a member of the younger generation. I thought discipline went out when modern mothers became self-conscious about child psychology.

Shirley is young enough to have been a modern child. Perhaps her mother didn't read the books. There was more of the same.

"Since I've been in pictures I've been grateful many times that I learned how to work when I was young. It is the only way to get anywhere. They can talk all they please about luck. I know it plays some part. Gracious, I should know. For the first two years I was under contract to a studio I never had a chance at a real part. But luck is only the beginning.

"I learned a lot in those two years. I learned how foolish it is to get conceited over a little success. You may be slapped down to-morrow.

"By observation I learned the folly of playing around when you should be working to prepare yourself for the big chance when it comes. I got mine when Paramount borrowed me for *The Big Broadcast of* 1937, and then gave me a new contract.

"Recently I have been in *The Big Broadcast* of 1938. But if I hope to be among those present in 1948 I'll have to keep on my toes. That takes work."

Shirley thinks she might still like to make a career of piano-playing later on. Against the possibility she keeps up her practising. Time doesn't permit any more five-hour sessions, but she does the best she can. She has to practise singing, too, of course. She sings for the radio as well as pictures, which means double rehearsals. The girl certainly lives by the creed she professes.

It is odd that she should have turned out a singer and an actress in spite of the years spent in learning to be something else.

She says she began to sing for her own amusement. It added variety as an accompaniment to the incessant piano playing. Her mother liked it so well she started inviting friends and neighbours in to hear. And that's the way it all started.

Shirley got an audition with Gus Arnheim when she was in her second year at the university. When he offered her a place with his dance band she promptly gave up higher education.

IT was while the band was playing at the Beverly Wiltshire Hotel in Beverly Hills that an M.-G.-M. executive heard Shirley and became interested in her screen possibilities.

Shirley's ideas on self-improvement dovetail nicely with her work-and-like-it theory.

"Each step you take in the right direction makes you more sure of yourself and more determined to win, if you are sincere."

And if the foregoing isn't enough to convince sceptics that a luscious-looking damsel with thrill-producing vibrations in her voice can be shrewd and serious about the business of living listen to her ten rules for self-discipline. (There's that word again!) Any woman who followed them would improve her mind and increase her beauty, poise and chances for success. They are :—

(1) Take your criticisms more to heart than your compliments.

(2) Try to dress always with the perfection you would if you were going out on an interview for your first job.

(3) Read at least one good book a week.

(4) Get at least eight hours of sleep every night.

(5) Read one newspaper each day, one weekly magazine on current events, and one monthly periodical.

(6) Don't let other people waste your time. It's too valuable.

(7) Don't allow yourself to get all upset over something that probably won't happen anyway.

(8) When you find yourself gaining more than three pounds do something about it. It's easier to keep from gaining than it is to lose.

(9) Don't "Yes" people all the time. "No" them once in a while, but have substantial arguments to back up your ideas.

(10) Keep a mental score of merits and demerits and if you find yourself on the demerit side of the ledger do something about it at once.



Shirley Ross, a pretty girl who believes in hard work and plenty of it.

Temptations



Above : Clark Gable prefers the outdoor life to the film colony parties—the star with his favourite horse, "Sonny."

WELL, well, I certainly did *not* pick a winner to give me the low-down on the high, wide and very handsome temptations offered by Hollywood when I picked on Clark Gable! Because Gable hasn't faced, perhaps I should say hasn't felt, any of Hollywood's tempting temptations. For the simple but sufficient reason that the temptations Hollywood has to offer do not tempt Mr. G., that's all.

That *was* about all. That just about fixed my little idea of having Mr. G. say: "I've faced these temptations in Hollywood" and then go off to the races with rich and racy anecdotes about the temptations he has kept at arm's length, the while wrestling with his soul in the Mojave Desert. For when I asked Clark how he has managed to withstand the sirens, the silken, sinister, seductive and sybaritic lures of fame and stardom, he just threw back his handsome head and let out a very disconcerting roar of laughter.

I took out my little list of the best temptations (the Gable guffaws notwithstanding,) and read them off to him, the while he, pleasantly but unconcernedly, ate his way through a pineapple and cottage cheese salad. I read aloud: "Temptations! Women? Extravagance? Inflated Ego, commonly known as The Swelled Head? The Temptation To Forget How The 'Other Half' Lives? Wild Parties? Night Life? Temperament? Jealousy? Surfeit?

"These," I said to him, not without a certain modest pride, as seriously as the demoniacal twinkle in his grey eyes would permit, "these are the most approved temptations which Hollywood has to offer her darlings, both male and female, when she enthrones them among the stars. These are the enticements with which Hollywood baits her trap."

Clark, I thought hopefully, has been baited by them. But I needn't have been so hopeful. For he hasn't so much as nibbled at the bait.

The most spectacular thing about Gable is, of course, the complete lack of anything spectacular. The most significant, the most astonishing thing about him is that he has not changed one single atom since the day he first signed his M.-G.-M. contract and it was realised that the greatest star since Valentino, perhaps the greatest star in all picture history, had come over the skyline of the screen. In one short year all Hollywood and the rewards thereof could have been under his conquering feet. They weren't because Clark has never taken his feet far enough off the ground to let anything, including Hollywood, get under them. You can't *believe* that a man could be subjected to the assault and battery of fame and fortune and flattery and power and prestige to which Gable has been subjected and still remain, as he has, just plain, down-to-earth regular. But he has.

On his present income Clark could run a palatial yacht, but he prefers the hardest way. In the matter of extravagance as in other Hollywood temptations he can "take it or leave it alone."

Robert Taylor once said of him: "If I can keep my head as Gable has I'll be okay. . . ." Tyrone Power said just the other day: "If I can keep the square slant on things Gable has kept, I'll be saved for posterity!"

As we sat at luncheon in the M.-G.-M. commissary the other day I recalled to him the first time I ever interviewed him, the first interview he ever gave—in the old M.-G.-M. commissary it was, right after he had made *Dance, Fools, Dance*, with Joan Crawford and the impact of the Gable personality had set Hollywood to star-quaking. I reminded him that I had asked him how he would feel if, at the end of that year, he should find himself in the spot once occupied by Valentino, the spot where women would tear the clothes from his back, swarming about him like locusts, demanding, devouring, desirous and how he had said to me, his honest eyes meeting mine, "Why, I should think it would be sort of *repulsive*." And he laughed and said, the honest eyes unchanged: "That answer still goes. I still think it would be sort of repulsive . . . but I wouldn't know."

The years of his fame have mounted, and continue to mount, and they are not years which

I've Faced in HOLLYWOOD

By CLARK GABLE

The greater the star the greater the temptations of talkietown. This frank interview with Gladys Hall explains how Gable has kept his crown—and his head.





Above: Gable goes out with Carole Lombard, the only woman with whom his name has been linked in Hollywood. Left: The Star as he appears in his latest picture, "Test Pilot."

the locusts have eaten. For he still "doesn't know." Women have constituted no problem in his life. They just aren't a problem, that's all, and even women, little busy bees that they are, can't make themselves a problem to a man who would just laugh and go his way, not heartless, not even heedless, just unheeding.

He has been married. And after his second marriage dissolved, he has gone with Carole Lombard, the only girl with whom the name of Gable has ever been linked. For, if you will recall, the Gable name has never been linked, periodically, with this fair charmer and that. The columns have been anaemically lacking in little squibs about Gable "heartying" here and there. Even columns have to have a few crumbs to feed them. And seldom indeed do you read that Clark and Carole have been seen dining or dancing, at this party or that. . . .

No, Gable has never, he insists, been annoyed by the various perils created by the ladies, bless 'em, which have destroyed the peace of mind of other screen celebrities. Neither fans nor extra girls have been a menace to him. It was Fredric March who once said to me: "Any temptation women may offer to men on the screen does not come from the stars you work with, it comes from the ranks of the extra girls, bit players, non-professionals, girls who think that you can do something for them, get them breaks."

Clark said: "I've never been bothered that way, never, nor in any other way." I reminded him of the experiences other stars have had—the well-bred young woman who was a visitor on Bob Montgomery's set one day and told him that she was a friend of his family's and mentioned names and incidents which seemed to corroborate her statement. And how, as they stood behind one of the cameras the better to talk quietly, she suddenly screamed and tore at her hair and clothing and had to be removed forcibly from the set. Common experiences, these, the women neurotics, the stars the victims of neurotics.

But save for the one unpleasant case of the badly confused (to put it mildly) Mrs. Violet Norton, Clark has been free of such as these. And he has been free because no morbid miasma could live and hold up its head in the lusty, gusty presence of Gable. The most neurotic, the most fevered fan, unless completely deranged, would sense that it was no go, that Gable would simply shout with healthy laughter at such capers. For laughter, hearty and debunking, is the most powerful defence a man can employ against the whims of a neurotic woman.

"No," he said, "I've never had any trouble. . . . I've never had to remove any women from my set or home because no one ever tried to break into my sets or into my home. Occasionally when I was at the hotel girls would phone, but the girl at the switchboard was a canny kid and she just wouldn't put the calls through unless she knew the party speaking. I never went through the lobby of the hotel when I was going in or out. I always used the elevator and went right down to the basement garage where I kept my car and went up the same way, straight from the garage. So I avoided any of the star-gazers who congregate in public places."

We checked off the temptations one by one. I said: "Extravagance? I remember your telling me when we did one of our first interviews that you didn't want a lot of money, wouldn't know what to do with it if you had it, didn't want to dwell in marble halls with a swimming-pool, private golf course, projection room, all the star fixings. How about it now? Hasn't the super luxury standard of living of Hollywood got you down? Haven't you been tempted to go haywire and splash around with yachts and parties running into the thousands for liquor alone and steam-heated swimming-pools and retinues of servants and gardens that would make the vistas of Versailles look like chicken runs?"

"Nope," said Gable, "I have not. I once told you that there is all the ocean to swim in, a good enough swimming-pool for any man; that I didn't need a yacht when I could ship aboard a lugger any time I felt like it, that I hated big parties and was only comfortable with a very few people and only when I know them well. That still holds, all of it. But I will say this, if a young man just heading for stardom should ask me what I consider the most dangerous temptation Hollywood has to offer I would tell him to beware of spending his money recklessly.

"Spending money recklessly seems to me to be the outstanding temptation Hollywood has to offer. It's never been any temptation to me, but that's no credit to me. It's just the way I'm made, a man who'd be more worried than pleased with all that fol-de-rol. You do what you want to do when you're able to do it. I just don't want to do those things, or have them, that's all. Gosh, the way some of the stars live. . . . ! The palaces they live in, the parties they give . . . do you realise that it must take an income of five million dollars to maintain many of them as they are living now? And

(*Continued on page* 12)

TEMPTATIONS I'VE FACED IN HOLLYWOOD—

there won't be any five million dollars for them to retire on.

"Nope, luxury is no temptation to me. I don't want to be in a spot where I have to borrow money to pay my income tax. I don't want anything I can't buy and pay cash for. I don't want anything I don't own, outright. I could buy myself a $75,000 or $100,000 home if I wanted one. I don't, but I could have one *if* I wanted to put $20,000 down as a deposit and let a bank carry the balance. I don't want anything on that basis. No mortgages on anything. What I have I want to own, or not at all. I've leased a small place in the San Fernando Valley now, four and a half acres, a plain comfortable house. I took the place because I got fed up with hotel life and because I wanted a place where I could have my two horses and look after them.

"Now, I get a chance to exercise them every morning, even when I'm working. And I live as simply as possible. I don't have a chauffeur, for instance. What do I need a chauffeur for? I know how to drive a car. And I like to drive a car and I do drive my own car. I don't want a butler. What would I be doing with a butler? I don't want a valet, and I don't have one except when I'm working in a costume picture like *Mutiny* or *Parnell*, because then I have to have someone to take care of the fancy duds for me. I wouldn't know what to do with the things. But a valet at home? Not me. I'm able-bodied and healthy and over twenty-one. And if I can't dress myself and shine my own shoes by this time I'll never be able to. I have a cook and a housekeeper on the place and that's all I need, and more.

"I have four more years to go on my contract," said Gable "and when those four years are over I am through with pictures. Maybe they'll be through with me before that time elapses. I still don't believe that a star's popularity is very long-lived. But whether or no, it's quits for me when my contract comes to an end. I'll have enough money then, barring accidents, to give me the income I need to live on for the rest of my life. And that's all I want to have. And if that isn't enough for any man it's too bad about him."

"But if you should marry again?" I asked . . . and Clark answered, "It's still enough."

I said, "But you'll never retire, Clark. Everyone says they will; no one ever has."

"I will," Clark told me, "wait and see. What'll I do then? First I'll travel for two years, maybe three. I'll see all the places I want to see, do all the things I never have time to do now. I've just had a swell six months vacation and never a dull moment. I've only been to the studio twice in the whole six months and this is one of the two times. I was pretty well fagged at first. I'd had two stiff pictures. We worked until our nerves were ribbons on *Parnell*.

"Then, after that, I went immediately into *Saratoga* and you know what happened on that. That just about did knock me flat. Jean and I sort of began together, you know. We started in together, here at M.-G.-M., worked together in *The Secret Sin* with Wally Beery and Lewis Stone as the stars and with us as very unimportant minor players. We didn't even have our own dressing-rooms then. We wondered whether we would ever get another job after that picture was finished. We made more pictures together than we made with anyone else, I guess. I was awfully fond of Jean. She was always a big kid to me, a kid with a heart as big as all outdoors, generous and swell and real.

"I felt her passing more than I've ever felt anything . . . so, I needed a rest, a change, a break. I didn't go far away. I wanted to go to China on the Clipper. I planned to stay there about three months. But before I got going the war got going and that was that." (I thought: but it wouldn't have been much fun for Carole to have Clark away for three months.) I spoke my thought and Clark said, "It would have been okay with Carole. She was all for it. She was working. And she's not selfish. She knew that I wanted to go and so she wanted me to go. That's the way she is.

"So I just stayed around home. I wanted to enjoy myself and I can't enjoy myself unless I can find seclusion somewhere, be out of the public eye, be allowed to forget that I am a 'public character.' I like to be with people who make me feel what I know I am, no different than they are. And I figure that I could get more of this seclusion within a radius of fifty miles of Hollywood than I could get by dashing off to South America or to Egypt or somewhere. So I tucked in, for part of the time, on a huge ranch up in Santa Barbara County.

"I'd spend whole days up there just lying in the sun. It was never monotonous because that's the kind of a life, the only kind of a life I like and enjoy. If I felt like talking, that was easy. I found new friends among the cowhands, desert prospectors, hitch-hikers, the little country storekeepers who have funds of wisdom bigger and much more valuable than their stocks of goods. I'd come down to Hollywood weekends to see Carole. When I was down for longer stays I'd go to the bike races, the football games, the fights. That was enough pleasure for me, sister."

I said, then "Inflated ego? The Swelled Head? I know that you have escaped this malady, everyone knows it, but HOW? What anti-toxins have you used? How did you gain this immunity?"

"The flattery, applause, recognition, fan letters are for the studio-manufactured article labelled *Clark Gable* instead of *Corned Beef*," laughed Clark, "you know that and so do I. When I first came to Hollywood and tried to get a break in pictures, even extra work, no one would have me. No one gave me a second glance. I'm the same now as I was then except that then I had the advantage of being several years younger. But they couldn't 'see' me—and they *didn't* see me. I remember that. Not bitterly. Just with amusement that ballyhoo can make all the difference, an advertised product draw the eyes of the world to an article, or a person, not one eye has even glanced at before. As for the name in electric lights, that's the letter-head on my business stationery, that's all.

"And up in Eddie Mannix's office here on the lot," grinned Clark, "there's a sign which reads: *Don't let M-G-M.'s success go to your head!* That's the answer. Commit that to memory and take it to heart and your head will fit your hat."

I said, my voice growing weaker as Clark flicked each tasty temptation from his grey tweed shoulder as he might have flicked a buzzing gadfly, "What about the temptation to forget how the 'other half' lives? I mean, the little fellows who hold down twenty-five-dollar-a-week jobs and glad to have them? Aren't you liable to forget the 'other half?'"

"Not if you've been the 'other half' yourself, sister," Clark said, a bit more seriously. "I've been the other half, don't forget that. I've worked in the well-known oil fields, factories, lumber-camps. And for less than what Hollywood would call a 'living wage' and I lived on it all right, too. I was on the stage for twelve years before I ever came to Hollywood. I had to count my pennies to make them stretch for room-rent and three square meals a day. I knew what it was to be 'between jobs.' And I still have friends from those days, fellows who are still living on the twenty-five a week basis. No, I don't forget. I'm the same fellow now that I was then. And I remember, too, how when I'd have successes on the stage I'd be the hail-fellow-well-met, with lots of thumps on the back and greetings of 'well, ole-man-ole-man-ole-man, come and have a drink,' and when I'd have flops I'd still be the same hail-fellow but not well-met at all. They say it's easier to take failure well than it is to take success well. Maybe. But it's also easier to remember failure than it is to remember success. The bite goes deeper."

I said, a bit more hopefully, "Wild parties? Night life?"

Clark shook his head. "Nothing doing," he said, "you've never seen me anywhere, have you? Nor ever read of me being seen anywhere, except at the races. I never go to big parties and never give them. I haven't been to a night spot for a year or so. I never have any fun in those places, so why go to them?"

"But," I said, "Carole must like to go places now and then, to see if not to be seen."

"Nope," said Clark again, "Carole doesn't care for that sort of thing any more than I do. We never go to the night spots. I think we've been to one night spot twice in the past year or so, that's all. We have a few good friends and we have dinner at one of our houses and play tennis or ping-pong or badminton or something. That's the extent of our social activities. We go to the movies quite a bit, Carole and I. And once or twice she's gone duck hunting with me. She's a good shot, knows how to handle a gun. That about says it all."

"Jealousy, then," I asked, on a dying hope, "competition or the fear of competition? Flare-ups of temperament, the temptation to use your power to make demands?"

"Too busy feeding the horses for any of that," laughed Clark, "any fighting that has to be done I leave to my manager, Phil Berg. And there isn't much of that. There were some arguments, plenty, I guess, over this picture, *Test Pilot*, that Spence and I are making now. But I wouldn't know. I only sat in on one conference. I stay away from conferences as much and as often as I can. As for the jealousy and competition angle, no. There's plenty of room for everybody and, if someone can get the breaks let him get them, he deserves them. When a Bob Taylor or a Jimmy Stewart rises on this lot it's swell for me . . . it means fewer pictures for me to make!"

Well, well, as I was saying, I certainly did not pick a winner to give me the lowdown on Hollywood's hectic temptations! And it's all his own fault, too, that he hasn't had any temptations to tell the world about. *He's* the reason he hasn't gone to his own head; *he's* the reason temptations have slunk away, defeated, their tails between their legs. Even a twirpy little temptation knows when it is licked.



Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy appear to be trying to hitch-hike a 'plane ride in this shot from the "Test Pilot" set.

BOOK BROUGHT Fame to BELLE CHRYSTALL

by WILSON D'ARNE

It sometimes pays to be a book-worm—and it did in the case of this little actress, who is now playing in *Yellow Sands*.



Left : A recent portrait of Belle Chrystall, who may yet fulfil the promise she gave in "Hindle Wakes" as being one of the hopes of the British screen.

MEETING Belle Chrystall for the first time is something of a shock. A delightful shock! She is so utterly "un-film-star-like," so completely natural, unassuming and sincere, that the experience tends to be momentarily embarrassing. It is so unexpected!

At twenty-six, this Lancashire girl with the vivid face, the clear, sparkling eyes, the disarming smile and the copper-coloured hair has nearly a dozen talkies and several stage plays to her credit. Yet she remains as charming and unaffected as the day she first walked into a film studio.

Always ready and eager to praise the work of others, she is genuinely modest about her own success. Her intimate friends will tell you that she has never made a single enemy. One can well believe it.

It is pleasant to write about an actress who has brains as well as good looks. Belle combines both qualities to a high degree. She has other qualities, too. She is intelligent, generous and witty. Her conversation sparkles. Her sense of humour is prodigious.

When she is not working you are most likely to find her in West End theatres and cinemas. She takes her work seriously and makes a point of seeing and studying all that is new on stage and screen.

As for her talent, anybody who has seen her performance in the *Edge of the World* will agree that she is a first-rate actress.

But perhaps one's strongest impression of Belle is of a radiant and wholly captivating personality.

It is a personality that is stamped on every inch of her London flat, which is small and comfortable, exquisitely furnished and decorated.

The colour scheme, a lovely combination of jade and ruby, is artistic, restful.

The half-dozen or so paintings she possesses are all originals and reflect excellent taste in art.

A well-stocked library reflects equally good taste in literature.

None of the books in her library need concern us here—except one. And that one must. It is an old, rather battered volume of short stories which stands ignominiously between the latest editions of Masefield's "Sard Harker" and Mitchell's "Gone with the Wind." No, it is neither a rare nor a valuable edition. Ordinarily, you would pay little attention to it; and if you looked at it at all your inspection of its musty covers would certainly be brief. You would dismiss it as unimportant.

Yet to Belle that book is probably the most valuable in her library; one of her most treasured possessions, in fact.

For, if it hadn't been for that tattered old volume, Belle might now be an office typist or secretary instead of a film star.

The story of the book is the story of Belle Chrystall, and it starts on a cold and frosty morning about nine years ago when she was living with her people in Fulwood, her home-town.

She had just decided to seek theatrical employment.

"It wasn't that I particularly wanted to become an actress," she explains. "I had never been either stage- or screen-struck. It was simply that I wanted to be independent. I was tired of sitting around, wondering what to do. The prospect of an office job did not fill me with much enthusiasm. Acting seemed a much more interesting way of earning a living. . . ."

So, on the advice of friends, Belle went to Manchester to see an agent whom they had recommended.

On the way to his office she happened to pass a second-hand book-shop. She noticed a volume of short stories lying on the bargain table outside. On impulse she bought it. It cost her fourpence!

Her reception at the agent's office was discouraging.

Only girls with experience were wanted, and Belle had to admit that she had never even acted in local amateur dramatics.

The agent was gruff, blunt and bald-headed. He eyed Belle with a mixture of faint amusement and boredom.

"You're not the show-girl type," he drawled. "So just run along home and get yourself a job you can handle. Something domestic, maybe. Oh, and on your way buy yourself a new hat. The one you're wearing is terrible!"

That was the final insult! Without another word, Belle turned and walked out of the office. The sooner she got home the better!

But, at the station she suddenly discovered she had left her volume of short stories on the agent's desk.

To return or not to return to the scene of her humiliation—that was the question. Having plucked up courage, she decided to return. It was a good thing she did.

Her arrival at the office coincided neatly with the visit of a stage producer who was running a small stock company. He was looking for new talent.

The producer took one look at Belle and asked the agent who she was. There followed introductions . . . and an interview.

Half an hour later Belle left the office for the second time that day. But this time she had her volume of short stories in one hand—and a two months contract in the other!

Belle's first success was short-lived, however. A month later the producer died and the company had to disband.

But that contract, small as it was, gave Belle the start she needed. It led to better things when she joined a company which Milton Rosmer was taking on tour.

While with Rosmer (and on his advice) she saved her money, went to London and took a course at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts.

That her possibilities had deeply impressed Rosmer was proved a year later when he remembered and recommended Belle to Victor Saville, who was searching for a leading lady to play opposite Leslie Henson in the film version of *A Warm Corner*.

Saville was enthusiastic. "That girl will go far," he said.

He backed his confidence in Belle by starring her in his talkie version of *Hindle Wakes*, which promptly established her as an actress of exceptional ability. It led Michael Balcon, then production chief of Gaumont-British, to reward her with a long-term contract under which she appeared in *Hobson's Choice*, *Case of the Frightened Lady* and *Friday the 13th*.

Following her performance in *Edge of the World*, Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer) chose her as his leading lady in *Follow Your Star*, which Sinclair Hill directed at Pinewood.

It is difficult to believe that anybody, least of all her own family, could view Belle's success with indifference. Yet her family still maintains that the Chrystall clan was badly let-down when Belle became an actress!

To her brothers and sisters she is no screen heroine. It is significant, however, that they never fail to see any of her films at least twice. One suspects from this that they are really secretly proud and delighted about her success.

Lately she has made a return visit to her first love, the theatre.

"Playing before a real audience keeps an actress up to the mark," she declares. "I recently played Elizabeth Bergner's role in an English version of *Chu the Sinner* at the Embassy Theatre, London. Now I am considering a new part which has been offered me."

Meanwhile she is playing the leading juvenile role in the film *Yellow Sands*, vacated by Diana Churchill, which is confidently expected to ring a Belle.

WOMEN



The grandmammy of them all—that great trouper, May Robson.

A tribute to the elder Hollywood actresses who can still show the youngsters the way to act

by Max BREEN

WHEN all the glamourising of the newly discovered girls from the ends of the earth has been done and undone—though it can usually be trusted to undo itself—there remain those great ladies, the Hollywood character actresses.

These have not suddenly been seen in a crowd—or on a skating rink or in a restaurant—and given a screen trial; they have, practically without exception, the best part of a lifetime of stage experience behind them; and if any of you still have any lingering doubts about the value of a stage training to a screen actress, "prepare to shed them now."

I've invited a dozen of these ladies to meet you in these two pages; and I do so in the knowledge that they are better worth meeting than double the number of saucer-eyed cuties.

"Mothering Sunday" is some weeks past, but still I cannot refrain from giving pride of place to May Robson, who is regarded by tens of thousands as the mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother of the American nation; and we can claim an interest in her, too, for she was born in Melbourne, Australia, the daughter of a British naval officer.

Miss Robson, known to the theatrical profession as "Mumsie May," was 73 last week, and has been in the entertainment world for more than fifty-four years.

After she had put in forty-six strenuous years on the stage her old friend Marie Dressler advised her to go to Hollywood; up to then the only pictures in which she had appeared had been silent ones, including *The King of Kings*, and the famous *Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary*, a screen version of her greatest stage success.

Hollywood and the world's film audiences, however, only appreciated her at her true worth when she played in Frank Capra's brilliant *Lady for a Day*; that was a triumph. Her latest films are *A Star is Born*, *The Perfect Specimen*, and *Bringing Up Baby*.



It would surely be impossible not to laugh with Edna May Oliver.

Mumsie May once gave me a word of advice. She said: "Max, when you die, don't leave money—it won't do anybody any good; don't leave fame—that's only ego; leave your undying love for all around you. That will live."

And so, I venture to predict, will the name of May Robson.

Another venerable veteran of the Broadway stage is Helen Westley, who is a founder and life director of the New York Theatre Guild.

Actually Helen is quite young—she won't be sixty till next March—but she has played in more than a gross of important stage productions, and although she has been in pictures a bare four years, she has made a definite mark.

She started as Gudula in *The House of Rothschild*, and has since played in a large number of films, including the Astaire-Rogers picture *Roberta* (in which she played the title-role), *Showboat*, *Ann of Green Gables*, *Splendour*, *Dimples*, *Banjo on My Knee*, *Cafe Metropole*, *Heidi*, and now *I'll Take Romance*.

Possessing a great many friends in Hollywood Helen looks more like Queen Victoria than that royal old lady did herself, and has a heart of gold.

Jessie Ralph, whom you can see in any major M.-G.-M. picture, isn't talking ages, but it's a pretty safe bet that she's walking somewhere in that gracious garden that lies between the sixtieth and seventieth milestones.

After thirty years on the stage, she came to the screen in 1933; owing to her ability to assume foreign accents she very seldom plays an American woman, though she was born in Gloucester, Mass.

Nanine in *Camille*, Cuckoo in *The Good Earth*, Gran in *Jalna*, Aunt Katherine in *After the Thin Man*, and the Duchess in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, are some of this fine actress's outstanding roles.

One of her peculiarities is never to be driven at more than 20 miles per hour—and 10 at corners! This causes her to have a constant succession of chauffeurs, who quickly tire of such a funereal pace.

Next in order of seniority comes my old friend "Skippy"—Alison Skipworth, British born, sixty-two if she's a day, and proud of it.

The last time I saw her in Hollywood (as usual, in spite of having once had twenty-two consecutive stage flops, she was dying to get back to the theatre), Skippy told me, "In thirty-seven years on the stage I was out of a job for only thirty-seven days!"

An average of one day's idleness a year! How's that for a record?

Actually she pitchforked herself into the theatre without any training at all, at a time when a grocer, to whom she had owed a bill for two years, threatened to evict her from her London home; and she's been in the theatre—and the film studios—ever since.

For the last year or so she has had her wish and returned to the stage for a spell; her most recent films are *Gorgeous Hussy*, *Dangerous*, *Two in a Crowd*, *Stolen Holiday*, and *White Hunter*.

Unconventional hospitable, and amusing, Skippy is a favourite with Hollywood's English colony, to whom she ceremoniously dispenses tea and crumpets.

It seems ridiculous to mention age in connection with Billie Burke, but, believe it or not, this charming young widow of Flo Ziegfeld owns up to being fifty-two.

Besides being the inspiration (or the despair, according to temperament) of all women of the age known euphemistically as "getting on," Billie is a brilliant comedienne, as you will agree if you saw her, for example, as Mrs. Topper in *Topper*.

Navy Blue and Gold, *The Bride Wore Red*, *Everybody Sing*, and *Merrily We Live* are some of her more recent successes.

Though born in America, the daughter of a famous circus clown, Billie was educated in England and began her stage career here. But a trip to New York to play opposite John Drew in *My Wife* decided her future, and we lost sight of Billie until 1932, when she played in her first talkie, *A Bill of Divorcement*. She has had dozens of featured roles since.

In her house she has a very private sitting-

f CHARACTER





Aline MacMahon is long overdue for a comeback.



Above is Alice Brady in "In Old Chicago," and on the right, Spring Byington who is brilliant in middleclass "wife and mother" roles



Any gen'leman care to give Billie Burke a hand? Well, who wouldn't?

room known as her "give up and slump" room; but I don't mind betting that in her seclusion she's just as attractive an embodiment of the eternal feminine as she is when on view!

There are few actresses to whom I would so readily and respectfully doff the battered Homburg as I would to Alice Brady.

Alice was a star of the silent films; now, at the age of forty-five, she steals picture after picture from some of the most experienced top-liners of the screen.

Her father was the famous American stage producer William A. Brady, and her mother a noted dancer; in silent films she never had a chance to play the comedy roles she longed for, so she returned to the stage—where she played stark drama!

With talkies, however, she had her long-awaited chance, and has played a delightful series of goofy mothers, culminating in *My Man Godfrey*; but she snaps out of that groove in *In Old Chicago*, where she blends comedy and tragedy in masterly manner.

Colour films are going to affect Janet Beecher more than most people, for they will necessitate this charming lady changing the colour of her hair.

When I first met her I was amazed to find that her "crowning glory," so snowy white on the screen, was in reality cobalt blue—dyed that way to please the camera.

Janet, who is fifty, is one of the busiest actresses in Hollywood, for *Yellow Jack*, Bob Montgomery's new film, will be her twelfth in twelve months.

Now we are getting down into the period when it would be ungallant to press for real ages; Laura Hope Crews, for instance, is not advertising hers, but her long stage experience suggests that she must be "along about" the turn of the half-century.

A noted vocal coach, she was responsible for teaching Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and a whole lot of other eminent people how to talk for the talkies; and she's done a good deal of talking for them herself, some of her recent roles being Prudence in *Camille*, Stella in *Confession*, and The Grand Duchess Anna in *Angel*.

Helen Broderick, star exponent of poker-faced disapproval, is another clever actress who doesn't have her birth-certificate framed on her parlour wall, but the fact that she has been married for a quarter of a century suggests, let us say, that she is out of the *ingenue* class.

She is one of the three actresses to essay the role of Hildegarde Withers, which she played in *Murder on the Bridle-Path*; but to thousands of picturegoers this character belongs by right of conquest to the inimitable Edna May Oliver, who is no age at all.

When I attempted once, by injudicious hinting, to probe the secret, I was rewarded with a devastating sniff; so Edna is thirty, forty, ninety, or nothing, according to taste.

But what an artiste!

She has suffered. In her youth—when, never a beauty, she had to compete with beautiful girls—she surreptitiously worked as a dressmaker and milliner between theatrical seasons; but she has turned her suffering into laughter for our benefit.

"Roles with spirit and vitality" are what she demands, and does she get them!

Parnell, *Rosalie*, *Romance for Three*, and *My Dear Miss Aldrich* are some of her latest films, and the sooner she has some more the better.

An actress who has been too long missing from the screen is Aline MacMahon, who is still well under the forty mark. She made a great success in a number of rich character roles—did you see her lovely Lily in *Ah, Wilderness*?—but an ill-advised attempt to star her in inferior pictures robbed us of her services.

However, I feel she'll be back. She's far too fine an actress to lose permanently.

Last, but not least, we have lovely Spring Byington, who owns up to being forty—and why shouldn't she, when she can so easily look ten years younger?

In the "Jones Family" films she has endeared herself to countless picturegoers; just as May Robson is our "old mammy," so is Spring our "young mammy" of the screen.

As a matter of personal opinion I think I liked her best in *Ah, Wilderness*, but she has dozens of other characterisations to choose from.

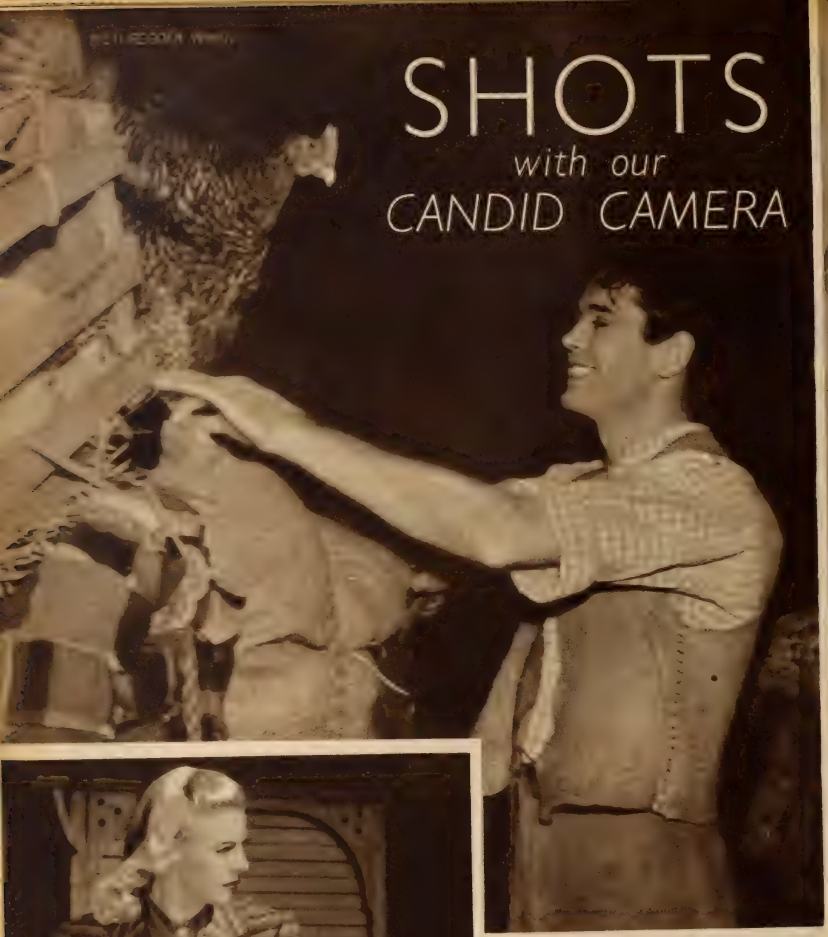
You may—and probably will!—complain that your favourite character actress is not mentioned here; well, it would manifestly be impossible to cover in a strictly limited space the whole field of artistry available, so I have chosen what seemed to me a representative company of more-or-less "straight" actresses, deliberately omitting such fine artistes as comedienne Zasu Pitts, singer Helen Morgan, or red-hot-momma Sophie Tucker.

I could reel off the names of another half-dozen well worthy of inclusion (some of whom have been heavily handicapped by the unfair title of "the new Marie Dressler") but I think I have proved my case—that the acting talent of Hollywood is by no means confined, as most of the publicity is confined, to the latest "discoveries."

There you are—next time you hail a newcomer, ask yourself, "Where will she be in twenty . . . or forty . . . or sixty years' time?"

What a challenge to Youth!

SHOTS with our CANDID CAMERA



Henry Fonda exchanges pleasantries with a chicken about to be used for a scene for "The Rising Tide."





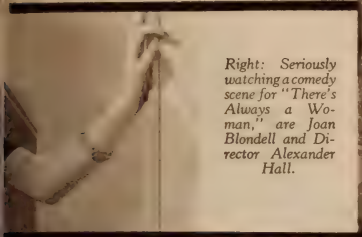
Versatile lady. We wonder if the girl can cook, too. Our cameraman catches Ginger Rogers busy knitting between scenes for "Vivacious Lady."



Everyone may not like crazy comedy, but look what it's done for Irene Dunne—the star surrounded by autograph hunters at a Hollywood premiere.

Rigo... a scand... ing a daring ...

...e Darrieux turned out to be such a ... decora... ...s for "leg art" stills that she is afraid ... it may not be known that she can wear formal clothes strikingly as well. So she posed in this effective evening gown to prove it.



Right: Seriously watching a comedy scene for "There's Always a Woman," are Joan Blondell and Director Alexander Hall.



Knight errant and errant hat. John Payne recovers the hat of Mary Carlisle, who lost it while she was hurrying through to the set at Paramount.



Manuel Del Campo visits his wife, Mary Astor, between scenes of her new picture, "There's Always a Woman."



Right: Madeleine Carroll walks two miles on the beach every day—says it's the best form of slimming.



Bette Davis as Julie, spirited and unconventional beauty, who is half a century before her time in the conservative-deep South of the 1850's To-day she would be just the Modern Girl; then she was regarded as a Jezebel.



Above: The rebellious New Orleans belle, by that curious but frequently encountered attraction of "Opposites," falls in love with the staid, dignified and hard-working young banker Preston Dillard (Henry Fonda).



Right: Dillard's rival for Julie's affections is a wild, hard-riding hard-drinking Southern Dandy, Buck Cantrell (George Brent).

JEZEBEL

Bette Davis is in the news at the mom she was suspended by her studio went on strike for a salary rise. The demand was her success in *Jezebel*, whic Hollywood, has taken the wind right out David O. Selznick, who is still waiting long-delayed *Gone With the Wind*, a Southern States of America in the middle



Left: Months later when Preston returns from a business trip to New York she begs his forgiveness, but it is too late . . . he has brought back a bride, Amy (Margaret Lindsay).

Right: Thirsting for revenge and determined that Amy shall not have Preston, Julie tries to provoke a duel between him and Buck. They are on the point of challenging each other when Preston is called away.



Right: Julie causes a scandal by wearing a daring scarlet dress at a ball when custom decrees that all unmarried women wear white. Humiliated, Preston breaks off their engagement.





Ted Dillard (Richard Cromwell), however, takes up the defence of his brother's honour. In the subsequent duel Cantrell is killed. The tragedy and later the sacrifices of the unselfish Amy, when Preston is stricken with yellow fever, bring Julie to her senses



Romance in the DARK

FREELY adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Paramount.

Ilona (Gladys Swarthout) launched into an aria from "Carmen." "Very pretty indeed!" Fritz (Fritz Feld) applauded, materialising unexpectedly from below stairs.

"YOU want to be a singer."

"Yes. How did you know?"

"I didn't till you told me. Mr. Kovach doesn't see singers. Good-day."

"Phut!" went the sliding panel, obliterating the clean-shaven face of Fritz, butler to the noted Hungarian singer, Antal Kovach. Sadly Ilona Boros turned away from his apartment door thus closed against her. Why need Antal Kovach be so cruel?

Only last week, on presenting her with the prize award for singing at Professor Jacobson's school of music, he had said he hoped to see her again. Even his companion, the impresario, Zoltan Jason, had asked her if she ever came to Budapest, to look him up.

Yet half an hour since, Antal Kovach, leaving the theatre after his performance as the gipsy king, had pushed past, denying that he knew her. All of which made Ilona go thoughtfully into the street. Four young women were coming up the basement steps of the house as she passed. Ilona caught the trend of their conversation.

"Great Kovach, indeed! He's crazy. The whole house is. My aunt warned me not to work for an actor. In bed all day. Up all night."

"Raising the roof if you forget a telephone number" (this from a good-looking blonde). "And the guests. No one knows how many, or how long they're going to stay. And what about that Fritz with his orders. Come on, girls. It ain't safe to work here."

The quartet disappeared round the street corner. Ilona got out her pocket mirror. Her patterned frock and plain jacket were up to the requirements of her proposed act; but what about her off-the-brow hat? Having flipped down the brim to conceal her face, she descended the basement stairs and braved Fritz, who answered her ring, with:

"I'm the new maid."

"Uh—haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"I've just come from the country."

"Indeed! Ever worked for an actor?"

"Certainly. I never forget a telephone message. I don't care if he sleeps all day or how many guests are coming for dinner; and I know all actors are crazy, so it won't upset me at all."

To her joy, Fritz capitulated. She chose parlour work as more likely to bring her to Kovach's notice. Next morning, about noon, wearing a black frock with the daintiest of aprons, she turned on the gramophone while dusting the living-room. Emboldened by Fritz's temporary absence and the knowledge that Kovach lay asleep beyond the communicating doors, Ilona launched into an aria from *Carmen*.

"Very pretty indeed!" Fritz applauded, materialising unexpectedly from below stairs.

"I hope I don't disturb anyone," Ilona apologised, disappointed that she had not already done so.

"Indeed, no! Mr. Kovach is asleep. He doesn't wake for another two minutes." At the expiry of that time, which Fritz proceeded to fill with an invitation (not accepted) to Ilona to spend her day out with him, he entered the bedroom. Peering through the half-open door, she realised the reason for Kovach's ability to sleep through the reproduction of grand opera. With extreme care, Fritz removed his master's eyeshade and cotton-wool pellets from each ear before waking him.

From their ensuing conversation, Ilona gathered that the Countess Monica Foldessy was expected to lunch. In another moment, Fritz, on the way to purchase those little green orchids without which, it seemed, Kovach could not hope to please the Countess, passed through the reception-room.

"No concerts, mind," he warned Ilona, who had caught up her feather duster, "and the master wants his shoes."

While bringing in the shiny leather Oxfords, Ilona had her first close view of Kovach since their meeting at the graduation concert. His energetic figure, dark hair, and small moustache were as fascinating to her on second acquaintance, though their owner, after thanking her, promptly turned his charms to the cheval mirror and his vocal chords to practise exercises. By the time, on release of the sliding panel in answer to the door-bell, Ilona saw a beautiful feminine face beneath the latest in hats, she disliked the Countess Foldessy too intensely not to take a chance.

"You want to be a singer? Mr. Kovach doesn't see singers!" she snapped, and closed the panel. Unluckily, perhaps, Fritz, complete with orchids, had arrived at the door, which he opened with a key, with apologies to the outraged Countess and a glare for Ilona.

It was enough punishment for her, however, shortly to see the Countess leaving on Kovach's arm and laughingly express a wish that he would shave off his moustache.

Occupied with her troubles, Ilona never suspected that Kovach had his, not the least being Zoltan Jason's incurable habit, pursued under the guise of friendship, of annexing the singer's feminine companion of the moment.

The following morning, forestalling Fritz, Ilona crept into Kovach's room and took the cottonwool from his ears before breaking, in the next room, into her rendering of *Una voce poco fa*.

She was successful, inasmuch as Kovach woke and was furious with Fritz and the new maid, declaring that both must leave.

"I'm no stranger to Mr. Kovach. He's heard me sing before," Ilona claimed. "At my graduation."

"Heavens, yes; the day my car was held up by a herd of cows, which didn't prevent me hearing all those misses in white muslin do their stuff. I've been trying to forget it. Answer that telephone Fritz!"

While Kovach subsequently talked to his impresario, Fritz did his best to effect Ilona's leave-taking instanter. She was chasing him with the business point of a 'cello when Kovach cried: "Stop! Did you say you could sing? Well, sing right now." He thrust a music sheet at her and ordered Fritz to the piano.

"It's a duet!" Ilona gasped, recognising the words and score of *La Ci Darem la Mano*.

"Of course it's a duet. I'll sing it with you." Diffidently at first, then with growing warmth as the music inspired her, her colourful contralto poured into the room.

"Bravo!" he cried at the finish. "Start packing, Fritz. We leave for the villa immediately."

"What villa?"

"You want to be a singer, don't you? You want Jason to engage you. Then all you have to do is to come with me to my summer home and do exactly as I say. You'll need clothes—furs and jewels—before you sing to Jason. He can't make a star out of a chambermaid. We've got to build you up into a new personality, glamorous, exotic, seductive. Go on, start buying. Have the things entered to my account."

"Mr. Kovach, why are you doing all this for me?"

"Because, my dear little—what's your name?—Ilona, with your co-operation, I'm looking forward to a lovely summer."

Romance in the dark! Regarding Kovach's motives, Ilona was certainly in the dark, while as for the romance, it was soon clear that she was not its object. For two whole days and most of the night, after their arrival at the villa, Kovach was absent. On the second evening, Ilona was obliged, out of sheer loneliness, to talk to Fritz, who, rather surprisingly now that he regarded her as the master's guest, had become most sympathetic and respectful.

"Who is this friend of Mr. Kovach's next door?" she asked as he stood to receive her on the terrace. "Last night he was there till after two. He whistled and woke me when he came in."

"A very old friend indeed, miss. They play cribbage," Fritz replied discreetly. In another minute, silhouetted against the room light of the villa next door, Ilona saw Kovach embracing the Countess. "It must be a very old friend," she said. Refusing Fritz's offer of brandy on the plea that she had to sing to Mr. Jason next morning, Ilona went to the piano.

(*Continued on page* 22)

LUISE RAINER

Hollywood's champion Academy Award Winner has been kept away from the studios since "Big City" through ill health, but she is back at work now and this is how she appears in her new picture, "The Toy Wife." Incidentally, if David Selznick doesn't get "Gone With the Wind" produced soon he will find himself just lagging behind an old Southern cycle. Like the Margaret Mitchell best-seller and "Jezebel," "The Toy Wife" is set in the Southern States of America in the 1850's. Luise will have two leading men in the picture: Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young.



ROMANCE *in the* DARK—Continued

She was pouring her heartache into the song, "To-night We Love, To-night with You," when she realised Kovach was standing beside her. He must have been in the house some minutes, for his moustache was lathered and he held a razor as if interrupted in the intention of cutting it off. "I'm sorry. Go on!" he said hurriedly, wiping soap away with his handkerchief. They finished the song together.

"Did you enjoy your cribbage?" she said sedately, pleased for the first time with her dinner gown of pleated chiffon with drooping sleeves. "You're beautiful!" he answered irrelevantly, and she forgot the frock in a joy which warned her not to lose her head. He agreed with her suggestion of early bed in view of to-morrow's voice trial, and escorted her to her room before Fritz appeared to cut short sentimental dallyings with his master's nightcap of malted milk.

Ilona slept dreamlessly and woke to find that Kovach had been hatching fresh schemes.

To ensure that Jason would give her a contract, she was not to appear before him as the unknown Ilona Boros. When, in fact, he did arrive, minus moustache, which he had shaved off to propitiate the Countess, Ilona was in her room in an agony of impatience. Was the black-and-silver Eastern costume, with the silver lamé turban half hiding the black hair, really as becoming as Fritz assured her? Soon everything was forgotten as, with the door carefully opened, she sang the "Song of India."

How had it been received? Eagerly she opened to Kovach's knock.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm sure Jason'll offer you a contract. First, you won't hear of it, of course. Remember, you're Princess Ilona, the Eastern nightingale, famous throughout Africa, especially Egypt, where I met you. Then you weaken and finally sign."

Down they went, her knees shaking. She controlled herself, however, though the first person she saw in the living-room, also containing Jason and his confidential secretary, von Hemish, was the Countess. In contrast to Ilona's exoticism, the lady wore knee breeches and a polo sweater. She had, in fact, called to join Kovach in a morning ride, which engagement he had forgotten.

Ilona, not knowing this, was aware that the Countess looked peeved. The fact enabled her to receive Jason's impressive greeting with calm and to make suitable remarks about her Eastern origin.

Lunch was served on the terrace.

Passing the hall, Ilona noticed that the barometer needle pointed to "Unsettled." The appropriateness of the indication occurred to her as the meal ran its course. Though full of courtesy and compliments, Jason said nothing about contracts. Sitting next to Kovach, whom she could safely call Tony, Ilona felt herself gradually overdoing her tender reminiscences of their friendship in a villa overlooking the Nile.

"How long have you been here?" the Countess pointedly inquired.

"She arrived last night unexpectedly," Kovach supplied. "It was quite a surprise."

"So much so, that you forgot to shave," she returned.

By dinner-time the barometer needle had moved to "Stormy." The balcony to which the party adjourned for coffee was illumined by intermittent flashes of summer lightning. A heavy storm, both there and in the heavens, was impending. At last Jason spoke.

"Ilona, how can you think of going away without seeing Budapest?"

"What is there for me in Budapest?"

"Success. Enormous success, if you'll sing at my theatre."

She dallied, as Kovach had recommended. The Countess struck in: "My dear Princess, there's only one thing you can do. There's nothing to occupy you here. Tony's time is very much taken up, and I'm afraid you'd find yourself pretty much out of things."

Love in Ilona definitely triumphed over ambition.

"Thank you, Countess! You've made up my mind," she declared. "Mr. Jason, I cannot accept your offer. And now I'm very tired. Good-night!" Lightning illumined the staircase as she ran into Fritz.

"I heard. What are you trying to do?" he demanded.

"I'll show that Countess she can't drive me away."

"But you're supposed to leave with Mr. Jason. That's what was arranged. If you don't go, Mr. Jason won't go, and Mr. Kovach doesn't want him here while the Countess——" Light, more vivid than that which rent the heavens, dawned. Why had she forgotten that the newspapers had printed hints as to why Mr. Kovach and the Countess were taking adjacent villas for the summer? Why had she forgotten the current rumour that never did Kovach admire a pretty woman, but impresario Jason tried to steal her from him?

"Could I have been brought here just to keep Mr. Jason away from that woman?" she cried.

"I didn't say that, miss," Fritz countered.

"You didn't have to!" she cried chokingly. Sobbing on her bed might be a relief, but it couldn't restore her lost dignity. Thankful that Fritz's provision of a Persian outfit included a black sequin-spangled veil, she wound it about her turban, packed, and hurried downstairs. The others were still on the balcony watching the coming storm. "Mr. Jason," she said quietly, "I've changed my mind. I accept your offer on one condition."

"Name it."

"That we leave for Budapest—to-night—immediately." To do Jason justice, he didn't demur. Instead, he prodded his secretary, whose tendency to sleep at awkward moments had not, however, prevented him from eyeing the Countess discreetly during the visit.

"The Princess will adore Budapest. After all, we're living in the present. Egypt is in the past," she said sweetly as Jason's car came in sight. Ilona, strengthened by having made a decision, replied briskly:

"A great many things are in the past. That is why I'm taking Mr. Jason away. I wish you and Mr. Kovach a very pleasant summer."

A strenuous rehearsal season left Ilona time, however, to miss Kovach and keep Jason from asking her to champagne suppers accompanied by Russian music. Knowing the doorman had her orders to admit no one, she was genuinely astonished, on the opening night of the operette in which she was to star, to see Kovach at her dressing-room door.

"Go away!" she cried, failing to see Balint, intrepid columnist of the *Evening Star*, lurking in the corridor.

"If you don't see me, I'll tell everyone. I'll expose the whole scheme," Kovach promised.

"You would. First get me to masquerade as a Persian princess and then tell all Budapest about it," she accused, forgetting not to shout.

"Ilona, if you'd only listen. It wasn't the Countess I——"

"Don't tell me anything about the Countess!" She slammed the door, determined to concentrate on her performance. Dared she hope for success? Towards the finale of the first act she relaxed slightly. The packed house was silent, attentive. On the stage, her Arab lover had been led away by guards. Picking up her fallen crescent necklace, she sang her last aria, "Cool the breeze that blows over the sand; Blue Dawn and I'm alone," before an outburst of clapping, stamping—and cries of "Bravo!" brought her, flushed, elated, to the footlights.

She was in her dressing-room when the dresser brought a special edition of the evening paper which she said was selling like hot cakes in the theatre. Ilona had barely time to read the headlines when a knock brought Jason. "Is this true? You're not a Persian princess?" he demanded, having inelegantly told the maid to get out. "How could you do this to me?"

"Mr. Kovach——" Ilona began, bitterly attributing the betrayal of her secret to Kovach's annoyance instead of her loud voice.

"I've been swindled!" Jason declared. "You'll never sing another note. The audience is raging. People are demanding their money back. How much is in the house, von Hemish?"

"Forty-one thousand, three hundred and seventy-two," the agitated secretary informed. The impresario gasped.

"We'll return no money. It wouldn't be fair to my public. The show must go on." "She can't go on," a voice contradicted. Kovach stood there. "You've got to listen. If you go on, there'll be trouble."

"Thanks to you, Mr. Kovach!"

"I didn't know that news hound Balint was in the corridor while we were talking. You must believe me."

"Why should I? You've done nothing but lie to me."

"I did in the beginning, but I'm terribly sorry. You see, I didn't know at first that I loved you—Ilona, please." From her dressing-table she whirled round, telling him to go. The door closed. She was alone. Trembling, she changed into a gorgeous gold brocade gown, stiffened at the hem, fit for a love scene with the tenor. The Eastern chorus was already on the stage; the scene a palace interior with a background of mosques and minarets under starlight. She took her call. In the wings she glimpsed Jason arguing with the tenor. He appeared to be refusing to make an appearance. Her heart took another sickening plunge. What would happen if he remained unpersuaded? No time to dwell on possibilities. She was making her entrance down the wide steps of the palace. Shouts, boos, snarls came from the audience. In the darkness she could distinguish moving figures and newspapers being bandied about.

She began her recitative. The booing increased. She was certain that, above the booing and catcalling, neither voice nor orchestra could be heard. Papers fluttered in a defiant whirl. Desperately, she rushed to the footlights.

"Listen!" she implored. "It's true about me. I'm not a Persian. I'm just Ilona Boros, from Szolnok. This is the only way I could get anyone to hear me sing. You liked me in the first act. What difference does it make who I am?"

She held her ground. At least nothing hit her. A voice encouraged from the stalls: "Give her a chance." "Let's get out of here!" negatived a cry from the balcony. Down from the gallery travelled a confident note: "Aw, sit down and give her a chance." The request was taken up. The house quieted down.

She was safe. But what if there were to be no tenor? Must she sing "Love, you've answered to my call" without his response? She had moved on to the terrace and had reached his cue. He should already be climbing the balustrade. Dared she look? He was there!

He was taking his stance, white-cloaked, with jewelled turban. But this man wasn't the tenor of rehearsals. That voice blending with hers was unmistakably different, unmistakably belonging to one person. The audience knew it, too. "It's Kovach! It's Kovach!" they shouted.

Up in a box, the Countess was planning a supper date with von Hemish, supremely conscious of having cleared his upper lip of its offending hair. But if Ilona had known it she would have been past caring. "To-night I'm yours, you're mine," Kovach was singing, and kissed her.



The party on the balcony included Mr. Jason (John Barrymore), Ilona, Countess Foldessy (Clarie Dodd), and Kovach (John Boles).

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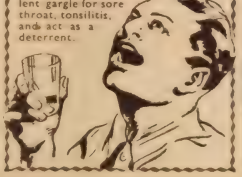
Mrs. L. K. writes from Bishops Waltham: "I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' Tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing these 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some and he says he feels twice the man now."

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E.I.M. of 6 Rectory Terrace, Farnham, Royal Bucks, writes: "I have great pleasure in writing to you to let you know what wonderful things your 'ASPROS' are. I have been suffering from a very bad sore throat, which I usually get in the winter, and causes me to lose a lot of time from work. But this time I have taken some of your wonderful 'ASPROS,' and I have been able to carry on work. I can honestly say 'ASPROS' have given me more relief than anything I have ever taken."

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REVIEWS
by Lionel Collier

IF you do not go to see *The Drum* in too captious or critical a vein you will find it very good entertainment.

The plot is frankly schoolboy stuff, but it is garnished with excellent technical qualities, outstanding colour effects and sound acting.

It has a lot of the unsophistication of the average Western melodrama, but it also has that type of picture's advantage of thrilling situations and stirring spectacle.

The story deals with a youthful prince of an independent state on the North West Frontier of India, whose father is killed by his uncle and he himself forced to go into hiding.

The new ruler pretends to be friendly with the British, but in reality is stirring up trouble amongst the tribes and planning to massacre the British troops quartered in the city.

It is then that the exiled prince manages to repay the kindness he has received from the British Political officer and his wife. He gives the alarm just before the planned massacre takes place, and so saves the lives of his friends.

Detail work is of much more importance than the broad outline of the story. For instance, the Indian prince's friendship with a regimental drummer boy has humour and human touches, and this is reflected generally in the interplay of characters.

Sabu gives a very good performance as the prince, and Desmond Tester is wholly natural as the cheeky little drummer boy.

Roger Livesey is as good a "pukka sahib" as one could wish, as the political officer, and Raymond Massey is suitably sardonic and overbearing as the wicked uncle.

Zoltan Korda, who directed the picture, has dovetailed his actual location shots and studio scenes extremely well. The atmosphere is always convincing as well as being picturesque.

The sequences showing the heights of the North West Frontier is one of the finest colour sequences I have seen to date.

If you go to the film, take the children—it is for their especial benefit.

HER JUNGLE LOVE

● Dorothy Lamour returns once more to the jungle in this film, and practises her well-known allure. This picture, in fact, is a sort of sequel to *Jungle Princess*, and while the story is definitely hokum, the technical and production values are quite high.

Camera work is exceedingly good and the colour adds still further glamour to the incredible but exciting romance.

Acting does not play a great part in the scheme of things; it is the action that counts, the scenic qualities, and the animal sequences.

Dorothy Lamour looks beauteous as the sole inhabitant of a South Pacific Island who, for companions, has a chimpanzee and a tiger cub.

She is worshipped by the natives of a neighbouring island who are lead by a maniacal Eurasian.

Two pilots for the Indo-Malayan Transport crash on the island whilst looking for a lost 'plane, and are helped by the girl, who turns out to by a white woman, and falls in love with one of them.

The adventures they go through include strange religious rites, introducing crocodiles who are kept to eat white men, an aeroplane crash, and to round up with an earthquake which kills the villain and enables the others to escape.

It should prove sheer delight to juveniles.

THE PURITAN

● A French prize-winning picture, the scenario of which was written by Liam O'Flaherty. The plot is a simple one, dealing with a man who murders the courtesan he loves, and persuades himself that he did it from motives of religious fanaticism.

He is finally forced to confess after his efforts to foist the murder on to the dead woman's protector.

The whole thing is strongly dramatic and macabre, with an exceedingly clever psychological approach.

Pierre Fresnay gives a brilliantly restrained performance as the Commissioner who traps the murderer, which is in direct contrast to the impassioned fanatical characterisation of the criminal as given by Jean Louis Barrault. Both are excellent. As Molly, a woman of the streets, who is instrumental in getting the criminal to confess, Viviane Romance is very effective.

The idea that the locale of the story is Irish is not credible, but it is so handled that incongruities of this kind do not hurt the conviction and the dramatic force of the psychological study.

Direction is pictorially expressive and the detail work is exceedingly good, as is the way in which the various characters are brought to life. There is always a sense of impending tragedy, but, though it is sordid in atmosphere, the basic idea is thoroughly interesting and logical in its development.

LE ROI S'AMUSE

● Running at the Academy, Oxford Street, at the moment is one of the most amusing satires of the year. It bids fair to rival *La Kermesse Heroique*, which kept that same theatre filled for some months.

It deals with the visit of a Ruritanian king with amorous leanings to Paris, where his *affaires* cause a good deal of fluttering in the political dovecotes.

It tilts impartially at Left- and Right-Wing politicians, and is full of subtly handled, piquant situations.

Raimu takes the acting honours as a wealthy democrat, Bourdier, who cannot resist royalty and who gains political preferment through the fact that the king makes love to his mistress and then to his wife. This latter role is brilliantly played by Gaby Morlay.

Eloise Popesco is extremely good as the mistress who was formerly a friend of the king and had been taken by Bourdier from a noble marquis whom he cordially disliked.

Andre Lefaur provides a very good contrast as the marquis to the place-hunting Bourdier, but Victor Francen while amusingly regal is a little heavy at times, as the king.

The daring situations are handled in a masterly manner by Pierre Colombier, and thin ice is skated over with a highly entertaining degree of piquancy.

It is quoted as being Europe's wittiest satire, and that is not far from the mark.

On the Screens Now

***SUBMARINE D-1

Warner. American. "U" certificate. Submarine drama. Runs 99 minutes.

PAT O'BRIEN	"Butch" Rogers
GEORGE BRENT	Lt.-Commander Matthews
WAYNE MORRIS	"Sock" McGillis
FRANK MCHUGH	"Lucky"
DORIS WESTON	Ann Sawyer
HENRY O'NEILL	Admiral Thomas
DENNIE MOORE	Arabella
VEDA ANN BORG	Dolly
REGIS TOOMEY	Tom Callam
BRODERICK CRAWFORD	Mike
JOHN RIDGLEY	Lieutenant, Junior Grade
OWEN KING	Lieutenant, Senior Grade
WILLY MAHER	Listener
JERRY FLETCHER	Lt. Mason

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. From a story by Frank Wead. Previewed March 5, 1938.

Robust, virile entertainment which, while conventional in tone, carries a strong dramatic punch and is not lacking in characterisation.

The submarine depot background is interesting, as is the routine work that helps to form a convincing atmosphere. The thrills are realistic and the plot grips one as a whole.

Wayne Morris is excellent as a young sailor who is always at loggerheads with his superior officer, chiefly because they both admire the same girl. He acts easily and naturally, and has many of the qualities which first endeared Gary Cooper to the public.

As his friendly rival, Pat O'Brien is stolidly efficient, but he is rather apt to walk through his part.

George Brent scores as the commander of a submarine which is sunk during manoeuvres, two of the crew being rescued by means of a deep-sea diving bell, the invention of himself and Pat.

There is only a slight love interest, but it is well supplied by Doris Weston. Comedy is introduced by Frank McHugh, who is on top of his form.

***YOUNG AND INNOCENT

General Film Distributors. British. "A" certificate. Modern comedy drama. Runs 81 minutes.

NOVA PILBEAM	Erica
DERRICK DE MARNEY	Robert Tisdall
PERCY MARMONT	Colonel Burgoyne
EDWARD RIGBY	Old Will
MARY CLARE	Erica's Aunt
JOHN LONGDEN	Kent
GEORGE CURZON	Guy
BASIL RADFORD	Uncle Basil
PAMELA CARME	Christine Clay
GEORGE MERRITT	Miller
J. H. ROBERTS	Solicitor
JERRY VERNO	Lorry Driver
H. F. MALTBY	Court Sergeant
JOHN MILLER	Court Constable

Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Based on the novel "A Shilling for Candles," by Josephine Tey. Previewed February 12, 1938. Story of the film, by Marjory Williams, appeared in our issue of March 12, 1938.

Despite faults in dramatic construction, this picture provides very good entertainment. For the major part of the picture Alfred Hitchcock has excelled himself, but towards the end he lets melodrama supplant the more intimate human and clever detail with which he opened.

One of the picture's main features is the pleasant setting of an English countryside.

Derrick de Marney scores a personal success. He gives a really brilliant performance as a young man accused of murder who escapes in order to try to find a clue which will clear him of the charge.

The clue in question is a raincoat. The police had decided that the woman had been strangled with the belt from one, and they insist that the coat from which it came is his.

He is helped in his quest—unwittingly at first and later wholeheartedly—by Erica, the daughter of the prison governor, who falls in love with him.

All this questing is treated in a light vein, and is wholly charming and disarming. Eventually they find the coat, which the young man said had been taken from him, in the possession of a tramp, but the belt is missing.

It looks as if the alibi had gone west, but the tramp is persuaded to try to recognise the man who had given the coat to him.

After several adventures, including a novelettish one in which the car in which they are travelling nearly crashes down a disused mine shaft, the matter is cleared up by the dead woman's husband making a confession.

Nova Pilbeam is natural and sincere as Erica, and makes one wonder still more at the way in which her talent has been neglected by British studios.

c**THUNDER TRAIL

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Spectacular Western. Runs 54 minutes.

GILBERT ROLAND	Arizona "Dick" Ames
CHARLES BICKFORD	Lee Tate
MARSHA HUNT	Amy Morgan
J. CARROLL NAISH	Rafael Lopez
JAMES CRAIG	Bob Ames
MONTE BLUE	Jeff Graves
BARLOWE BORLAND	Jim Morgan
BILLY LEE	Bob Ames at 8
WILLIAM DUNCAN	John Ames
GENE REYNOLDS	Richard Ames at 14

Directed by Charles Barton. Based on the novel "Arizona Ames," by Zane Grey.

A Western well above the average which, besides spectacular sequences, has good characterisation, plenty of action, and quite a good deal of plot ingenuity.

Gilbert Roland and James Craig give sound performances as two brothers who are orphaned and brought up by a rancher and a kindly Mexican prospector respectively. When they meet again they unite to round up a band of renegades led by the foster father of one of them.

Charles Bickford is excellent as a ruthless dictator of a small town, and Marsha Hunt does all that is required of her as his daughter.

J. Carroll Naish gives a humorous yet convincing portrayal of the Mexican.

**THE LAST GANGSTER

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 80 minutes.

EDWARD G. ROBINSON	Joe Krozac
JAMES STEWART	Paul North
ROSE STRADNER	Talya Krozac
LIONEL STANDER	"Curly"
DOUGLAS SCOTT	The Boy
JOHN CARRADINE	Caspar
SIDNEY BLACKMER	Editor
GRANT MITCHELL	Warden
EDWARD S. BROPHY	"Fats" Garvey
ALAN BAXTER	Acey Kile
FRANK CONROY	Sid Gorman
LOUISE BEAVERS	Gloria

Directed by Edward Ludwig. Authors—William A. Wellman and Robert Carson.

Mainly because of Edward G. Robinson, whose acting is always worth watching, this picture

(Continued on page 26)

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80% OF BRIDES ARE 'NATURAL' LOOKING



Hints for girls after a man's heart

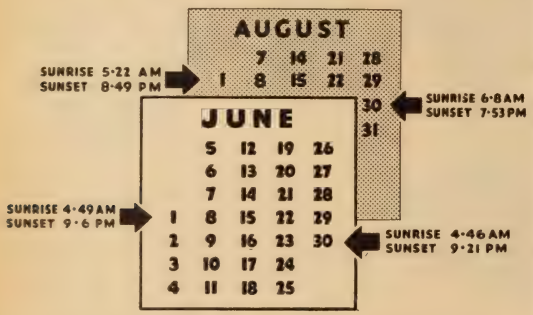
'Steady' fellows, who make tender husbands and adoring fathers, shun 'made-up hussies'. Girls know they *must* make-up, but the girls that get husbands use make-up that *looks* natural and *stays on.* Follow their lead — and try Outdoor Girl powder to-day. See how men's attitude to you changes. The famous olive oil base makes powder cling like a second silken skin. It stays on so long that you can share *his* outdoor activities without even thinking of your make-up. You can be a comrade as well as a sweetheart — and wherever you are, dancing, or hiking, or kissing good-night on a wind-swept street corner, your face will be radiant with natural loveliness. Because we believe that only *men* know what makes women attractive, we've asked a well-known Society man to write individual letters to girls who want to start afresh in the pursuit of beauty. Just send 3d. in stamps, with your name and address to Crystal Products Ltd., Dept. 20, Brunel Rd., E. Acton, and you'll receive five shades of powder and two other marvellous Outdoor Girl cosmetics. And of course a letter from .... His name? Well, just write and see!

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JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

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- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
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- So try a June holiday this year !

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GWR FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS !

manages to hold the interest. It is, however, very heavy-handed melodrama and contains some unnecessary cruelties, such as the torturing of a kidnapped child by ruthless gunmen.

The star is cast as a gangster who is imprisoned for a long term on tax evasion. His wife obtains a divorce and marries a reporter.

After ten years the gangster is released and seeks revenge. However, he is trapped by one of his old companions, who torture him to discover where he has hidden his money. They also kidnap his son and torture him.

Finally, they get what they want, and the gangster takes the boy home to his mother and leaves with all thoughts of vengeance gone.

He is shot by a man whose brother he had murdered and who threatened to tell the world about his son's parentage.

James Stewart is good as the reporter, and a newcomer, Rose Stradner, is excellent as the wife.

c*ADVENTURE'S END

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "A" certificate. Maritime melodrama. Runs 61 minutes.

JOHN WAYNE	Duke Salde
DIANA GIBSON	Janet Drew
MORONI OLSON	Rank Husk
MONTAGU LOVE	Captain Abner Drew
MAURICE BLACK	Blackie
CAMERON HALL	Silvers
PAUL WHITE	Kalo
PATRICK J. KELLY	Matt
GEORGE CLEVELAND	Tom
OSCAR W. SUNDHOLM	Chips
JAMES T. MACK	Hooten
GLENN STRANG	Barzek
WALLY HOWE	Kierce
JIMMIE LUCAS	Flench
BEN CARTER	Stantial
BRITT WOOD	Hardy

Directed by Arthur Lubin. Original story by Ben Ames Williams.

Very naive story, with storm sequences, a fight with a shark, mutiny on the high seas, and pearl-fishing as the highlights.

John Wayne is agreeable as an adventurer who fishes for pearls in forbidden waters, boards a whaler, marries the captain's daughter, and finally subdues a mutiny.

Diana Gibson makes a pretty enough heroine and the support is sound. One of the best performances comes from Paul White as a native boy.

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

***SUBMARINE D - 1
***YOUNG AND INNOCENT
c**THUNDER TRAIL
**THE LAST GANGSTER
c*ROARING TIMBER
c*ADVENTURE'S END
c*THAT NAVY SPIRIT
*RACKETEERS IN EXILE
*THE AFFAIRS OF CAPPY RICKS
*SATURDAY NIGHT REVUE
*THE SHADOW STRIKES
*THE JOY PARADE
SALUTE TO ROMANCE

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

REVIEWS

c*ROARING TIMBER

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Lumber camp drama. Runs 64 minutes.

JACK HOLT	Jim Sherwood
GRACE BRADLEY	Kay MacKinley
RUTH DONNELLY	Aunt Mary
RAYMOND HATTON	Tennessee
WILLARD ROBERTSON	Harrigan
J. FARRELL MACDONALD	Andrew MacKinley
CHARLES WILSON	Sam Garvin
ERNEST WOOD	Slim Bagnell
PHILIP AHN	Crooney
FRED KOHLER JNR.	Curley
BEN HENDRICKS	Stumpy
TOM LONDON	Duke

Directed by Phil Rosen. Story by Paul Franklin and Robert James Cosgriff.

Jack Holt puts over his usual tough he-man act as a timber boss who, after some misunderstandings, protects the interests of his employer's daughter, who takes over the business after her father's death.

There is a succession of thrills, which include a dam burst, a train smash, a forest fire, and a riot, but generally it is all very conventional in design.

c*THAT NAVY SPIRIT

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Naval college comedy-drama. Runs 62 minutes.

LEW AYRES	Tommy Graham
MARY CARLISLE	Judy Holland
JOHN PATTERSON	"Chuck" Baldwin
ELIZABETH PATTERSON	Grandma Stackpole
BENNY BAKER	"Stuffy" Miller
ARCHIE TWITCHELL	Jerry Abbott
TULLY MARSHALL	"The Admiral"
BILLY DANIELS	Steve Crenshaw
GWEN KENYON	Caroline Wales
RICHARD DENNING	Stark Jepson
JACK HUBBARD	Benley Hopkins
LAMBERT ROGERS	Kitter
LEE BENNETT	Blake
ALSTON COCKRELL	Carver

Directed by Kurt Neumann. Original screen play by Erwin Gelsey and Lloyd Corrigan.

America's college story is once again trotted out, this time with Annapolis, the naval academy, as the setting.

It deals with the rivalry of a first-year student who needs putting in his place and an upper-class man, who finally manages to bring him to heel.

Lew Ayres is sound as the egotistical hero and John Patterson convincing as his stolid rival. The girl in the case is attractively played by Mary Carlisle.

*THE AFFAIRS OF CAPPY RICKS

British Lion. American. "U" certificate. Nautical comedy. Runs 62 minutes.

WALTER BRENNAN	Cappy Ricks
MARY BRIAN	Frankie Ricks
LYLE TALBOT	Bill Peck
FRANK SHIELDS	Waldo Bottomley jun.
FRANK MELTON	Matt Peasley
GEORGIA CAINE	Mrs. Peasley
PHYLLIS BARRY	Ellen
WILLIAM B. DAVIDSON	Mr. Bottomley, sen.
FRANK SHANNON	Captain Braddock
HOWARD BROOKS	Revere
ANTHONY PAWLEY	Sailor
SHERRY HALL	Rankin
DON ROWAN	Riley
WILL STANTON	Steward

Directed by Ralph Staub. Suggested by story of Peter B. Kyne. Original screen play by Lester Cole.

Fairly breezy, if obvious, nautical comedy which is based on one of Peter B. Kyne's "Cappy Ricks" stories and features Walter Brennan, who is the mainspring of the picture, in the title role.

He is resourceful and makes quite a sound characterisation of the irascible sea captain who returns from a long trip to discover that his partner's widow and his business rival have gained control of his shipping firm and that his daughter has got engaged to a vacuous youth.

He sets about to put his house in order.

There is a good deal of mechanical creaking about the construction of the plot, but it has its moments.

Mary Brian and Lyle Talbot supply the romance effectively.

by Lionel Collier—*Contd.*

*RACKETEERS IN EXILE

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

George Bancroft ... William Waldo
Evelyn Venable ... Myrtle Thornton
Wynne Gibson ... Babe Devoe
Marc Lawrence ... Blackie
John Gallaudet ... Happy
George McKay ... Horseface
Garry Owen ... Sy
Jack Clifford ... Thyrus Jamison
William Burress ... Mr. Thornton
Helen Lowell ... Mrs. Thornton
Richard Carle ... Porky Regan
Jonathan Hale ... Parker

Directed by Erle C. Kenion. Story by Harry Sauber.

Story of a racketeer who, finding things too hot for him in the city, goes to his home town and becomes a hot gospeller. However, he is still unable to go straight until a girl recovers miraculously from an illness and causes his own redemption.

It is much on the lines of *The Miracle Man*, and is rather overpoweringly emotional and artificial.

George Bancroft is good as the racketeer and Evelyn Venable provides good influence conventionally.

The artistes in the supporting roles of gangsters are the most convincing.

*SATURDAY NIGHT REVUE

Pathe. British. "A" certificate. Variety show. Runs 77 minutes.

Billy Milton ... Jimmy Hanson
Sally Gray ... Mary Dorland
Betty Lynne ... Ann
Edward Ashley ... Duke
Georgie Harris ... Plug
Julian Vedey ... Monty
Douglas Stuart ... Doc. Kenyon
Charles Carson ... Mr. Dorland
Mary Jerrold ... Mrs. Dorland

and John Watt,

The Hillbillies, Sydney Kyte and his Band, Gerry Fitzgerald, Bennett and Williams, Reg. Bolton, Webster Booth, Scots Kilties Band, John Reynders and his B.B.C. Orchestra, Strad and his Newsboys, Billy Reid's Band, and Stanford and McNaughton.

Directed by Norman Lee.

Combination of radio, vaudeville and stage turns. They are strung together on a very thin story thread and the material is generally rather weak.

John Watt, of the B.B.C., compères the show quite well and provides the most amusing moments when he interviews aspiring radio stars.

It is, however, all too episodic and haphazard to hold the interest at all firmly.

*THE SHADOW STRIKES

A.B.F.D. (Grand National). American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 61 minutes.

Rod La Rocque ... Lamont Cranston
Lynn Anders ... Marcia Delthern
James Blakely ... Jasper Delthern
John St. Polis ... Caleb Delthern
Walter McGrail ... Winstead Comstock
Bill Kellog ... Humphrey Comstock
Cy Kendall ... Brossett
Kenneth Harlan ... Captain Breen
Norman Ainsley ... Hendricks
Wilson Benge ... Wellington
Jack Carnavale ... Warren
James Morton ... Kelly
John Dilson ... Gordon
John Elliott ... Randall

Directed by Lynn Shores. Screen play by Al Martin.

In its eagerness to thrill, this mystery drama piles crime on crime until one is somewhat bewildered as to what it is really all about.

Rod La Rocque is fair as an amateur sleuth who tries to trace down his father's murderer, and Henry Ainsley is amusing as his faithful butler, but the other characters are entirely sketchy and, as a whole, the plot fails to be more than moderately gripping.

*THE JOY PARADE

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Collegiate comedy. Runs 93 minutes.

Ritz Brothers ... Themselves
Joan Davis ... Inez
Tony Martin ... Band Leader
Gloria Stuart ... Janet O'Hara
Fred Stone ... Coach O'Hara
Nat Pendleton ... George Black
Dick Baldwin ... Bob Haymer
Joan Marsh ... Cuddles
Jed Prouty ... Oliver Stearns, sen.
Maurice Cass ... Dean Moss
Marjorie Weaver ... Miss Murphy
Robert Lowery ... Sling
Ed Thorgensen ... Radio Announcer
Low Chaney, jun. ... Gilks
Elisha Cook, jun. ... Ollie Stearns
Fred Kohler, jun. ... Bret
Charles Wilson ... Coach Burke
Frank Sully ... Acting Captain
Norman Willis ... Referee

Directed by William A. Seiter. Suggested by a series of stories by Darrell Ware.

It is always a mistake to imagine that, because a comedy team is amusing when seen at intervals in a picture, it can carry a full-length production.

The Ritz Brothers fail to make much of this extravaganza, which deals with a college campus. They are bright at times, but there are dreary blanks between the funny spots.

Nat Pendleton scores as a wealthy Indian football star, but neither Dick Baldwin, as the hero, nor Gloria Stuart, as the heroine, shine.

It is a crazy affair, but, unfortunately, not cleverly so.

SALUTE TO ROMANCE

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Naval college drama. Runs 63 minutes.

James Ellison ... Bill Martin
Marsha Hunt ... Julia Clemens
Harry Carey ... Chief Martin
Van Heflin ... Clarke Parker
Ann Hovey ... Bunny Oliver
Arthur Lake ... Tex Clemens
Dick Hogan ... Bob Wilson
Marilyn Vernon ... Mary Ou
John Griggs ... Dwight Moore

Directed by Christy Cabanne. From the story by Christy Cabanne.

Propaganda for an American naval college and interminable flag-wagging makes this unsympathetic entertainment for British audiences.

The plot is the same old one of the man who starts his college life as a scoffer and ends by realising that the naval uniform means something.

The best performance comes from an old-timer, Harry Carey, as a petty officer and father of a son who is "true blue" all through.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

For the benefit of readers from whom we have had numerous requests, we publish below a list of films awarded two, three or four stars during the past two months. The stellar rating is given in brackets after the title of the film.

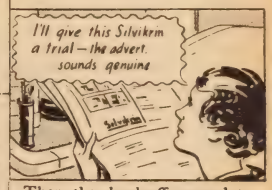
Ali Baba Goes to Town (2) ...	*March* 5
Angel (3)	*April* 23
Artists and Models (3)...	*March* 19
Awful Truth, The (4) ...	*April* 2
Back in Circulation (2) ...	*March* 12
Bride Wore Red, The (2)	*March* 5
Charlie Chan on Broadway (2)...	*March* 19
Confession (3)	*March* 26
Counsel For Crime (2) ...	*March* 12
Dangerously Yours (2) ...	*April* 9
Dead End (4)	*April* 2
Dinner at Eight (2)	*April* 2
Double or Nothing (2) ...	*March* 26
Ever Since Eve (2)	*March* 19
Heidi (3)c	*April* 16
Hideaway (2)	*March* 26
Hopalong Rides Again (2)c ...	*April* 9
Hot Water (2)	*March* 12
It's Love I'm After (3) ...	*Feb.* 26
Lancer Spy (3)	*March* 26
Last Adventurers, The (2)c ...	*April* 16
Law for Tombstone (2)c ...	*March* 5
Life of Emile Zola, The (3) ...	*Feb.* 26
Madame X (2)...	*Feb.* 26
Marie Walewska (4)	*April* 9
Mutiny of the "Elsinore" (2) ...	*April* 23
Navy Blue and Gold (2)c ...	*April* 16
Night Club Scandal (2) ...	*April* 9
Non-Stop New York (2) ...	*March* 19
100 Men and a Girl (3)c ...	*March* 12
Pathetone Parade of 1938 (2)	*March* 26
Paradise for Two (2)	*April* 23
Prisoner of Zenda, The (3)c ...	*March* 12
Range Defenders (2)c	*April* 23
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel, The (2)c	*April* 16
Rosalie (2)	*April* 23
School for Husbands (3) ...	*March* 26
Second Honeymoon (2) ...	*April* 23
She's No Lady (2)	*Feb.* 26
Sky's the Limit, The (2) ...	*Feb.* 26
Singing Marine, The (2) ...	*March* 5
Smash and Grab (2)	*April* 9
Springtime in the Rockies (2)c	*April* 16
Stage Door (4)	*March* 19
Stand-In (3)	*April* 9
Take It From Me (2) ...	*March* 12
That Certain Woman (3) ...	*April* 2
They Won't Forget (3) ...	*March* 5
Toast of New York, The (3) ...	*March* 5
Varsity Show (2)c	*April* 16



'APPALLED AT THE DANDRUFF IN MY HAIR'

A True Story
illustrated from a letter





Read Miss Woodruffe's letter, from 57, Holland Park, London, W.11.—'I want to write to thank you for the wonders Silvikrin has done for my hair. For some time now I have been appalled at the way the dandruff in my hair has grown steadily worse and worse.



Then the dandruff seemed to weaken the hair, so that it came out by combfuls. I tried all sorts of things until finally I saw a Silvikrin advertisement and decided to give that a trial. And I'm glad I did—for within a very short time the dandruff had all gone, the hair stopped falling out, and in every way my hair was brighter and nicer. Now I send you a photograph so that you can see how lovely it is now —thanks to Silvikrin.'



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DOES GROW HAIR

L-52-H

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—HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM REGD

BIGGER or BETTER FILMS?

Don't Bank on Size!

"THE Bigger They Are, the Harder They Fall." I believe that axiom was originally applied to boxers, but it might equally well suit films.

In the past few months we have witnessed a succession of costly, lavish productions in which dancers, singers, ventriloquists, comedians and animals were welded into an indigestible whole. The main purpose of these pictures appears to have been the creation of a new record in size.

"Only 500 chorus girls in your new musical, Al?" says Mr. Bigg Shartt to a rival executive. "Why, we've got 3,000 *and* twenty elephants!" And in his simple little mind Mr. Shartt feels his picture has already bested the puny production of small-time Al.

"A Good Big 'Un will always Beat a Good Little 'Un."

But it's got to be "good" and not just big.—*John Lane, 37 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

British Films in U.S.A.

● Although not English, I was born in London and, therefore, rush to see whatever English film we are fortunate enough to have shown here.

I have just come from seeing *Dr. Syn*. It is regrettable that after having extolled John Loder's charms, ability and general attractiveness to an unenlightened public, since my arrival here, that he should have been cast in so excruciatingly feeble a role as that of the love-sick lover!

Apart from that, it was delightful hearing *English* spoken again and to gaze at an English cast-sheet.

Besides *Dr. Syn*, we have had *King Solomon's Mines, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Wings of the Morning* and now *A Yank at Oxford*.

British films are admired, but much criticised. It is practically impossible to make my dogmatic American compatriots realise, or understand, what terrific odds the British studios had, and are still having, to contend with.

Admittedly America leads the world in movie production, but England has progressed by leaps and bounds in the last three years and I feel sure will continue to do so.—(*Mrs.*) *J. M. Gottsher, c/o Commander R. S. Berkey, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Virginia.*

(*Slow work—but we seem to be making the grade.—"Thinker."*)

Auto-Darts

● Some darts did a little darting all on their little lonesome in *Action for Slander*.

Do you remember when Clive Brook does a couple of wild throws or so on his bedroom door? The first camera shot shows his efforts to be rather good, all the darts making a close ring round the piece of paper placed on the door as a target.

Later, when the little girl admonishes Clive for spoiling the door, one notices that the darts have neatly climbed from their original positions and have taken up a new dwelling place right above the target. Phew!—*Jack Lewis*, 140 *Latymer Court, W.6.*

What's in a Star?

● What is it that draws us to the "stars" of to-day? It is very rarely perfect beauty.

Glamour? No, that isn't quite the right word. Personality? A little nearer the mark perhaps.

Isn't it rather that certain individual characteristics draw us to them almost against our wills?

Flora Robson who redeems her plainness by a magnetic fire and superb grace of carriage. Charles Laughton with his massive bulk—always so gloriously alive. The twisted boyish smile of that young actor—Laurence Olivier.

The attractive almost discordant note that creeps into Katharine Hepburn's voice. The fresh infectious gaiety of young Deanna Durbin. Joan Crawford with her expressive eyes and wide mouth. The inevitable poise and old-world charm of George Arliss.

Personal charm! Isn't it a gift from the gods themselves and priced far above rubies?—(*Mrs.*) *J. Matthews, 49a Kent Road, Mapperley, Nottingham, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

A Day's Outing

● On their *Halliday Sidney* and *Howard* went toward the *West* and met the *Chaplin* trying in a loud *Tone* to *Marshall* some lads for a *Day's March*.

They came to a *Brook* by the *Fairbanks* of which *Shirley* poppies *Grew*.

Passing down a *Lane* they saw across the *Fields* in a *Ray* of light the outline of a *Temple* against *Twelvetrees*.

Coming to the *Flint Rhodes* they met a *Wayne* containing a *Loder Hay* tended by a *Beery Farmer* and *Young Miller*, a *Smart Dresser* putting on *Ayres* in his *Best* clothes with a *White Astor* in his buttonhole.

A *Martin* flew *Lowe* over the horse causing it to *Cantor* off, followed by a *Ford* driven by the *Taylor* who was going to play *Boles* with the *Baker* and the sheep-*Shearer*.

The boys saw a*N eagle* on the *Gable* of the *Lodge*, after which they turned in a *Sothern* direction past the *Wells* and *Marsh* over the *Downs* to the *Pons*; but it began to *Raine* and *Hale*, so they returned to their *Holmes* looking neither *Gaynor Fuller Joy*.—(*Miss*) *P. Lock, 33 Milton Road, Wallington.*

(*Although I'm "Fonda" stories, if she didn't "Karloff" her muse we should be "Arlen" a daze, so I've "Astor" to stop.—"Thinker."*)

Rational Detection

● How are murders solved? Does the detective wait about until the criminal gives himself away by making an obvious slip? And does the murderer stay on the spot so conveniently or sportingly until he does make that slip?

I ask, because I have never seen a murder film where the detective *built* up his case. Always he has only found the murderer through this slip at the end of a film.

It seems to me that a fine film could be made out of the building up of a case. We, in the audience, need not know the culprit, but the detective ought to.

Surely, Mr. Thinker, after all these years we are entitled to a *plausible* mystery story, where the policemen are well-spoken (as P.C.'s are nowadays). After all, if the producer insists, the Detective Hero could have gone to Oxford and the Police College afterwards.—*Roy Galsworthy, 46 Rolle Street, Exmouth.*

Can Garbo Act?

● Are the greatest actors and actresses of to-day those with outstanding personalities of their own, or does the very lack of it allow them to portray their given roles more faithfully?

Take Garbo, for instance. Her tragic personality is only suitable for such parts as world-

(*Continued on page 30*)

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3. Refines, softens features . . . because it does not reflect light.
4. Covers the skin better . . . Subdues the appearance of beauty flaws.
5. Maintains loveliness longer . . . clings better, resists effects of skin secretions.
6. Beautifies BOTH dry and oily skins.
7. Clearest, most flattering shades.

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Who's Who

Grace Moore

● The screen's queen of song once actually sang for her supper. That was when she was struggling to get a musical education and was glad of the chance to perform at the Black Cat Café, Greenwich Village, New York's Bohemia, in return for an evening meal.

Daughter of a banker, Grace was born in Jellicoe, Tennessee, on December 5, 1901, one of five musically-inclined children.

She was a soloist in the local choir and her earliest ambition was to be a missionary. While at Ward-Belmont, an exclusive finishing school, however, she heard the great Mary Garden sing and from then on she was determined to be an opera star.

To pay for her studies she worked in night clubs, appeared in a number of musical comedies and made enough to go to Milan. On her return to America in 1928 she made her début with the Metropolitan Opera Company and achieved considerable success, though her salary was only £10 a week. She remained with the company for three seasons.

In 1930 she went to Hollywood to star in *Jenny Lind* and *New Moon*, but the microphone of those days was not yet ready to cope with grand opera voices and she was not a sensational success. She returned to the screen in 1934 and in *One Night Of Love* scored a great personal triumph and started a fashion in musical movies that is still with us.

Her films since include: *On Wings of Song, The King Steps Out, For You Alone* and *I'll Take Romance*.

Grace Moore is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, has golden hair and blue eyes and, tipping the scales at 9 st. 4 lb., was one of the first of the singers to shatter the legend that prima donnas must inevitably be obese.

The star was married to Valentin Parera on July 15, 1931.

Douglass Montgomery

● This actor's real name is Robert Douglass Montgomery and in order to avoid confusion with the better known Robert Montgomery (that's his real name, too) he adopted the nom de screen of Kent Douglass when he first appeared in the film studios about 1931 in pictures like *Within The Law, Daughter of Luxury, Waterloo Bridge* and *A House Divided*.

He was well on the way to stardom when he surprised the film world by returning to the stage.

He returned to Hollywood in 1933 under the name of Douglass Montgomery and has since acted in *Eight Girls in a Boat, Little Women, Little Man, What Now? The Gay Lady, Everything Is Thunder, Tropical Trouble* (the last two made in England), *Counsel For Crime* and *Life Begins With Love*.

Montgomery was born in Los Angeles on October 29, 1909, and was educated at the Los Angeles High School. While still there he made his stage début. When he was sixteen he became one of the leading players and assistant director of the famous Pasadena Community Playhouse. In 1926 he went to New York and made a reputation with the Theatre Guild.

The actor is 6ft. tall and has fair hair and blue eyes.

Dickie Moore

● John Richard Moore, jun., is this young actor's name in private life and he was born in Los Angeles on September 12, 1925. His film career was literally brought about by accident—an accident to the car of a picture executive, who, while repairs were being made, stopped at the Moore home and saw Dickie, then eleven months old.

He made his screen début soon afterwards with John Barrymore in *Beloved Rogue*. He was seen on the screen fairly regularly until at the age of six he scored his first big hit in *So Big* (he still treasures a watch Barbara Stanwyck gave him on the completion of that picture).

Since then he had supplied infant appeal in a score of films in support of such glamour queens as Marlene Dietrich (*Blonde Venus*), Ann Harding (*Peter Ibbetson*), Margaret Sullavan (*So Red The Rose*), and Joan Crawford (*The Bride Wore Red*). Other recent pictures: *Timothy's Quest, The Story of Louis Pasteur, Swell Head, The Life of Emile Zola* and *The Little Red Schoolhouse*.

Erin O'Brien Moore

● No relation to this week's other two Moore's, but like Dickie was born in Los Angeles, of what the American writers call "socially prominent" people, who were startled by her preference for the stage to the life of a débutante.

Her first job was with a New York stock company. She made her name as the heroine of *Street Scene* (subsequently played on the screen by Sylvia Sidney).

Hollywood beckoned her early in 1934 and she has since appeared in such screen successes as *Dangerous Corner, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Two in the Dark, The Plough and the Stars, Ring Around the Moon*, and *The Life of Emile Zola*.

The actress is 5 ft. 4 in. tall and has dark hair and green eyes.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

weary women, which, after all, is Garbo. Imagine her in such a variety of roles as Juliet, Jo of *Little Women*, or *Theodora Goes Wild*. Impossible!

On the other hand, I consider Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer and Elisabeth Bergner great actresses but insignificant personalities. On the male side there is that terrific actor, Paul Muni, who seems to have little or no personality, matched against Clark Gable, whose vibrant he-man manner unconsciously permeates every role he portrays. On the whole, I think it is the personalities who really "click."—(*Miss*) *Myra Clarke, The Rutland Hotel, Newmarket, Suffolk.*

"J.C."

● About four years ago a young unknown actor rented a hall in North London, converted it into a theatre, collected a company of players and produced a fresh play each week, usually with himself as lead.

Gradually success became apparent; the local critic showed interest in his productions, the programmes became "magazines" with chats and photos, and everybody was referring to him affectionately by his initials, so that with the release of his first noticeable film he'd already gained an army of "fans."

Now E. G. Cousins writes of him and his photo graces PICTUREGOER'S pages, which is proof indeed of his progress, but John Clements deserves to reach the top, and with the pluck he must have and his versatile talent—he'll get there!

Just a hint to producers—he has a marvellous flair for comedy, so don't let's have him always tragic.

Here's a "big hand" for J.C.!—*Mary Harvey, 6 Woodberry Avenue, Winchmore Hill, N.21.*

(*We have our eye fixed firmly on Mr. Clement*—"*Thinker.*")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

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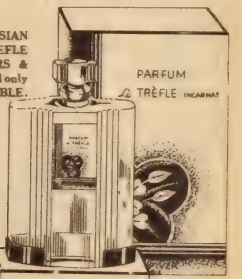
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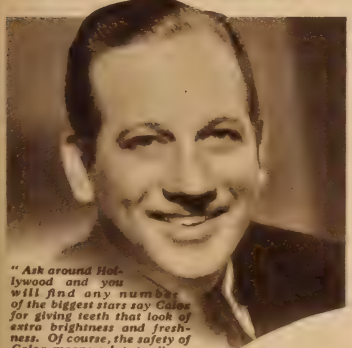
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EPISODE 5

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LET GEORGE DO IT!

M. J. (Bradford).—(1) John Clements took the part of Poushkoff in *Knight Without Armour*.

E. R. G. (Bradford).—I am sorry but we have no details of a Carl Brisson Fan Club.

R. H. N. (Oxford).—You are quite correct *Out of the Blue* was the first film Jessie Matthews appeared in.

ANNE (Nottingham).—(1) Charles Boyer's films and leading ladies : *Red Headed Woman*—Jean Harlow; *The Man From Yesterday*—Claudette Colbert; *The Only Girl*—Lilian Harvey; *The Battle*—Merle Oberon; *The Caravan*—Loretta Young; *Private Worlds*—Claudette Colbert; *Shanghai*—Loretta Young; *Break of Hearts*—Katharine Hepburn; *Mayerling*—Danielle Darrieux; *The Garden of Allah*—Marlene Dietrich; *Marie Walewska*—Greta Garbo; *History is Made at Night*—Jean Arthur; *Tovarich*—Claudette Colbert. Otto Kruger's films and leading ladies : *Search for Beauty*—Madge Evans; *Ever in My Heart*—Barbara Stanwyck; *Every Woman's Man*—Myrna Loy; *Woman in His Life*—Irene Hervey; *Gallant Lady*—Ann Harding; *Turn Back the Clock*—Mae Clarke; *Springtime for Henry*—Nancy Carroll and Heather Angel; *Crime Doctor*—Karen Morley; *Men in White*—Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan; *Paris Interlude*—Madge Evans; *Chained*—Joan Crawford; *Vanessa*—Helen Hayes; *Two Black Sheep*—Martha Sleeper; *Lady of Secrets*—Ruth Chatterton; *Living Dangerously*—Leonora Corbett; *Dracula's Daughter*—Gloria Holden and Marguerite Churchill; *Glamorous Night*—Mary Ellis; *They Won't Forget*—Gloria Dickson; *Counsel for Crime*—Jacqueline Wells; *The Barrier*—Jean Parker; *Housemaster*—Diana Churchill; *Star of the Circus*—Gertrude Michael.

REGULAR READER (Northants.).—(1) Write to Syd Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, Lancs., for particulars of fan clubs for Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and William Powell. (2) William Powell has a son William D. Powell by his first marriage to Eileen Wilson. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. (3) Myrna Loy, b. Aug. 2, 1905. (4) Neither Clark Gable nor Myrna Loy have any children of their own. (5) A letter to America costs 1½d., but an English stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Postal Order from your local Post Office for the required amount of the return postage and, if you require an autographed photograph, plus 1s. 6d., the usual charge made by the film stars.

SCHOOLBOY.—(1) The players so far announced for *Marie Antoinette* are as follows :—Norma Shearer as Louis XVI—Robert Morley; Louis XV—John Barrymore, and Count Axel Fersen—Tyrone Power. Melvyn Douglas, Joseph Calleia, Anita Louise, Henry Stephenson, Cora Witherspoon, Reginald Gardiner and Peter Bull are also taking part in the film; (2) Supplements as follows : *Camille*—Sept. 4, 1937; *Romeo and Juliet*, March 27, 1937; *Captains Courageous*—Dec. 11, 1937; *The Good Earth*—Dec. 18, 1937; *Mayfair*—Oct. 16, 1937 (out of print); Story : *A Star is Born*—Oct. 30, 1937; *One Hundred Men and a Girl*—Dec. 18, 1937. Centre spread : *Victoria the Great*—Aug. 14, 1937; (3) H. B. Warner took the part of the Judge in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*.

P. P. C. (Loughton).—Write to Madeleine Carroll, c/o Walter Wanger Productions (U.S.A.).

TWO BRISSON FANS (Yorks.).—I am sorry but we have no details of a fan club for Carl Brisson. You can obtain his photograph from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2., for 3d. each, 2/6 a dozen.

R.T. (Bristol).—Write to Robert Taylor, Virginia Bruce, Robert Young, Judy Garland, Josephine Hutchinson and Joan Crawford, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.); Shirley Temple, Loretta Young, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.); Dick Foran, c/o Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); Janet Gaynor, c/o Selznick International Studios (U.S.A.). (2) Betty Lynne took the part of Dorothy in *French Leave*

BERNARD (Carshalton).—(1) Graham Moffat, b. Dec. 6, 1919. Write to him c/o Gainsborough Productions (Eng.). His films include : *A Cup of Kindness, Roadhouse, The Clairvoyant, Stormy Weather, Where There's a Will, It's Love Again, All In, Windbag the Sailor, Good Morning Boys*. (2) George Arliss is at present on holiday in Hollywood. He is scheduled to play *Disraeli* in the film *Suez*.

T. F. P. (Newport).—(1) Don Ameche b. May 31, 1909, he is 5ft. 11½in. tall, weighs 170 lb., and has hazel eyes and brown hair, he is married to Honore Prendergast. His latest films are *In Old Chicago* and *Josette*; (2) *Love Under Fire* released Jan. 31, '38, awarded two stars in review section; (3) Yes, Anthony Martin sometimes acts under the name of Tony Martin. He was in both *Sing Baby Sing* and *Ali Baba Goes to Town*.

BOB AND DICK (Oxford).—Biographies as follows :—Gloria Stuart born July 4, 1910, Santa Monica, California; is 5ft. 4in. tall weighs 8st. 6lb., and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married (*a*) Blair Newell; divorced July 2, 1934. (*b*) July 26, 1934, married Arthur Sheekman and has a daughter —Sheila—born 1935. Write to her c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.). (2) Wayne Morris, born Feb. 17, 1914, Los Angeles; he is 6ft. 2in. tall, weighs 190 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Real name Bert de Wayne Morris. Engaged to marry Priscilla Lane. Write to him c/o Warner Bros. Studios (U.S.A.). (3) Gladys Swarthout married (*a*) Harry Richmond Kern (died Oct. 20, 1931). (*b*) Frank Chapman, jun., 1932. Write to her c/o Paramount (U.S.A.). (4) Elsie Randolph born Dec. 9, 1904; she has dark hair and eyes. (5) Margaretta Scott born Feb. 13, 1912, London; 5ft. 8in. tall and has dark brown hair and light grey eyes.

P. T. (Southampton).—(1) We published front covers of the male stars this year as follows :—Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle on Jan. 1, 1938; Tyrone Power and Loretta Young, Jan. 22; Errol Flynn, Feb. 26; Cary Grant and Katharine Hepburn, March 19; Spencer Tracy, April 21. (2) Gary Cooper is married to Veronica Balfe, who acted under the name of Sandra Shaw.

O. M. (Taunton).—We published a supplement of *Captains Courageous* in the Dec. 11, 1937, issue of this magazine.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

IF you are lonely, THE ORIGINAL BING CROSBY FRIENDSHIP CLUB offers you the friendship you need. This club was formed at the request of Harry Lillis Crosby, sen., and Bing takes a personal interest in it. A monthly magazine is issued containing the latest news of the star, and articles by members of the Club. There is a pen-pal Club, and you are invited to make friends with members both in England and overseas. Meetings are held from time to time, and all members are made welcome. Bing sends a large photograph free of charge to each new member. Inquiries should be addressed to Ted Mole, 47 Craven Gardens, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex, who will be pleased to hear from all readers of this magazine.

• •

THE INTERNATIONAL ROBERT TAYLOR FAN CLUB is open to receive new members. All inquiries should be addressed to Miss Vera Riddle, 122 Stonefield Terrace, Hastings, Sussex

• • •

Will all readers please note that all inquiries re THE ACTIVE JAMES ELLISON FAN CLUB should now be addressed to Post Office Box 192, North Vassaboro, Maine, U.S.A. This club publishes a magazine which contains an interesting interview with famous stars, photographs of Mr. Ellison, informal photographs of other famous stars and all the up-to-date news obtained from Mr. Ellison, his wife and his secretary.

• •

Reg. Bullock wishes to tell members of the BRIAN DONLEVY CLUB that he has spare copies of "Salute" (Spring issue), and members who have not yet had their copy can do so by sending a 1½d. stamp to him at 89 Fairbridge Road, Highgate, London, N.19.

• •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs, to ensure a reply. When the fan club is American, a postal order should be obtained from your local post office for the required postage.

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Telegrams, Picturegoer, Southernwood, Rand, London.
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"MATT-ALL-DAY" *skin?*

What *wouldn't* you do to have a skin that never, never got shiny, no matter how hard, how long, you worked or played? You need only do this. Use Crème Simon M.A.T. and you really will have a pearl-smooth, petal-dull skin, the livelong day. For this different cream-and-powder-base has unique and special qualities. It doesn't just cover up grease and shine. It drives them away. By combining with and changing your skin. And so giving you what you have always wanted to have—a "matt-all-day" complexion.

Crème SIMON M.A.T.

(MATT-ACTIVE-TONIC) Takes Away the Shine

JARS 1/3 & 2/3. TUBES 6d & 1/6

From Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Crème Simon. The different skin-food—used a different way. Jars 1/3 and 2/3. Tubes 6d and 1/6.
La Nouvelle Poudre Simon in the 9 "BASIC SHADES." 6d and 1/3.

FREE COFFRET

Containing Crème Simon (tube), Crème Simon M.A.T. (jar), La Nouvelle Poudre Simon (9 sachets), sent for 6d in stamps (for postage and packing) to Crème Simon (Distributors) Ltd. (P.6), 68 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Crème Simon, Paris et Lyon. Crème Simon (Distributors) Ltd., London, E.C.1

MORE PRETTY FROCKS AND UNDIES . . .

for less cost

"Sparva" Fabrics—beautiful, colour-fast to sun, sea and washtub—enable you to own more and prettier frocks and undies for less money. Costing only 1/- per yard plain and 1/3 printed, you can get them in 100 beautiful shades and a host of delightful patterns.

SHADE CARD FREE

Write at once for Shade Card and name of nearest retailer to "SPARVA," 74 Sparva House, York Street, Manchester.

NAIL BITING

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Stop it!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit. No aloes, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1½d. stamp for postage, FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.) 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

MEN *dislike unsightly* HAIR . . .



Bellin's WONDERSTOEN is obtainable from all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. For chin, cheeks and upper lip, 5/6. For arms and legs 13/6. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

Free yourself from the ugly embarrassment of unwanted hair with Bellin's dainty WONDERSTOEN disc. Rotate it gently over the skin. WONDERSTOEN NEVER FAILS! Doctors have recommended it for over 30 years, it's absolutely harmless and odourless. Don't use unpleasant preparations. WONDERSTOEN is swift, safe and always ready for instant use.

INTERESTING BOOKLET FREE!

Bellin's **Wonderstoen**

DRY METHOD for Removing Hair from Face and Limbs

Just Released!



39 New Postcards

Here are thirty-nine *entirely new* portraits of film stars, each indelibly stamped with "Picturegoer" excellence, superb examples of the camera art. Read the list below carefully, then add some to your collection.

NEW CARDS, 3d. Each, 2s. 6d. Doz.

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George Arliss	Irene Dunne	Ray Milland (2)
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Alice Brady	Fernand Gravet	Charles Rogers
Anthony Bushell	Andrea Leeds	Cesar Romero
Diana Churchill	Myrna Loy	Lyle Talbot
Danielle Darrieux	Claire Luce	Anton Walbrook

"PARTNERS" IN SEPIA & COLOUR

Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo; Gary Cooper and Frances Dee; Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers; Adolphe Menjou and Deanna Durbin; Robert Montgomery and Marion Davies; William Powell and Myrna Loy; Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford; Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle; Robert Young and Joan Crawford (2).

GET A 5/- ALBUM FREE

By joining "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club you can obtain liberal discounts on your future orders and, in addition, you will receive a 5/- Album FREE. This magnificent book, which holds 200 cards, is beautifully bound to resemble real snakeskin and lettered in gold. If you wish, you can obtain a superb De Luxe Album in blue rexine. Decide now to be a member of this happy Postcard Club. To join, send in an order for not less than one dozen postcards at the regular price of 2/6 per dozen. Choose your cards from the lists given above or include the names of well-known stars. Real photos 3d. each, 2/6 per dozen. On sale to members and non-members alike. The latest list sent free.

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

To "THE PICTUREGOER" Salon,
85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enrol me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 5/- Postcard Album *free*. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album *de luxe* is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name.....
Full Postal Address.....
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P.O. No..... Amount.....

Overseas readers should enclose 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if album *de luxe* is required.

*Cross P.O. and Co., and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

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Pic. 30/4/38



NO MORE EXPENSIVE PERMS

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(Curly Top gives natural curls to babies and toddlers, 1/3 per tube, lasts 1 month.)

Use Vosemar Soapless Shampoo. 1/3 tube gives 12 brilliant shampoos.

FREE

Send today for interesting FREE 24-page booklet

Think how marvellous it would be to have lovely NATURAL waves and curls—you can if you use VOSEMAR—the scientific preparation that gives natural waves and curls to even the straightest hair without heat or irons. Results will delight you. It's perfectly harmless and costs only 1/6 per tube for over two weeks' supply.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, Ltd., and all chemists, or, in case of difficulty, post free from

Vosemar Limited, Bury, Lancashire

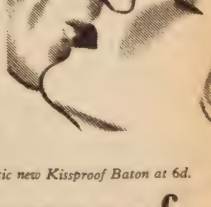
Vosemar FOR LOVELY NATURAL WAVES 16 per tube

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour. The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

Goodnight my love



How does he say goodnight? Does he hold you close and kiss you tenderly and *mean* it?

Make him — by giving your lips the allure men cannot resist.

The wonderful Kissproof *Automatic* Lipstick is exactly the same as those used by the famous Stars of Hollywood—and will give your lips a new glamour.

From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Department Stores.

See also the exotic new Kissproof Baton at 6d.

Kissproof

NEW AUTOMATIC *Indelible* LIPSTICK



In an Aertex corset you'll find your body will *breathe*. The myriad tiny air cells in the cellular mesh ventilate and keep you fresh and healthy in all temperatures, yet so cleverly are these corsets contrived with elastic panels that they cling and control gently, but quite, quite firmly. Aertex are the most modern corsets in the world—see them for yourself.

AERTEX
common sense corsetry

To the Advertising Manager, Cellular Clothing Co., Ltd., 14 Mosr Lane, E.C.2. *Please send me illustrated Aertex Catalogues*

Name.....

Address.....

P. G. 16

Do you know your nearest retailer?.....

"Made up" cheeks are out of fashion

put on Natural Colour!



It's fashionable to have a good colour — but it must look *natural*, not hard and rouged. To give your cheeks that lovely soft glow use Snowfire Blush Cream. Because it is a cream it goes on smoothly and evenly and without coarsening your skin. What's more it stays on the whole day through. Get some to-day. Make your choice from three glamorous shades — Blonde, Brunette and Tangerine.

Colour your cheeks naturally with



SNOWFIRE BLUSH CREAM

Tubes 3/- & 6/-

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHEN one is sweet and twenty, the forties not only seem a century away, but appear as positive decrepit old age. But when we are forty, things assume much less black an outlook. For many women, life begins at forty. The children are off hand. There is more time to devote to one's own affairs, particularly affairs of beauty culture, and we have learned a tolerance that in its turn brings a peace of mind we never knew in hot-headed youth.

If you are fortyish and have not thought of devoting some of your time to regular beauty culture, it is high time to begin.

Once allow your chin to lose its contours, and those tell-tale crows-feet to get a real hold about your eyes, and it is going to cost a lot of time, money and trouble to undo the results of neglect. Little and often should be the middle-aged woman's golden rule. She cannot afford to miss a single day.

That is the best of beauty culture. Ten minutes given regularly each day—and ten minutes is such a short time—is better than two hours weekly.

Eyes tell tales very quickly, and at all costs must you avoid that crepey appearance beneath the eyes. One of the best remedies for this is a herbal eye tissue oil. You can smear this on gently and leave it. The best time to do it is before the bath, when the steam helps the good effect.

Or, if you prefer, you can put in an anti-wrinkle cream, all around the eyes. Do it very gently, of course, for the skin there stretches before you can say knife. After that, some special eye pads should be soaked in hot water and laid over the eyes. When they have cooled, they are removed and heated again until the process has been repeated three times.

Then the anti-wrinkle cream should be wiped off with a pad soaked in skin tonic. If the skin is greasy (but this is rarely a complaint of middle life when the skin tends to dry out) an astringent lotion may be used instead. If there is a special occasion in the offing, an eye drop (quite harmless, of course) may be dropped in each corner to give sparkle and life to the eyes.

THE line of the chin also tells tales. I am not thinking so much of a double chin, but of that blurring of the jaw line that comes of slack muscles—in fact muscles that are ageing.

A daily massage with clenched fists and some massage cream will help to tone them up. Always finish your massage with jaw-pinching. Use thumbs and first fingers. Begin in the centre of the chin and carry on towards the ears.

Slapping the flabby parts, together with the use of a good astringent, also helps. Slap hard with the backs of your fingers, along the jaw and up the sides of your face.

One of the greatest aids in recent years for the middle-aged woman is the introduction of hormone creams. These creams bring back to the ageing skin something that *anno domini* takes from them. It is a skin food particularly suited to the middle-aged woman, or indeed to the woman whose skin has aged before it should, due perhaps to illness or worry.

Some makers prepare these creams in two varieties, one for the over forties and a slightly stronger variety for the over fifties. It is used at night time in the same manner as a skin food.

Or if you prefer, you have a choice of vitamin creams. Here the base is so prepared that the vitamin content easily penetrates the skin and tissues and braces them up.

Then we come to that eternal bugbear of middle age, superfluous hair. Nothing takes the conceit out of a woman more than a crop of unwanted hair on chin and upper lip. It looks unsightly, and causes acute depression and sense of inferiority.

It is a particular trouble of middle life because at that time certain gland changes are taking place which give rise to this hairy tendency. But why do women suffer it? I never can understand this when for the equivalent of the cost of a new frock, the hair may be permanently destroyed by means of electrolysis. Each hair destroyed by this weak electric current can never grow again.

I cannot offer to put all my provincial readers in touch with practitioners who deal with this blemish, but doubtless a chat with a local doctor would bring forth the information. But if you live in London I can make suggestions whereby the blemish may be dealt with.

By the most modern method of electrolysis about 75 hairs can be dealt with in twenty minutes, the fee for which is 10s. 6d. That is a reasonable proposition as you will agree. In certain obstinate cases of middle life, injections may be necessary to round off the treatment; these, too, are quite easily obtained.

A slight redness may remain for a few hours after the treatment, but in careful hands, no scarring is caused.

* * *

R. S. (Gloucester).—The lipstick to which you refer is Guitare. This was misspelt in a recent issue.

Enquirer (Forest Hill).—In this trying spring weather you need a good powder-cream. I would recommend a new one put up by Potter & Moore. It contains a brand new ingredient which has not been disclosed. Its great asset is that it does not choke the pores.

* * *

MIDDLE age has its problems as well as youth. May I help you to solve yours? Send your letter accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. C. Biddle, 1028 Stratford Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, for :

Sitting on the Moon
Three Cornered Moon
Thirteen Hours by Air
The Limping Man

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to : Miss M. Hetherington (aged 16), 90 Victoria Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs., for :

Born to Fight
Born to Gamble
Born to Dance
Are These Our Children?

Miss Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilledale, Durham City, for :

The Thin Man
Easy Living
Afterwards
High, Wide and Handsome

Miss N. M. Bursey, Pinewood, Shelton, Shrewsbury, for :

And So They Were Married
Hearts in Bondage
The Gay Divorce
Hearts Divided

W. H. Toogood, Esq., Lennoxlove, Haddington, Scotland, for :

Let's Make a Night of It
Let's Go Native
Don't Get Me Wrong
Let's Get Married

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

Among those present

He may like your frock and not remember its colour—enjoy a dance and forget the time. But if he likes your perfume, he's certain to remember you. The perfume to be remembered by—Phūl-nānā. 1/6, 2/9, 4/9 upwards. Sold everywhere. En Suite there is Phūl-nānā Powder in all fashionable shades.

Phūl-nānā by GROSSMITH

SIGNATURE PERFUME OF THE SOIGNÉE



1/6d., 2/9d., 4/9d. and upwards.

From "Waltz Time," a Gaumont-British Picture

★

Here's a charming new coiffure . . . Superma Machineless gives your Hairdresser greater scope for the expression of his art . . . because Superma Machineless means natural waves . . . produced by a method that preserves and beautifies the hair . . . NO machine . . . NO electricity . . . NO harsh chemicals . . . that's the Superma secret . . . for the lovely wave that lasts longer . . . insist on Superma

Ask for FREE Hair Style Guide

SUPERMA LTD., RADNOR HOUSE, 97 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.



Superma machineless of course!

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MACHINELESS PERMWAVING



Young! Easy going! Yes — but clever when it comes to the San Towels she buys. They must be right. They must be

SOUTHALLS

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Elasto

The Wonder Tablet

REGISTERED

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food



The Great Biomedical Remedy

Good Circulation—The Basis of all Healing!

NO ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) heal naturally **and the cure is lasting,** piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is quickly eliminated. Elasto is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read What Users of Elasto say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."

"All signs of phlebitis gone."

"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."

"Now walk long distances with ease."

"Elasto has healed my bad leg."

"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Varicose veins now gone after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"Now free from piles."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"I am now free from pain."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto." Etc.

Elasto Cures Through The Blood

Elasto dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, piles, heart weakness—to name but a few of the main ailments associated with bad circulation — *are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health*. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue and is absorbed *directly* into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biomedical Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. Elasto does not patch you up; it actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anaemia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad leg, Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

For All "Picturegoer" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this New Biomedical Remedy

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! —and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

This offer is too good to be missed!

ELASTO (Dept. 191),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Why Is Elasto The Natural and Logical

TREATMENT *for* BAD-LEG?

Because the real cause of Bad-Leg is a sluggish or stagnating blood-stream giving rise to congestion and malnutrition of the tissue-cells, thus causing them to break down and become diseased. The treatments usually given for Bad-Leg *leave this initial cause absolutely untouched.* Elasto removes the cause of Bad-Leg by re-establishing normal, healthy circulation—the only source of true healing—and so produces *real and lasting results.*

COUPON *For Free Trial Sample of Elasto*

ELASTO (Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS .....

Picturegoer 30/4/38 .....

Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto saves its small cost over and over again - it pays!

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RENE AND DOUG. GO CRAZY

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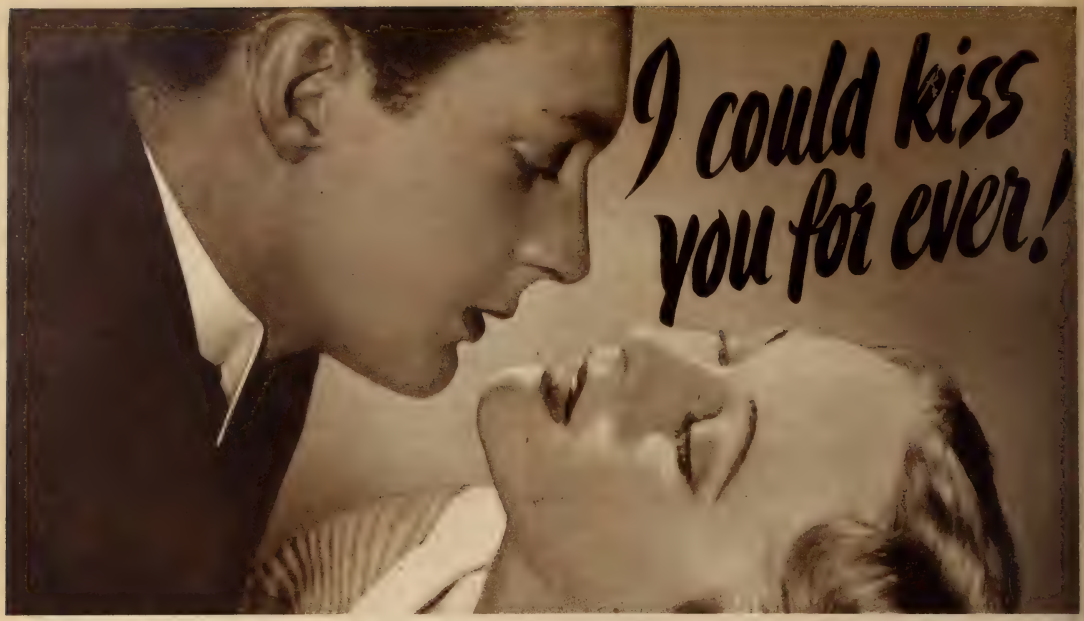
Picturegoer

The Screen's Most P[illegible] Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Irene DUNNE & Douglas FAIRBANKS Jnr



It's tragic how many women miss happiness like this because of that modern complexion trouble

COSMETIC SKIN



(London Films)

YOU use powder and make-up to be more lovely. Yet these are the very things that can ruin your looks—*unless you guard against Cosmetic Skin.*

The trouble is, many girls *think* they remove make-up thoroughly every night. But actually they leave specks of stale powder, rouge and grease deep down in their pores. Naturally the pores get clogged, can't function properly.



Then the horrid signs of Cosmetic Skin start to appear—muddiness, dryness, blotches, large pores, blackheads!

POWDER HARMLESS IF REMOVED THIS WAY

There's one thing that removes every little bit of stale make-up from your pores. That's the extra-rich, PENETRATING lather of Lux Toilet Soap. Famous film stars always use this soap to remove their make-up. They've proved nothing else cleanses the pores so completely. That's why Lux Toilet Soap is the official soap in the big film studios—it guards against Cosmetic Skin.

Always before you go to bed at night and before making up again in the day, remove your stale powder with Lux Toilet Soap. The beauty soap of the stars will guard you from Cosmetic Skin and give you the flawlessly clear complexion men find irresistible.

3D. A TABLET A *LEVER* PRODUCT

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

TL 921-109

State Express superb quality at 6d. for 10

STATE EXPRESS 333 CIGARETTES

10 for 6D
25 for 1'3

Ask please for 'Three Threes'

ODOURLESS Hair Remover



At last, a depilatory that *works entirely without odour!* Bu-to, a dainty white cream, quickly removes unwanted hair — leaves your skin cool, fragrant, satin-smooth—discourages coarse regrowth. No irritation. No embarrassing odour. *Bu-to does not smell because it cannot smell.* As pleasant to use as your face cream!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST



Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour — or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

1/6 TRIAL SIZE 6D

Bū-to

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

odourless

BUTYWAVE CO., LONDON, S.W.1.

The Better Bleach

HILTONE puts natural beauty back into your hair.



Lightest blonde, pale auburn, honey coloured hair, or natural, brilliant lights . . . any of these are yours with Hiltone Bleach! For Hiltone, the Safer Bleach, transforms even the drabbest hair into a shining beautiful, silky head.

Hiltone gently dissolves away the colour—gives you the lovely shade you want without destroying the natural elasticity of the hair.

Hairdressers recommend HILTONE.

They have proved that Hiltone is non-drastic, and that a Hiltoned head of hair can be permed perfectly. There's no dryness, no brittleness, no brassy look to Hiltone-Bleached Hair. So always ask your hairdresser to give you a Hiltone Bleach — you'll find he has confidence in it.

HILTONE BLEACH

Safeguards the Hair

The County Perfumery Co., North Circular Rd., West Tuxford, London, N.W.10.

"Can enlarged pores be avoided?"



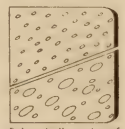
"Yes—in 9 cases out of 10"
SAY SKIN SPECIALISTS

Enlarged pores result when the mouths of pores are forced open. This happens when you use a powder containing materials which swell when moistened.

Nose pores are affected first because they are larger than other pores (see diagrams on the right). Tiny grains of powder sometimes lodge in them. If these grains swell when moistened by the skin, they force open the pores — permanently enlarging them.

Coty "Air Spun" powder never enlarges pores because it contains no materials that swell. And there is no orris root in it to irritate the skin, no artificial adhesives to blanket pores.

If you have a delicate skin, don't fail to try Coty "Air Spun" powder. In the wide range of lovely shades, you'll find there's one that's just right for you. Ask specially to see the fashionable new *Miblonde* and *Brunat*. In 2 sizes — 1/3 or 2/3. (The 2/3 size contains twice as much powder.) From your favourite shop, or the Coty Salon, 2 New Bond Street, London.



Enlarged illustration of skin showing how nose pores (bottom) are larger than ordinary pores (top).



Tiny grains of powder easily lodge in nose pores. If these grains swell when moistened, notice how the pores are forced open and enlarged.



Coty
AIR | SPUN
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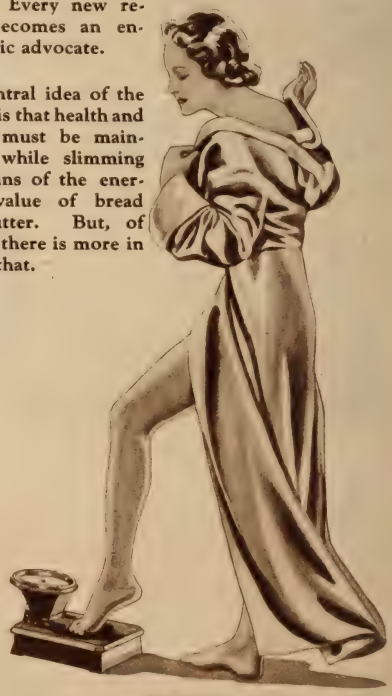
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SLIM— *the bread and butter way*

- But she can dish it out, too
- When the feminine stars fight
- Kissed Gary more than 144 times
- Have you 1938's Perfect Figure?



Joan Blondell looks happy in this latest Hollywood portrait. She has reason to be. She and hubby Dick Powell are expecting a "blessed event."

GINGER ROGERS IS SMACKED

THEY are calling Ginger "One-Round" Rogers on the Radio lot. Ginger had her face slapped the other day. It was for a scene for her new picture, *Vivacious Lady*.

It is not quite clear if there was any particular reason behind her enthusiasm for the job but Frances Mercer, who had to do the slapping, did it so hard it was necessary to photograph the other side of the star's face for the rest of the day.

◆ ◆ ◆

There was a sequel during the next day's shooting, the script for which called for Ginger to aim a blow at Frances—and miss.

Perhaps it was that her judgment of distance was impaired by the heavy punishment she had previously taken, but Miss Rogers didn't miss, that is.

In fact, she gave Frances one lovely black eye. The latter, a daughter of a well-known sports writer, commented succinctly: "That's one fight my dad should have covered."

◆ ◆ ◆

Fight scenes between women film players are always risky. The men are usually able to pull their punches, while their really rough stuff is frequently done by doubles, but feminine tempers are notoriously easily ruffled.

More than one supporting actress in the past has revelled in the opportunity to get her own back on a star she does not like in these sequences.

Some time ago Astrid Allwyn, who fancied, rightly or wrongly, that she had been high-hatted by Loretta Young, had a slapping scene with that star. Whether it was intentional or not, she slapped so vigorously that Loretta spoiled the take by dissolving into tears.

Probably the classic feminine film fight that developed into the real thing was that between Clara Bow and the late Thelma Todd in *Call Her Savage*.

Clara had to win for the purposes of the picture, but Thelma always claimed that she got the best of it.

Too Much Spanking

● Spanking scenes, by the way, are becoming increasingly and alarmingly popular in Hollywood films.

I shouldn't be surprised if Czar Will Hays steps in before long and bans the practice. The fashion was revived by Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. Now half Hollywood's heroines are taking their meals off the mantelpiece.

Latest outbreak is in *Love, Honour and Behave*, in which Wayne Morris, whom one judges has a heavy hand, spanks Priscilla Lane.

Like Claudette, Priscilla, a true artiste, insisted on taking the spanking in person.

The Greatest Love Scenes

● Ernst Lubitsch, remarking on the departure of the horizontal kiss and the passionate clinch from the screen, lists the three greatest love scenes from the past in the following order:

Garbo and Gilbert in *Flesh and the Devil*.

Raquel Torres and Monte Blue in *White Shadows of the South Seas*.

Rene Adoree and Ramon Novarro in *Forbidden Hours*.

He might have included the love-making of Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper in his own *Desire*.

When Gurie Kissed Gary

● Gary seems to have all the luck. Complaining about some of the alleged fabrications of the Goldwyn publicity department, Sigrid Gurie indignantly denies, among other things, that she kissed Mr. Cooper 144 times during the filming of *The Adventures of Marco Polo*.

She didn't really count, she coyly says, "but including rehearsals it must have been more than that!"

Sigrid is suffering no twinges of conscience about that "Norwegian actress" hoax. When last I heard she was trying to find the exact address of her Brooklyn birthplace.

She does reveal, however, that she camped on Sam Goldwyn's doorstep for four years before he took her in and invested her with glamour.

Who Would You Choose?

● If you were marooned on a desert island, which film star would you choose as the most desirable companion?

Students of Columbia University (in the United States, of course) took time off from their studies the other day to decide this momentous question.

After much serious discussion they found, "by an overwhelming majority," that they could not do better than choose Madeleine Carroll.

It may have been the title of Miss Carroll's latest film for Walter Wanger, *The Adventuress*, that swayed the vote, but the students declare that the factors which made the British star such a desirable choice were, in order of importance her ability to speak French, her blue eyes, blond hair, classic profile and attractive figure.

(*Continued on page 6*)

An Open Letter to

MARLENE DIETRICH

Forget That Fatal Glamour

DEAR MARLENE,

I hope this letter will reach you all right. At the moment of writing I'm not quite sure of your address. You see, since you joined the great army of the unemployed after your last battle with the Paramount company, there have been so many rumours about your future plans.

The latest is that you will soon be occupying a dressing-room at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios at Culver City. I hope it's true.

For one thing, M.-G.-M. has a unique reputation for keeping their stars shining brightly. For another, Dietrich and Garbo, Hollywood's two leading glamour girls, in the same stable would be interesting. Why, in these days of multiple-name casts they might even co-star you with Greta in a picture, throw in Clark Gable as leading man and let the best woman win. Well, it's an idea, anyway.

Seriously though, I hope that whatever course your film future takes your recent break with Paramount will mean the beginning of a Dietrich New Deal. Frankly, we feel that we have never seen the best of you on the screen since that devastating portrayal in "The Blue Angel." Unfortunately, as everyone knows, your early Hollywood pictures were dominated by the brilliant, but erratic, Josef von Sternberg almost to the extent where you became a mere photographic puppet for his camera eccentricities.

The series of impossibly exotic and synthetic sirens you played under his direction brought you to the brink of film oblivion. Nearly everyone, including us, cheered the news when it was announced that the partnership was to be dissolved.

With the exception of "Desire," however, the Dietrich pictures have continued to be disappointing.

There have been new directors (several of them), but it has been the same old Dietrich scintillating with surface glamour—and doing very little else. In fact, any Dietrich New Deal is largely up to you. We do not know the rights and wrongs of your quarrel with Paramount, but we do know that directors, who have a pardonable weakness for taking charge of their pictures, complained that you insisted on following your own ideas (which included excessive numbers of close-ups of the Dietrich face), of how films should be made, and that co-stars alleged that you demanded too large a share of the camera.

The theory that actresses know best about stories and roles has never been particularly convincing in the studios—and your screen record so far has done very little to prove it.

Please try to forget that you've got glamour and get down to some real acting. We like you. And we believe that the magnetic personality that has carried you successfully through a whole series of mediocre movies and parts is worthy of better things.

THE EDITOR.



What's this—he-man Fred MacMurray turned crooner? Well, we wouldn't mind trying a duet with Harriet Hilliard ourselves. They're together in "Coconut Grove," saga of a famous Hollywood night spot

GOSSIP—*Continued*

Personally, I'd be inclined to plump for Dorothy Lamour. At least I do know how she looks in a sarong.

Perfect Figure of 1938

● Pete Smith is looking for the Perfect Girl of 1938 for the leading role in *Modelling For Money*. What is more, with the aid of a committee of experts, he has set forth what he considers the perfect feminine figure.

How do you compare with his specifications :—

Height, 5 ft. 6½ ins.	**Weight, 120 lb.**
Bust, 34 ins.	**Waist, 24 ins.**
Hips, 34 ins.	**Neck, 12½ ins.**
Thigh, 20 ins.	**Calf, 13 ins.**
Ankle, 6½ ins.	**Upper arm, 10 ins.**
Forearm, 9 ins.	**Wrist, 6 ins.**

One interesting point is that the form experts place the bust and hip measurements at the same figure, with a ten-inch difference in the waist. Perhaps hour-glass figures are coming back.

The girl can be an actress, a professional model, a society girl, or a secretary. Her vocation is of no importance. The only rigid specification is that she must be perfect in form.

Papa Cantor v. Papa Crosby

● Bing Crosby, who can now sign himself Father of Four if he wants to write letters to the papers, is rapidly gaining on Eddie Cantor as filmland's champion parent.

Eddie, however, is not worrying. "I haven't a thing to say," he declares, "except that where I learned to play poker five queens always beat four jacks" (the comedian, of course, has five daughters).

Where I learned to play poker five queens were considered somewhat indiscreet.

Awkward for Sylvia

● Sylvia Sidney and George Raft are annoyed.

You probably would be, too. Sylvia and George are the latest victims of the film colony gossips.

Ever since they started romancing together in *You and Me*, Hollywood has been reporting the two in a real-life romance, and as a result each is in bad favour with someone else.

Raft has spent £80 in transcontinental 'phone calls, trying to explain matters to Virginia Pine in New York, Miss Sidney stopped receiving mail from Luther Adler, stage actor now appearing in *Golden Boy* on Broadway, and had to compose some very convincing letters before he would resume their correspondence.

For Virginia is still head girl in Raft's life, and Adler head man in Sylvia's. And the gossip is annoying the Paramount stars no end.

"George and I haven't been out together once," insists the actress. "In fact, the only time we see each other is on the set."

And says Raft: "Sylvia's a swell girl, but, no kidding, we're just good friends. Why can't people understand that this sweetheart stuff is just a movie plot?"

◆ ◆ ◆

Rudy Vallee, whose name has been linked in the romance rumours with several of the Hollywood beauties in the past, including Alice Faye, is taking no chances these days.

Introducing Dorothy Lamour at a night spot the other evening he said : "Dorothy's one of my protégées, not one of my fiancées."

Short Shots

Clark Gable and Myrna Loy seem to becoming a permanent screen team; after *Test Pilot* they are together again in *Too Hot to Handle*, a behind-the-newsreels story.—And after their success in *The First Hundred Years*, Virginia Bruce and Robert Montgomery are paired off once more in *Yellow Jack*.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

FILM ANIMALS SCANDAL

PICTURE stars and directors have come to the assistance of animals quartered in the menagerie of the California Zoological Society.

The zoo, on Mission Road, where the Selig studio once stood, is operated on a non-profit basis, but depends upon funds derived from admission charges. Few people have paid their way into the zoo recently, so salaries have not been received by employees, and the animals have had little food.

Katharine Hepburn, Stuart Erwin and Kathlyn Williams, who starred in animal films years ago, were among those who contributed to funds to feed the animals.

◆ ◆ ◆

Among the beasts who are now eating regularly are "Jackie Lion," the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer trade-mark, who also appeared in Lily Pons and Tarzan films; "Nissa" and "Sweetheart," the leopards who were seen with Katharine Hepburn in *Bringing Up Baby*; "Lady," a dancing crane, who was in a Shirley Temple picture; and Anna May, an elephant actor.

The question is—as so many of the animals worked in pictures, and presumably were paid the usual high prices disbursed for animals in films, why was there no food for them? Also, it is odd that, while the actors contributed towards the beasts' maintenance, the studios, which should be even more interested, have evidently kept their pocket books closed.

At any rate, if more financial aid is not

forthcoming, the animals may have to be destroyed by a humane society.

Muni Explains

● Paul Muni is back in Hollywood, "surprised and overwhelmed" over reports of the rebuff he administered to a man in New York who sought to present him with an award for his fine acting.

The star said he did not know the man, and that the latter admitted his organisation hoped to obtain publicity because of the gift. He added that he always welcomes recognition of his work.

Possibly we shall hear from the Manischewitz Foundation, alleged to be the donor of the statuette.

Relatives on Salary

● Guardians of child stars are fortunate, for usually studios pay handsome salaries to them for caring for the youngsters, although it would appear that children receiving weekly remuneration ranging in the thousands should be able to pay a salary to the guardians themselves.

However, the California laws provide that a certain amount of each child star's wages must be held in trust until the player is of age.

Lucky "chaperones" of infant prodigies include Shirley Temple's mother, who receives, it is reported, $1,000 a week from 20th Century-Fox, while Aunt Cissy Bartholomew, for watching over her nephew Freddie, received $100 weekly, and probably now gets much higher compensation.

It's an Ill Wind . . .

● Mary Maguire, young Australian actress, was under contract to the Warner studio, at a salary of $500 a week. The studio, sad to say, decided it could get along without Mary, and did not renew her contract.

The result was that 20th Century-Fox signed the young lady at a starting salary of $750 weekly, with increases mounting up to $2,500 weekly at the end of a seven-year period, if the contractual options are exercised.

A Strange Fan

● Clark Gable has an admirer who has never seen a photograph of him or a film in which he has appeared.

The fan is an eleven-year-old girl who lives in a remote village in the Bavarian Alps, who has never seen a motion picture, nor a fan magazine, but has heard of the glories of the star.

She wrote to the actor at his studio, asking for an autographed picture.

Clark has mailed the picture, with subscriptions to several of the leading American film magazines.

The girl's letter was written in German, so she evidently does not speak English, consequently she may have her troubles finding someone who can translate the stories in the periodicals.

No Visitors Allowed

● Danielle Darrieux, charming French star, who is making her first film at Universal, had so many visitors on the set, including prominent stars from other studios, that her director, Henry Koster, threw up his hands, and called for relief.

Hence an order was issued barring all but accredited members of the press from the Darrieux set.

Burying the Hatchet

● Warner Oland is now able to continue his career as "Charlie Chan," undisturbed by marital worries.

Since last February his property has been held in receivership, with the Bank of America as trustee, in compliance with a request made by the actor's estranged wife. An agreement has been reached by which Mrs. Oland is given the home in Santa Barbara and other property in the vicinity, while Oland receives the Los Angeles mansion and a lemon ranch.

Other property will be held in joint tenancy.

British Laurels !

● Because "Battleship," owned by Mrs. Randolph Scott, won the Grand National, Wesley Ruggles, director of Bing Crosby's next picture, would like to have the animal appear in the film.

Ruggles has asked Randolph to persuade his wife to permit the use of the horse in the picture.

(*Continued on page 8*)





Above : " I Want to Go Back to Bali " sings Rudy Vallee—and who wouldn't ? It's for " Golddiggers in Paris." But Britain has its irresistible attractions, too. One of them is Margaret Lockwood (below).

ALL the GOSSIP

(*continued from page 7*)

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

A MIGHTY VENTURE

WHEN film production companies launch out on something entirely new and really big, it's a sign of vigour and enterprise. Of course, a little discretion is a good thing to have as well, especially when money is scarce; but of that more later.

A new company, Vogue Films, who recently made their first picture at Pinewood, started in a big way.

They made a musical called *Kicking the Moon Around*, with Harry Richman and Florence Desmond starring, and Evelyn Dall and Ambrose and his Band thrown in for good measure.

A Change of Scene

● Now this company announces a subject just about as different as can be.

This is nothing less than a film version of the Bible in colour, and they're going to dig into their treasury to the tune of £400,000 for it—which, in case you like your figures really round, is about two million dollars.

What sort of prospects has a production like this?

Well, the Bible is always a best-seller; also, of course, the subject lends itself particularly to colour treatment, and if the job were well done it would be an unforgettable production.

Problem

● On the other hand, where would such a film be shown?

Public opinion will not yet welcome Biblical films in ordinary cinemas, mixed with Westerns and Silly Symphonies.

If shown in cinemas at all, it would have to be long enough to constitute a whole programme, or else be bolstered-up with "shorts" which would not be too incongruous.

Possibly its sponsors are relying on its use in churches and church halls. Exhibition in cinemas might conceivably be possible for the earlier reels, but when we come to the New Testament there is a serious obstacle.

Banned

● Nearly two years ago the British Board of Film Censors asked the Cinema Christian Council and the Public Morality Council for a considered judgment as to whether the two councils would support the Censors' decision not to grant a certificate for exhibition in licensed cinemas to films in which the figure of our Lord appears.

The councils, under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Southwark, endorsed the Board's view, and recently reaffirmed this decision. (This long-winded and pompous statement simply means "Out!")

So don't begin to queue-up yet; at present it's in the talking stage, and there it's likely to stay for quite a while.

Almost !

● Now for another complete swing-over.

Did you ever see Billy Bennett "on the halls"? I remember thinking several times that his enormous gusto should be brought to the screen.

Well, now that's being done. He's playing down at Walton-on-Thames in a slap-stick comedy called *Almost a Gentleman* (a phrase he has made entirely his own).

Billy becomes "Bill Barker," a night-watchman who is mistaken for a toffee-king at a fancy-dress ball; and there's a seductive French vamp, who decoys him into joining some shady financiers.

No intellectual relaxation here, but if you like to laugh below the belt, so to speak, you will not be disqualified in this company.

Watch Kathleen

● Marcelle Rogez once more is the vamp; that grand actress Kathleen Harrison is the mother of Bill's numerous brood (you remember her as the cook in *Night Must Fall* and the flustered mother in *Bank Holiday*?); and there are also Gibb McLaughlin, Basil Langton, Mervyn Johns, Ann Holland, Dorothy Vernon, and Harry Terry.

Some time since I saw Gibb; but he hasn't been idle, by a long chalk, having been engaged in foreign parts (in two senses) in company with several other of our better-known character actors.

Gibb, Arthur Wontner, Clifford Evans, Wally Patch (excellent, by the way, as Kathleen Harrison's husband in *Bank Holiday*), Allan Jeayes, Donald Gray, Andre Morell, and a number of others have had a trip to Italy, where they made the English version of a war film called 13 *Men and a Gun*.

International

● This, of course, is not strictly British studio news; but Two Cities is a half-British company, and recently completed the new Hazel Ascot picture *Stepping Toes* at Sound City.

The director of 13 *Men and a Gun* is none other than our old friend "Mario," who for years was down at Teddington, acting as assistant director and production-manager on countless Warner Bros. epics; full name, Mario Zampi.

The story concerns an Austrian gun and its crew, popping off at Russians in 1914; very dramatic yarn, believe me.

Too Soon Bang

● Mario Zampi's yen for realism nearly resulted in the compulsory resignation of actors Bernard Miles and John Kevan. They were supposed to be seen running away from an exploding shell; but they'd only just started to run when it exploded.

They both rose several feet in the air, but by a miracle came down right side up and not seriously hurt, though the sight of one of Miles's eyes was in the balance for some days.

For the retake of this scene, the director and production-unit turned out in steel-helmets!

Bebe Minus Ben

● Down at Teddington my old friend Bebe Daniels is playing the title-role in *The Return of Carol Deane*; funny to see her without Ben Lyon; they've played together so long now that whenever I see one of them I automatically look round for the other. The story is set in a period which is a dangerous one sartorially—large hats and hobble skirts for women, narrow trousers, stiff cuffs, and spats for the likes of us.

I say dangerous because such odd habiliments have neither the distinction of "costume" nor the sanction of custom.

Can you place the period? Seems to me along about 1909 or 1910, said he, wagging his long grey beard.

Chili Blonde

● Chili Bouchier, recently returned from a holiday in Hollywood, is in this, but I hardly recognised her, for her dark wavy hair was hidden under a blonde wig.

Zena Dare, whom I used to adore I-won't-say-how-many-years-ago and who lately played her first talkie role in *Over the Moon* with Merle Oberon, is in the cast, and so are Wyndham Goldie, Aubrey Mallalieu, and Ian Fleming, three gentlemen who know their job very well indeed.

Leslie Brook, now under long contract at Teddington, has an important part in *The Return of Carol Deane*, but what I like best is the return of Bebe Daniels.



Glamour girls. Pam Downing, Frankie Whitten, Monica Bishop, Franciska Bahrle and Esme Bankhead, who were chosen from hundreds of London girls to be featured in fashion revues throughout Britain.

I'M NO MAD Genius

Says ERNST LUBITSCH

The famous director and producer who, in the accompanying article, explains that most of the wild publicity stories about him are myths



Lubitsch directing the spanking scene, of which Gary Cooper was said to disapprove, in his latest picture, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife."

FOR twenty years I have worked in Hollywood, so by now I should be accustomed to it. Yet I am continually amazed by the film colony's habit of endowing its members with strange personalities, unusual traits and all manner of idiosyncrasies.

I have read of myself as a "mad genius." My wife will tell you that I come home at about the same hour each evening, eat dinner, play with the dog and listen to the radio.

Although I exercise daily and am little, if any, overweight, I am often described in print as "roly-poly."

Much even has been made of the fact that I smoke cigars.

As I look back through the forty-odd years of my life, it is difficult to realise I possess all the weird characteristics that have been attributed to me. Perhaps I do not possess them at all!

I think I am possessed only of a fascination for the work I have chosen to do. I am so engrossed by the production of a film that I literally think of nothing else. I have no hobby, no outside interests—and want none. If this is a sign of "mad genius," then I suppose I am guilty.

Right now I find it hard to keep my mind on this thing I am writing, because I am preoccupied with *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. Recently I finished directing Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper in this comedy at Paramount and the myriad details of editing persistently fill my waking hours—about eighteen of them every day. The other six hours I think I dream about it.

I think it was music that led me into this moving-picture business. In the Berlin home of my father, who ran a clothing store, I began picking out tunes on the piano when I was five. When the family frowned on my musical ambitions I decided, at the age of six, to become an actor. This also was frowned upon and my father decreed that I must complete my schooling.

By the time I was eight I was filled with a thorough hatred of schools because they tried to mould my way of thinking and compelled me to study subjects that held no interest for me.

By saving all my allowance I got enough money to buy a 'cello, and my sister, who played the piano, taught me to sing most of the popular tunes of the day. By that time my ambition still was to become an actor, but mainly as a comedian; I like to laugh.

When I got out of primary school I was too young to go to college and so my father put me to work in his store. Little did he realise that a generation later Ben Hecht would be writing that "Lubitsch has a rather interesting face with the dark, mocking leer of a creditor!" Perhaps I acquired the leer while clerking for three years.

Like all youths, I imagined myself a great artist. The first week I was at work I enrolled in a night drama school. My confidence in myself was so great that once I plucked up courage and called upon Victor Arnold, a noted stage comedian of the day. Somehow I conveyed to him my enthusiasm and my desire to emulate him. Arnold agreed to help me acquire the rudiments of the drama, and I studied with him for two years. I do not think I ever succeeded in making him laugh, but since then I have found that it is impossible to make a professional comedian laugh.

At length Arnold took me to the great Max Reinhardt. My short stature, black hair and that dark, mocking leer must have impressed him, for he put me to work. I think it was about then that my father quit resisting me; or perhaps it was that he washed his hands of me. In any event, Reinhardt gave me work in different stock companies. I was then about twenty.

Then I managed to get the lead role in two film comedies. Unfortunately, the film producer ran out of stories that would fit my character. To keep myself employed I wrote a story for myself and offered to direct it too. Thereafter I was author, director and star of a series of two-reel comedies. Besides, I designed the sets, supervised the camera work and edited the film. Later the pictures were increased to feature length and I continued my jack-of-all-trades position.

I had an idea for producing *Carmen*, which ultimately was released in America as *Gipsy Blood*. I had met a young actress named Pola Negri. I believe she was one of the most vital persons I have ever known, combining those two most important requisites—natural colour (the art of being talked and written about), and a highly developed and sensitive artistic instinct. It was she who brought this so-called "foreign temperament" into Hollywood, and I have every reason to believe this was nothing more than a glorious bit of showmanship. It was Pola Negri who played *Gipsy Blood* for me.

With the success of this picture I had the pleasure of directing *Passion* again with Miss Negri. Shortly afterward Mary Pickford asked me to come to Hollywood and direct her in *Rosita*.

This was twenty years ago and I have worked in Hollywood ever since. In that time all kinds of legends have grown up around me, as I noted previously. It gives me a queer feeling sometimes to read the things written about me.

As for the so-called "Lubitsch touch," I have no words. I never have had. For at least fifteen of my twenty Hollywood years the Lubitsch touch has been a constant source of discussion, and it would seem everyone but myself can describe just what it is. As for myself, I haven't the faintest idea

If I find a story that I like, such as *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* (and here I am again, thinking of my picture!), I make it the way my instincts tell me to. Other directors do the same thing, so they all must have a touch—isn't it so?

There is a considerable danger in any free discussion of the stars one has directed over a long period. The theatrical profession is constructed upon a foundation of vanity, and quite necessarily so, because without it we should have few artistes.

Thus it is easy to say things which the inborn vanity in film artistes may resent.

But since I have already spoken of Miss Negri I see no reason why I cannot, appraise others whom I have met—always, of course, with the greatest delicacy and truth, for I might need them some day!

Mary Pickford, the first star I directed in America, will always stand as the most practical artiste I have ever met. She can dictate policies, handle figures, bargain with supporting players, attend to booking problems and still keep her mind on acting. It is no wonder she held her place at the top longer than any star.

Maurice Chevalier is one of the most personable of men and a more accomplished comedian than most of us realise.

Claudette Colbert, who is in my newest picture, first worked for me in *The Smiling Lieutenant*. She is one of the most highly accomplished actresses in pictures to-day and I don't believe there is any actress who can match her natural beauty and grace. Gary Cooper, who is opposite Claudette in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, is to my mind one of the most versatile of stars. Of all the players in Hollywood I believe he is the only one who has never appeared in a mediocre picture. Some day, I must discover why it is that none of his pictures has shown poor results at the box office.

I cannot escape mentioning the real contribution that Adolphe Menjou made to the screen. He may go down in film history as the best-dressed man, but I like to think of him as something more important than that. It was he who proved in pictures that it was possible to dress as a gentleman and still win audiences. Before his time all superlatively dressed men on the screen were typed as villains or cads, perhaps for the same unexplainable reason that all fat actors were comedians. Well, it is not so to-day, thanks principally to Adolphe.

Ah, well, I have talked too much already about Lubitsch and his friends. Memories can give you the dark, mocking leer of a creditor. Or perhaps I got it trying to find out what is the Lubitsch touch!

HOLLYWOOD'S Lady OF Liberty

"I CAN'T understand the screen actors and actresses who lament because they have to play without audiences and can't get the feel of their acting, and then insist upon working on closed sets, barring every single visitor from seeing them perform. Personally I rather enjoy seeing half a dozen strange faces peering at me from behind the camera."

Thus Bette Davis, with a simple logic which colours her whole attitude to professional and private life, sums up for us her philosophy. Those of us who know her well are accustomed to her straight-from-the-shoulder style.

Bette Davis, the actress and star, like Mrs. Harmon Nelson the housewife, presents a confounding study for the hair-brained psychologists of Hollywood who insist that the movie public cannot become intrigued by a film star who has both feet firmly on the ground and refuses to become "just a heavenly body" floating above the realm of ordinary everyday effort and experience.

For at least four years she has shown us that the business of a film actress begins and ends on the studio set and that the proof of her ability to put over an act can be confined to the silver screen and need not ruin the normal course of her life.

I often think back to the earlier stages of Bette's career, when she was just one of the good leading actresses of Hollywood. She had none of the elaborate trimmings, chocolate-box dressing-rooms and mysterious methods of the great star, because at that time she had no claim to them.



Bette and her husband, Harmon Nelson. There is a perfect understanding between them.

Bette Davis has shown "how a real, sincere woman with a slight figure and no great beauty can achieve film fame through worthiness."

She had been "noticed" as the second feminine lead in *Waterloo Bridge* and had gone on to such distinction as playing screen "girl friend" to George Arliss in *The Silent Voice* and thence through a long chain of co-partnerships with more romantic young men such as George Brent, James Cagney, Leslie Howard and Franchot Tone. Yet by the time she had been acclaimed a truly great actress in *Of Human Bondage* and her stock had risen in Hollywood to a height flutteringly near the top of the tree, she had not begun to demand the servile obeisance of others, as so many successful feminine players delight to do.

I remember lunching with her just a few days before she received the Hollywood Academy Award for her performance in *Dangerous*. It was felt Bette ought to get the honour and I said so. She did not feign any modesty; nor effect a mock surprise. Her large eyes shone a trifle more brightly and she said "it would be lovely, but I don't think the job is worth it."

She genuinely believed she could not win that year because she knew in her very heart that her role in *Dangerous* did not of itself point out the insistent claim her earlier and better work had laid to the honour.

The evening of the Academy banquet duly arrived and she came to the tables with her young husband. She was not dressed the way most of Hollywood's grand ladies will dress when they expect to be called before that hysterical assembly to collect a golden statuette. If her gown cost £10 I should be surprised.

When the great moment came and she was called "to the bar," she had none of the coyness; none of the artifice; none of the "oh-really-this-is-too-much" air which so many of Hollywood's honoured ones can put on for such an occasion.

Hers was rather the excitement of someone who had been listening in to the Grand National, with a long chance in the Irish Sweep clutched in a nervous hand. Suddenly a dream became a reality, but it still seemed to her like a dream.

Contrary to all the Hollywood rules, Bette Davis was exactly the same person the following week, by which time she had, of course, had time to awaken to a full sense of her added importance.

However, there has been none of the usual window dressing which goes on around a Hollywood star once he or she has a "golden Oscar" on the sideboard.

Her dressing room didn't change into a palace. She didn't change into an inaccessible "queen of the movies."

The next time I happened to meet Bette she was filming *The Petrified Forest*, in which she had a role which called for a great deal of concentration.

She could have used that, as many another star would readily have done, as an excuse to be delivered from the ordeals of a "talk with the press." But she didn't.

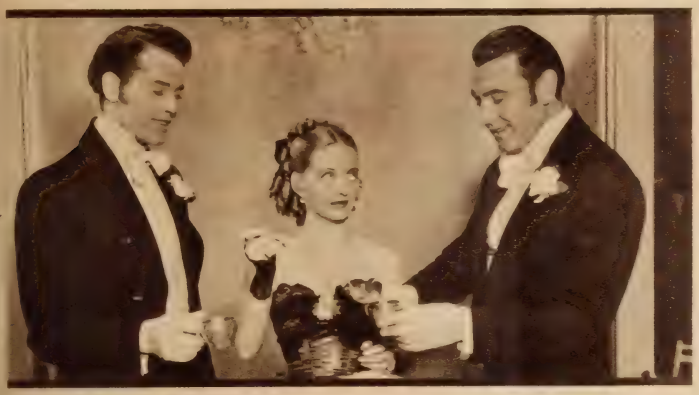
On the other hand she said, just as she always had done, "come and have a bite with me while we talk." And she deliberately steered the conversation away from the current job of work and away from her own professional affairs.

You see what I mean? She is not obsessed by her work. She has no elaborate processes through which to "climb into character." She can act, that is why. And being an actress on the set, she has little or no need for acting in order to create an impression when she is "off-stage."

One rule only does Bette Davis carry almost to the point of fetishism. She refuses to discuss her private life for the purpose of making publicity talk. I admire her tremendously for that alone.

Awhile back there was, of course, a great deal of ink spilt on the subject of her marriage to

That's Bette Davis, who without being a recluse like Garbo, a rebel like Hepburn, a starchy white beauty like Dietrich, or a Hollywood hoyden like Lombard, says what she thinks, does what she pleases—and gets away with it, says Norman Payne, by the power of her personality and work



"Jezebel" (with Henry Fonda and George Brent) puts the star up among the Garbos.



Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone asked Bette's advice about their private lives—and took it.

Harmon O. Nelson, and especially because of the fact that he happened to be earning a modest £40 a week as a solo pianist and crooner in a Hollywood boulevard bar-room, while Bette, having newly claimed an Academy Award, was among the higher paid stars of Hollywood. She was getting £350 a week I believe.

Bette stamped her foot soundly upon that kind of publicity and very carefully avoided mixing up her own career with that of her young husband. I often sat with "Ham" as she calls him, while he was between turns in the Hollywood Cinegrill.

He is a delightful and unaffected fellow: just the kind of person you would expect Bette to accept as a husband and just the kind of husband to appreciate a wife like Bette. One evening I happened to remark that Bette didn't ever seem to drop in during his turn.

"No," he replied, "she knows I'd love to see her here, but then again she knows, too, that some people might think it odd that I happen to be doing this job. "Well, Bette knows I love my work and she doesn't want to create a situation in which others might draw embarrassing comparisons. I reckon that's why she doesn't come."

Obviously there was perfect understanding between "Ham" and "Spuds" as he calls her.

As a matter of fact very few people patronising the Cinegrill knew he was Bette Davis's husband. I was with him one evening when a loud, nouveau riche oil man from Texas, appreciating "Hams" songs, called over a waiter and insisted upon sending a dollar tip to "the young guy who's bin singin'." The waiter hesitated, but the Texan got his way. When the waiter handed the dollar to Harmon, he flushed lightly and for the sake of peace slipped it into his pocket.

Of course, he had no need of it and if that oil man had known he was the husband of a big movie star, he wouldn't have offered it, but I couldn't help feeling that Mr. and Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson had a sounder and more sensible standard of values than people such as were to be found around them.

It was, of course, only a matter of time before "Ham" carved out better pickings for himself, and he is now an important executive in a radio concern. He got that job entirely on his own merit and Bette had nothing to do with it at all.

If she had permitted her own career and her own eminence to reflect the light of favour upon him, he might not have had this greatest of all satisfactions.

Men don't like to be stooges to women, no matter how much they may admire or love them. Bette has always known that, and because she knows also that many a happy Hollywood marriage has been ruined by professional jealousies, she has kept her own life and that of her husband separate and private matters.

At the risk of giving away secrets I can tell you that other stars have often asked her how it is done. Franchot Tone, for instance, when he was thinking of marrying Joan Crawford, confided in Bette. Should he arrange the wedding in secret or should he announce their plans to the press?

Bette told him. She said: "Don't ever discuss your private lives with anyone is my advice, for when certain Hollywood gossips have had enough of writing you up as an ideal Hollywood couple, they'll switch without any compunction to bandying your names among the Hollywood marriage wrecks."

Franchot and Joan took Bette's advice, and wisely.

I have known Bette all these years and never once have I found her the slightest bit "different." She does not expect to talk about her private affairs, although she will confide ordinary little intimacies to those of us she knows are not on the look-out for sensational poppycock. She has no "publicity lines," however, and will speak right out on any matter she is prepared to discuss at all.

Her vocabulary is as vital as her delivery. She uses those enormous eyes and the most spontaneous language, to tell you just what she feels and thinks about herself or about others.

Because she is highly intelligent she can discuss other personalities with an air of detachment which completely rids any slight criticism she may make, of any sting. There is nothing at all petty about her. In fact, there is nothing typically theatrical either.

Her most recent work in *Jezebel* establishes her right to a place at the very top of the Hollywood list of great emotional actresses. She is not merely a star, but a self-made star. And by that I mean she has never been touched by the "glamour wand" Hollywood waves above the heads of certain lovelies, whose success in the first place is a matter of physical charm rather than a histrionic competency.

If you asked me to give you the name of any other of Hollywood's most famous women who have likewise succeeded without the touch of Hollywood's synthetic gilding brush, I might have to think a long time before finding one. Perhaps Claudette Colbert, who has been able, like Bette, to achieve by merit what so many of the glamour girls have affected by eccentricities but that is all.

Jezebel shows us a Bette Davis who can hold her own among the Garbos, the Rainers, the Hepburns, the Lombards, and the Dietrichs. Perhaps more than hold her own.

Yet, in order to get where she is, Bette has never become a recluse like Garbo; a rebel like Hepburn; a starchy white beauty like Dietrich; a coy wisp of a woman like Rainer, nor a Hollywood hoyden like Lombard.

Hollywood has spent none of it's millions in creating around the personality of Bette Davis either atmosphere or aroma to delude or drug the public into the belief that she is *une femme extraordinaire*. For what reason?

Because there has been enough real colour to her personality and enough genuine power in her work to command all the public attention she could desire. This alone should make her England's special choice, since the British, like old birds, cannot be caught with chaff.

Bette Davis stands—and after you see *Jezebel* you will have to admit it—as a supreme example of the truth that "all that is golden does not have to glitter with the tinsel of Hollywood."

She has shown how a real, sincere woman, with a slight figure, no great exquisite beauty of face or figure, and no bombast either within or around her, can make a bee-line for Hollywood fame through absolute worthiness.

She stands as a symbol—albeit unconsciously—of ridicule and scorn for so many of the synthetic creatures Hollywood has built to magnificence and then striven vainly to hold untarnished in the spotlight of public favour.

Bette Davis is Hollywood's own "lady of liberty" and like the famous symbol in Manhattan waters, she carries high her own torch.



Bette (with Victor McLaglen) accepting her Academy statuette for "Dangerous." She attended the dinner in a modestly cheap gown.



THE Fight's ON!

by Max BREEN

Two hefty young actors here make a bid for your favour. Which will win their heat in the British Film Hero Stakes?

LAY-DEEZ—and—Genelmun! On my right, Battling John Warwick, of Australia. On my left, Michael Redgrave, the Bristol Terror. Course, ten laps, and no holds barred; change ends at half-time, and the sky's the limit. Seconds out of the ring. *'Fore!*

These fellows are both entrants in the eliminating heats for the British Film Hero Stakes, and it looks like a tough, clean, open, sporting contest, with both men trained to the second, both having made their first stage appearance in Australia, both having tried other jobs before coming to the stage, both married, both good actors, both thirty years old; and there is more of the Gable than the Taylor about both of them.

But there the similarity ends, for two men more unlike in many ways—in looks, upbringing, temperament, for instance—it would be difficult to imagine.

First, Warwick.

Born out in the Never Never country at the Back of Beyond in New South Wales, he was Mackintosh Beattie to begin with, and as such he attended high school and worked on his



Above you see John Warwick, the young Australian actor whose varied career is described in this article, as he really is.

And on the left you see him as he really isn't, but was in "John Halifax, Gentleman," in which he had to grow to the age of sixty.

Now then! John with Kathleen Kelly in a scene from his latest picture, "Bad Boy."



father's sheep station, where he learned to ride, fight, and shoot, until he was sixteen.

Then he ran away and got a job felling timber; and when that petered out he took to trading in diamonds, with a little cattle-dealing on the side.

Three years of this tip-and-run existence led him to the goal of many rolling-stones—journalism. He became a neswpaper reporter; but after two years of that he was sacked.

Interior decoration then took his fancy, and he was doing quite well at it, he thought, until suddenly he was sacked again.

Way back in his teens he had the urge, from which most of us suffer at some time or other, to go on the stage; and at 22 it swept over him again; but being about a thousand miles from Sydney (where there was the best chance of getting theatrical employment) and without any funds, he decided his first step was to take a job pulling 200 acres of corn.

To get that job he had to walk forty miles; and when he arrived the corn was tough and the sun was hot and he went to sleep . . . and awoke to find himself sacked again.

Well, that really started something. He "padded the hoof" to the nearest small township, and there he found advertised the "Swastika Costume Comedy Co., 40 Players, Opening To-night" (this was, of course, in the days before the symbol bore any political significance).

Naturally the stage-struck young man awaited their arrival, and found that the "40 players" actually numbered five—the backer, the producer (who was also the ballad-singer), his wife (who was the soubrette), the pianist, and a red-nosed comedian who was also chief lorry-driver.

Young Beattie was given an audition, at which he recited that famous stand-by, "Devil-May-Care"—and was promptly engaged as lorry-driver; but afterwards he was promoted to red-nosed comedian *as well*, which is a pretty high tribute to "Devil-May-Care."

This was the point where he changed his name to Warwick, after a town near which his father had owned a farm.

For eighteen exciting months the lorry lurched through bush-fires, droughts, and floods, from one out-back town to another, studiously avoiding those where the police had become interested on previous visits.

In fact, it was part of young Warwick's duty to keep painting the lorry different colours to avoid recognition. . . .

All through this period his salary consisted of a packet of twenty cigarettes a week; furthermore, the "boss" wouldn't allow him to touch a drop of liquor at the bush-pubs (which he couldn't have paid for anyway).

That didn't worry John, but he had a craving for sweets, so he was kept supplied with large quantities of "mixed haporths."

From this nomadic life he graduated to a "dinkum" (Aussie for real) touring company, playing small parts for a real salary; and thence to better parts in Sydney and Melbourne, with American and English leading players.

One memorable experience he had was being shipwrecked, which happened on a trip to New Zealand with a touring company.

They hit a rock and had to take to the boats; all lives were saved, but it was a grim night in open boats on a rough sea, in night attire, with insufficient men to row; and even when they landed they had to flounder for six miles through rain and bog before they reached a farm.

However, it's a terrific gale that blows no good, and when they arrived in Dunedin, where the show was to open, they found that the publicity attendant upon the shipwreck had whipped up a terrific interest in them.

In fact, Warwick told me that while a queue a couple of hundred yards long stood waiting to buy seats at 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s., the manager walked brazenly out with a bit of chalk and altered the figures to 7s., 5s., 4s., and 3s.,— and got away with it!

In 1932, John played leads in Australian talkies (including the very first one, *On Our Selection*); and in 1935 he and his wife took a long chance and came home to England, where his first venture was twelve months in repertory at Harrogate.

It wasn't long after that, however, before he got into films, where his virile, straightforward style of acting was soon appreciated. In fourteen months he played in eleven films, his first being *Double Alibi*, and his latest *Bad Boy*, which I have not yet seen, but which I hear highly spoken of.

The most ambitious role I have seen him in was unfortunately in a slow-moving picture, *John Halifax, Gentleman*, but he certainly acquitted himself well in the title-role.

When I last saw John, a week or two ago, he was rehearsing for the "try-out" at Richmond of a new play called *Gale Warning*, in which he has a strong character role as the leading man; and he told me this was the *one-hundred-and-fifty-first* stage play in which he had appeared.

What a memory! What a record! But what a man!

And now, if you please, Michael Redgrave. Take a bow, Michael.

He has had an immense advantage over John Warwick—at least, it is usually regarded as an immense advantage—in having a theatrical background; but it took him a long time to decide to do anything with it.

His mother's father was F. A. Scudamore, author of many rousing melodramas; his father was Roy Redgrave, one of the most popular leading men who ever played in Australia ("Captain Starlight" in *Robbery Under Arms* was his type of part); and his mother is Margaret Scudamore, a well-known West End actress who is at present playing in the successful play *Robert's Wife* at the Globe Theatre.

Michael's first appearance was at the age of 2, in Melbourne, his parents having toured Australia for two and a half years.

He was brought home to England to be educated, went to Clifton, then spent a year in Germany and France, and finished up at Cambridge.



Michael Redgrave looks a trifle untied in "Lost Lady," but it doesn't seem to disturb him.

In his earlier years, his ambitions were bent towards short-story writing; the late Sir James Barrie, having read one of his stories, made the cryptic remark, "I expect when this young man grows up he will write printed books if he has nothing better to do!"

Presumably he has had something better to do.

Having no ambition to become a professional actor, Michael "walked-on" for fun at the Stratford-on-Avon Festival during his school holidays in 1921, and five years later he did the same thing in *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Apollo Theatre, London.

However, his heart was in literature. While an undergraduate he became editor of "The Cambridge Review," and also founded what he described to me as "a frightful literary magazine" which pursued its path of frightfulness for two years.

Then, more for enjoyment than anything else, while still at Cambridge, he took to the professional stage, playing "The Soldier" with Lydia Lopokova in her first public performance of Stavinsky's ballet-play *The Tale of a Soldier* at the Cambridge Theatre, London; and he was with her again in *Comus* at the Arts.

But writing was still his aim; he wrote an operetta, some highly superior theatre reviews for newspapers, and a poetry anthology.

As he himself says, he was "too big for his boots" in those days.

Coming down from Cambridge, he was prepared to bestow his literary gifts on an anxiously waiting world, and was considerably taken aback to find that the world didn't want them.

As a temporary stop-gap he accepted a post as modern languages master at Cranleigh for a term—and stayed for three yea rs.

While he was there, Michael produced a number of Shakespeare's plays which attracted the attention of London critics—and to his surprise he found that the stage had always been his true vocation.

He would become a producer; and to this end he resigned his post, and having thus burned his boats he entered the theatre world finally and definitely in *Counsellor-at-Law* at the Liverpool Repertory Theatre—*not*, kindly note, as a producer at all!

The shell-shocked hero in *Libel* was another role in which he attracted attention at Liverpool; and he also attracted the attention of the very attractive leading lady, Rachel Kempson, and married her a year later.

His Liverpool training was of tremendous value to Michael, for in his four seasons there he played every imaginable kind of role.

During his last season he was spotted by producer Tyrone Guthrie (whom you may have seen as the missionary in *Vessel of Wrath*), and invited to play leading roles at the Old Vic.

There he was grievously miscast as Mr. Horner in *The Country Wife*, and there was such a fuss about this that managers began to take notice of the young actor whom they had previously ignored.

What a shipwreck did for John Warwick, that piece of inspired miscasting did for Michael Redgrave. He was offered (and accepted) the role of Orlando to Edith Evans' Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and Laertes to Laurence Olivier's Hamlet.

Later he appeared in the West End with Mary Clare in *A Ship Comes Home*, and opposite Constance Cummings in *Three Set Out*. He also played the American detective in the revival of *The Bat*, and was signed up early this year by John Gielgud for his season at the Queen's Theatre; but the Gainsborough studios lured him away to be the virile half of a new British "screen love-team" (the other moiety being Margaret Lockwood), and he is now in *Lost Lady* at Islington.

Here he has another advantage over John Warwick, in having started on contract to a major company, and with director Alfred Hitchcock to guide his faltering footsteps in his first film; but John has his very varied film experience behind him.

Which is the man for your money? Personally, I'm not making any bets until the end of Round One—about a year hence.

All right, fellers—box on!

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX



Actors are human says Benny, seen here in a charming domestic interlude with his daughter, Joan.

BENNY has a GRIEVANCE

And he wants you to lend a sympathetic ear to what he has to say

By JACK BENNY

HERE is something I've wanted to get off my chest for years. I expect to be given arguments about it. There will be many snorts of "Oh yeah?" But a Benny never falters for mere snorts. He's faced too many dead-on-their-seats audiences.

I say actors as a class aren't nearly so sold on themselves as non-professionals think. The story about the two Irishmen and the sled illustrates my point.

Mike wanted to go for a sleigh ride and he didn't have a sled. His friend Pat did. Mike thought over the situation and he said to his wife :

"Sure, it's a fine morning for a sleigh ride. I wish I had a sled."

"Well, Pat has a sled. Why don't you go over and ask him if you can borrow it," said his wife.

"Ah, he'd never let me have it, the tight wad," said Mike.

"Maybe he would. Go ask him, Mike," said his wife.

So Mike started for Pat's house and all the way he muttered to himself : "He'll never do it. I don't know why I should be after asking him. Fine friend he is. He wouldn't give me a potato if I was starving."

By the time he reached Pat's house he'd worked himself up into a fury. He pounded on the door and when Pat stuck his head out Mike shouted :

"Listen, I don't want your so-and-so sled. You can keep it."

That's the way people are about actors. Everybody outside of show business thinks everybody inside is egotistical, conceited, egocentric and all the other fine sounding adjectives that mean stuck on yourself. An actor is licked before he has a chance to open his mouth to defend himself. People say : "Of course he's conceited. If he weren't he wouldn't be an actor."

Who wants to bet? I've been in the show business for more than twenty years and I've known a whale of a lot of actors. I say they're no more in love with themselves than other men and less than some classes of men. High-powered salesmen, for instance, or hotel managers.

If an actor talked about his performances at the length to which I've heard salesmen go in describing big deals they've put over single handed, some listeners would get mad and pop him on the nose.

I've found hotel managers who could praise themselves by the hour. When I went to Europe last summer I came home ten days earlier just so I could drive from Chicago to Los Angeles, by taking my time along the way, and it takes a lot of time in that little car of mine.

I liked that part of the trip better than anything in Europe, except perhaps London.

This is a great country to drive over. I remember one night I stopped in an hotel in a fair sized middle Western city. After I'd gone to my room the manager sent me a note inviting me to his suite for cocktails. He said his wife and daughter would enjoy meeting me.

I went, of course. It's always flattering when folks say they want to meet you. I expected to be asked a few questions about Hollywood and motion pictures and radio.

But from the time I crossed that guy's threshold Jack Benny did a complete fade-out conversationally. He had me there for the sole purpose of telling me how wonderful he was.

He enumerated the hotels he'd put on a big paying basis. It would be no trouble for him to show them how to run the Ritz.

Then he started in on what was the matter with the way motion pictures are made and how he could improve them. Pretty soon he was telling me how to run my radio shows.

A couple of times I got as far as, "That reminds me . . ." but no farther. Finally his daughter said : "Daddy, I wish wou'd let Mr. Benny talk a little." It was no use. He didn't even hear her.

I don't know any actors who could get away with a monologue like that. I don't know any actors who would try. Sometimes in a discussion of the self-importance of those in my progession I've asked critics to name six who have gone overboard. They never get beyond two, even in Hollywood where it is supposed to be a case of dog eat dog.

Take fellows like Bing Crosby. He has earned a race track, a handsome hut in the San Fernando Valley, a ranch at Santa Fe Springs, a yacht and plenty of money to run them—all by his own efforts.

He has one of the most popular radio programmes on the air and his pictures are in greater demand every time a new one is released. Yet Bing will proclaim to anyone who will listen that he "knows nothing" about acting. One of his favourite occupations is poking fun at himself as an actor.

Nelson Eddy, who is swamped by fan mail, most of which is sweetly scented, loves to tell, about the time Woody Van Dyke, the director, met him outside the Chinese Theatre after the première of *Naughty Marietta*.

The director asked Nelson how it felt to be a great actor. "But I'm not an actor," said Nelson. "I know that," said Van Dyke, "but how does it feel?"

John Barrymore calls himself a ham. You'd think a girl like Joan Crawford would be justified in placing a high rating on herself. But Joan is downright humble. I've heard Loretta Young say she thinks she has a funny looking face and I've heard Claudette Colbert say the same thing.

When actors start "talking big" they are scared. They are trying to cover up for the squeamish feeling in the pit of their stomachs.

Whenever they give a good show and somebody tells them so, they are pathetically grateful. When they're not so hot they know it themselves.

And the audience's reception isn't as cold as the fear in their own hearts.

I'm talking about performers who've won their spurs. Only the youngsters are really cocky and they soon get it knocked out of them.

An actor's only asset is himself. No matter how successful he becomes he can't build up anything that will go on after him. There's no business to hand down to his children. And he knows his days as an actor are numbered under the average man's productivity. You're darn tooting he's scared.

And he can't conduct himself as an ordinary human being because, like Pat in the story, he's taken the count before he begins.

Anybody else can pass a friend in the street, and if he's in a hurry and his mind is doing grasshopper jumps with all the things he has to do, he can nod hello to the friend and go on without being blamed for it.

An actor doesn't dare. He has to stop and put on an act regardless. If he doesn't the friend says to himself : "Hum . . . so . . . The fellow is going high-hat. That's just what I thought all along."

And do you know what state a motion picture player is in when he's about to begin a new picture? Let a so-called comedian tell you. He is fit to be tied. I speak feelingly. My next *Artists and Models* revue is about ready for the cameras.

When the picture gets under way everything will be all right for a while. I'll relax and feel happy about the whole thing. Then as it gets down towards the shank end I know what will happen.

The jitters will come back. I'll be in what those who have no sympathy sarcastically call a "mood." Around the set they'll say : "Get a load of Benny. What's he trying to do, give himself airs?" And it will be nothing but fright, plain fright.

And do you know where I'll be the night the picture is previewed? I'll be at the fights with the shakes trying to forget it all.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THE WINNAHS!

The film stars will be up early seeking their "Picturegoers" next Thursday morning.

Within the next day or two the counting of votes in "Picturegoer's" Gold Medal Awards will be completed. These Awards, the most important and sought-after of their kind in the world, are for the best performances by an actor and an actress in 1937.

The results in the latest ballot will be announced NEXT WEEK. Make sure of your copy by ordering early.

Shots with our CANDID CAMERA



Anne Shirley, who made a name for herself as an unsophisticated girl in "Anne of Green Gables" is growing up as you can see by this recent portrait of what a smart young woman should wear. After her successes in "Stella Dallas," and "Condemned Women" she has a strong role in "Mother Carey's Chickens" with Joan Bennett.



Owing to an epidemic of colds on the "White Banners" set, caused by the synthetic snows, Director Edmund Goulding, Jackie Cooper, Claude Rains and Fay Banister wore masks during rehearsals.



Right: No need to urge Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey to join the "get fit" movement, they have always believed in exercise. Our camera caught them resting after a strenuous bout on the parallel bars.

ROTOGRAVURE WEEKLY

Right : A waiter's life in the studio is one long round of star-gazing. Fred Stusck of the M.G.M. canteen knows all the stars' favourite dishes and how they like them cooked. Below he takes orders from Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable, who putting aside the serious business of rehearsing, take an equally serious interest in the selection of their lunch.







Just one of those pictures which make you wonder why the poet ever sang "Oh, to be in England, now that Spring is here." The call of the sun in California and the allure of Ginger Rogers setting out for a swim would have made him change his tune!



A white gardenia from a dusky beauty for Tyrone Power when he was attending a shanty show at the famous Clover Club, with his sister, Mrs. Leslie Tyrer.



Crazy people! When girl meets boy in crazy comedy it usually means some good clean fun—Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks Jnr. in a hilarious scene in a Tyrolean beer garden.

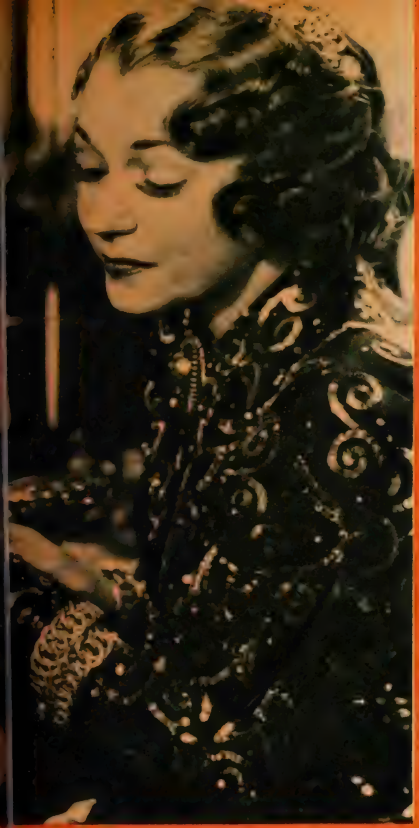




After a hectic party with Irene, Doug is surprised to find her family grouped round his door when he puts his shoes out with the signs he has collected in the course of the evening.

The

THE crazy comedy cyc
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deserted demureness an
high priestess of the cult
and followed it up with
Awful Truth. She is s
Douglas Fairbanks Jn
Hollywood's busiest lead
Irene plays Maggie Ga
and member of an old
almost reduced to pen





(Above) No wonder the Steiner twins, five-year-old Dorothy and Estelle, look surprised. Doug. shows that he can go crazy with the best of them.

(Left) Alice Brady and Guy Kibbee are Irene's parasitical parents.



Crazy comedies must always have a crazy family: In this case in addition to Alice and Guy: Lucille Ball, and the Steiner children who play the heroine's sisters.

JOY of LIVING



(Above) Leaving the theatre after a triumphant first night, Irene shocks her parents by the way she receives the reporters and cameramen. (Left) The star in one of her song numbers, "What's the Good of Good-night?"

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relatives. Doug. Jnr. comes to the rescue as an unconventional seaman son of wealthy Boston parents, who sets out to teach her how to live. The only way to enjoy life, according to his code, is to do what you want to when you want to, but Maggie is a difficult pupil owing to her misguided loyalty to her sponging relations.

Of course he persuades her to accept his theories—and his hand—in the end and the final fade-out finds them happily married and setting sail for the open sea.

OF *Human* HEARTS



Jason Wilkins (Gene Renolds) was about ten years old when he travelled with his parents (Walter Huston and Beulah Bondi) by paddle steamer down the Ohio River to the pioneering village which was to be their home.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of M.-G.-M.

A CRITICAL attitude towards his surroundings, the wish to improve them, to strike out a path for himself, developed early in the mind of Jason Wilkins. He couldn't have been more than ten years old when he travelled with his parents by paddle steamer down the Ohio River to the pioneering village which was to be their home, a decade before the outbreak of the American Civil War.

The wooden house at the top of a ramp in Pinehill, allotted to his father as the new resident preacher, struck Jason as bare and unlovely.

"The windows are awfully dirty," he complained, tracing his initials on the glass door between living-room and lean-to.

"They won't wash themselves, son," the Reverend Wilkins reminded, handing him a towel.

The family unpacking was interrupted by the arrival of two parishioners (one so palsied and with so long a beard that Jason thought he must be a hundred).

"What's a donation party, Mom?" he asked when they had gone. "Pop just said we're going, didn't he?"

"Money's scarce, Jason, and people have to pay the minister the best way they can. If not with money, then with furniture and clothes. That's the way it's going to be with us."

"You mean—we have to wear other people's clothes—things they don't want any more?"

"Yes, dear."

"I don't think I'm going to like this place." The donation party taking place in the form of a religious service in the mission hall, if anything, confirmed the impression. When discussion arose as to provision for the minister and his family, the villagers obviously meant to be kind. Curly-haired (where not bald) and rotund storekeeper Mr. Ames pleaded for making the minister an annual allowance of two hundred and fifty dollars a year in cash, produce, and merchandise—the last two payable at his store.

"I know we gave the last preacher more," he continued, "but he had a larger family.

Jason's face fell. Hadn't Pop thought four hundred dollars, mentioned in the offer from Pinehill to tempt him from his Maryland living, as barely sufficient, though no more than could have been expected?

Life at first in a pioneering village proved niggardly of interest. The lack of reading material worried Jason, who felt a corresponding delight in coming into the kitchen with a bundle of old *Bon Ton Gazettes*.

"Look, Mom, magazines—the only ones in Pinehill. I've been all over."

"You *are* lucky. Where did you get them?"

"Dr. Shingle."

"Then you'll have to take them right back." His father, coming in at the moment, endorsed the decision.

"Those are trash. I'll find other books for you."

"But, Pop, Doc. Shingle's the only man here who reads."

"I will not tolerate insolence, Jason. I will return the magazines myself."

"Mom, why are you all against Dr. Shingle?"

"Never mind, dear."

"Is it because he's a drunkard?"

"Sh! He plays cards, too."

Jason whistled. The enormity of the situation struck him, and for the time softened slightly his resentment against his father.

Nevertheless, after a discreet interval, he allowed himself to pass the house, in which Dr. Shingle carried on his lonely existence, and paused to fidget with the name-board.

"Come in. I haven't seen you for quite a time," the doctor invited. So Jason went in and talked to the big man with the monocle, who, for all his drinking and card-playing and smoking, too, was so much more live than the rest of the Pinehill community.

"Pop wouldn't let me keep the magazines. Have you any others?" Jason inquired.

"I'm afraid not."

"May I look at this book?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't entertain you. It's full of doctoring advice—how to sew people up."

"I fixed a bird with a broken leg once. I made a splint with two tiny pieces of wood and thread——"

Catching sight of a picture of a simple fracture, Jason was fascinated. He took the book home, frankly intending to hide it from his father. Fortune played into Jason's hands, in that an event occurred which switched the thoughts of the entire family from mundane matters.

Jason was playing in the yard, when he saw a white colt, which had broken loose from its owner, bolting down the road, followed by three men in a buggy. Ethan Wilkins acted promptly. He rushed out, grabbed the reins, allowing himself to be pulled along the ground for a few yards without panic, before gaining control.

"Thanks, Parson! That horse is a devil," the owner said, getting out of the buggy.

"He's just frightened," was Mary's comment.

"Think so, ma'am? You can have him cheap."

"Ethan, you've always wanted a horse. Seems as though he's come to our very door." So the bargain was struck and the colt, named *Pilgrim* by Mary, installed in the old barn. Jason found a new hobby in grooming and watering him, though he didn't forget the doctor's medical book. Little indeed did he know of his mother's disappointment when she handed him a parcel of *Harpers' Monthly* to make up for the lost *Bon Ton Gazettes*. Magazines seemed poor meat to Jason, thoroughly absorbed in the study of the human body. Not even in years did Mary tell him that the shiny new *Harpers* had been paid for by the sale of four of her treasured silver spoons. Alas, the matter didn't end there! That evening, at supper, Chauncey Ames beckoned through the glass door. Jason, excusing himself, opened it.

"Got any magazines, Jason?"

"Sure. *Harpers*."

"Will you swop them for this knife—regular frog sticker?"

"Right. I'll be in front of the store at nine."

The Reverend Wilkins looked up from his stew as Jason reseated himself. "More magazines, son. I thought I'd made myself clear on that point. Do my wishes mean nothing to you?"

"It was my fault. I got them for him. They're harmless," Mary interposed. But that didn't prevent Jason from being tanned in the barn after supper by his father. The injustice rankled long after the hurt, which was, in reality, slight.

The years passed. Jason grew into manhood without the confidence which could have existed between father and son. Yet Ethan was proud of his boy and glad to take him on what was known as the Circuit, a journey through the back country, to visit outlying hamlets of sometimes not more than three widely spaced cabins.

One villager was sorry to see Jason go. Annie Hawks, who had once shown him that she knew how to harness a horse and played the new harmonium regularly in church, had a dainty charm which went with muslin fichus and ample skirts. "I'll be lonesome without you," she said wistfully as he kissed her at the stile. Next morning he was gone, riding a mule beside his father, mounted on *Pilgrim*.

They rode all day through wooded upland country above the river to make their first visit. Sister Clark occupied a tiny cabin with her dog and her pipe for company, which last article she did her best to conceal on greeting the minister and his son. Her hospitality was equal to the occasion. At seven, the three were sitting down to platefuls of cornmeal and molasses. Jason had never been encouraged in a taste for delicate food, but the lumpy corn mash which Sister Clark spooned up with relish was too much for him to swallow without an effort. He fancied that his father was having the same difficulty, and blamed his want of taste.

"Did you see the frog in the water she drew just now? It made me sick even to look at it. I wonder where it's got to," he whispered when Sister Clark had left to wash the dishes.

"You don't realise what an honour it is to her to have the parson a guest," Ethan contended. "It would have mortified her beyond words for us to have found anything wrong with the meal. I swallowed that frog. It cost me something; but it's my idea of courtesy, and I don't wish you to forget it."

Jason did his best. Nevertheless, good resolutions went to the winds when Sister Clark, with obvious pride offered her dead husband's overcoat to "parson's son."

"Makes him look like a preacher, don't it?" the old dame declared,

(*Continued on page* 22)

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OF HUMAN HEARTS—*Continued*

oblivious of Jason's expression as he was hoisted into a garment miles too big for him. "Reckon he could read the burial service over me right now, though seein' him makes a body want to get married again." Alone with his father, Sister Clark having left to call her neighbours to the morrow's church meeting, Jason lost his temper.

"I won't wear it. I hate it. It's old and ragged and dirty."

"Shame on you, Jason! Pride and selfishness are out of place in our family—in our profession."

"I'd rather save bodies than souls any day."

"I'm sorry you said that. Sorry you mistake that cold frankness of yours for courage. Come outside."

"Father! You're not going to whip me? I'm too old."

"You'll never be too old while I'm alive."

"You lay a hand on me and I'll protect myself. I warn you."

The rest of the scene was such as, in after life, Jason hated to remember. Outside, Ethan raised a hand to strike at Jason. He hit back. His father fell against a fence, struggled to his feet, wrestled with, and finally got the better of him. Blood oozed from the weals on Jason's face as he took the black mule and headed for home.

Mary and he cried together in the living-room over the tragedy, but, in spite of remorse, Jason was firm. "Mom, I can't stay here," he said. "I'm going some place where they pay you in money, not in promises and wormy potatoes and patched clothes. I daren't stay to get like Ames and the rest of them."

"But, Jason, where can you go? How can you live?"

"I'll get along. Other fellows have. I'll go somewhere and study to be a doctor."

Mary might demur, but was helpless against the urge of youth. She saw him off at the jetty, stifling tears with the reminder that he would find a few dollars hidden under the lapel lining of his coat.

Jason chose the Baltimore College of Surgery as a likely first rung of the ladder of ambition. He was taken to the office of Dr. Crumm, an elderly gentleman with an abrupt manner who, having given an accurate verbal description of Dr. Shingle, claimed not to know him.

"Nobody knows him, sir," he emphasised when Jason had expressed astonishment at the discrepancy in his interlocutor's statements. "No one can afford to know him. He's a disgrace. He drank bimself out of the best practice in Baltimore. He founded this school; then he carried on so that we had to take his name off the building."

"He speaks very highly of you, sir. He said you're the greatest drawer of blood in the whole nation, that you've cut off more legs and arms than any doctor in the world."

Which diplomatic speech was not lost on Dr. Crumm, who, however, was soon shaking his head over Jason's fatal ignorance, if he wished to join the medical profession, of Latin and Greek. Swiftly, he tried another tack.

"But, sir, I'm willing to work. I could keep this office tidied up. Those spittoons need cleaning and the sandbox over there——" Energy and tact had their reward. Within the next ten minutes he was apprenticed to Dr. Crumm's assistant, a little man of the name of Quid, who was to supervise Jason's meals, his odd jobs in the surgery, and incidentally coach him in Latin and Greek.

A busy two years followed. Money in Baltimore, Jason found, had a habit of disappearing even faster than in Pinehill. Quid and he pooled their resources to buy food, Dr. Crumm providing cooking facilities. It was some time since Jason had tasted meat when he wrote home suggesting that Mary might sell her mahogany hat-box. He had forgotten that the box had been a honeymoon present from Ethan.



Ten days later, on furlough, Jason rode along the river valley to Pinehill. . . .

Nevertheless, Mary sold it and, more surprising, Ethan parted with his father's gold watch so as to send the boy twenty dollars. The letter containing them arrived while Quid was stirring a strictly vegetable stew. Jason, cut short an attempt to pronounce *Veni, vidi, vici*, looked up from the perusal of his mother's news with concern.

"Father's ill with lung fever. He's not expected to live. Mom wants me to come home, Quid."

"Then that's the thing to do, Jason."

"How can I leave? With the examinations coming next month, I'll lose a whole year!" The little man kept on stirring. "You won't miss the year, Jason," he said quietly, "but you will miss your father if he dies." Jason never regretted yielding to Quid's advice, though he was never again to hear his father speak. By his arrival Ethan Wilkins died as he had lived—courageous to the last, a good man who had always been an enigma to his son.

They buried him in the rain, the mourners driving in farm carts to the familiar ground by the mission.

"Ask yourself, Jason—was father's life a failure?" Mary said.

"No, Mom. I feel different about him now. If only I could have made him understand."

Three years passed after Jason's return to Baltimore, during which Mary received from him only an occasional letter. He had thought to spend Christmas with her in celebration of having graduated and become a fully fledged doctor, but other claims cropped up. Mary, visiting Ames' store to buy extra groceries for the great occasion, was handed a letter.

"Dear Mom," Jason had penned. "Sorry I can't come for Christmas, as I'm helping Dr. Crumm prepare the school for new term. He may take me on as his assistant if I get on well—and, Mom, dear, I need money very badly. Can you send me a few dollars right away?"

The final request was echoed in another letter to Mary at Pinehill at the outbreak of Civil War.

"Just a line to tell you I've joined the Union Army as a surgeon," Jason wrote. "But I need a uniform. It will cost about seventy dollars. Would you consider selling *Pilgrim* to help me out? The government is giving a good price for horses. I shall be with Dr. Crumm's hospital unit."

With the eighty dollars shortly received from his mother, Jason was proudly measured for his dark-blue uniform.

It cost him seventy-two dollars fifty, and a pair of gloves too tempting to resist, seven dollars. Other things, however, were in Jason's head beside smart equipment. For the following six months he worked untiringly in hospital and hospital wagon, following the Union advance.

He had been up all night with the wounded in field hospital when he received a sudden order to go to Washington.

"What on earth for? I can't leave; they're bringing in wounded by the hundreds," Jason protested to Dr. Crumm, who returned solemnly, "Jason, this is an executive order. See the President's signature." Completely at sea, Jason went to the White House, and in due course was ushered by John Hay into the library. Abraham Lincoln slewed round in his chair. Jason came face to face with the firm mouth, the benevolent forehead, the deep-set eyes, and lightly bearded chin of America's distinguished President.

"I congratulate you, Wilkins. You've been doing great things on the battlefield. I've received letters praising your work. General Grant, in fact, requests that you be transferred to his medical corps."

"Thank you, sir. I should like that." For some time the great man continued to chat to Jason, asking questions about his medical training and eliciting information about his home life. Suddenly he said, "And your mother? Is she well off?"

"No, sir. Very poor, especially after my father died."

"Yet she managed to help you. How?"

"By raising money, sir, on old things—things she didn't need?"

"I see. Have you written to her lately?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why haven't you? I'm afraid I know more about her than you, more about those household treasures she sold one by one for you. I've had a letter from her, Wilkins. She thinks you dead, that you were fatally wounded in battle. She asks me to find your grave, so that she can put flowers on it—and dream, I doubt not, of the little boy she used to hold in her arms. A letter from you would have saved all she has gone through."

"I'm terribly sorry, sir."

"Sorry! There's no finer quality in the world than gratitude, Wilkins, and nothing in man's heart so low as ingratitude. Sit down. Here's pen and paper. Write to your mother now. From now on you write once a week. If you fail, I'll have you court-martialled."

Sitting in the Presidential chair, with bent head, Jason obeyed. His return to Dr. Crumm's unit was a sorry affair instead of the triumphal bearing of a decoration for which he had secretly hoped. More thrilling than any medal could have been at the moment, however, was the glimpse he caught, outside the hospital, of a white horse which whinneyed as he passed. "*Pilgrim!*" he exclaimed. Again the affectionate whinney. There, too, above the foreleg, was the scar of a gash which Jason had once stitched together by lantern light in the old barn.

"Whose horse is that?" he asked of an orderly.

"Captain Griggs. He's inside, sir."

"Listen. Keep an eye on this horse. Don't let anyone touch him."

Inside the building, with its rows of wounded, Jason made his way to a youngish man with strong features and small moustache lying in a cot, and knelt beside it. "Captain Griggs—that white horse outside. He belongs to you. Would you sell him to me?"

"Certainly not!"

"Please—please don't say no, sir. I'll give anything you ask."

"Money can't buy him. Finest horse I ever owned."

"Dr. Wilkins, this man is badly wounded," protested an M.O.

The sick man raised himself. "Wait a minute. Are you Dr. Wilkins?"

"Yes."

"I've heard of you. These other fellows want to have my arm off, but you never amputate."

"Sometimes I do, sir. In your case, I don't know if——"

"You can do it. I know you can. I'll make a bargain. Keep my arm on me and you can keep the horse."

Ten days later, on furlough, Jason rode along the river valley to Pinehill and dismounted at the familiar wooden house.

"I guess it's too much happiness for me," Mary said when they had clung and cried together. "But I thought I heard *Pilgrim*."

"You did, Mom."

At supper that evening with Annie, prettier than ever, beside him, opposite Dr. Shingle and at the head of the table, Mary reverently repeating the grace without which Ethan never began a meal, Jason had no craving to change his surroundings. He felt that he had come home.

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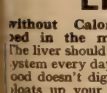
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so sweet, so kind. I can't tell you
how much I adore you, how devotedly
I am. Yours forever
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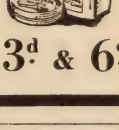


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Wendy Barrie and Walter Pidgeon in the Universal Production, "A Girl with Ideas."

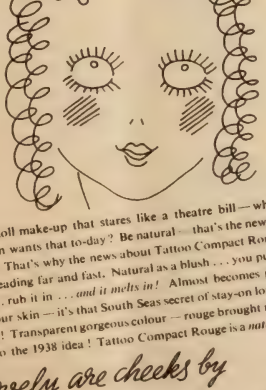
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Melvyn Douglas kidnaps opera star Grace Moore. He is helped (?) by Stuart Erwin.

**I'LL TAKE ROMANCE

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Musical comedy. Runs 85 minutes.

GRACE MOORE	Elsa Terry	RICHARD CARLE	Rudl
MELVYN DOUGLAS	Jim Guthrie	FRANK FORREST	Pinkerton
STUART ERWIN	Pancho	WALTER KINGSFORD	Bill Kane
HELEN WESTLEY	Madella	FERDINAND GOTTSCHALK	Ginard
MARGARET HAMILTON	Margot	ESTHER MUIR	Landlady

Directed by Edward H. Griffith from a story by Stephen Moorhouse Avery.

Lack of story values are offset in this Grace Moore musical by "crazy" humour, bright performance by star and pleasant song numbers. It is all very frivolous and deals with the love affair of an opera star and an impresario whom she at first believes is mercenary but later discovers really loves her. Grace Moore is in good voice and gives a provocative performance whilst Melvyn Douglas is polished and natural as her lover.

Stuart Erwin supplies some excellent comedy.

Of its type it is definitely good and provides sound, all-round entertainment.



There's fun when socialite Wendy Barry becomes publisher of Editor Kent Taylor's newspaper.

**A GIRL WITH IDEAS

Gen. F.D. Universal. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy drama. Runs 66 minutes.

WENDY BARRIE	Mary Morton	HENRY HUNTER	William Duncan
WALTER PIDGEON	"Mickey" McQuire	SAMUEL S. HINDS	Rodding Carter
KENT TAYLOR	Frank Barnes	GEORGE HUMBERT	Toni
DOROTHEA KENT	Isabelle Foster	HORACE MACMAHON	Al Foster
GEORGE BARBIER	John F. Morton	ED GARGAN	Eddie Foster
TED OSBORNE	Pete Dailey	NORMAN WILLIS	Hanlon

Directed by S. Sylvan Simon from a story by William Rankin.

Wendy Barrie shows to good advantage in this conventional romance with a newspaper background. It is familiar in design and execution but has the advantage of being quite well acted and directed. Wendy Barrie's role is that of a socialite who becomes the proprietor of a paper because it is given her in lieu of libel damages which the owners were unable to pay. The ex-publisher and the ace reporter, who is given the post of managing editor, conspire to buy it back cheaply and also fall in love with the lady in the case.

The publisher does eventually get the paper back but the competition for the heroine's love ends in a draw. Walter Pidgeon and Kent Taylor are good as the conspirators who become rivals and Dorothea Kent and George Barbier are amusing in supporting roles.



Jane Withers, with the help of a ventriloquist and his dummy, straightens out a tangled love affair.

c**45 FATHERS

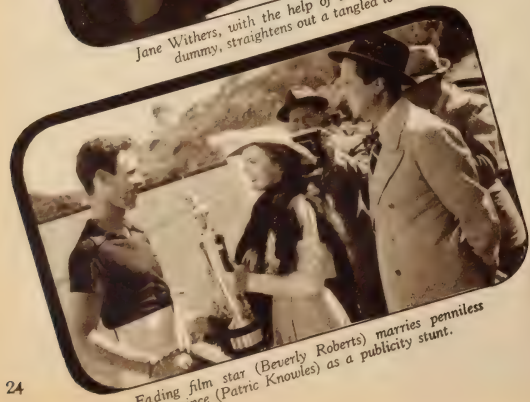
20th Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Juvenile romantic comedy. Runs 71 minutes.

JANE WITHERS	Judith Frazier	ANDREW TOMBES	Judge
THOMAS BECK	Roger Farragut	LEON AMES	Vincent
LOUISE HENRY	Elizabeth Carter	SAMMY COHEN	Professor Ziska
THE HARTMANS	Joe McCoy / Flo McCoy	GEORGE GIVOT	Professor Bellini
		RUTH WARREN	Sarah
RICHARD CARLE	Bunny Carothers	HATTIE MCDANIEL	Beulah
NELLA WALKER	Mrs. Carter	ROMAINE CALLENDAR	Hastings

Directed by James Tinling. Based on a story by Mary Bickel.

Jane Withers, becoming rather too forced in her comedy these days, manages to get quite a lot of fun out of the well-worn situations which go to make up this romantic comedy.

She is cast as an orphan girl who is adopted by the forty-five members of a club to which her father had belonged. They draw lots as to who shall have the dubious honour of giving her a home and it falls on an elderly gentleman, uncle of a bright young man who gets tied up with a gold digger. It is through the orphan's efforts and those of some down and out music hall friends she has got engaged as servants that he gets out of the mess. Thomas Beck is likeable as the young man, and Louise Henry, usually so unsophisticated, makes a good gold digger.



Fading film star (Beverly Roberts) marries penniless prince (Patric Knowles) as a publicity stunt.

**EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS

First National. American. "A" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 61 minutes.

PATRIC KNOWLES	Prince Rupert	FRITZ FELD	Herr Meyer
BEVERLY ROBERTS	Laurine Lynne	VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF	Andrew Brenner
ALLYN JOSLYN	Joe Craig	JOHN BUTLER	Savage
GORDON OLIVER	Ricky Preston	ANNA CODEE	Maria
EULA GUY	Trommy	GEORGE HUMBERT	Giovanni
ROBERT C. FISCHER	Joseph	OTTO FRIES	Franz

Directed by Bobby Connolly from an original story by Kyrill de Shishmareff.

Film star marries a prince for a title and then falls in love with him. This sounds very trite, but although not strong in plot it has a good deal of piquant, incidental humour and is put over with good technical polish and with an eye to characterisation.

Beverly Roberts, as a fading star who hopes to bolster up her popularity, is very good and makes the most of the comedy moments, while Allyn Joslyn is amusing as the heroine's press agent. Patric Knowles, as the prince who works as a waiter and is dug up by the press agent to marry the heroine and put her back as front page news is interesting and attractive. Situations are well timed and the Hollywood and Viennese backgrounds are picturesque.

(*Continued on page* 26)

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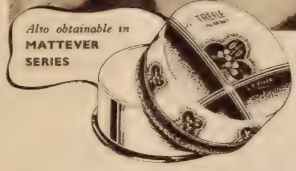
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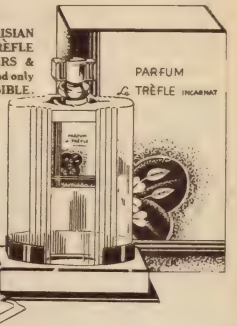
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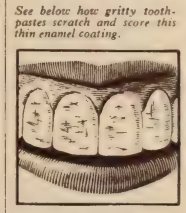
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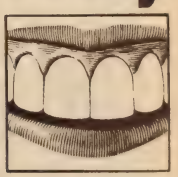
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The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

**I'LL TAKE ROMANCE
**A GIRL WITH IDEAS
c**45 FATHERS
**EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS
c**THE HERO OF PINE RIDGE
**JUNGLE ADVENTURE
c**THE TRIGGER TRIO
c*THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY
c*BORROWINGTROUBLE
c*MAKE A WISH
DICK TRACY
BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

c**THE HERO OF PINE RIDGE

British Lion. Republic. American. "U" certificate. Western. Runs 60 minutes.

GENE AUTRY.....Gene
SMILEY BURNETTE.....Frog
BETTY BRONSON.....Milly Baynum
LE ROY MASON.....Len Parker
CHARLES MIDDLETON.....Autry, sen.
RUS. SIMPSON.....Bayliss Baynum
TENNESSEE RAMBLERS.....Tenessee Ramblers
JACK DOUGHERTY.....Jeff Galloway
GUY WILKERSON.....Clem
FRANKIE MARVIN.....Luke

Directed by Joe Kane from a story by Jack Natteford.

Very good example of Western melodrama. It runs the whole gamut of ingredients usually to be found in Westerns and at a very commendable pace too. Juveniles will love it.

Gene Autry is in great form as a carefree cowboy who becomes a famous rodeo star and cleans up the inevitable band of cattle rustlers.

Betty Bronson stages a modest come-back as the heroine and Smiley Burnette supplies his usual brand of comedy pleasantly.

**JUNGLE ADVENTURE

Associated British American. "U" certificate. Jungle Travelogue. Runs 50 minutes. Produced and directed by Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Pearson.

African jungle travelogue, covering ground hitherto untouched by the camera, and introducing for the first time shots of the Latukas, a tribe of giant natives, the rare okapi (a link between giraffe and zebra) and hair-raising snake dance sequences. Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Pearson, American big game hunters, are responsible for the photography, compilation and commentary, and they have done their job well.

The film combines the intimacy and educational value of the lecture with all the excitement of the real thing.

c**THE TRIGGER TRIO

British Lion. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 53 minutes.

RAY CORRIGAN.....Tucson Smith
MAX TERHUNE.....Lullaby Joslin
RALPH BYRD.....Stony Brooks
SANDRA CORDAY.....Anne
ROBERT WARWICK.....Evans
CORNELIUS KEEFE.....Brent
SAMMY MCKIM.....Mickey
HAL TALIAFERRO.....Luke
WILLIE FUNG.....Chong
BUCK.....Buck

Directed by William Witney from a story by Houston Brand and Joseph Poland.

This is a Western that breaks out of the usual rut to a certain extent. It deals topically with an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease and instead of rustlers the villains are those who try to break the quarantine laws. The Three Mesquiters who are featured in it have a change in their composition, Ralph Byrd ably deputising for Bob Livingston who had an accident before the film went into production.

The other two, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune remain the same and as good as ever.

c*THOROUGHBREDS DON'T CRY

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate. Racing romance. Runs 79 minutes.

JUDY GARLAND.....Cricket West
MICKEY ROONEY.....Timmie Donovan
SOPHIE TUCKER.....Mother Ralph
C. AUBREY SMITH.....Sir Peter Calverton
RONALD SINCLAIR.....Roger Calverton
FORRESTER HARVEY.....Wilkins
CHARLES D. BROWN.....'Click" Donovan
FRANKIE DARRO.....'Dink" Reid
HENRY KOLKER.....'Doc" Godfrey

Directed by Alfred E. Green. Previewed January 1, 1938.

Grandson of an English baronet finds himself stranded in America with a race-horse after the former's death. With the help of a little American jockey he succeeds in winning a big race in spite of the machinations of crooks.

It is all very artificial. Ronald Sinclair, who plays the lead, has been modelled on Freddie Bartholomew, but he is made ridiculous by the ultra-precise dialogue he has to utter.

Mickey Rooney too is inclined to overact as a cocksure jockey who pulls a race in order to get money for his crook father who pretends to be dying.

Judy Garland is good as the daughter of a landlady who caters for jockeys, a part played well by Sophie Tucker.

Aubrey Smith is "true blue" as the baronet and, of course, there is a cockney groom acted quite well by Forrester Harvey.

Race course scenes are very well done.

c*BORROWING TROUBLE

20th Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Domestic comedy. Runs 60 minutes.

JED PROUTY.....John Jones
SHIRLEY DEANE.....Bonnie Jones
SPRING BYINGTON.....Mrs. John Jones
RUSSELL GLEASON.....Herbert Thompson
KENNETH HOWELL.....Jack Jones
GEORGE ERNEST.....Roger Jones
JUNE CARLSON.....Lucy Jones
FLORENCE ROBERTS.....Granny Jones
BILLY MAHAN.....Bobby Jones
MARVIN STEPHENS.....Tommy McGuire
ANDREW TOMBES.....Uncle George
HOWARD HICKMAN.....Judge Walters
CY KENDALL.....Chief Kelly
JOSEPH DOWNING.....Charlie
GEORGE WALCOTT.....Lester McGuire
DICK WESSEL.....Joe
WADE BOTELER.....Sergeant Callahan

Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

Here are the Joneses in trouble again and getting out of it as amusingly as usual. Development is on the slow side but the domestic humour keeps one quite fairly entertained.

The Jones family is played by the same artistes, who are tending now to become rather stereotyped, but they put plenty of spirit into their portrayals.

Incidentally, there is a newcomer to the group, Marvin Stephens, who plays the role of a young tough who gets mixed up with a burglary.

c*MAKE A WISH

Radio. American. "U" certificate Sentimental comedy with music. Runs 77 minutes.

BOBBY BREEN.....Chip
BASIL RATHBONE.....Selden
MARION CLAIRE.....Irene
HENRY ARMETTA.....Moretta
RALPH FORBES.....Mayo
LEON ERROL.....Brennan
BILLY LEE.....Pee Wee
DONALD MEEK.....Joseph

Lionel Collier — *Contd.*

HERBERT RAWLINSON.....Dr. Stevens
LEONID KINSKEY.....Moe
RED SCOTT.....Minstrel
CHARLES RICHMAN.....Wagner
RICHARD TUCKER.....Mr. Grant
JOHNNY ARTHUR.....Antione
BARBARA BARONDESS.....Secretary
DOROTHY APPLEBY.....Phone Operator
JILLIAN HARMER.....Clara
ST. LUKE'S CHORISTERS.
Directed by Kurt Neumann. Music by Oscar Strauss.

Bobby Breen is main asset in this comedy with music and he once again puts his voice to good use. It is generally a very thin affair dealing with a composer who writes an operetta inspired by a charming widow, mother of a boy he has taken a fancy to at a holiday camp. Result—mother goes back to the stage and wedding bells ring for the composer.

Basil Rathbone, polished as usual, is very good as the composer, and Marion Claire sings well even if her acting does not call for much comment.

One of the features of this picture is the cheery juvenile atmosphere.

DICK TRACY

British Lion. (Republic). American. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 69 minutes.
RALPH BYRD.....Dick Tracy
KAY HUGHES.....Gwen
SMILEY BURNETTE.....Mike McGurk
LEE VAN ATTA.....Junior
JOHN PICORRI.....Moloch
CARLETON YOUNG.....Gordon Tracy (after)
FRED HAMILTON.....Steve
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.....Anderson
Directed by Ray Taylor and Alan James.

Serial-like thriller in which a G-man is sent to break up a crime gang. It is all very artless and hectic in action, with Byrd working hard as the hero who overcomes fearful odds.

BLOSSOMS ON BROADWAY

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Crime burlesque. Runs 86 minutes.
EDWARD ARNOLD.....Ira Collins
SMILEY ROSS.....Sally Shea
BEN TRENT.....Neil Graham
JEFF DAVIS.....Sheriff Jeff Holloway
WEBBER AND FIELDS.....Themselves
WILLIAM FRAWLEY.....Francis X. Rush
FRANK CRAVEN.....P. J. Quinterfield, sen.
PATSY KELLY.....Death Valley Cora"
BEN ARTHUR.....P. J. Quinterfield, jun.
EDWARD PROPHY.....Mr. Prussic
CHARLES HALTON.....Dr. Gillgallon
FREDERICK CLARKE.....Chester
Directed by Richard Wallace.

Not only crazy but unintelligible, this mixture of crime, comedy, music and romance completely fails to jell. Even the presence of Edward Arnold, who usually can hold his own with bad material, fails to make it more than very moderately entertaining.

Shirley Ross, too, is overwhelmed by the plot which starts quite promisingly but soon loses itself in a tangled web of burlesque.

Re-Releases.

JEZEBEL

Bette Davis scores a personal triumph in this period drama. She gives a subtle and exceedingly human characterisation of a self-willed woman whose selfishness and egoism causes the death of two men. She finally seeks redemption by going to a leper island to tend her former lover who had been stricken down with yellow fever.

The picture grips one mainly because of the star's magnetic personality. In plot it tends to be rather artificial and the general atmosphere is distinctly sordid with a good deal of play made with the horrors of the scourge that attacks the southern town of New Orleans in the "eighties." The general effect is distinctly depressing.

The period atmosphere has a certain charm and there is a stray romantic element in the "Southern gentlemen" who are ready to fight a duel at a minute's notice. We shall probably get a cycle of similar stories beginning with *Gone With the Wind*, which bears a marked family resemblance to *Jezebel*.

Henry Fonda is good as the heroine's outraged fiancé and George Brent effective if a little heavy as a "buck" of the period. Minor roles are all well filled.

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE

A delightfully piquant marital comedy with Gary Cooper as an American millionaire holidaying on the Riviera and falling in love with Claudette Colbert, daughter of an impoverished French nobleman. His wooing is more financial than infatuated and Claudette leads him a hectic dance, especially when she discovers that he has been married seven times before.

Eventually she succumbs to his charms having assured herself of his sincerity.

Gary Cooper proves himself an exceedingly good comedian and introduces a whimsical touch to his characterisation which is wholly pleasing.

Claudette Colbert proves irresistibly feminine and alluring and seems to enjoy acting her role as much as you will enjoy watching her do it.

Ernst Lubitsch's direction is slick and polished, though it has not quite the subtlety and delicacy of touch which one associates with this brilliant director's work.

The stars hold the stage most of the time, but David Niven has some very good moments as a bank clerk who also has designs on the heroine.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

For the benefit of readers from whom we have had numerous requests, we publish below a list of films awarded two, three or four stars during the past two months. The stellar rating is given in brackets after the title of the film.

Ali Baba Goes to Town (2)	*March 5*
Angel (3)	*April 23*
Artists and Models (3)	*March 19*
Awful Truth, The (4)	*April 2*
Back in Circulation (2)	*March 12*
Bride Wore Red, The (2)	*March 5*
Charlie Chan on Broadway (2)	*March 19*
Confession (3)	*March 26*
Counsel For Crime (2)	*March 12*
Dangerously Yours (2)	*April 9*
Dead End (4)	*April 2*
Dinner at Eight (2)	*April 2*
Double or Nothing (2)	*March 26*
Ever Since Eve (2)	*March 19*
Heidi (3)c	*April 16*
Hideaway (2)	*March 26*
Hopalong Rides Again (2)c	*April 9*
Hot Water (2)	*March 12*
Lancer Spy (3)	*March 26*
Last Adventurers, The (2)c	*April 16*
Last Gangster, The (2)	*April 30*
Law for Tombstone (2)c	*March 5*
Marie Walewska (4)	*April 9*
Mutiny of the "Elsinore" (2)	*April 23*
Navy Blue and Gold (2)c	*April 16*
Night Club Scandal (2)	*April 9*
Non-Stop New York (2)	*March 19*
100 Men and a Girl (3)c	*March 12*
Pathetone Parade of 1938 (2)	*March 26*
Paradise for Two (2)	*April 23*
Prisoner of Zenda, The (3)c	*March 12*
Range Defenders (2)c	*April 23*
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel, The (2)c	*April 16*
Rosalie (2)	*April 23*
School for Husbands (3)	*March 26*
Second Honeymoon (2)	*April 23*
Singing Marine, The (2)	*March 5*
Smash and Grab (2)	*April 9*
Springtime in the Rockies (2)c	*April 16*
Stage Door (4)	*March 19*
Stand-In (3)	*April 9*
Submarine D.1 (3)	*April 30*
Take It From Me (2)	*March 12*
That Certain Woman (3)	*April 2*
They Won't Forget (3)	*March 5*
Thunder Trail (2)	*April 30*
Toast of New York, The (3)	*March 5*
Varsity Show (2)c	*April 16*
Young and Innocent (3)	*April 30*

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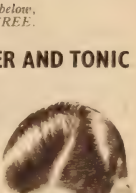
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HOLLYWOOD'S FIXED IDEAS

Confused Cinema Conventions

EVERY art, from opera to literature, has its conventions. And that lusty infant of the muses, the cinema, apparently not to be outdone by older competitors, has acquired quite a few of its own.

This is particularly noticeable in Hollywood's fixed ideas about alien countries. For among accepted movie traditions I note the following: All Italians are excitable; all Viennese are gay; all Frenchmen are shrill; all Spaniards are passionate; all Mexican bandits talk like Leo Carrillo; and all Russians wear beards. Furthermore, it is always foggy in London, snowing in Moscow, and springtime in Paris.

But perhaps the most confusing convention in these pseudo-foreign films is the way in which all the small-part characters talk with pronounced foreign accents, while the stars speak their lines in impeccable English. —*D. Hastings, 76 Liverpool Road, Liverpool* 23.

(*And British studios follow suit.—"Thinker."*)



This sketch of Charles Laughton in the role of "Rembrandt" was submitted by a reader, Miss Nancy Newbold.

Victory!

● Something a little over twelve years ago I was at a meeting which solemnly resolved that children should not be allowed to attend cinemas. Only one spoke against the motion. Children were even then attending cinemas in large numbers.

Not long after I heard a meeting of learned people, after a wordy discussion, arrive at the conclusion that the pictures were morally bad for the children.

Some two years later, with the number of children finding entertainment at the cinema rapidly growing, another meeting listened to and agreed with testimony that the films had a most harmful effect on children's eyesight.

Another meeting drew attention to the bad influence upon their English studies.

But just two years ago I attended a meeting of the same people who voted a cinema show as a special treat, and twelve months after the meetings I attended were invariably pressing for the use of the projector in the schools.

What a battle! And what a victory!—*F. John, 155 Gladesmore Road, N.15, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Movie Menace Foiled

● Your reader asks how to stave off the "movie menace" (who tells you the story of the film) without giving offence. I've found that directly one mentions a film it's best to say:

"Don't tell me anything about it yet, as I am going to see it, but next time we meet we must discuss it together," and then lay on a little flattery as most "movie menaces" seem to be able to swallow that very easily.

"I always like discussing films we've both seen with you. You seem to have the knack of remembering little things I forget. It's grand to live them over again."

Ten to one next time you see them they will have forgotten all about it but, if not, and you haven't seen it:

"Don't tell me about it. I was *too* disappointed not being able to see it after your recommendation," will usually work the trick as you hurriedly talk of other things.—(*Miss*) *Joyce I. Corlett, "Bonshaw," Selborne Drive, Douglas, Isle of Man, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

The Cult of Unfunniness

● With regard to serious films in general I would say that an intelligent vein of humour provides that contrast which makes the whole a pleasure to see. But the way that the humour is applied in some films gives me *a pain in the neck.*

For example, in *Bulldog Drummond Escapes* we have Archie (played by Reginald Denny) saying at almost every dramatic moment, "I'm going to have a baby." The same kind of thing occurs in *Streamlined Express*; a man rushes about the corridors of the train exclaiming to all he meets, "I'm a father." Can anyone be expected to laugh at such idiotic humour?

Other examples of poor humour, if it can be termed humour, are to be seen in court scenes and hotels and offices. In court scenes we have the wisecracking witnesses, while in the other cases a telephone girl with a high-pitched voice snubs all who come on the lines.

Fortunately, and this is some consolation to me, we only see these efforts of funniness in American films.—(*Miss*) *Beatrice A. Green, 14 Patmos Road, Brixton, London, S.W.9.*

(*Well, I don't know—I've seen some pretty grim attempts at humour in British films.—"Thinker."*)

Scrub or Slosh?

● As a housewife, I cannot help remarking the uniform uselessness of film heroines when given a pail of water, a cloth, and a scrubbing-brush.

All actresses, however else their talents vary, agree to wash floors one way, and it is the wrong way.

First, instead of getting over it early, there is the film heroine on her shapely knees in a crowded lobby or busy office, where she is in everyone's way.

Again, instead of methodically beginning work in the corner farthest from the door, she is seen sloshing water about in the middle of a dry room —and how she sloshes it!

(*Continued on page* 30)



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Although every mother realises that she is responsible for the health of her children, I often come across cases where parents have neglected those apparently unimportant little attacks of 'tummy ache.' Children's stomach troubles should *never* be neglected, otherwise their health may be permanently affected.

In many cases acidity due to over-hasty eating is the trouble. To give the child immediate relief, I recommend a small dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid. Keep up the treatment for a few days, and keep the child off rich foods. At the same time, teach it to eat *slowly*. Bad teeth, wrong diet and over-excitement also cause stomach trouble. Almost invariably acidity results, and a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia soon puts this right. Should the gastric trouble persist, keep up the 'Bisurated' Magnesia treatment and consult your doctor.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at 6d., 1/3 and 2/6.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

One day of that in any place of employment but a studio would mean the sack and a cold in the head.—*Bertha Barwis, 26 Dagnall Park, South Norwood, S.E.25.*

(*That explains why so many picture-going husbands scrub floors badly!—"Thinker."*)

Strong and Silent

● I think Clive Brook was the wrong man for *Action for Slander*. He is the strong, silent type which, to my mind, was all wrong in this film.

One doubts the sincerity and depth of his love for the wife of his junior officer who has falsely accused him of cheating at cards. He makes a wooden, unconvincing lover even before she lets him down.

Then, when his friends seek him out in the retreat where he has hidden from malicious, prying gossips, he overacts.

His outburst of rage is as unconvincing as his previous woodenness. He seems to be trying to convince the audience and himself of some primitive emotion which he does not really feel. He is *all wrong* for emotional parts!

He was splendid in *Cavalcade*, depicting the courteous English gentleman, sentimental, but slightly afraid of showing any emotion.—*I. Sharman-Crawford, 1 Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.*

(*A matter of opinion, of course.—"Thinker"*)

Memories

● I, like many other fans, have had my "unforgettable moments" of film thrills.

1. I will never forget James Stewart's acting at the end of *After the Thin Man*. Or his wonderful expression as Powell accused him of murder.

2. I will never forget Isabel Jewell's hysterical outburst in the aeroplane in *Lost Horizon*.

3. I will never forget Robert Taylor's expression when Greta Garbo pretends that she does not love him in *Camille*.

4. I will never forget Jean Parker's "death" scene in *Little Women*.

5. I will never forget Leslie Howard's expression when he first sees Norma Shearer in *Romeo and Juliet*.

6. I will never forget the look of disgust and annoyance that the late and beloved Thelma Todd could throw at Patsy Kelly.

I think these memories will remain with me always.—"*Remembering*," *Ireland*.

Advice is Cheap

● May I offer the following well-meant advice to screen celebrities:—

To Claude Rains and Tyrone Power. Take a look, both of you, in the nearest mirror, and see if you don't agree that a good haircut wouldn't be exactly out of place.

To Martha Raye. Follow the first part of the advice given to Messrs. Power and Rains, only you needn't get your hair cut, but I suggest you take up a radio career without delay, and make it a whole-time job.

To Marlene Dietrich. Study the acting of Bette Davis, and add a new word to your vocabulary. The word is "vitality." All great actresses possess it, and haven't you any ambition in that direction?

To George Formby. Keep up the good work, George. You've proved yourself the funniest comedian either side of the Atlantic, and I'm not forgetting Clark Gable as "Parnell."—*John P. Lobb, 2 Crown Field Avenue, Newbury Park, Ilford, Essex.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

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WHO'S WHO

Frank Morgan

● It is not widely remembered that this popular comedian was appearing in films round about 1914 for the old Vitagraph company.

He returned to the stage however until 1932, when he arrived in Hollywood with a long record of Broadway successes behind him.

Frank Morgan was born in New York City on June 1, 1890. He graduated from Cornell University and took jobs at selling real estate, cow punching, soliciting newspaper advertisements, selling toothbrushes and working with his father's famous Angostura bitters company before going on the stage in a vaudeville skit.

Later he had a juvenile lead in *Mr. Wu* and his first film work followed. Does anyone remember him as Anita Stewart's leading man?

Returning to the stage, he made New York Morgan conscious in shows like *The Firebrand, The Band Wagon*, Ziegfeld's *Rosalie* (he recently played in the film version) and *Topaze*.

His first talkies were *Queen High, Laughter* and *Dangerous Dan McGrew*.

The actor found his metier in comedy in *The Affairs of Cellini* and *The Good Fairy* and has since become one of the most popular funny men on the screen.

He is promoted to stardom in his latest picture *Romance For Three*.

Other recent films include : *The Great Ziegfeld, Dimples, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The Emperor's Candlesticks, Saratoga* and *Beg, Borrow or Steal*.

Ralph Morgan

● Frank's elder brother was born in New York City on July 6, 1888. He was educated in private schools and later graduated from Columbia University's Law School.

He practised law for a year, but in 1910 decided to go on the stage.

He adopted the name of Morgan (his real name, Wuppermann, he figured wasn't suitable for electric lights) and made his professional debut on Broadway in a piece called *Blue Grass*.

The play was not a success, but Ralph was not discouraged. He remained on Broadway for twenty years, playing every type of role.

He was seen in a couple of silent pictures made in New York and made his talkie debut in 1931 when he went to Hollywood.

Recent films : *Human Cargo, House of Fate, Yellowstone, General Spanky, Crack Up, The Outer Gate, The Man in Blue, Exclusive, The Life of Emile Zola, That's My Story, Wells Fargo, Love is a Headache* and *Mannequin*.

Karen Morley

● Karen Morley was born in Ottumwa, Iowa, on December 12, 1910, and lived there until she was thirteen. She has blonde hair, hazel eyes and weighs 105 lbs. She is 5 ft. 4 ins. tall.

A graduate of Hollywood High School, Miss Morley began training for a medical career and was at the University of California when her performances in amateur theatricals attracted the attention of Irving Pichel. He urged her to undertake a professional stage career.

Following Pichel's advice, she left college to join the Los Angeles Civic repertory theatre and the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

Her first professional appearance was in a talk-on part at the Mayan theatre, Los Angeles.

Miss Morley began searching for film work between engagements. She was sent to Clarence Brown by the casting office at M.G.M. to read Greta Garbo's lines in tests being made for important roles in *Inspiration*. Her expert reading of the lines, and the fact that her voice recorded so well, led to a long term contract.

Her real name is Mildred Linton and she is married to Director Charles Vidor. They have one child, Michael.

Among her pictures are :—*Gabriel Over the White House, Dinner at Eight, Prime Doctor, Straight is the Way, Our Daily Bread, Wednesday's Child, Black Fury, Thunder in the Night, The Littlest Rebel, Love Under Fire, Devil's Squadron, Outcast, The Girl from Scotland Yard, The Last Train from Madrid, On Such a Night*.



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LET GEORGE DO IT !

D. H. (London).—Edward Norris, b. Philadelphia, Pa, March 10, about 27 years ago. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, has dark hair and brown eyes, weighs 155 lb., and is married (*a*) Lona Andre (mar. dis.), (*b*) Ann Sheridan. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.).

REGULAR READER (E.16).—(1) Yes, Charles Laughton did appear in *The Old Dark House*. (2) Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokio, Japan, and is of English descent.

FORAN ADMIRER (Kent). Dick Foran, b. June 18, 1910, Flemington, New Jersey. He has red hair and blue eyes, is 6 ft. 2½ in. tall and weighs 205 lb.; married Ruth Hollingsworth, June 1937. He is making *She Loved a Fireman*. Write to him c/o Warner Bros.

B. D. H. (Redhill).—Sonja Henie, b. April 18, 1913.

MARCH FAN (P).—Supplements published in this magazine as follow :—During 1934 : *Lady for a Day*, March 17. During 1935 : *Sequoia*, April 13; *After Office Hours*, Sept. 17. During 1936 : *Broadway Melody of* 1936, March 21; *Riff Raff*, April 11; *The Story of M.G.M.*, July 18; *Wife Versus Secretary*, Sept. 12; *Tale of Two Cities*, Oct 2. During 1937 : *Gorgeous Hussy*, Jan. 30; *The Great Ziegfeld*, Feb 27; *Libelled Lady*, April 10; *Love on the Run*, April 24; *Saratoga*, Nov. 6; *Captains Courageous*, Dec. 11; *The Good Earth*, Dec. 18. During 1938 : *Double Wedding*, Feb. 12; *Marie Walewska*, April 9. I have not mentioned those supplements that are out of print. (2) Centre spreads, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, April 25, 1936; *Lloyds of London*, March 27, 1937 out of print.

NELSON EDDY CRAZY (Sheffield).—(1) On his return from his concert tour, Nelson Eddy is scheduled to make (*a*) *Balalaika* with Ilona Massey. (*b*) *Sweethearts* with Jeanette MacDonald. (*c*) *The Guardsman* with Ilona Massey. (2) We published an article on Nelson Eddy—"People Call Nelson Eddy a Lucky Fellow"—in the May 4, 1935, issue of this magazine, unfortunately this issue is out of print. Also articles were published in the supplements of *Rose Marie*, *Naughty Marietta* and *Maytime*, but they are also out of print. (3) Ilona Massey's real name is Ilona Hajmassey and she was discovered while acting on the stage in Vienna.

D. P. (Birmingham).—The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. 6d. A letter to America costs 1½d., but an English stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Postal Order from your local post office for 1s. 6d. and enclose it in your letter to the star.

ARGUMENTATIVE (Brighton).—*The Count of Monte Cristo* has been made as a talking film once only. It was released on Feb. 25, 1935, and Robert Donat, Elissa Landi, Louis Calhern, Sydney Blackmer, Raymond Walburn, O. P. Heggie, Irene Hervey, and William Farnum took the chief roles in this film.

R. S. (N.15).—(1) Latest films as follow : Tony Martin, *Sally, Irene and Mary*; Douglas Fairbanks, jun., *Having Wonderful Time*, *Joy of Living* and *The Rage of Paris*. Don Ameche, *In Old Chicago*; *Josette* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*; Joel McCrea, *Three Blind Mice* and *Distant Fields*; Clark Gable *Test Pilot*; Fredric March scheduled for *Freedom of the Press*; Fred MacMurray, *Coconut Grove*, *Hudson Bay* and *Star of Sapphire*. (2) Release dates : *Rosalie*, April 25, 1938; *In Old Chicago*, Oct. 3, 1938; *Boy of the Streets*, July 25, 1938; *Perfect Specimen*, May 30, 1938; *Everybody Sing*, June 20, 1938; *The Adventures of Marco Polo* and *A Yank at Oxford*, not fixed yet. (3) Slim Hewitt was played by Crawford Weaver in *The Legion of Terror*. (4) Lucille Ball was the young lady who had the white cat called "Henry" in *Stage Door*.

F. L. G. (Bordeaux).—We published front covers of Deanna Durbin in the March 6, 1937, and Dec. 25, 1937, issues; an art plate, Summer No. 1937. Centre spread, *Three Smart Girls*, Feb. 13, 1937; *Mad About Music*, April 9, 1938. *One Hundred Men and a Girl*, Dec. 18, 1937. You can obtain back numbers from the Publishing Dept., 6, Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free, or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

D. E. H. (Huntingdon).—(1) So far as we know Jessie Matthews, Keye Luke, Jimmy Hanley and Victor Jory use their own names for screen purposes. (2) Victor Jory is married to Jean Innes and his hobbies are golf and tennis. (3) John Lodge was b. Oct. 20, (no year given). His father was George Cabot Lodge, well known American poet, and his hobby is dogs. (4) Jimmy Hanley is a keen horseman.

JANE ADMIRER (Malta).—(1) Jane Hamilton b. Baltimore, Nov., 1915, is of Irish-American descent. Write to her c/o Radio Studios. (2) Alice Faye, b. May 5, about 25 years ago, is a natural blonde. (3) Nationalities : Elissa Landi — Austrian; Frank Capra—Italian; Charles Boyer—French.

DESERT SONG FAN.—(1) Warner Bros. announced their intention of re-making *The Desert Song* and have been preparing this film for some little time. (2) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are preparing *The Student Prince*, with Betty Jaynes in the leading feminine role. (3) Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are to make *Sweethearts* together shortly. Nelson Eddy is also scheduled for *Balalaika* and *The Guardsman* with Ilona Massey. (4) Miliza Korjus is scheduled for *The Great Waltz*. (5) Suzanne Larson, the 12-years-old singing star, was scheduled in April, 1937, for *B Above High C*. No further news has been received. (6) Charles Igor has not made a film since *Broadway Melody of* 1938. (7) Hope Hampton is to make *The Road to Reno* for Universal Studios.

IN LOVE WITH DERRICK (Manchester).—Derrick de Marney, b. Sept. 21, 1906, London. He is at present in Hollywood playing opposite Joan Fontaine in *Muddled Deal* for Radio. (2) Terence de Marney, b. March 1, 1909, London, married Diana Hope-Dunbar.

S. C. (Peckham).—The only music we have for *The Garden of Allah* is the theme song—"Domini" which is published in America but not over here.

A. M. (Co. Durham).—(1) Gene Autry, b. Tioga, Texas, Sept. 29, 1907, is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, weighs 165 lb., and has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. Write to him c/o Republic Pictures. (2) Music in *Guns and Guitars*, "Riding All Day," composed and sung by Smiley Burnette; "The Cowboy Medicine Shoe," composed by Burnette and Gene Autry, sung by Gene Autry; "Guns and Guitars," composed by Oliver Drake, sung by Gene Autry, "Dream Valley," composed by Drake and Harry Grey, sung by Gene Autry; this music is not published in this country. The music from *The Singing Vagabond* and *Tumbling Tumbleweeds* is not published. (3) Gene Autry does not run a band.

DESNI (Edmonton).—The song sung in *Love Under Fire* was "Language of Love." It is published by the Movietone Music Corporation, c/o Keith Prowse & Co., Ltd., 40-42 Poland Street, W.1.

WIN (Stoke-on-Trent).—The chief roles in *Three Comrades* will be as follow : Erich, Robert Taylor; Lang, Robert Young; Koster, Franchot Tone; and Pat, Margaret Sullavan.

* * *

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

Admirers of Merle Oberon should join the MERLE OBERON FAN CLUB. For full particulars write to Sydney Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, South Shore, Blackpool, Lancashire.

* * *

The Glasgow Branch of the DENNY DENNIS FAN CLUB would like to hear from all readers who are interested in their star. Write to Miss Marion L. Baillie, 22 Broomhill Drive, Broomhill, Glasgow.

* * *

A Fan club has been formed for FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and all who are interested should write to either, Arthur Cooper, P.O. Box 56, Royal Oak, Michigan, U.S.A., or to the British representative, Eric W. Lake, 57 Fontarabia Road, Clapham Common, London, S.W.11, who will be pleased to furnish full particulars.

* * *

THE RALPH BELLAMY FAN CLUB will be holding another picnic on Saturday afternoon, May 14. Members of all Fan Clubs are invited and are asked to meet outside New Street Station, Birmingham, at 2.30 p.m. and to bring their tea with them. Further particulars can be obtained from Miss Kenn Montana, 30 William Street, Lozells Birmingham, 19.

* * *

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. When the fan club is American a postal order should be obtained from your local post office for the required postage.

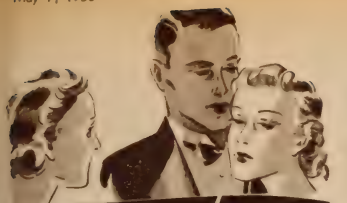
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Telegrams, Picturegoer, Southernwood, Rand, London.

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The girl with the lovely face and perfect skin relies upon D.D.D. Brand Prescription for her glamour. This famous golden lotion is a most reliable Beauty Aid. It sinks into the underskin, dissolving hidden dirt, soothing and stimulating the tiny glands, and toning the skin. Blackheads, spots, rashes, coarse pores, quickly disappear, and your skin becomes youthful and soft. All Chemists sell D.D.D. Brand Prescription. Price 1/3.



FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

Send a postcard (1d. stamp) for a generous Trial Bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. P.7, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D. D. D.
BRAND
PRESCRIPTION

This attractive FROCK

YOURS FOR **5/-** WITH ORDER



MONTLA. Bolero style dress featuring pleats. In pretty printed Crêpe. Smart bow fastens the Peter Pan collar. White on Navy, Red, Lido, Green, Clover grounds. All sizes. **Price 35/-.**

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Hips..... Length.....

Name.....

Address.....

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Nottingham: 8, S. Parade | Manchester: 47, Deansgate
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Schiaparelli — APPLAUDS NEW CUTEX COLOUR ACCENTS

She says, "They are so cleverly designed to meet the new favourites in costume colours: wear Laurel, that subtle greyed rose, with your navy and grey costumes."

LAUREL, CLOVER, HEATHER, TULIP, THISTLE

Try these new shades in the new heavier type lacquer that offers everything you want in a polish — easier application, smoother coat, longer wear — no chipping or fading. Made in Great Britain.



SEND FOR TRIAL BOTTLES.—Mail the coupon with 6d. for Cutex Trial Kit including Liquid Polish and Oily Polish Remover.

CUTEX
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Clover—Thistle—Laurel—Heather—Tulip
Dept. X41, NORTHAM WARREN LTD., 211 Blackfriars Rd., London, S.E.1
Name.....
Address.....

HE HELD HER IN HIS ARMS
but only once...

One embrace and only one. It might have carried them to the altar. Instead, it parted them for ever. For, in the instant that he held her close, he knew she was not the woman for him. He knew the reason. But she didn't...

You may be sure, if you perspire even a little under the arms, people notice the odour. The easiest and quickest way to guard against this is to use Arrid, the new cream deodorant. Because it's a *cream*, it's easier to use; no waiting for it to dry; just smooth it in and it vanishes; can't rot dresses. No stinging either, can be used straight after shaving. Stops perspiration instantly — removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days. Ask for Arrid at Boots, Chemists and Department Stores.

Arrid 1/11 a jar

COMMON SENSE CORSETRY BOOK FREE

Aertex corsets control the figure, yet allow the body to breathe. They are the most modern corsets in the world. Post coupon below for illustrated books describing Aertex Corsets.

To the Advertising Manager, Cellular Clothing Co., Ltd 14 Moor Lane, E.C.2. *Please send me illustrated Aertex Catalogues*
Name.....
Address.....
Do you know your nearest retailer?



For GREY HAIR SHADEINE

Is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid only; no ingredients; permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; used at all principal tints; state colour. See Medical Certificates enclosed.

Small bottle 8d., post 10d.; 1/4 size, post 1/6; 2/6, post 2/9; 3/9, post 4/3

AT ALL CHEMISTS OR SHADEINE Co., Dept. A 49 Churchfield Road, ACTON, W.3

Father,
I cannot tell a lie



The truth of the matter is that when a man finds his box of Gold Flake mysteriously emptying, he's more than likely to find a woman at the bottom of it. Women have learned a thing or two about cigarettes. "What is there in these Gold Flake that makes men stick to them so loyally?" they asked. They tried them. They found out. They discovered for themselves the distinctive flavour of really fine Virginia tobaccos. And where there's a Wills there's a way to indulge their taste in Gold Flake.

WILLS'S
GOLD FLAKE
is the man's cigarette that women like

N.B. You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

MY correspondence bag this week has been so varied, that I feel it would be a good idea to enlarge upon some of the subjects.

"What do you mean by a liquefying cream?" asks one girl, not long from school. "Is it different from an ordinary cream?"

Yes, it is. A liquefying cream is invariably a cleansing cream. It is very soft and liquefies the moment it comes into contact with the warmth of the skin. It does not need to be rubbed in. It cleanses and nothing more. If you use it as a massage cream and expect it to nourish your skin you are doomed to disappointment. It is splendid for delicate skins, *because* of its liquefying properties.

There are different ways of applying it. Personally, I think this one is best: Take a wad of cotton wool and wring it out of cold water. Sprinkle over it some skin tonic. Dip it in the cleansing cream and wipe gently over the skin. When the face has been lightly treated all over, remove cream with a paper tissue. This combination of cold water, tonic and cleansing creams, not only cleanses but tones up the circulation and refines the pores at the same time.

* * *

"I SUFFER from extremely dry lips. Whatever brand of lipstick I use my lips get harsh and flaky after a short time, and I am for ever licking them."

What a mess that must make of my correspondent's lips! A lipstick made on a cream base, usually minimises this trouble, but if the lips are abnormally dry the best plan is to have two lipsticks. For 6d. you can get at all chemists, a white lipstick. Use this before going to bed. It is soft, creamy and healing, and while you sleep it will lubricate and soften the lips and thus prevent the cracking and flaking.

In the morning use it first, before putting on your tinted lipstick. You will need a little more care in applying the second lipstick, but it can be done and will give the lips a soft smooth finish.

"Dear Anne," writes a city girl, "should I wear make-up in the country. I am going to spend a holiday with my fiancé's people. I want to appear correct, but on the other hand without make-up I look ghastly."

If you are thinking in terms of a town make-up, it certainly would look most out of place in the country. Leave your vivid lipstick and your eye cosmetics at home. Use your powder puff with great discretion. Make sure that your foundation is the best possible so that you may rely on a matt effect. Use the least amount of rouge possible to make you look presentable, and a lipstick that is so near natural that people must look twice to see if you have it on at all. A lipstick with a creamy base is the most successful in these circumstances. After powdering remove all surplus powder with a brush.

* * *

"IS there any truth in the story that sage tea will hide grey hairs?"

I know an elderly woman who has used it for years. She swears by it and certainly her soft black hair is the admiration of her friends. But mark you I said she used it for years. The sage tea was always on hand and she brushed it in regularly every day.

The tea is made by covering some sage with water and boiling it for half an hour. Strain and bottle for use. Apply it to the grey hairs with a soft tooth brush. It may also be used as a final rinse after shampooing the hair.

A young correspondent is in despair about her brittle nails. She just grows them to a respectable length, when they snap off and there they are again, all ugly and short.

Brittle nails are the very dickens, I know. Short of wearing a set of artificial nails there is no possible means of hiding them. Hands are so much in evidence.

Brittle nails are often a symptom and not in themselves the complaint. When the trouble is persistent and not due to too much nail varnish of a cheap kind, it is often wise to let the doctor put the rule over you. It may be anaemia, in which case, a tonic taken internally will do more good than all the external treatment.

External treatment and tonic taken together will do a lot of good. There are several very good nail nourishing creams to be bought ready for use, or you may treat the nails with equal parts of vaseline and olive oil. Massage this in every night, particularly around the base of the nails, and also place a little on an orange stick and press it under each nail.

Take care in manicuring the nails. Grow up the corners of your nails. File the tops almost square. In time the nail curves into the side of the finger tip and becomes quite strong. It also improves the shape.

I HAVE just come across a marvellous new cream hair remover that works without odour.

This cream is really delightful to use. It is called Bu-to. You simply spread a little over the hair you want to remove—forget it for a few minutes (there's none of the usual unpleasant odour or pricking sensation to remind you that you are using a depilatory)—wipe off with a damp cloth or sponge, and presto—every trace of hair is gone! Your under-arms, arms or legs, as the case may be, are as soft, smooth and hairless as a new born babe's!

You can get Bu-to at all good chemists, hairdressers and stores, price 1/6 large tube (trial tube 6d.).

* * *

HAVE you a beauty problem? If so, pass it to me. Address your letters to Anne, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for:—

Things to Come
The Goddess of Spring
Where Is This Lady?
Snowed Under

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to:

L. Hogben, Lynton Cottage, Ashley, Nr. Dover, Kent, for:

Dinner at Eight
The Frog
In the Soup
Woman in Distress

P. A. T. O'Donnell, Richmond Cottage, Herne Bay, Kent, for:

Racing Lady
Lost Horizon
Edge of the World
Over She Goes

J. T. Drake (aged 15), 14 Maidstone Road, New Southgate, N.11, for:

One-way Ticket
China Clipper
The Road Back
Stowaway.

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robsart Street, Brixton, S.W.9, for:

Oh, Mr. Porter
Can This Be Dixie?
Careless Lady
Going Hollywood

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

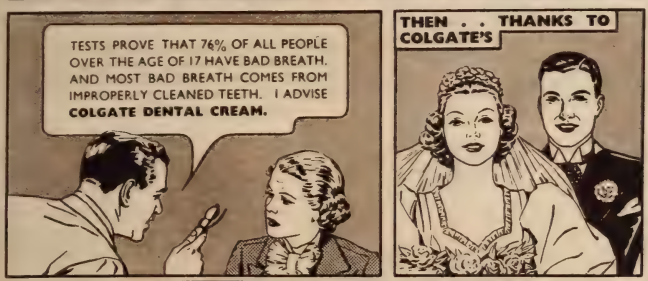
Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

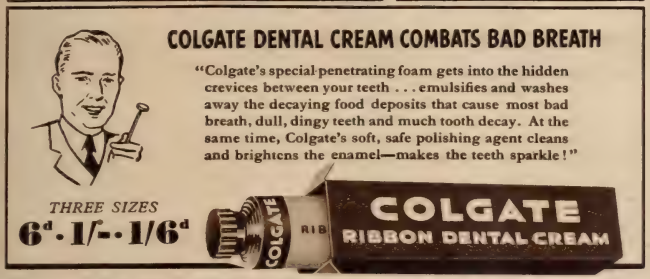
There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "Titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.











Cameraman's **LAST SHOT** *scores a* **'BULL'**

"Just one more shot, Miss Loy," said the cameraman—and the result was perfection! Myrna's latest portrait is included in the list of 39 new "Picturegoer" postcards shown below. Her millions of admirers are saying, "I simply *must* have one." Hurry and get yours.

39 NEW CARDS, 3d. each, 2s. 6d. doz.

SEPIA GLOSSY

George Arliss	Irene Dunne	Wayne Morris
Gene Autry	Deanna Durbin	David Niven
Freddie Bartholomew (2)	Greta Garbo	Lily Pons
	Judy Garland	Edward G. Robinson
Charles Boyer	Jean Gillie	
Olympe Bradna	Fernand Gravet	Charles Rogers
Alice Brady	Andrea Leeds	Cesar Romero
Anthony Bushell	Myrna Loy	Lyle Talbot
Diana Churchill	Claire Luce	Anton Walbrook
Danielle Darrieux	Ray Milland (2)	

PARTNERS. SEPIA AND COLOUR

Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo, Gary Cooper and Frances Dee, Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou and Deanna Durbin, Robert Montgomery and Marion Davies, William Powell and Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford, Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle, Robert Young and Joan Crawford (2).

SPLENDID FREE ALBUM FOR READERS

Write for details

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

To "THE PICTUREGOER" Salon,
58 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enrol me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 2/- Postcard Album *free*. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album *de luxe* is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name.....
Full Postal Address.....
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P.O. No..... Amount.....

Overseas readers should enclose 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if album *de luxe* is required.

Cross P.O. and Co. and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Pic. 7.5/38



made of

"Sparvasylk" Taffeta de Chene

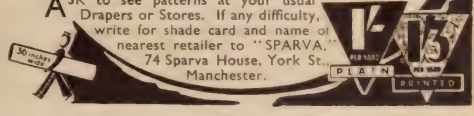
"Sparva-Spun"

YOUR dainty Summer frocks and underwear look so much better when they are made of "SPARVA" fabrics. The bright, fresh designs have a lasting appeal and the extremely low prices spell real economy. "SPARVASYLK" looks like silk, despite its price, whilst "SPARVA"-SPUN in beautiful printed patterns has a lasting lustre all its own. Both fabrics 1/- per yard.

"Sparva" REGD Taffeta de Luxe

"SPARVA" is made in 100 delightful shades and many pretty printed designs. It is soft, durable, finely woven and colour-fast to wash-tub, sea, light, and sun. Use "SPARVA" for frocks, children's clothes, overalls, nightwear and casements, too. There are several imitations of these beautiful fabrics. Look for the name on the selvedge—it is your guarantee of good service. 36 inches wide.

ASK to see patterns at your usual Drapers or Stores. If any difficulty, write for shade card and name of nearest retailer to "SPARVA," 74 Sparva House, York St., Manchester.



Important occasion spoilt by *Skin Shine*



IT was so necessary to make a good impression on HIS family. But half way through dinner things happened to her complexion! She felt her face getting hot and sticky. She became self-conscious. *They* thought her *gauche*. But, really, skin-shine was to blame.

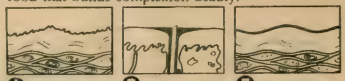
Why endure these awkward moments? They put us at such a disadvantage. Failures—by the short length of a shiny nose!

THE PERFECT EMOLLIENT—BALANCED TO MATCH NATURE

Californian Poppy Beauty Aids resist skin-shine by the cunning balance of their ingredients. They are scientifically created and constructed to match nature—to give back to the skin what modern living conditions rob from it.

"Balance" is vitally important to the care of your complexion. Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream contains the exact amount of moisture to match the natural moisture of the skin. So that it never adds to the skin moisture that might endanger your perfect make-up. Neither does it rob from the skin the essential moisture that is so necessary if the suppleness and elasticity of the complexion is to be maintained.

Its naturally balanced ingredients form the perfect emollient—smoothing and softening the outer skin that wind and rain and heated rooms have dried and roughened, giving back to the skin, starved under modern conditions of living, that essential food that builds complexion beauty.



❶ *Showing skin, dried and roughened by wind or heat, flaking. Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream smooths the skin, makes the perfect powder base.*

❷ *Shows how heavy, ill-balanced face powder "rides" into the pores. Skin-shine almost immediately results from imperfectly distributed powder.*

❸ *Ideal make-up. Skin "conditioned" with Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream. Gossamer-fine Californian Poppy Face Powder evenly distributed and clinging.*

A SMOOTH AND LASTING POWDER BASE

And Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream serves as the perfect powder base—because its smoothness is *lasting*! While it softens and smooths those drying particles of skin that cause unevenness and shine it holds them into position, gives a matt finish to which your powder clings for many hours.

GOSSAMER-FINE POWDER LETS THE SKIN BREATHE

Now for the powder! It must be fine—as gossamer fine as Californian Poppy Face Powder. This fragrantly perfumed powder not only lets in sun and air, but it clings to the conditioned skin for many hours. It's so fine it does not "ride"—that means it does not move from the skin into the pores. It lies on the skin, soft as peach bloom, immaculate, for hours.

A DAILY MAKE-UP THAT LASTS

That's the ideal make-up for every day. Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream that conditions the skin, smooths and softens it, and makes the ideal powder base. Californian Poppy Face Powder that is so fine it clings for hours and never "rides." With these two there is no need to keep re-powdering. No fear of skin-shine!

VANISHING CREAM
In jars or tubes 6d and 1/-
FACE POWDER
Natural, Rachel, Sunbloom, Brunette - 6d and 1/-

These prices do not apply in Eire.



CALIFORNIAN POPPY
VANISHING CREAM & FACE POWDER

CVP 1-604

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OUR GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

The Picturegoer Weekly. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. No. 364 (New Series), Vol. 7. May 14, 1938

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Myrna LOY

"They say that a beautiful woman is Nature's noblest handiwork, but . . . between us girls . . . beauty is largely a matter of just 'knowing how!'"



SHE'S right! Expert Beauty advice can work wonders. A change in your hairdressing style, a little acknowledgeableness about "make-up," deciding exactly the "neck-line" that suits you best . . . These are points where it will repay you to have really skilled guidance. And why not, when the FREE PERSONAL SERVICE of leading beauty advisers is yours to command, if you are a reader of "WOMAN'S FAIR." The 96-page June issue is packed with the loveliest summer dress ideas, holiday beauty plans and delightful fiction.



"WOMAN'S FAIR" *The Journal of Beauty*

June Issue — on Sale FRIDAY MAY 13th — SIXPENCE

If GEORGE FORMBY offered you a cigarette, it would be a



De Reszke

- of course !

MINORS

PLAIN, CORK OR RED-TIPPED

15 FOR 6D

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1 ● Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

HER HIGHNESS

Princess Priscilla Bibesco

Grand-daughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith and daughter of the Rumanian diplomat, Prince Antoine Bibesco. She has vivid beauty—dark-brown hair, dark glowing eyes and a gardenia-petal skin.



"My make-up was wrong somehow—until another débutante put me right!"

"I'D chosen my face powder so carefully in Paris," said Princess Priscilla Bibesco. "I thought it was the perfect shade for me. But when I came to London I envied the other débutantes their clearer, more alive, smarter complexions.

"'Perhaps,' I remarked to one of them, 'my skin will have that lovely tint, too, after I've lived in the English climate for a bit.'

"But the other débutante said it wasn't altogether the climate: it was the face powder most of them used—Pond's. And she urged me to try *my* shade in Pond's Powder.

"I did! And my skin had the loveliness I'd longed for. I knew then that my former powder—though it was the best of at least 10 I'd tried—must have created a faintly grey, unbecoming look. Now, of course, I use Pond's Powder—the Rachel 2 shade. It gives a velvety, creamy tone."

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE FOR YOU—*your scientifically Blended Shade!*

YOU may think *you* have found the shade that's perfect for you. But you'll be thrilled when you try your shade in *Pond's* Face Powder.

For it will add the true tones of beautiful skin of your type—giving you the lovely complexion-tint you've longed for, the smart skin-tone you've admired in others!

You see, until recently, all face powder shades were made without any scientific knowledge of skin colouring. But Pond's have had scientists analyse, with the colourscope, the complexions of 200 lovely girls. The hidden tints that give each type its special beauty were thus discovered! Then Pond's made their 5 shades—each scientifically blended with *hidden* tints to create the loveliest skin tone of a certain type.

Try your shade of Pond's Face Powder. You'll like its delicate perfume, its fine texture! You'll find it goes on more smoothly and clings longer than any other powder you've ever used. Boxes 1/9, 1/-, 6d. At all chemists and stores.

POND'S
FACE POWDER

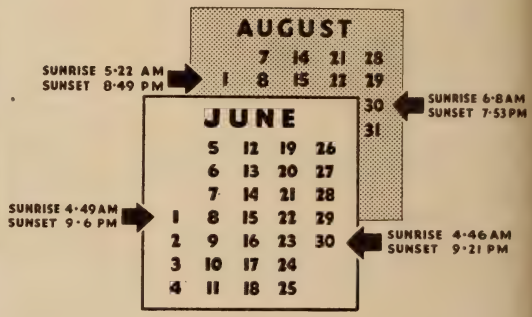
THESE TINTS *show the difference in tone between some of the many rachel shades of face powder found at one shop. Only the Pond's Rachel shades were scientifically blended to give true skin colouring of this type.*



Amazing! The colourscope revealed—that bright blue *gives blonde skin its transparent delicacy, and* brilliant green *gives brunette skin its velvety look.*

The Joy of Early Holidays

JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!



JUNE 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 496¼ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUG. 1st to 30th—
SUNRISE to SUNSET - 438¾ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation?
- Early travel is comfortable travel
- So try a June holiday this year!

BEFORE YOU GO
Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE
"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE
Cheap 1st & 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!

"THE YANK'S" BIG HIT

- Cross fingers for Crawford
- Norma Shearer "Smacks" Director
- Arleen Whelan's "mustn't wed" edict
- Dollar for Carole Lombard

IN the last half-dozen years there has been so much ballyhoo without any results about what the leading American companies were going to do in the field of British production that it is a pleasant surprise to see one of them deliver the goods.

And there is no doubt that with *A Yank at Oxford* M-G-M. has brought home the bacon. In running for five weeks at the London Empire, it has made a record achieved previously by only three films, the original *Broadway Melody, Trader Horn* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, all the hit pictures of their year, in the entire ten-year history of the theatre.

The Empire is one of the biggest houses in the West End and a five-weeks run means an aggregate attendance of half a million people.

The Metro British unit has set a high standard for itself. *The Citadel*, now in preparation at Denham, and the "Yank's" other successors will have to be even better.

New Crawford Crisis

● Hold your fingers crossed for Joan Crawford.

Joan, who has faced a few crises in the years since you changed her name from Lucille Le Seuer and launched her on her film career, is facing what is probably the greatest of them all at the moment.

Frankly, Joan has been slipping lately. Apart from box-office returns the Crawford name has lost some of its magic among the fans.

Many reasons have been advanced to account for the situation. One of them is that Joan, having built up a position as the idol of the shop girls of America, the very symbol of their own ambitions and possibilities, made an error in transforming herself into one of Hollywood's Grand Ladies.

She should, they say, have remained in private life and on the screen a "dancing daughter."

The plain fact of the matter, however, is that no star can remain at the top indefinitely with mediocre movies like *Love On The Run, The Bride Wore Red* and *Mannequin*.



The prodigal returns. James Cagney back at work in the Warner studio in "Boy Meets Girl" after his two-year rebellion.

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In the meanwhile, Joan has been developing her voice (she has been improving her singing ever since the bitter disappointment she suffered when Jeanette MacDonald was chosen for *The Merry Widow* when she had set her heart on the role) so that it is possible that she may break out in a new direction, and she is still talking of a fling at Broadway despite the sad recent record of Hollywood stars on that hard-boiled thoroughfare.

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To add to her studio troubles, the film colony has been seething with rumours that all is not well with the Crawford-Franchot Tone marriage.

When she denies them the cynics recall that right up to the eleventh hour of her parting from Douglas Fairbanks, jun. she was publicly avowing that their's was the perfect romance.

Incidentally, this month's first prize for tact goes to Norma Shearer. Norma, who in the Irving Thalberg days, was supposed to be at enmity with Joan over choice of stories was a guest at Miss Crawford's home the other evening.

Since she emerged from her retirement, Norma has usually been escorted by her old friend, the younger Fairbanks. On this occasion she came with David Niven. The party was in honour of Franchot's birthday!

Shearer "Pops" Director on Nose

● Talking of Shearer, Norma has so far come off best in her encounters with the rough and bluff "Woody" van Dyke, whose blunt directorial methods, many experts considered, would horrify the First Lady of Films, even if she tolerated them.

In the past directors have always deferentially asked, "Please Miss Shearer, I'm not quite satisfied with that scene; do you mind if we do it again?"

Not so Mr. Van Dyke. "Do it again, honey, or I'll pop you on the nose," he said when a retake was necessary.

What did the First Lady of Films do? She just playfully popped Director Big Bad Wolf Van Dyke on the nose, "just to prove I'm not afraid of you, honey."

Cupid Causes a Scare

● Romance on the screen may pay big dividends but the real-life variety is just a pain in the neck to the movie moguls.

(*Continued on page 6*)



The decorative Dorothy Lamour is a believer in sunbathing—and she was literally caught napping by our cameraman.

AN OPEN LETTER TO—

Anna Neagle Pinewood

DEAR ANNA,

Do you remember an open letter we wrote to you a little over a year ago? You were just preparing to do the role of Queen Victoria in "Victoria the Great." Many of the wiseacres were shaking their heads dubiously over the ability of a mere film actress to undertake so exacting a part.

We wrote then that if the "Nell Gwynne can successfully take on the mantle of the Great White Queen we will be found prominently among the cheer leaders when the time comes."

And now here we are, not only keeping our promise but asking you to accept our congratulations on winning with "Victoria," "Picturegoer's" Gold Medal, awarded by the votes of our readers, for the finest performance by an actress in 1937.

Your victory is not only a very handsome one; it is a very gratifying one. Only once before has the medal been won by a British actress for a performance in a British picture. Probably never before has it been won in the face of competition so hot as that represented by such Hollywood histrionical "show pieces" as Grêta Garbo's "Camille" and Norma Shearer's "Juliet."

We feel that you are a worthy winner not merely, however, because of a personal triumph over the Californian Glamour Queens.

In achieving that success you have struck the heaviest blow in the cause of British film prestige in the world markets for years. What is more, you have shown, what a British screen girl can do when given the chance. Congratulations.

Spencer Tracy Hollywood

DEAR SPENCER,

This seems to be a Spencer Tracy year. Still, we thought that this habit of yours of acting everyone off the screen would catch up with you one of these days.

Now you have followed up your capture of the academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences statuette by walking away with our Gold Medal for the finest work by an actor in 1937. The award in both cases is for "Captains Courageous."

Of course, we'd have liked to have seen one of our native sons win the award for a characterisation in a native-made picture. It's the very finest next best thing, however, that it has gone to the best actor in Hollywood.

And as we have remarked before it is a sign that things are as they should be and that the movies are growing up when a young artist without any pretenions to masculine glamour or "Pretty Boy" decorativeness can climb to the top solely on his qualifications as an actor.

We had hoped that we should have been able to make the presentation to you in person. Unfortunately, both for you and for us, studio demands have caused the postponement of your proposed visit to England. Perhaps we shall see you later.

Perhaps, better still, you may even come over to appear in one of those bigger and better pictures your studio is making over here. If you do, you might let us know well in advance. We've a lot of local talent in mind we'd like to take along to study you at work.

THE EDITOR

All the Gossip

(*Continued from page* 5)

Spare a tear, for instance, for poor Darryl Zanuck who has been going round looking worried for months over the susceptible young Tyrone Power's love life and is now losing even more beauty sleep as a result of the inconsiderate activities of Master Cupid in the case of Arleen Wheelan.

Arleen is the Hollywood ex-manicurist Zanuck is trying to build up into one of the screen's leading heart-flutterers. The publicity department has been working overtime handing out news that she is going out with this or that star—but actually Arleen's big moment is Alice Faye's big brother Bill.

Afraid that they might suddenly decide to elope, Zanuck has written one of those famous "No Marriage" clauses (Bob Taylor is believed to have one) into her contract and is hoping for the best.

The Laugh's on Lombard

● Carole Lombard, Hollywood's high priestess of practical joking, seems to have had one put over her—and by a fan, too.

He sent her a one-dollar bill to help her out on her income tax payment. Carole, you remember, recently invited us to weep over her sad plight on trying to keep the wolf from the door on £100,000 a year.

Lombard, by the way, recently gave boy friend Clark Gable a motor scooter. Clark was so pleased with it that he has challenged Spencer Tracy to a race—Tracy to ride one of his polo ponies.

Gable is confident of winning. Says that "Spence," who is a better actor than a horseman, will fall off before the two-mile course is completed.

Marlene's Mirror

● Joan Bennett has fallen heir to the magnificent Marlene Dietrich dressing-room on the Paramount lot, recently expensively re-decorated to please the Fearless Fraulein.

Joan found that the fittings consisted mainly of mirrors and the first thing she did was to get rid of them.

Marlene has been suspected of a Narcissus complex ever since (largely because she was nervous of entrusting herself to a new director) she insisted on rehearsing her scenes for *Desire* before large looking glasses.

Joan, who had the misfortune to be slashed across the cheek by a bayonet during a scene for *The Texans*, will be seen in the picture complete with scar. The producers have decided to cash in on the incident. The actual shot of the mishap will be included in the film, while the production schedule was hurriedly revised so that the wound should appear in the following sequences.

No Dance Partner for Fred

● Ann Miller, whom I tipped as a likely winner some time ago, is dancing her way to the front rapidly now.

Within the next few months you'll probably hear a lot of stories that she is to be teamed with Fred Astaire. Don't believe them.

There is one excellent reason why, however talented, she is unlikely to become Fred's dancing partner.

She is a head taller than he is.

Finding co-stars for Astaire is not so easy as it sounds. The name of Ruby Keeler, who has not been doing much on the screen lately, has also been mentioned freely lately, but the experts will tell you that her particular style of tap-dancing would not fit in with his methods.

Wong War

● Paramount has a Chinese war of its own on its hands. It wants Anna May Wong to bob her hair and points to a clause in her new contract in support of the demand.

Anna May doesn't want to part with her raven locks and flatly declares that she won't £, 250-a-week contract or no £250-a-week contract.

"I'll keep my hair on, even if I have to go back to China to wear it," she says.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

WILL KAY FRANCIS RETIRE?

KAY FRANCIS will be in a class with Marguerite Clark and other screen stars who have been able to forsake film fame while they were still at the top, if she carries out her threat of marrying in September and retiring to private life.

This charming actress is at the height of her popularity, and has been married several times, so the film colony considers that it is very probable that she will find it difficult to give up fame for domestic bliss.

When September arrives (unless, as rumoured, she is not already wed to Baron Barnekow), Kay will probably marry, and then—start making more pictures!

A Fortune Rejected

● Since the announcement that Shirley Temple will make her first trip East in June, 20th Century-Fox has turned down over $350,000 in offers for personal appearances.

Mrs. George Temple, Shirley's mother, says



Ballet is becoming increasingly popular on the screen—Curt Bois and "les girls" in "The Golddiggers in Paris."

that the tour will be strictly a sight-seeing jaunt and holiday for her small daughter.

Bob Taylor's Bible Club

● A group of girls in Seattle, Washington, has formed a Robert Taylor fan club. Each member, in turn, sends the star a daily passage from the Bible.

Bob estimates that he has received 1,400 passages, all with a significance that helped him in his daily life.

Alas, Poor Wallet

● Jack Oakie recently spent several weeks in a hospital, hoping that treatment would reduce his weight.

He did not lose a pound, but, when he departed from "the house of pain," his bank roll was considerably reduced.

Mrs. Oakie, the former Venita Varden, visited Hawaii while Jack was in the hospital, no doubt expecting to see a slender husband when she returned.

She was disappointed.

More Relatives

● After John Barrymore married Elaine Barrie, her mother, Mrs. Jacobs, moved into the Barrymore home. Now the parents of Mrs. Jacobs have arrived from the East and are living with Jack.

Hollywood is very popular with relatives of film stars, and as the homes of celebrities are usually very spacious, kinsfolk can be "put up" with little difficulty.

Fighting for Stars

● The hobbies of Hollywood actors range from race horses to prize fighters.

Robert Montgomery is backing an 18-year-old amateur boxer, Tommy Garland, whose mother is a waitress in the studio restaurant at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The boy will be sent to a training camp in the mountains as a conditioning measure before entering the ring as a professional boxer.

Al Jolson has Henry Armstrong, negro lightweight boxing champion, under contract, and other stars are encouraging promising fighters.

Burglars Beware

● Alice Faye is taking every precaution to prevent burglars from again robbing her home. Her apartment was entered a month ago and more than $10,000 worth of furs and jewellery taken.

When the actress and her husband, Tony Martin, moved recently to a beautiful colonial home they bought in Beverly Hills, they had every door lock in the house changed.

There are only three keys in existence now to the place. Alice carries one, Tony another and the butler the third.



Nino Martini does a Pagliacci in his new film "Music for Madame."



Streamlined Senorita—but her name's Lola Jenson. You'll see her in "Tropic Holiday."

Hollywood Says That

— Joan Crawford always has music on her set, and, wherever she is on Thursday nights, listens to her favourite crooner, Bing Crosby.

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— Richard Arlen's golf bag is autographed by almost every famous golfer in the world.

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— Lola Lane is an expert bridge player and an authority on the game.

◆ ◆

— Anita Louise has visited Europe three times—twice in the interests of her career and once for pleasure.

◆ ◆

— Warner Baxter calls his mother "his best friend and severest critic."

◆ ◆ ◆

— Katharine Hepburn climbs trees and likes to tinker with her car.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

HAPPINESS for NINEPENCE

WHAT pays best in the cinemas? Why, comedy. That's been proved over and over again.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the often underestimated minor poetess who wrote "Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," went on to say, "For the sad old earth

(*Continued on page* 8)

ALL the GOSSIP

must borrow its mirth—it has trouble enough of its own."

That goes for motion pictures—except that instead of borrowing its mirth the world pays its ninepence (or 3s. 6d., or even 8s. 6d. when it's feeling very flush) over the box-office ledge for its mirth, and a very good ninepenn'orth it's apt to get.

Top-Notcher

● All this brings me to the important point, where is the best ninepenn'orth to be had? When enough people decide that, it means that a Top Line Star is created.

Now, there can't be very much doubt in anyone's mind as to where the biggest draw in British pictures is to be found; she's Gracie Fields, and as far as I can see it's likely to continue to be Gracie as long as she cares to make pictures—not because her pictures have been good, but because her marvellous personality shines through them like a beacon in a mist.

Nothing In It

● But who comes next? Ah, that's where there's a slight difference of opinion at the moment.

The Gainsborough people (and a good many others) declare that Will Hay is an easy runner-up, who can even give the incomparable Gracie a nasty fright when she hears him pounding up behind her.

The A.T.P. people at Ealing Green, on the other hand (and a good many others), believe that George Formby is Britain's box-office Number Two—and to prove that they mean what they say they have just signed the genial and dental George up for a further three years, during which time six pictures are to be made, at a salary which they describe as "record-breaking."

If they exceed the salaries Gracie has enjoyed, George will be on a large pile of velvet for the rest of his life.

(*Continued from page 7*)

This is in the same category as the same studio's phenomenally successful *In Town To-night, On the Air, Soft Lights and Sweet Music*, and *Calling All Stars*, and is directed by the same bloke—Herbert Smith, who knows this kind of stuff backwards.

More plot than usual, though; which is all to the good.

Stars of the new one are Vic Oliver, who is steadily creeping up into the top lines, and Irene Ware, a vivacious young American who won a beauty competition in New York, which conferred on her the ambitious title of "Miss United States."

First Big Chance

● Then she went on the stage, and "jest nach'ly" drifted to Hollywood. She has played over here in two other films—*The Live Wire* and *No Parking*—but this is her first starring part here.

Who else is in it? Plenny! as they say in the gangster pictures. Finlay Currie, Julian Vedey, Frank Thornton-Bassett, Elisabeth Welch and voice, Jimmy Kennedy, Michael Carr (are you still reading?), The Rhythm Sisters, The Hillbillies, Al and Bob Harvey, Leslie Carew, Box, Cox and Roberts, Terry's Juveniles, Pat McCormack, and Maurice Winnick and his Band.

Gimme a second to get my breath.

DONALD CELEBRATES ON THE 13th

FRIDAY the thirteenth is always a great occasion in Walt Disney's famous family of little film characters. Every year Donald Duck celebrates his birthday whenever Friday falls on the 13th of the month—and this week many "surprises" have been arranged to give the pugilistic Donald a really good time.

Join in the fun in the merry Donald Duck Birthday number of "Mickey Mouse Weekly," just out. Young and old will enjoy the laughter-making adventures of this Disney favourite—as well as the many thrilling adventures of the rest of the Disney "gang." "Mickey Mouse Weekly" provides hours of week-end entertainment for the whole family. Order a copy immediately.

Co-op Tom

● Co-optimism is spreading these days.

The latest to make films on a co-operative basis is none other than our genial friend Tom Walls, who has just got under way at Sound City with a film called *Old Iron*, in which he has a leading character role in rather more serious vein than usual.

Ben Travers, celebrated author of the famous Aldwych farces who wrote the story, is a director of the new company, T. W. Productions, and British Lion will distribute the product.

In the cast of this one we have Cecil Parker, Eva Moore, Enid Stamp-Taylor, Veronica Rose, Henry Hewitt, and a couple of promising youngsters who are the descendants of famous actors—Richard Ainley, son of Henry Ainley, and David Tree, grandson of Sir Herbert Tree.

Habit

● Ainley is the one who played the likeable young man in *Lily of Laguna*, Tree the one who threw a bomb in the beginning of *Knight Without Armour*.

He threw another in *The Drum*, I noticed; if he's not careful he will be getting typed as "Britain's Bomb-Thrower Number One."

He has been playing lately in the Shaw film, *Pygmalion*, at Pinewood.

And now, what do you think of Anna Neagle's switch over?

After the new Queen Victoria film she was to have played Lady Hamilton in a Nelson story; now Herbert Wilcox has decided to make her Marie Lloyd instead (but *not*, I understand, in a Nelson story, which is rather a pity; Marie's attitude to Nelson would have been interesting).

Can Anna ever represent "our Marie" adequately? If I say "no," I'm accused of prejudging the film; if I say "yes," I'm told to "wait and see."

So I won't say.

Edgar Burns

● The first film under the new contract is scheduled to go into production at Ealing Green on June 6th; title, *It's In the Air*.

This has a Royal Air Force background—or perhaps in the case of a Formby film one should say backfire. Basil Dean produces. Anthony Kimmins (who was responsible for the last two Formby pictures, *Keep Fit* and *I See Ice*) directs.

I expect Will Hay will be just getting under way with his new one, *Stick 'Em Up*, about the same time. By the way, Edgar Kennedy will be in that; he's the highly combustible American comedian of whom we published five successive pictures in his famous "burning-up" act in our Supplement of Feb. 12.

Hot Off the Air

● Hush-hush policy is new to Beaconsfield; my spies were not quick enough to spot *Around the Town*, which I hear has just been completed there by British Lion.



Billy Bennett with his "family," including Kathleen Harrison and Basil Langton, in "Almost a Gentleman."



Jessie Matthews

Britain's Number One musical star has kept her flag flying through the crisis in British film production and, although the rumours have been busy again, is not packing her bags for Hollywood just yet. She recently moved in to her reconstructed house at Hampton, incidentally. Jessie's latest picture, *Sailing Along*, in which she has a new dancing partner, Jack Whiting, has been showing in the West End. Her next is at present titled *Asking For Trouble*. It will also be directed by Hubby Sonnie Hale.

Anna NEAGLE and





(*Left*) : *Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria in "Victoria The Great." Above you see the reverse side of "Picturegoer's" Gold Medal. And below : another shot of Anna's award.*



WIN OUR

PICTUREGOER'S Gold Medals for the finest performances of 1937 have been awarded by the votes of our readers to Anna Neagle for her portrayal of the title role in *Victoria the Great*, and Spencer Tracy for his fine characterisation in *Captains Courageous*.

The polling in this—the sixth—ballot for these awards, which are as highly prized in Hollywood as they are in Britain, has been considerably heavier than on any previous occasion, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking our readers for making the result so valuably representative of the British film public's views.

It is interesting to note, that though there were many thousands more votes they were spread over fewer artists : 89 in the case of the women, compared with 108 last year, and 108 men compared with 136.

But I expect you want to get down to the actual results.

Here, in order, are the positions of the first ten actresses with the percentages of the votes they received :—

			Per Cent.
1.	Anna Neagle	*Victoria the Great* ...	37
2.	Greta Garbo...	*Camille*	22
3.	Norma Shearer	*Romeo and Juliet* ...	9
4.	Deanna Durbin	*Three Smart Girls* ...	4
5.	Jeanette MacDonald	*Maytime*	3
6.	Flora Robson	*Fire Over England* ...	2.8
7.	Annabella ...	*Wings of the Morning*	2.5
8.	Irene Dunne	*Theodora Goes Wild*	2
9.	Luise Rainer	*The Great Ziegfeld* ...	1.5
10.	Katharine Hepburn	*Quality Street* ...	1.2

For purposes of comparison here is the order of voting in last year's awards :—

			Per Cent.
1.	Nova Pilbeam	*Tudor Rose* ...	15.5
2.	Greta Garbo...	*Anna Karenina* ...	15
3.	Bette Davis...	*Dangerous*	7
4.	Claudette Colbert / Merle Oberon	*Under Two Flags*... / *The Dark Angel* ...	6
5.	Marlene Dietrich	*Desire*	4.5
6.	Anna Neagle	*Peg of Old Drury* ...	4.2
7.	Jean Arthur...	*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*	4
8.	Luise Rainer	*Escapade*	3.5
9.	Jeanette MacDonald	*Rose Marie* ...	3.0
10.	Claudette Colbert / Katharine Hepburn	*She Married Her Boss* / *Sylvia Scarlett* ...	2.9

It will be noticed that whereas last year's winner, Miss Pilbeam, got her gold medal on a 15½ per cent. vote, Anna Neagle, who was sixth then, is way out in front this time with 37 per cent., and that she and Greta Garbo share nearly three-fifths of the total votes recorded.

Anna's big vote, however, is not a record. When Garbo won the 1934-35 award with *Queen Christina*, she scored 42 per cent. off her own bat.

Garbo probably has had more votes than any other actress in these ballots. This is the third consecutive year that she has been runner-up. She has only once been out of the first three—1933-34—and then she was fourth.

Miss Pilbeam, by the way, is right out of the picture this year—but that's not her fault : she had no pictures to represent her.

Other notable absentees from last year's first ten are Jean Arthur and Bette Davis. However, they are not far behind. Jean was just squeezed out of tenth place by Katharine Hepburn (who, incidentally, just managed to squeeze into tenth place last time), and Bette gets seventeenth place for *Marked Woman*.

Norma Shearer, another former winner, in third place now, was not in last year's list because she had not a film available for qualification. Deanna Durbin, fourth as a result of *Three Smart Girls*, is, of course, a newcomer. In reaching so high a position she establishes a record for a first film.

Jeanette MacDonald, fifth this year, advances from ninth place. Marlene Dietrich, No. 5 last year, finishes well down among the also-rans this time, *Garden of Allah* only bringing her into thirty-second place.

Luise Rainer is still in the charmed circle, though she has gone down two places, but Claudette Colbert couldn't get nearer than fifteenth, narrowly beaten by Merle Oberon, who tied with her for fourth place last year.

The other runners-up were : Ruth Chatterton (No. 12) for *Dodsworth*; Simone Simon (13) for *Seventh Heaven*; Sylvia Sidney (16) for *You Only Live Once*; Shirley Temple (19) for *Stowaway*; and Frieda Inescourt (20) for *Call It a Day*.

Of the rest of the new Upper Ten, Annabella is a newcomer, and Irene Dunne has not previously, though for years one of the screen's most popular dramatic actresses, been chosen. She is the only representative of the crazy comedy school (Carole Lombard is well down the list despite the fact that *My Man Godfrey* carries her banner). Eight out of the ten winning performances, you may note, were in period pictures.

Now for the actors. Spencer Tracy's Manoel in *Captains Courageous* left all the others standing. Well, here's how you ranked them :—

			Per cent.
1.	Spencer Tracy	*Captains Courageous*	34
2.	Anton Walbrook	*Victoria the Great* ...	11
3.	Ronald Colman	*Lost Horizon* ...	6
4.	Errol Flynn ...	*The Charge of the Light Brigade*	5.9
5.	Leslie Howard	*Romeo and Juliet* ...	5
6.	Gary Cooper	*The Plainsman* ...	4.5
7.	Robert Montgomery	*Night Must Fall* ...	4
8.	Spencer Tracy	*San Francisco* ...	3.5
9.	Clark Gable	*San Francisco* ...	3
10.	Robert Taylor	*Camille*	2.9

Spencer TRACY

GOLD MEDALS

By Malcolm Phillips

Britain and Hollywood share the honours in "Picturegoer's" Ballot to decide the finest performances of 1937. Anna Neagle wins her medal for *Victoria the Great*, and Spencer Tracey his for *Captains Courageous*, two of the finest films of last year.



It will be observed that apart from Tracy's big lead, the voting is very close and, as in the case of the actresses, the first ten absorbed something like eighty per cent. of the total poll.

Here, for comparison, are last year's rankings :

			Per cent.
1.	Gary Cooper	*Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*	16
2.	Ronald Colman	*A Tale of Two Cities*	15
3.	Robert Donat	*The Ghost Goes West*	12
4.	Errol Flynn ...	*Captain Blood* ...	7.5
5.	Charles Laughton	*Mutiny on the Bounty*	6
6.	Paul Muni ...	*The Story of Louis Pasteur*	5
7.	Clark Gable	*Mutiny on the Bounty*	4.2
8.	Spencer Tracy	*Fury*	4
9.	Leslie Howard	*The Petrified Forest*	3
10.	Fredric March	*The Dark Angel* ...	2.6

Spencer Tracy has done very well for himself. Not only has he walked away with the medal and first place for *Captains Courageous*, but he has with another entry, *San Francisco*, held on to the eighth place he occupied in the previous year—he must have had it reserved.

If he does it again we'll have to think about giving it to him for keeps.

And if we were betting men we'd be inclined to have an annual each-way flutter on Ronald Colman in this ballot. He is the Old Faithful of the competition. He won the first gold medal back in 1932-33, and he has been runner-up three times since, including, of course, last year.

On the whole, the public seems to be more conservative in its tastes in masculine acting than it is in the case of the women.

At any rate, there are fewer changes in the composition of the first ten compared with the previous list. Muni has dropped out, largely, one suspects, owing to the lack of a strong vehicle to succeed *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, and so has Fredric March, who, represented by *Anthony Adverse*, couldn't do better than 59th place.

Never mind, Fredric, we'll have *A Star is Born* to judge you by next time.

Their places are taken by Robert Montgomery, who will be particularly pleased that his bold experiment in insisting on breaking away from screen play-boys to undertake that unsympathetic and exacting role in *Night Must Fall* has been appreciated by the fans, and Robert Taylor, who in tenth place, gets a share of Garbo's glory for *Camille*.

He also should be delighted at this token of recognition of his services to the screen as an actor rather than as a matinee idol, though some may think that there were stronger performances during 1937.

Also among the missing is Charles Laughton whose *Rembrandt* did not capture the public imagination so forcefully as his Captain Bligh—he occupies twenty-third place—and Robert Donat, absent from the screen.

The other newcomer to the elect is Anton Walbrook, a particularly gratifying choice, not only because *Victoria the Great* is the only British-made picture in the list, but because his very great contribution to the film was recognised by the public despite the fact that in the nature of things Anna Neagle got all the limelight.

For the rest, there has been a sort of general post. Colman has given ground to the extent of dropping from No. 2 to No. 3.

Mr. Deeds' don't come to town every day, and Gary Cooper has dropped to seventh place.

Gable, another previous winner and a consistent "first tenner" moves down from 7 to 9, while Leslie Howard, (he carried off the medal two years ago) moves up from 9 to 5.

Errol Flynn, like Tracy, however, seems to have his place reserved—in this case fourth.

And here are the runners-up : Nelson Eddy (No. 11), for *Maytime*; Walter Huston (12), *Dodsworth*; William Powell (13), *The Great Ziegfeld*; James Stewart (14), *Seventh Heaven*; Charles Boyer (15), *The Garden of Allah*; Freddie Bartholomew (16), *Captains Courageous*; Tyrone Power (17), *Lloyds of London*; Henry Fonda (18), *You Only Live Once*; Basil Rathbone (19), *Love From a Stranger*; Leslie Banks (20), *Farewell Again*.



In the centre : Spencer Tracy in his unforgettable role as Manoel in "Captains Courageous." Above and top : The gold medal his fine performance has won him.





Above : Shirley Temple as she is—in her latest picture "Little Miss Broadway."



Left : Shirley Temple as she was—in her first picture, "Stand Up and Sing," with James Dunn.

Right : The star attends a Hollywood premiere with her mother and father.

HAS *Shirley* A SIXTH SENSE?

By NORMAN PAYNE

MAKE way for Miss Temple with the growing-up manner.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm is Miss Temple's most important film.

Important, that is, apart from its merit as entertainment, because it upsets one's predilections and makes one's head start whirling again with the question "Will this thing which makes Shirley what she is grow up with her after all?"

When I think back to *Curly Top* and compare it with *Sunnybrook Farm* I realise that Miss Temple is a totally different little creature.

Yet I know from very frequent contact with Shirley that she has not changed an iota since I first met her in 1934.

She has grown, of course . . . a great deal. Her mind has developed, too, and the bouncing baby feeling is no longer there. Yet when I think seriously of the Shirley I used to see every day in 1934 and the Shirley I still see almost every day, I can only conclude that she never was really and truly just a baby. Not, that is, an ordinary baby.

When I first met Shirley in 1934 she was six. That makes her now almost ten, and anyone with any experience of children will appreciate the rapid changes which take place ordinarily during this stage of juvenile development.

Yet apart from physical and mental growth I say that Shirley is exactly the same child she was when she was only six.

Then she could pick up a new dance routine within an hour or two. Any other child, even if trained in dancing and possessed of unusual aptitude for learning, might reasonably have taken two days to master the same thing.

Shirley still does the same. The routines are more complicated nowadays, but she "gets them down" with exactly the same staggering rapidity as she always did.

Only a few days ago I was watching her at rehearsal for *Little Miss Broadway*.

One of the highlights of this picture introduces a mammoth show in which Shirley and George Murphy dance an intricate routine in a law court, the desks and seats in which are suddenly transformed by lighting effects into replicas of New York buildings so that they seem to be dancing on the roof tops.

During this routine Shirley has to take a leap through the air and land on a surface three feet higher than the one from which she "takes off." And she's rather short still, you know.

Mrs. Temple, who always is terrified by rehearsals, kept whispering to me, "I can't see how she can possibly do this one in the time. You know, they ought to give her a week for rehearsals and here she is with only half a day . . . such long, complicated routines, too."

This is not an "act" on Mrs. Temple's part.

She really is always fearful that Shirley may not be able to keep up her extraordinary pace. Suppose she should suddenly "dry up" and not manage to pick up this or that dance step as quickly as usual? As a matter of fact, on this particular day I began to wonder myself.

Shirley was doing her daily lessons with her tutor, Miss Klamt.

Mrs. Temple and I sat on the set watching George Murphy go through his steps with Nick Castle, Twentieth Century-Fox dance director.

I watched, knowing that shortly Shirley would come in and that she would be expected to go through all these fantastic taps and gyrations. I "put it to self." Would I like to try it? I knew I couldn't guarantee to do it in a year if they'd pay me a million dollars.

I wondered if deep down Shirley ever got a trifle worried by all this effort. If she did, was it quite fair after all? I began to get a bit sentimental about it. I needn't have.

There was a little chirrup somewhere behind me and Shirley rushed in smiling. As she swept past where her mother and I were seated she half-turned with a grimace and said, "Thank goodness history's over."

In ten seconds she was on the set, and without waiting for music she started to "wiggle." "Let's go" was written all over her.

Nick Castle demonstrated the first movement It reminded me of anything you might find in a Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire frolic. Taps and turns and then whoops-a-daisy and up to the top for more taps. It was terribly long: different movements and steps chained through seven and a half minutes by my watch!

Shirley watched Nick, and I noticed that her head and feet moved slightly in rhythm with his dancing.

I had always had a notion that her own special system of memorising taps and steps had something to do with the ear . . . perhaps more with the ear than with the eye.

That convinced me. She was getting the rhythm of the steps and then when once she started to repeat the routine she would be guided by her own mental recollection of how the steps sounded! Well, that calls for a memory,

Shirley Temple is not dull, but is not particularly bright in the Three R's or the other normal educational activities of children of her age. What then is the mysterious quality that makes her a genius where anything to do with films is concerned? Our contributor, who has known her for years, both at work and at home, attempts to solve the riddle. If he doesn't succeed (and the verdict is up to you) he, at any rate, gives you the most intimate story of Hollywood's ten-million dollar baby yet published.

doesn't it, as well as feet which will obey it?

Up to one particular point Shirley danced the routine almost faultlessly within ten minutes. But one particular step bothered her. She tried and tried, perhaps a hundred times.

Not for one instant did she betray the slightest impatience. I knew what my own temper would have done with me in similar circumstances.

You know the feeling, "so near and yet so far" from being right with the secret eluding you?

Perhaps it was an hour later that Shirley suddenly got the idea and did the whole thing right off without a single slip. She was clapped loudly, but she didn't register the slightest concern. She probably felt the applause was totally uncalled for since she had taken so long to perfect her steps!

It must have been half an hour later that George Murphy remarked, with a wink in the direction of the dance instructor, "We'd better make these steps harder, Nick, or Shirley'll have 'em right so fast we'll all be out of a job."

Nick took up the cue and at once suggested an altogether grotesque idea. "Suppose we do this," he asked. Shirley watched his feet go through a crazy triple tap. Then she tried it . . . almost hitting it off. "No," she blurted, shaking her head, "that don't rightly belong; 'sides, it takes too much energition."

She knows instinctively when anything is "off kilter." She knows her theatre much better than she knows her English. She may mix up "energy" with "exertion" and get "energition," but she'll never mix up modern taps with ballet and get found out!

It really brings us to this remarkable fact. Shirley is by no means a scholastic genius: she has few outstanding attributes by which to judge what she is to be when she grows up.

She is not dull, but neither is she specially bright in the three "r's," and yet she reveals feeling for things having to do with films, which many a trained adult will lack.

It is a certain foresight; instinct or whatever you like to call it, which strangely enough makes perfect truth of many of those things which sound like Hollywood fables invented by imaginative publicity writers.

Starting as I do with a British prejudice against professionalising children, I have to admit that Shirley upsets my calculations.

If she were like most of the Hollywood screen kiddies I could write a delightful slam. I could loose all my adult wrath against people and systems which permit theatrical managers to go on baby-snatching expeditions and make money out of turning kiddies into Calamities.

But Shirley knocks that chip off anybody's shoulder. I have seen her at work . . . and many times at home.

She does not behave like a film child. She does behave like a child though until she is confronted with a problem which concerns filming. Then she exhibits more resourcefulness than half the adults.

For instance, George Murphy missed a couple of taps when he was going through one dance scene with her. She noticed it in a flash . . . before anyone else had had time to remark it.

She smiled an understanding smile in his direction and placed herself in position to start again.

Most grown-up artists would be so absorbed in their own little share—and in trying to make it as large as possible that they wouldn't care what happened to their partners.

It would be ridiculous to suggest that Shirley Temple is just like the average English girl of nine or ten. She is not. But she is no more sophisticated than other American girls of her own age and not nearly so much so as many.

I have never heard her "cheek" her mother. I have heard her protest as children will, when told to do something she would prefer not to do.

I have often heard her squeak loudly when her elder brother, Jack, who is apt to tease her, did something she didn't like. But like most other good-humoured children she soon got over it and went back either to "egg him on" to tease her again, or to make up to him.

She is "all there" with any subject, the study of which she takes up seriously, but she is not an all-round prodigy.

For instance, she spends most of her spare time drawing: just the usual crayon or pencil scrawls of children, pigs, cows, and what have you. These show no signs of a threatening genius: they are the odd impressions of a child amusing herself.

One day I found her making grotesque little dolls out of smoker's pipe-cleaners. She would twist a length of cleaner to make the body, arms and legs, then stitch on button-like heads and draw in the faces. Such faces!

Her vocabulary is good but not sensational, and not in the least bit "adult." Howlers creep in every now and then as when she remarked upon someone's bad humour one day. Turning to her mother, she said, "My! Mother, Mr. ——— is awful touchative to-day."

As I have said before, Shirley knows well enough that she is a film star, but if she realises the full extent to which her position endows her with privilege, then she has terrific self-control, for she does not make demands. Nor does she put on airs and graces more than any normal child who happens for the time being to be "the life of the party."

And we must remember that with Shirley the party goes on whenever she steps outside. She has either to be inside the studio or inside her own home to escape conditions which are completely abnormal for any child to understand.

Every time I talk to her I marvel still more at the way Shirley has survived it all. I saw her one morning after her film had been previewed at the Chinese Theatre. She had had to be escorted out of the theatre by a dozen men to protect her from the howling mob.

"Lot of people to see your film last night," I remarked.

"Yes," was her instant reply. "They were waiting to see all those motion picture stars." If she was trying on the modesty stuff she is an even better actress than I thought.

Used as I am to observing children—I really believe that mentally she excluded herself, although, as I know full well, most of the people in that great crowd were out specially to see her and for no other reason at all.

I can think of no other Hollywood child with half such a good excuse for becoming an unbearable brat, than Shirley.

Yet, my critical mind, over-sensitive to any show of unchildlikeness in a child, can detect nothing in the behaviour of Miss Temple which does not do the utmost credit both to the child herself and to her parents.

Mrs. Temple arouses my respect as a business woman and as a politician. It is my utmost admiration she commands as a mother.

You have no idea what a business can spring up around a ten million dollar baby, although you may have one you think is worth more.

I have watched Shirley grow. I am glad to find that relatively speaking she is unchanged by the miracle which has swept over her.

That she is growing up you will see from her performance in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. She sings one number called "I'd like to Reminisce," and seated at a piano recalls bits from all the songs she has popularised since her amazing career began.

I thought it must be my fancy, but it seemed to me she had delivered each of those "bits" with exactly the same inflexions she used originally, and I knew that as she had grown her voice and style had changed. Could this be something deliberate? Had she been so directed? I inquired of Alan Dwan.

"No," he said. "I let her rip them off in her own way."

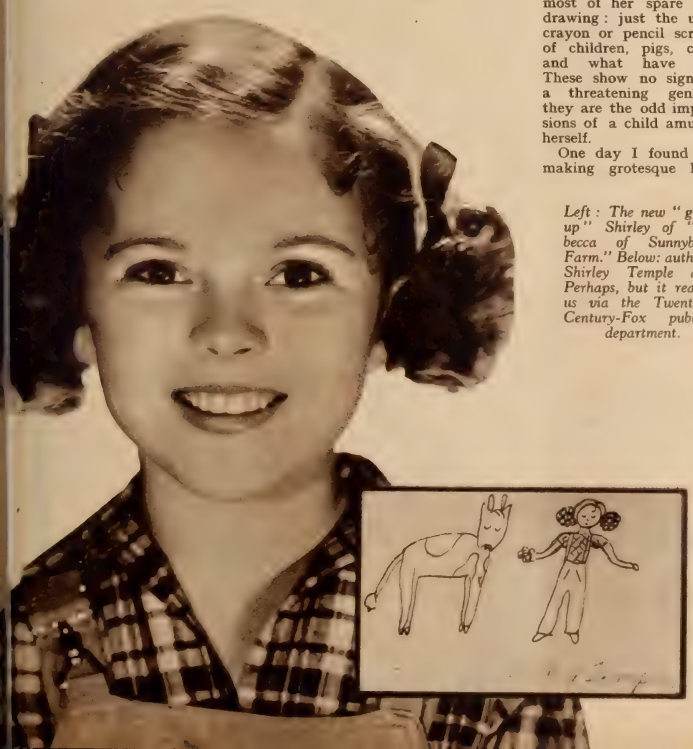
I manœuvred Shirley into conversation about the song.

"Gee," she said, "it was great fun trying to remember the words of all my old songs . . . and then remember just the way I sang each one as well!"

Shirley's considerable prettiness has been only part of the phenomenon. She couldn't have gone on all this time just looking pretty.

It is her remarkable memory: her unusual mind and her undeniable intuition for the thing we call "show" which has made her what she is.

Will she have to pack her gifts away with her baby frocks or will she go on and on growing yet never really changing nor releasing her hold upon the public imagination? I cannot make up my mind; but then that's not so odd, for neither can George and Gertrude Temple, and if anyone could tell, surely they could.



Left: The new "grown up" Shirley of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Below: authentic Shirley Temple art? Perhaps, but it reached us via the Twentieth-Century-Fox publicity department.

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 6

Norma starts rehearsing for the firm's Play



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MARGARET LOCKWOOD writes on glamour and

—Invites You to Lunch

By MARGARET LOCKWOOD



WHAT *is* glamour? We hear so much talk about it, but no kind person ever seems able to give us the recipe for this elusive and most desirable possession.

I have met a number of people who are called glamorous and I have asked various other people to define some of the ingredients which go to make up glamour, a subject which intrigues me greatly.

One man of my acquaintance informed me that glamour is an overdose of personality. Another said that glamour is not innate in any person; it is an attribute existing only in the mind of the beholder. No woman is, in herself, glamorous. She is glamorous only because her admirers say and make her so. Yet another man holds that glamour is something synthetic—artificial.

Despite all these confusing and conflicting opinions, I am still at a loss to find the correct definition of glamour, but here are some of the things which I have noticed go with the "glamour" women of my acquaintance:

1. A perfect make-up. This seems to give an air of confidence.
1. A well-groomed appearance, hair neatly dressed and hands and nails well cared for.
3. A quiet, mysterious air (in some instances).
4. The ability to let the eyes sometimes speak instead of the tongue.
5. Original conversation.
6. Tasteful clothes, often exclusive.
7. A baffling "aura," which I have noticed generally comes from an exclusive perfume which cannot be recognised.

Commenting on numbers 3, 4 and 5 in this list, I have seen several glamorous women maintaining a quiet, mysterious air which gave the impression that they knew a lot, and with this air and the language of their eyes they commanded attention and people sought their words and listened attentively while they gave their opinions.

It is very true that silence is eloquent and it also has a power which many people do not realise to the full.

By this I mean an intelligent silence, which should not be confused with the silence associated with "dumb-bells," as men so often call girls who do not use their brains.

A woman who has the art of listening intelligently and whose opinion is then sought often obtains a bigger audience than the woman who speaks without being asked to do so. Have you ever noticed that?

It is like most things in this life—words which are sought after claim more attention than those which are available without seeking.

I always remember what one glamour woman who was noted for her original conversation told me.

She said that ever since she left school she had followed her father's advice and learnt several new words in the dictionary every day.

She had read through her dictionary with the same concentration and determination as many people read through their Bibles, and I must admit her conversation was most original as the result of this, although it was anything but stilted or pedantic.

So many people lack colour in their conversation and use the same hackneyed words over and over again in their sentences.

They use such well-worn adjectives as wonderful, lovely, nice, thrilling, and the adverb very, to describe everything they see and do.

Some folks hold that glamour is definitely a physical attribute. If it is, the point arises as to whether health and vitality are essential to glamour. Do you think it is?

LUNCH WITH MISS LOCKWOOD

Although Margaret Lockwood, the British film star, is a healthy, outdoor girl, fond of sport, she maintains a delicate grace and what might almost be called a mid-Victorian charm, which critics have described as being alluring and glamorous.

Can mid-Victorian charm rightly be termed glamorous, or is glamour something more colourful?

Here are Margaret's own views on the subject of glamour. Do you agree with them?

To the six readers who send to Miss Lockwood the best description of glamour, in not more than a hundred words, will be sent an invitation by this film star to be her guest at lunch—at the Gainsborough studio. Send your descriptions to Miss Lockwood. c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

The star particularly asks the men not to be scared of tackling the subject.



Margaret Lockwood is an outdoor girl, but she also has a mid-Victorian charm, vividly captured in portrait at top.

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TOO *Young* AT 74!

They had actually to "age" Dame Marie Tempest for *Yellow Sands*, reveals our correspondent, who has been on location with the unit in Cornwall.

by Joan CARTER

I HAVE just returned from a week spent "on location" at Sennen Cove, a little fishing village not far from Land's End.

When producer Walter Mycroft, of Associated British Pictures, decided to film *Yellow Sands*, Eden Phillpotts' delightful comedy of West Country fishermen and farmers, he made up his mind that its settings should screen true.

So he dispatched Herbert Brenon, the director, and his cameraman, off to the West of England to search for the fishing village which most nearly resembled that described by Phillpotts in his play.

After an exhaustive tour of Devon and Cornwall which took him farther and farther West, Brenon came to Sennen and immediately knew that he need look no farther.

And that was how the miles of rolling yellow sands, the rocky cliffs and the little jetty and fishing cottages of Sennen became a film studio for a few weeks.

The cast of *Yellow Sands* is headed by Dame Marie Tempest, that distinguished veteran of the stage, who made her talkie debut at the age of seventy-one with Paderewski in *Moonlight Sonata*.

Dame Marie plays Aunt Jennifer, the invalid lady of means who has an amazing collection of relatives, all, save one, after her money.

Robert Newton, himself a Cornishman, plays Joe, her "Communistic" young nephew, Belle Chrystall is her maid-companion, Patrick Barr is another nephew, and Coral Brown the village barmaid.

Wilfrid Lawson is her old toper of a brother, Amy Veness her sanctimonious sister-in-law, and Drusilla Wills and Muriel Johnston her twin cousins.

I arrived at Sennen on a Sunday when there was no shooting taking place. I found Belle Chrystall was sunbathing on the beach with script girl Rita Coleman, who is blonde and pretty enough to be a movie star herself.

Robert Newton was visiting his mother in her cottage in the artists' colony at Lamorna Cove, a few miles from Sennen, and Pat Barr, a husky young Irishman, had gone for a twelve-mile walk with two of the camera crew.

But the next morning found them all in a state of feverish activity. Shooting was due to begin at nine o'clock at Land's End, and at seven-thirty prop men were loading vans and make-up men were hard at work.

Dame Marie, who was staying in Penzance, drove straight to Land's End, where a gaily painted caravan awaited her to be used as her make-up and dressing-room.

At Land's End I watched Dame Marie play her first scene in the film. Dressed in a little poke bonnet with a snowy wig over her own golden-grey hair, Dame Marie looked a dainty, fragile little person.

But she displayed grit and determination when she was wheeled in her bathchair —which goes with her right through the film—almost to the edge of the cliff. Down below the sea looked wild and the black rocks sinister.



Above : Dame Marie Tempest in the church scene described below.



Above : Belle Chrystall and associate producer John Gossage share a picnic lunch on the beach at Sennen Cove.

She admitted afterwards that it was a trying experience and that she had to make a firm effort to prevent herself looking back in the middle of the take to make sure that the handle of her chair was safely held.

Edward Rigby was appearing in these Land's End scenes with Dame Marie.

He has the role of Tom Major, a lifelong friend of Aunt Jennifer's, whose daily task is to wheel her along a path by the sea that she loves.

Sightseers came from miles around to watch Dame Marie at work and had to be prevented from rushing forward and asking for autographs.

At six o'clock shooting finished for the day and we made our way back to Sennen. After dinner the whole unit played table tennis—Belle is the hotel champion—before driving into Penzance to see the previous day's rushes.

The next day our location was a tiny old church at St. Levan, a village six miles from Sennen. Thirty Sennen residents were taken by motor bus to St. Levan to appear as extras.

The scenes shot showed Dame Marie Tempest being wheeled out of the church by Edward Rigby. The congregation poured out around them and some of the women stopped to chat.

It is interesting to note that after the first tests were taken of Dame Marie as Aunt Jennifer it was found that she photographed much too young for the part! So extra lines and wrinkles had to be added.

This amused Dame Marie very much. She said that after trying to keep wrinkles at bay for ten years she found it strange to have to have them put on artificially.

Eighty-two-year-old Richard George, the oldest working fisherman in Sennen Cove, has the distinction of appearing in the film with Dame Marie.

He was chosen from twenty fishermen to appear in the opening sequence of the film, showing him trudging up a hill from the sea.

So anxious was he to make his film debut a success that he insisted on rehearsing the scene six times!

Another interesting member of the cast is Walter. Walter is an outsize crab who has quite an important part in the picture.

No crab large enough could be caught at Sennen, so the unit had to go to the neighbouring fishing village of Mousehole, where Walter was obtained.

When Walter was tipped into the sea by accident during a scene in which he was playing with Belle Chrystall and Robert Newton, all the fishermen available frantically set out to rescue him.

Luckily he was saved and was able to turn up for the next day's shooting!

Now he has his own keeper, for a prop man has been detailed to look after him; he may be needed for interior shots at Elstree.

(Left) *The candid cameraman popped into Luise Rainer's dressing-room at a tense moment during a rehearsal for "The Toy Wife." Note the expression on the face of Barbara O'Neil, who plays [illegible] sister and rival for Melvyn Douglas'*

Shots with our CANDID CAMERA

Four comrades. On the "Three Comraders" set: Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor, Margaret Sullavan and Robert Young.







Freddie Bartholomew gets tough. Above are three remarkable shots of his big fight scene with Mickey Rooney in his new film "Lord Jeff," a story of the Barnado Homes and the training of youngsters for the British Merchant Marine. Freddie doesn't seem to be doing too well in the first two pictures, but he appears to be well on top in the one immediately above. Mickey's pained expression is almost as good as the high-power histrionics of some of the all-in wrestlers we know.



What Hollywood's younger set is wearing this Spring. Florence George and Betty Grable, snapped in the street, show off the latest in lightweight topcoats. Florence's is of natural coloured leather, while Betty's white polo coat is, as you see, cut on smartly masculine lines.



Here's another fashion lead—this time from Lucille Ball. Her two-piece suit is right up to the minute and ideal for town wear. The dress is of navy trimmed with the saxe blue of the short coat, which has revers matching the dress. The smart little hat is also saxe.

We're

Below: At forty, Gracie is embarking on the greatest gamble of her screen career. Here is how she looks as Kitty Dobson, a belle of the eighties, in the picture.

BRITAIN'S number one star, Gra
out to conquer new worlds—or
World—in this £200,000 British-made
ambitious to date. And here's hopi
succeed. The film was enthusiastical
sneak pre-view in Los Angeles and Lo
opportunity to see it now. Gracie i
strong Anglo-American cast, headed by
and Brian Donlevy.



The big fight scene (with ex-heavyweig
contender Don McCorkindale) is one
the dramatic and spectacular highlight



Kit is married to the thriftless and "dumb" Dobbie (Victor McLaglen). She is furious when he buys a dud South African gold mine.

OING to be RICH

sets
New
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Brian Donlevy is Yankee Gordon, owner of a saloon in the colourful gold boom town of Johannesburg in the late eighties, and Coral Brown is Pearl, one of his entertainers.



Yankee gives Kit a job singing in his saloon, where she earns the applause of the rough miner - audiences but the enmity of Pearl, who gets her revenge by "vamping" the simple Dobbie.



Kit and Dobbie arrive in Johannesburg. This street scene is reported to have cost £17,000.



Kit and Gordon become firm friends, but Dobbie makes good in the end and husband and wife are re-united.

SHE'S TOPS for Popularity

American stars come and go, but here's one who has dug herself firmly into our affections.

by MAX BREEN



Below we have Bebe with Babs, who looks like growing into another Bebe—we hope.



Bebe and Ben are seldom very far apart; they're just one of those real-life teams!

IF, in one of those general-knowledge questionnaires which have grown so frequent in the daily papers, you came across the question: "Who is the most popular American star to come to Britain?"—what answer would you give?

Your mind might immediately swing over to those terrific, delirious (and slightly unhealthy) welcomes which have been accorded to certain visiting stars from time to time, when hordes of ecstatic young women reach heights of hero-worship almost incredible to anyone who knows the stars in real life—and who knows them to be mostly good, honest citizens with a flair for exploiting their own personalities.

Then I think you would remember that such demonstrations almost invariably produce a strong reaction against their object, and you would dissociate the word "popularity" from what is much more like mass-hysteria.

And your pencil, hovering above the questionnaire, would come down, and you would firmly and confidently write "Bebe Daniels."

And your answer would be right.

This amazing woman during the last few years has so firmly entrenched herself in the hearts of the people of this country that it would take an earthquake or two to dislodge her.

The secret? Ask Bebe. She'll smile her slow, warm, enigmatic smile and say: "Oh, the people are so *swell*!"

We'll obviously have to turn elsewhere for an explanation.

Well, one thing is contacts. Bebe's done precious little screen-work in the last few years—far too little, some of us think—but all this time she's been touring round with husband Ben Lyon, playing the music-halls pretty nearly from John o' Groats to Lands End—and in South Africa as well.

Ask Bebe whether the music-hall is dead in England! She'll tell you—and I can, too, having seen her on a variety stage, taking umpteen calls and with an audience of cash customers shouting the roof off for her. And did she give them value! Whew!

However, not only do the people have a chance to *see* Bebe Daniels, but they have opportunities of *meeting* her too, in connection with her Fan Club, to which I shall return presently.

Another very substantial contribution to her popularity is the aforesaid Ben . . . and Babs.

From the success of films depicting marital infidelity one might be misled into thinking that the vast mass of our people sympathise with irregularity.

Never was worse mistake. Enshrined in the heart of the average Briton of either sex is the ideal of a happy marriage, based on love, loyalty, and understanding; and the marriage of Ben and Bebe, celebrated with such *eclat* in Hollywood eight-and-a-half years ago, is of that kind.

With the addition of 6½-year-old Baby Barbara—Babs for short—we have that fundamental social unit, a happy family; and that captures the imaginations and hearts of more fans than all the divorces, three-day marriages, re-marriages, and half-baked philanderings ever will.

There's no real glamour in them—just a hard surface glitter; and that's another point where Bebe scores—she's preserved her glamour, that roseate cloud which enshrouds the true actor or actress, not just the publicity-seeker.

However well you get to know Bebe—and I know her pretty well—you're always conscious of something behind, something she's holding back, something she doesn't put in her show-window. That's a feminine trait, perhaps, but it's not a very common one where the white light of publicity beats so fiercely.

She's been living in that white light for quite a while now.

Some people, hearing that she was leading lady to Harold Lloyd in his very earliest one- and two-reel comedies, may be inclined to think of her as a veteran.

Well, so she is—but she's one of the youngest veterans you can imagine, for she was only fifteen when she started in films.

She began on the stage even younger, for she was carried on by her mother at the age of ten weeks.

"Were you pretty good in that part, Bebe?" I asked her the other day.

With the well-known characteristic lift of her chin she flashed back, "I gave a most realistic performance."

She went on to become a child star (at seven she was known as "the world's youngest Shakespearian actress"), but that was interrupted at the age of eight by one of those societies for controlling other people's activities, because she was too young. She retired for a few years, but returned in full force, with the results you know.

In the early days of her film-career Paramount put her on long contract, and for several years she had her own production-unit.

With the coming of sound, most of the silent stars jibbed at making talkies, but in the case of Bebe Daniels it was just the reverse; her anxiety to try this new thing led to her parting from Paramount, and she went to R.K.O., for whom she made *Rio Rita*—a terrific success and still remembered as her best film.

In the last two years she's found time to make only one picture—*Murder in the Stalls*, in which Ben appeared opposite her; but now Warner Bros. at Teddington are having the perspicacity to cash-in on her popularity and talents, and are starring her in a dramatic story called *The Return of Carol Deane*, in which she plays the title-role.

As I was taking tea with her in her dressing-room at the studio her mail was brought to her, and I noticed that almost every letter contained money—a sixpenny postal order, a few stamps, a bundle of "tokens."

"It's our fan club," she explained. "We're hoping to endow a cot in the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital in East London. That'll cost £250."

I made further inquiries into this unusual type of club, and found that, although it is only just over a year old, the Bebe Daniels-Ben Lyon Fan Club has branches in London, Nottingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Hull, and Dublin—and branches are being organised in other cities.

The membership now stands at 10,000, and the club has its own theme song, and holds concerts, sing-songs, picnics, and rambles, which Bebe and Ben attend as often as their theatre activities will allow.

Vice-presidents include Mary Pickford, Skeets Gallagher, John Stuart, Clifford Mollison, Rene Ray, and Bebe's great friend, Sally Eilers.

And you needn't think it's a hen-party, either—fifty per cent. of the members are men, and the other day the Clapton Orient football club and their trainer—all members—visited the studio at Teddington to receive a presentation football from Bebe for next season.

They declare they can shoot more goals with a presentation ball; so keep your eye on "the Orient" while they keep their eye on Bebe's ball!

Through all this popularity Bebe keeps her head admirably.

Sensible, human, and good-humoured, she is what is called a "set pet"—the "sparks," "props," and "grips" all know her to be a regular fellow, and are all anxious to help her get the best out of her scenes—and what that means to a star, only a star can tell you.

In this present role she has to grow old; and let me tell you she does it so charmingly and gracefully that we may have no fear for the future, thirty or forty years on—Bebe will still be Bebe, and still as popular as ever.

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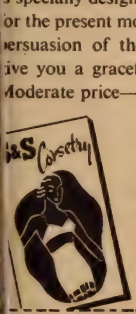
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Bank Holiday

Families like, yet entirely dissimilar from, the Collinses have mixed with the throng on Bank Holiday platforms before, and are almost certain to again. . . .

"CATH, you said you'd be here at two o'clock. I've been hanging about the station for ages. Surely those selfish blighters at the hospital will let you off on August Bank holiday. It'll be over soon at this rate."

"Poor little Geoff. Do forgive me. Dr. Nichols said I could go if I liked—but it's a matter of life and death. He operated this morning and the patient hasn't come round yet."

"Oh, all right, but do try to get a move on. Cath, how about a room at the 'Grand'? Don't say it's too expensive. I've been saving up for this week-end and I'm going to blue the lot."

"No—please. Darling, I have to go. Ring me later. Perhaps I'll be through then."

As Geoffrey Warne left the telephone booth, brilliant sunshine over the South London terminus, supported the prophecy displayed on newspaper hoardings of a record bank holiday season. The platform which he left to while away a couple of hours in a news theatre, was a solid mass of moving humanity, hoping to find seats on the train for Bexborough-on-sea. Among those whom he quitted, whose lives apparently remote from his own, were eventually to be associated with it, were the Collins.

Families like, yet entirely dissimilar from the Collinses have mixed with the throng on Bank holiday platforms before and are almost certain to again. Typical Cockneys, one would have said, yet there was something unique in father's hold of the folding push chair in one hand and Marina, aged three, in the other. Like yet like no other of her class, was mother, encumbered with parcels and an insecurely balanced hat, shouting at her two boys for spending their holiday money on automatic machines.

In danger of being pancaked, was Doreen North, Fulham contestant in the Bexborough Beauty Competition to be judged at the *Grand*. Accompanied by a girl friend Milly, she survived, however, to cast envious glances from a third-class window, at her rival "Miss Mayfair" about to enter a "first" under a battery of press cameras.

Here, if anywhere, was warmth, movement, life. But in a Central London hospital, having left the telephone office, nurse Catherine had looked on death; was even now facing the ordeal of telling Stephen Howard that his wife had died in childbirth.

Catherine was twenty-four. An intuitive liking for the husband of the patient who, at intervals between pain, had given her intimate word-pictures of him, made her stop at the waiting-room door, dreading to speak.

Stephen Howard sat at the table alone. All night, all morning he had waited; refusing Catherine's suggestion of leaving and coming back. Once or twice they had talked—snatched talks on vital subjects, lightly treated yet with an underlying tenseness. He had told her of his belief in the endurance of love. He had asked if she were engaged. She had said Yes.

"You must often have fellows who worry like me," he had semi-apologised for his anxiety to know of his wife's progress. "Daresay it happens every day."

"Yes, but they don't try to burn down the hospital," she had reminded with a quick smile as she had put out the cigarette he had left burning at the table edge.

The white-coated surgeon helped her as she spoke the words she knew she must utter. "I assure you we did everything we could," he said before going out. Catherine couldn't leave. Stephen seemed stunned. She touched his arm.

"Will you see the baby now, Mr. Howard?—the baby, Mr. Howard. Won't you come and see him?"

"No. No, never! I never want to see him. I'd like to see her now. Could I?"

"Of course." He looked so faint when he came back that seeing him move on to the balcony, she went into the adjoining room for water. She heard a scream and her heart pounded as she looked out of the window. But no, it was only a child's cry from one of the group at play far below on the pavement.

"I'm all right Nurse, don't worry," he said as she handed him the glass.

"Mr. Howard. Isn't there something I can do for you?"

"No thanks. I'll go now. There's nothing to wait for, is there?"

"Can I get you a taxi?"

"No." They were in the corridor. She knew that the rest of the day was hers. "Wouldn't you like me to come with you—I mean, shouldn't someone see you home?" she added gently.

"I mean you might not like to be alone. Don't mind my asking, but from something Mrs. Howard said, I thought there was no one at your flat."

"No—there's no one there."

"Then I think someone should go with you."

"No thank you, Nurse, I shall be all right." She watched the dazed figure go by the swing doors and, choking back a sob, turned into the waiting-room. The flowers Stephen had brought lay on the table wrapped in paper. As she took them up, she saw he had left his cigarette lighter. Too late to catch up with him. Should she hand it to Sister for her to give Stephen when he came back as he must do to make arrangements about the child? Dread of speaking to anyone about him, kept the lighter in her hand. Curiously she found its presence in her handbag her only comfort in dressing. The last thing she wanted was to meet Geoff and become part of the world of sunshine and holiday trains.

But with this reminder that she must see Stephen and would hear from his own lips if he was all right, she bore packing and getting to the station.

"Cath, at last! That's not much of a kiss to wait two hours for," was his greeting by the bookstall.

"Poor little Geoff. It must have been miserable for you. Don't let's waste any more time. Where do we go?"

"Over there. I've got the tickets. I say Cath, I wish you wouldn't call me little Geoff. I'm five feet nine and a half."

"That's not the point. It's how I always think of you, darling."

"Well, you'd better stop. Come on—here's an empty carriage."

"What's the matter, Cath? You haven't been yourself, since we met. You don't seem thrilled or pleased about our going away together at last."

"I know, darling, but—the case upset me. The girl died."

"Oh! I'm sorry—I ought to have cottoned on it was something like that. I suppose I'm selfish, but you know how it is. I've been looking forward to this for months. I don't know about you, but I've thought of nothing else for weeks past. I've saved up every penny so that we could stay somewhere decent and have a grand time. Gosh! I'm happy to be with you—think of it—a whole week-end to forget the office and the hospital! It worries me, you work so hard—Cath, you're not listening."

Yes, she was. She heard his every word, but with her eyes she wasn't seeing the suburban landscape through which the train was passing. She was seeing Stephen's face of agony. So thin a veil, but so opaque, hid from her at that moment the sight of him going into the empty flat, of seeing his wife's coat and hat hanging in the hall, of his finding her note pinned to the kitchen curtain, "Darling. Ran out of bread. Will be back soon, Ann."

"I did have a job to convince Mum and Dad I was camping with a chap from the office" Geoff was saying. "What a shock if they could see me to-night in the biggest hotel in Bexborough. Oh! Cath, to think you're doing all this for me."

"What on earth are you talking about? I wouldn't come if I didn't want to. You know what I think about people's opinions. We've been over it scores of times."

"Of course—when two people love each other—Cath, you do love——"

Did she? Must she have waited till now to find out that she didn't? Had it to be left to Stephen Howard, out of his dark sorrow, to point out to her the first faint glimmerings of the glory which can illumine the mutual love of husband and wife? But here and now she was in a railway carriage answering questions, quick-fired at her by Geoff about the cigarette lighter she had mistakenly slipped out of her bag. "Don't let's quarrel," she begged when he implied that she had kept it as an excuse for making a future rendezvous. "Of course I don't want to meet the husband again. I shall send it back."

It was easier to keep her mind on the present when she discovered that Geoff hadn't booked a room at the "Grand." "Bexborough won't be as full as all that," he declared. On arrival, the appearance of the lounge alone suggested the reverse was the truth.

Except on account of her feet and head, both of which in due time,

(*Continued on page* 26)

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CVS—86

BANK HOLIDAY — Continued

ached abominably, Catherine was relieved that their search for accommodation lasted until late in the evening.

Neither were in the mood to see the funny side or they might have had a laugh out of the north countryman who from the open front-room window of "Lauderdale" shouted :

"Eh, take your finger off that bell, mate ! No use trying here ! Sleeping three in a bed already !" After that they tried "El Morocco," then "The Grapes," finally "Mon Repos," with equal success.

"Cath, what about the beach?" Geoff proposed.

"Well, it'll be nice and quiet there."

"Just you and I alone," Geoff said as they reached the sea wall. They looked over. The beach was crowded with prone figures.

Half the town's visitors appeared to be sleeping beneath the stars. Though Catherine didn't recognise them as those whose lives might cross hers or Geoff's, the Collins family were there, also Doreen and Milly. Unknown to any of these but Doreen and Milly, who had seen the lady in the lounge previously, Miss Mayfair slept at the "Grand."

In the night, Catherine woke and thought of Stephen. But even the intensity of her thought by the moonlit sea, failed to televise his actual lonely wanderings on the Embankment, his prolonged gazing into the dark water.

A dip in the swimming pool next morning, to some extent restored Catherine's sense of well-being. Geoff, too, was pleased. He had been to the "Grand" and secured a double room for the night, owing to visitors who had left unexpectedly. Somehow the day passed. A smart thundershower drove everyone off the beach early and filled to capacity the hall where the *Bexborough Follies* had been performing to Mr. Collins as sole spectator. The beauty competition was to be judged at 8.30. At seven, as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Catherine and Geoff were ushered into a really delightful room at the "Grand," by the porter whom Geoff proudly tipped.

"This is marvellous, Cath," he enthused. "The charge surely can't include breakfast. See the headed notepaper. I could write home on that—oh ! I'm supposed to be camping. We're just over the dance room.. What's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

No ghost, but before hanging a skirt in the cupboard, she had put down a lighted cigarette near the table edge, and on seeing it, had hastily stubbed it out in the ash tray. Where was Stephen? Her heart couldn't have ached more unbearably if she had seen him that afternoon wandering about half-empty London.

Not long before, the shower which had cleared the beach at Bexborough, had driven him from the Mall. He had stood near Buckingham Palace.

In imagination he had heard the shout, "They're coming !" Seen Queen Mary as the royal carriage turned the corner in the Jubilee procession, had lifted Ann up and put her down again because she said he couldn't see. Afterwards in the crush, he had nearly lost her. . . .

"Let's go and dance," Catherine suggested. At the entrance of the ballroom, crowded with onlookers about to watch the judging of the beauty contest, she stopped short. "Geoff, I've forgotten my bag."

"Let me get it."

"No. You won't know where it is. You book a table." She saw him go and hurried into a telephone booth. She found the number of Stephen Howard, analytical chemist's flat, in the London directory, and dialled. "You're through," the operator said, but no one answered her "Hullo." Yet she had heard the bell ringing the other end. Breathlessly she asked the operator to try again. A pause, then the official-sounding voice, "I'm sorry I cannot connect you. The subscriber has removed the receiver."

Determinedly, Catherine went back to the bedroom, took a sheet of paper, wrote two lines saying that she had made a mistake and was going back to London. "Forgive me Geoff," the note ended. "Forgive me" echoed in her heart as she



She found Stephen unconscious from gas fumes in the room he used as a laboratory.

collected her things. Someone came in. It was Geoff. Before seeing her, he read the note.

"What have I done, Cath? What does this mean, it's all a mistake?"

"It's my fault. I ought never to have come. We don't love each other."

"How can you say that?"

"Oh, Geoff, it's no good ! Let me go !"

"You've been lying to me, just leading me on then?"

"No. I thought at first it was real. I know it isn't now." They were in the corridor. Little Geoff wasn't speaking now. He seemed suddenly to have grown mentally and physically. His eyes were blazing. "You think I don't know why all this, but I do. It's that fellow at the hospital. I suppose you're going to him now. Why?"

"I don't know. I can't explain, but I feel something terrible's going to happen to him. If I don't go now it may be too late."

"Nonsense. Who d'you think I am? I've brought you here. I've saved up for this week-end for months. I've done my best for you. You can't run away and let me down."

"You're hurting me. Let me go."

"I'm sorry, Cath." She got by him. She was in the street calling a taxi. Half way to the station she found she had a suitcase, but no handbag. She shouted to the driver who grumblingly put her down, mercifully opposite a garage.

Hearing that she wanted to hire a car to London and would deposit her gold watch in lieu of money, the attendant looked doubtful. "Sorry, Miss, we can't help you. Gentleman here's going to London. Why don't you ask him?" Scorning risk, Catherine made the request and was soon sitting in a grey coupé beside a youngish well-dressed man who drove away with the remark, "This is what I call a service station." Her challenge to fate to be kind was, however, flung back. On a country road, half-way to town, they were held up by a police car.

"I have reason to believe you're in possession of stolen property," the patrolman stated to her escort. "I must ask you both to accompany me to the police station. I'll get in the back and show you the way."

The superintendent who conducted the interview in the charge-room while consuming a large sandwich, had a quiet voice and calm manner. Notwithstanding his human aspect, his method was disconcertingly thorough. In answer to the charge of not having a licence, Catherine's escort alarmingly excused himself on the score that he was taking his wife for a country run.

"I'm not his wife. I've never seen this man before," she interrupted. The superintendent silenced her, "Your turn next, young lady." The discovery of a considerable money sum in silver, copper and notes in the escort's suitcase proved another blow, particularly as Catherine, to prove her innocence, was asked her name and business in Bexborough.

"Catherine Lawrence. I was stopping at the 'Grand' with a friend," she explained. The superintendent took up the telephone receiver "It's no use asking for my name, Inspector," she was obliged to add. "My friend's name is Smith."

"Not much imagination, has he?" All the same, from what Catherine subsequently heard, the call was put through, but Geoff only knew one way to combat alarm at hearing that the Sussex County Police wished to identify Catherine Lawrence as having stayed at the "Grand."

"Says he's never heard of you," the Superintendent reported.

"But I've got to get to London. Something terrible's happened to someone I know. I telephoned and the receiver had been left off at the other end. Please won't you ring Tulse Hill 3980 or it may be too late?" While the Superintendent re-engaged the 'phone, Catherine, stating that she was a nurse, poured out the rest of her story. By the time she had finished, her heart was colder than ever. Stephen's receiver was still off. Despairingly, she turned upon her escort. "If anything happens you'll be responsible. You'll be to blame for not letting me go. I shouldn't have left Mr. Howard in the state he was in. You'll have murdered him."

"She's telling the truth," the man broke out. "I'm the manager of the *Bexborough Follies*. I've a right to the money. I cleared the box office and meant to send my partners their share by cheque. You can let this young lady go. She knows nothing about it."

"Hmmm—all right—Jim," the Superintendent called. Late that night, with the memory of seeing Stephen unconscious from gas fumes in the room he used as a laboratory, a volume of Shelley's poetry inscribed from A. H. to S. H., fallen from his hand, Catherine's thoughts turned to Geoff with a prayer that he would find consolation. She need not have worried. Consolation came swiftly but not altogether without dignity, for to do him justice, so far as he was able, he had cared for her. His immediate reaction after her disappearance was to go back to the dance room, where he asked the first unattached woman he saw, to dance with him. This happened to be Mrs. Collins, who not only accepted, but found in their two moments of somewhat uncertain progress, the holiday's crowning touch.

Indeed, her lofty, "Did you see that, Hector? A college boy asked me to dance with him," enabled her to return from Bexborough with a husband who usually ruled the roost, quite two inches taller than on leaving home. Meanwhile, destiny decided that Geoff, in a mood of reckless abandon at the bar, should spill his drink over Doreen attired in spotless tennis shorts for the forthcoming beauty parade.

"Now look what you've done. I'll never win now. I'll kill you, I'll kill you !" she screamed. "All right. All right !" Come with me, I'll fix it," he shouted, and bore her off to the bedroom where he handed her a similar garment, which Catherine, in her hurried packing, had left behind. When Doreen, having changed in the bathroom, came back to get her sash inscribed "Miss Fulham," she also found Geoff, face downward on the bed yielding to the intense desire to cry.

"I—I couldn't help seeing that letter from your girl. Take my advice. Love's nothing. I've been through it, so I know," she ventured, oblivious of the usher's call of "Miss Fulham," twice repeated from the ballroom. "You really think so. How d'you mean, you *know?*" Geoffrey asked, raising his head. Thus, while an elderly member of the judging committee was screwing in his monocle for another approving scrutiny of "Miss Mayfair," out of an exchange of youthful confidences, a friendship was born and destined to flourish on the ashes of unrequited romance.

In a hospital bed, Stephen, opening his eyes, gradually saw a face he remembered.

"Hullo, I thought you weren't here. I rang up to ask you to come to me, after all, but you'd gone away—Bank holiday, wasn't it?"

No note of the song in her heart was audible as Catherine said gently, "Yes, I've been and come back. Everyone's coming back. The holiday is over."

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Girls Who Cause Anxiety

A WARNING TO ALL MOTHERS

Many mothers have reason to be worried about their daughters, especially those in their 'teens, for it is in these trying years that anaemia often develops. The anxious mother sees her daughter gradually droop and grow fragile, bloodless and nervous.

These conditions indicate plainly that Nature is calling for more nourishment than the blood can supply, and signs of distress are evidenced by dull eyes, pallid cheeks, a languid step, fits of depression, an aching back, periodical headaches, and a dislike for proper food.

The watchful mother will recognise these signs of anaemia, and take prompt steps to give her daughter the new blood her system is clamouring for by giving her Dr. Williams pink pills. Thousands of unhappy, feeble, anaemic girls have been transformed into robust women through the good red blood these pills infuse into the system.

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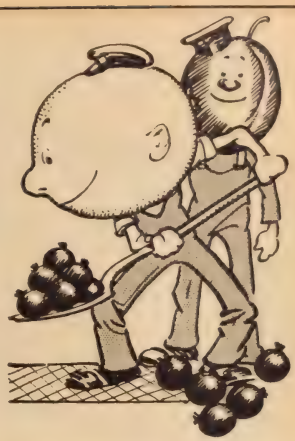
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LIONEL COLLIER'S FILM REVIEWS



Erik Rhodes protests his love for Ida Lupino, but the lady is not impressed.

c**FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY

Radio. *American.* *"U" certificate.* *Romantic farce.* *Runs 65 minutes.*

JOHN BOLES	Bob Densmore	GORDON JONES	Mike Scanlon
JACK OAKIE	Ham Hamilton	PAUL GUILFOYLE	Jimmy Trask
IDA LUPINO	Marietta	BILLY GILBERT	Boros
MARGOT GRAHAME	Marcia Trent	GEORGES RENAVENT	Joros
ERIK RHODES	Spadissino	MAUDE EBURNE	Nadya
CHARLES JUDELS	Felix Janos		

Directed by Ben Stoloff. Screen play by Ernest Pagano, Harry Segall and Harold Kusell.

When Jack Oakie is given a chance, he can be really funny. He gets that chance here as a sort of wise-cracking Sancho Panza to a love-lorn Don Quixote, who before he met his lady had desired nothing more than death. He very nearly gets his wish, too, for the aforesaid lady's lover had already fought duels with forty-three other suitors and neatly despatched them.

It was only due to Oakie's native wit, that the hero, played in ironic vein by John Boles, manages to escape. It is all quite good fun and provides an entertaining burlesque of the usual romance. Ida Lupino, complete with mock foreign accent, is fair as the lady, while Margot Grahame scores as the hero's fiancée, whose jilting of her drives her to despair. Erik Rhodes does well as the unconquerable duellist. The action, by the way, takes place in a very synthetic Budapest.



Frances Farmer, Oscar Homolka, Ray Milland and Barry Fitzgerald go maritime.

**EBB TIDE

Paramount. *American.* *"U" certificate.* *Romantic seafaring melodrama.* *Runs 99 minutes.*

OSCAR HOMOLKA	Captain Thorbecke	CHARLES JUDELS	Port Doctor
FRANCIS FARMER	Faith Wishart	CHARLES STEVENS	Uncle Ned
RAY MILLAND	Robert Herrick	DAVID TORRENCE	Tapena Tom
LLOYD NOLAN	Attwater	LINA BASQUETTE	Attwater's Servant
BARRY FITZGERALD	Huish	HARRY FIELDS	Taniera

Directed by James Hogan from the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Previewed November 13, 1937. Story freely based on the film appeared in our issue of December 4, 1937.

The main feature of this workmanlike adaptation of Stevenson's novel is Oscar Homolka's characterisation of a discredited sea captain who sails on a small-pox infested ship, to an uncharted island, where he is killed by a contraband pearl fisher who suffers from religious mania.

He gives a vivid impression of the man whose once strong sense of honour has been weakened by drink and misfortune. His companions in the venture are another beachcomber, indifferently played by Ray Milland, the daughter of the ship's captain who had died of smallpox, acted with sincerity and restraint by Frances Farmer, and a scrofulous cockney, badly over-stated by Barry Fitzgerald.

As the mad pearl fisher who tries to kidnap the girl, Lloyd Nolan is menacing enough, even if he is not quite in keeping with the role. South Seas setting and shipboard scenes are excellent and the typhoon provides an actionful thrill.



Warren Hull and Patricia Ellis write love songs when they're not making love.

**RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS

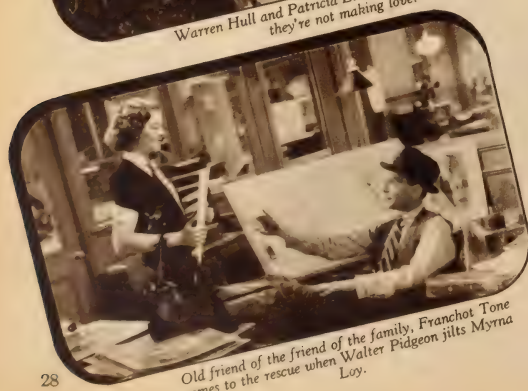
British Lion. *American.* *"U" certificate.* *Romantic radio comedy.* *Runs 63 minutes.*

PATRICIA ELLIS	Judy Walker	CHARLES JUDELS	Luigi
WARREN HULL	Bob McKay	DAVID CARLYLE	Phil Hale
WILLIAM NEWELL	Clyde	JOYCE COMPTON	Amy Lou
RICHARD CARLE	Boswell	SUZANNE KAAREN	Dorothy Day
ZEFFIE TILBURY	Duchess	ESTHER HOWARD	Mrs. Madigan
		ED PARKER	Baxter

Directed by John H. Auer from a original story by George Mence and Ray Bond.

While quite conventional in design, this story of an impecunious song-writer who, posing as the niece of a famous composer, and using his name, gets her work accepted, has been put over well with tuneful orchestration and bright dialogue. The radio station background, too, is ingeniously introduced.

Patricia Ellis has both sex appeal and histrionic ability and makes a strong appeal as the fraudulent lady who eventually finds romance and not the jail her dupe had planned for her. Warren Hull is sound as a lyric writer who falls in love with her, and David Carlyle is well in contrast as the vindictive victim of the hoax.



Old friend of the family, Franchot Tone comes to the rescue when Walter Pidgeon jilts Myrna Loy.

**MAN PROOF

M.-G.-M. *American.* *"A" certificate.* *Society comedy-drama.* *Runs 74 minutes.*

MYRNA LOY	Mimi Swift	RUTH HUSSEY	Jane
FRANCHOT TONE	Jimmy Kilmatin	LEONARD PENN	Bob
ROSALIND RUSSELL	Elizabeth Kent	JOHN MILJAN	Tommy Gaunt
WALTER PIDGEON	Alan Wythe	WILLIAM STACK	Minister
RITA JOHNSON	Florence	OSCAR O'SHEA	Gus
NANA BRYANT	Meg Swift	DAN TOBY	Fight announcer

Directed by Richard Thorpe.

Is love real or a delusion? That is the theme of this very talkative comedy which becomes highly artificial and unconvincing before it comes to the conclusion that love can be real.

Myrna Loy, still suffering from a tendency to excessive immobility, is not at her best as a jilted lady who decides to win back her lost fiancé, but is disillusioned about him, by his wife.

She ends up by marrying a typical screen journalist, engagingly played by Franchot Tone, who gets the most out of a none too fat part.

Walter Pidgeon is good as the faithless lover and Rosalind Russell adequate as his wife. The trouble is that there is far too great a similarity between her and Myrna Loy for them to be cast together, and when Nana Bryant, as the heroine's mother, starts speaking with the same intonation, it becomes somewhat monotonous.

(*Continued on page* 30)



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REVIEWS by

**DANGER—LOVE AT WORK

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Crazy domestic comedy. Runs 81 minutes.

Ann Sothern	Toni Pemberton
Jack Haley	Henry MacMorrow
Mary Boland	Mrs. Alice Pemberton
Edward Everett Horton	Howard Rogers
John Carradine	Herbert Pemberton
Walter Catlett	Uncle Alan
Bennie Bartlett	Junior Pemberton
Maurice Cass	Uncle Goliath
Alan Dinehart	Allan Duncan
Etienne Girardot	Albert Pemberton
E. E. Clive	Wilbur
Margaret McWade	Aunt Patty
Margaret Seddon	Aunt Pitty
Elisha Cook, jun.	Chemist
Hilda Vaughn	Pemberton's Maid
Charles Coleman	Henry's Butler
George Chandler	Attendant
Spencer Charters	Hick
Hal K. Dawson	Chauffeur
Stanley Fields	Thug
Paul Hurst	Police Officer
Claude Allister	Salesman
Jonathan Hale	Parsons
Charles Lane	Gilroy

Directed by Otto L. Preminger. Based on a story by James Edward Grant.

Each crazy comedy I see seems to be one degree crazier than the last, but this one seems to have touched rock-bottom.

It is completely "cuckoo," but there is method in its madness, and it manufactures laughs one after the other, admittedly not with much subtlety, but anyway with a robust and welcome heartiness.

The team work of a strong cast from which it would be invidious to single anyone for acting honours is essentially good, and they put both pep and character into the domestic farce.

The plot is slight and simply concerns the troubles of a junior partner in a big firm of lawyers who has to get the signatures of a whole family of "scatty" people, in order to sell a certain piece of land. He is suspected of being a crook, by one of the members, but falls in love with another who, luckily for him, in the end, becomes estranged from her family.



Ann Sothern and Jack Haley lead the fun in a crazy comedy "Danger—Love at Work."

*THE LAST CHANCE

Pathe. British. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 74 minutes.

Frank Leighton	Alan Burmiste
Judy Kelly	Mary Perri
Lawrence Hanray	Mr. Perri
Wyndham Goldie	John Worra
Franklyn Bellamy	Inspector Cutt
Aubrey Mallalieu	Judge Croyl
Billy Milton	Michael Worra
Jenny Laird	Bett
Charles Sewell	Brougl
Alfred Wellesley	Ivor Conne
Charles Paton	Connel's Cler
Harry Hutchinson	Hammon
Arthur Hambling	Brow
Edgar Driver	Foreman of Jur

Directed by Thomas Bentley from a story by Frank Stayton.

Very theatrical melodrama which manages to keep its surprise dénouement quite well, and is put over in the approved manner of its type. The acting, however, is not always equal to the demands put upon it.

The plot is the old familiar one of a man's best friend marrying his fiancée after he had been sent to prison on a—in this case—murder charge, and it eventually transpires that the guilty person was none other than the so-called friend.

Frank Leighton is quite good as the hero and Judy Kelly is adequate as the heroine. The best individual piece of acting is given by Aubrey Mallalieu as the judge; it is a clever cameo character. In spite of its hackneyed situations, the development is not too bad.

*THE RADIO MURDER MYSTERY

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Wireless Thriller. Runs 59 minutes.

Ronald Reagan	Andy McLeo
June Travis	Jo Hopkin
Eddie Acuff	"Dunk" Glove
Ben Weldon	"Nicey" Ferguso
Robert Barrat	J. D. Harringto
Addison Richards	E. E. Nichol
Raymond Hatton	Westo
Dickie Jones	Bi
Willard Parker	Les Quimb
William Hopper	Eddie Goul
Spec O'Donnell	"Pinkie
Herbert Rawlinson	Mr. Copeli
Tommy Bupp	Mous
Mary Hart	Mrs. Copeli
Jack Mower	Lan
Harry Hayden	Mr. Butle

Directed by Nick Grinde from a story by Ro Chanslor.

Journalists have usually had the prerogative in pictures of ferreting out the guilty party in "oodonit" murder stories, but now a wireless announcer usurps the privilege and catches the criminal.

As a matter of fact, this picture is a sort of watered-down version of *Hi! Nellie*, Paul Muni's successful crime comedy, only in this case, the journalist becomes a radio announcer and when he is dismissed, takes over the children's hour instead of the

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

c**FIGHT FOR YOUR LADY
**EBB TIDE
**RHYTHM IN THE CLOUDS
**MAN-PROOF
**DANGER—LOVE AT WORK
*THE LAST CHANCE
*THE RADIO MURDER MYSTERY
*PARTNERS IN CRIME
c*TROUBLE AT MIDNIGHT
c*THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

Lionel Collier—*Contd.*

eart-throb columns to which Muni as condemned.

It provides fair enough entertainent and is quite reasonably acted. t will appeal to you more if you ave not seen *Hi ! Nellie*.



Roscoe Karns receives an unwelcome mud-bath in "Partners in Crime."

*PARTNERS IN CRIME

aramount. American. "A" certificate. Crook Farce. Runs 62 minutes.

LYNNE OVERMAN.....Hank Hyer
ROSCOE KARNS.....Sim Perkins
MURIEL HUTCHINSON.....Odette La Vin
ANTHONY QUINN.....Nick Mazaney
INEZ COURTNEY.....Lillian Tate
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Mr. Twitchell
CHARLES HALTON.....Silas Wagon
CHARLES WILSON.....Inspector Simpson
RUSSELL HICKS.....Mayor Callaghan
ESTHER HOWARD.....Mrs. Wagon
NORA CECIL.....Housekeeper
JUNE BREWSTER.....Mabel

Directed by Ralph Murphy. Based on a novel by Kurt Steel.

We have got pretty used to American idiom, but this picture is so American in phrase and in atmosphere that it becomes somewhat unintelligible at times.

It laughs at American political machinery, which has so often been the butt of farces, and takes the form of the biography of a bluffer who ends up as broke as he began after a series of double-crossings and so forth.

Lynne Overman, as the bluffer, a private detective, carries the entertainment on his shoulders, and provides most of the laughs; he is well supported by Roscoe Karns.

c*TROUBLE AT MIDNIGHT

Gen. F.D. (Universal). American. "A" certificate. Small-town melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

NOAH BEERY.....Kirk Cameron
CATHERINE HUGHES.....Catherine Benson
LARRY BLAKE.....Tony Michaels
BERNADENE HAYES.....Marion
LOUIS MASON.....Elmer
EARL DWIRE.....Goff
CHAS. HALTON.....Everett Benson
FRANK MELTON.....Frank Cordeen
GEORGE HUMBERT.....Nick
EDWARD HEARN.....De Hoff
HARLAN BRIGGS.....Sheriff
HENRY HUNTER.....Dick
BARRY BRADLEY.....Doctor

Directed by Ford Beebe. Based on the story, "Night Patrol," by Kimball Herrick.

Combination of Western and gangster fare, put over with vitality and backed up by a certain amount of plausibility.

It is in essence the old story of cattle rustling, but the introduction of gangster characters takes it a little out of the usual rut. Acting, too, is rather above the average, good performances coming from Noah Beery, jun., Frank Melton, Catherine Hughes, and Larry Blake.

There is a sound spectacular climax and plenty of action.

c*THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

Associated British Pictures. American. "U" certificate. Pioneer melodrama.

SMITH BALLEW.....Bill Gibson
HEATHER ANGEL.....Jeannie Thatcher
LEROY MASON.....Fred Foster
BEN ALEXANDER.....Bart
OTIS HARLAN.....Jake
VICTOR POTEL.....Jasper
FRANK MCGLYNN, SEN.....Lincoln
HOWARD HICKMAN.....Thatcher
ALAN BRIDGE.....Holman
BUD OSBORNE.....Steve
WESLEY GIRARD.....Bud
LEW KELLY.....Ezra
TOM LONDON.....Clem
HORACE MURPHY.....Squatter

Directed by George Sherman from a story by Harold Bill Wright.

America has once again become Civil War conscious. In the silent days we had a flood of films dealing with the subject, and now there seems to be a swing back to the period, at least if not to the war itself.

In this case the plot deals with gold looting during the war, which is effectively put a stop to by a cowboy assigned to the task by none other than President Lincoln himself.

It is artless enough material, but virile and generally quite plausible.

Smith Ballew makes a good hero and Heather Thatcher a charming heroine.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

For the benefit of readers from whom we have had numerous requests, we publish below a list of films awarded two, three or four stars during the past two months. The stellar rating is given in brackets after the title of the film.

Angel (3)	*April 23*
Artists and Models (3)	*March 19*
Awful Truth, The (4)	*April 2*
Back in Circulation (2)	*March 12*
Charlie Chan on Broadway (2)	*March 19*
Confession (3)	*March 26*
Counsel For Crime (2)	*March 12*
Dangerously Yours (2)	*April 2*
Dead End (4)	*April 2*
Dinner at Eight (2)	*April 2*
Double or Nothing (2)	*March 26*
Ever Since Eve (2)	*March 19*
Exposing Husbands (2)	*May 7*
Forty-Five Fathers (2)c	*May 7*
Girl With Ideas, A (2)	*May 7*
Heidi (3)c	*April 16*
Hero of Pine Ridge, The (2)c	*May 7*
Hideaway (2)	*March 26*
Hopalong Rides Again (2)c	*April 9*
Hot Water (2)	*March 12*
I'll Take Romance (2)	*May 7*
Jungle Adventure (2)	*May 7*
Lancer Spy (3)	*March 26*
Last Adventurers, The (2)c	*April 16*
Last Gangster, The (2)	*April 30*
Marie Walewska (4)	*April 9*
Mutiny of the "Elsinore" (2)	*April 23*
Navy Blue and Gold (2)c	*April 16*
Night Club Scandal (2)	*April 9*
Non-Stop New York (2)	*March 19*
100 Men and a Girl (3)c	*March 12*
Pathetone Parade of 1938 (2)	*March 26*
Paradise for Two (2)	*April 23*
Prisoner of Zenda, The (3)c	*March 12*
Range Defenders (2)c	*April 23*
Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel, The (2)c	*April 16*
Rosalie (2)	*April 23*
School for Husbands (3)	*March 26*
Second Honeymoon (2)	*April 23*
Smash and Grab (2)	*April 9*
Springtime in the Rockies (2)c	*April 16*
Stage Door (4)	*March 19*
Stand-In (3)	*April 9*
Submarine D.1 (3)	*April 30*
Take It From Me (2)	*March 12*
That Certain Woman (3)	*April 2*
Thunder Trail (2)	*April 30*
Trigger Trio, The (2)c	*May 7*
Varsity Show (2)c	*April 16*
Young and Innocent (3)	*April 30*



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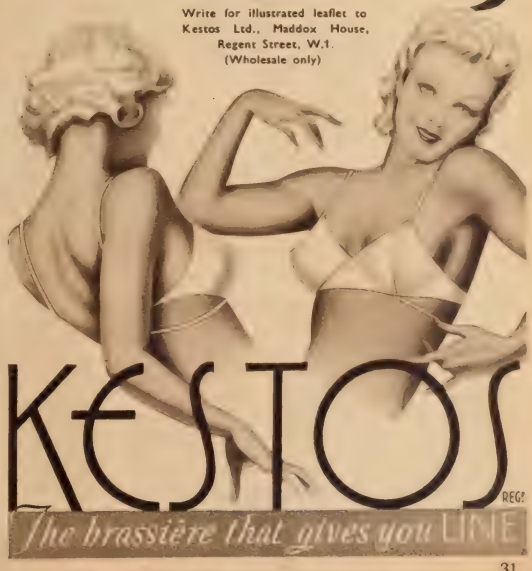
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WHERE IS THE PERFECT "FAN"?

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REAMS have been written about the perfection and imperfection of films, but nobody yet seems to have given us a definition of the perfect "fan," though lots have been said about our alleged faults.

The perfect "Fan" is essentially an individual, not merely one of a crowd. The "Fan" must have brains more developed than is necessary for the enjoyment of wireless and stage where contact is closer. He does not glare at the screen with a "Now see if you can interest me," but rather seeks to enter into communion with all the film-folk portray in emotion, joy, sorow, tragedy.

These principles are the secret of good screen-gazing. They are simple rules, but followed would help all to get more enjoyment from films, and incidently would abolish the, alas, too often increased and unreasonable criticisms.—*F. E. C., Mansfield Road, Sherwood, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1s.



The portrait of Robert Taylor is contributed by a reader, Eric Butt, 31 Yew Tree Lane, West Derby, Liverpool 12.

Intelligence Test

● After the example of the daily press, I have composed an intelligence test for fans.

Problem One.—To which of the following screen types do these lines of dialogue belong?

(*a*) "You're fired."
(*b*) "I never want to see you again."
(*c*) "Get out! Get out! Get out!"
(*d*) "I'll be seein' you."
(*e*) "I've never been so humiliated in all my life."

To (1) A royal personage? (2) A fussy female?
(3) A girl? (4) An Editor?
(5) A young man?

Problem Two.—Which type of film is all about people in evening clothes and their unbearably familiar valets? In which, against a background of gilded night life, do they order caviare and champagne and settle down to talk nonchalantly about cheques in four figures and jewels of immense value?

Answer.—In any quota quickie which has obviously been produced at a cost of one-eleven-three.—*Barbara Fletcher, Flat 4, 205 Dickson Road, Blackpool, Lancs, who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Town Versus Country

● About a fortnight ago, I paid sixpence to gain admittance to a village hall, the local "palace of varieties" of a small village miles from any town. I was shown to my seat, a long form in the front row, and there witnessed a "magnificent" attraction, as it was termed, actually a very old talking film. The projection was bad, and the talking and general sound, similar. Musical interludes were provided by a pianist who was undoubtedly an amateur. The audience appeared to be very enthusiastic about it all, and apparently thoroughly enjoyed the programme.

Next day I visited a large super cinema in a provincial town. I paid sixpence, had a back seat in the stalls—the most modern and comfortable seat possible, saw two good up-to-date films and a delightful stage show, plus an organ interlude and news reel.

What a contrast!—"*Ancient and Modern,*" *Suffolk.*

(*Yes, that's one side of the picture. But now read the next letter.*—"*Thinker.*")

City Versus Town

● As one who lives between a large city and a town I think I should be able to compare the cinemas.

In the city I find they give all attention to the comfort of their patrons and only very little to the films. Of late one of the cinemas has installed new sound, but I am afraid the standard of films they show are never up to much. They get on an average about one good film every two or three months.

In the town things are quite the opposite, very little attention given to the comfort, patrons being given hard covered benches to sit on. But when one is watching such films as *Charge of the Light Brigade, Tale of Two Cities* and *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—one forgets this little discomfort. —*T. W. Good, Sheaf, Bandon, Co. Cork, Eire.*

(*You see what I mean.*—"*Thinker.*")

In Echelon

● Worse than the echelon of a stream of cars trying to overtake is the centre aisle at some cinemas.

The man in front leans out a little to see round the tall hat of the woman in front of him, I lean out to see round the man in front, the man behind me leans out a little more, and so the merry game goes on until the back man is practically falling out of his seat.

Can't we stop these aisle-leaners somehow and relax in peace? It's so uncomfortable!—*S. Mogridge, Oakhurst, Ockham Rd., East Horsley, Surrey.*

(*The best way is to be seven feet tall.*—"*Thinker.*")

Great Garbo

● Garbo is impregnable. Every film is a fresh triumph for her. When I think of the potential queens of the screen who have assailed her throne down the years and realise how they have been so easily vanquished, my hat is humbly doffed to this empress of the cinema.

(*Continued on page* 34)

There's only one . . .

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capture-making . . . Tattoo!



For the woman who's looked at not once or twice but again and again and again — Tattoo's the one and only lipstick! Rapture-making, capture-making . . . red that stays and stays! Glad, this-is-me, made-for-love shades that give a new glamour to lips. Tattoo! For only Tattoo has that transparent dawn-dewiness. For only Tattoo has that South Sea maiden's secret of exotic stain instead of greasy coating. For only Tattoo has that *definite* indelibility . . put it on, rub it off, only the colour stays! For faces in the fashion, lips made for passion . . . lovely and lovable . . . there's only one lipstick . . . Tattoo, the lipstick of lipsticks!

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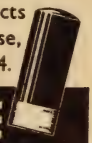
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The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. 6d. and 1/3.

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This is what attracts men's eyes most. Then give your lips the glowing transparency and freshness of youth now, by trying the new French GUITARE LIPSTICK—Indelible — Natural — Traceless — with the 'Kissfix' base. It stays on all day. GUITARE is obtainable in eight glowing, transparent shades. De luxe model, 4/6d. Standard size, 2/-. Trial size (enough for one month), 6d. On sale at all good chemists and stores. Sole distributors for U.K.: Chemical & Natural Products Ltd., (Dept.P4) Thames House, Queen Street Place, E.C.4.



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Exclusive Distributors:
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WHO'S WHO

Stanley Morner

● This twenty-five-year-old actor, who may be a Nelson Eddy some day, was born in Prentice, Wisconsin, on a certain December 20. He attended Carroll College, working himself through by taking jobs in the lumber yards.

In addition to his regular scholastic work he studied dramatics and singing.

Five years ago he joined a troupe and toured the Middle West in *Faust*.

Later in Milwaukee he became a radio sports announcer, and singer. Then, while singing in cabaret in Chicago, he was discovered by the head of the Chicago Musical College.

His next step up the ladder of fame came when he sang with the great Mary Garden in *Carmen*.

Soon after he took a screen test and made his début in *I Conquer the Sea*.

Since then he has been seen in *Suzy, Mama Steps Out, Song of the City, The Great Ziegfeld, Maytime*, and *Navy Blue and Gold*.

The actor is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, and has dark hair and eyes.

Chester Morris

● Born in New York on February 16, 1902, the son of William Morris, a famous American stage star. He studied illustrating at the New York School of Fine Arts before emulating his parents and becoming an actor.

He played in many plays in New York and on the road. One of them was *Fast Life*, which also featured a comparatively unknown young actress named Claudette Colbert.

For some time he appeared with his father, mother, brother and two sisters in a vaudeville sketch written by his father called "All the Horrors of Home."

His greatest stage hit was made in *Crime*, which ran for a year and a half on Broadway. Soon after it closed he went to Hollywood and made his screen bow in *The Perfect Alibi*, one of the first talkies, in 1928.

He followed up that initial success with even bigger triumphs in *The Divorcée* and *The Big House*.

More recently he has been seen in *The Three Godfathers, Moonlight Murder, Frankie and Johnnie, Counterfeit, They Met in a Taxi, Devil's Playground, I Promise to Pay*, and *Flight from Glory*.

Morris is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, and has black hair and grey eyes.

Wayne Morris

● Scored so sensational a hit in *Kid Galahad*, which made him an overnight star, that it is not widely realised that he had been in films for some considerable time before that picture without making anyone Wayne Morris-conscious.

Wayne is a local boy who has made good. He was born in Los Angeles on February 17, 1914, and was educated at the famous Los Angeles High School.

Like his namesake, Chester, he studied to be an artist. After working his way to Australia and back on a tramp steamer and working as a forest ranger, he became interested in acting and got a job in the Pasadena Playhouse, where he was noticed by a movie talent scout. He had small parts in *China Clipper, The Voice of Scandal, King of the Ice Rink*, and *Land Beyond the Law*.

He was given a good role in one of the Warner Studios' "B" pictures, *Don't Pull Your Punches*, and so impressed the executives that they held up the film and rushed him into the title role of *Kid Galahad*. The rest is recent history.

His latest picture is *Submarine D.1*.

Wayne is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, and has fair hair and blue eyes. His real name is Bert De Wayne Morris, but don't tell him we said so.

Alan Mowbray

● Was born in London on August 18, 1896.

He did not take up acting as a career until after the War, in which he served in the Royal Air Force.

His first part was in *The Cinderella Man* on tour. He went to America in 1923 to appear with the Theatre Guild.

Later, he acted in and produced plays in Los Angeles. The obvious next step, of course, was to the studios.

His first film was *God's Gift to Women*, and he has ever since been one of Hollywood's busiest and most popular featured players.

Although he concentrates on comedy on the screen and is one of the film colony's leading practical jokers, he finds time to be a serious author and playwright as well. He recently had a book of plays published.

Mowbray is 6 ft. tall and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Lorayne Carpenter, an actress, and has one child, Patricia.

Latest films: *Topper, Marry the Girl, On Such a Night, Walter Wanger's Vogues of* 1938, *Stand-In, Music for Madame, Hollywood Hotel*, and *Merrily We Live*.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

Mercilessly caricatured by alleged mimics, attacked by critics time after time who have accused her of being through, her simple life a butt for jesters and an object of almost criminal probing by people who stop at nothing, she yet remains dignified, aloof and secure in her position as the world's greatest actress. While others are being labelled as great she moves on in stately triumph, leaving a procession of has-beens and never-could-bes behind her.

When the last lens has been capped the universal cry will be "Garbo was great."—*Inman Race, 46, Southey Crescent, Sheffield 5.*

(How many other names will survive the passing years?—"Thinker.")

A Fruitful Field

● We have had a marvellous variety of films dealing with most aspects of life; about police, crooks, hotels, farms, factories, shops, society, etc., but so far practically no use has been made of the valuable material which the Local Government services contain.

There's a wealth of fun, drama and history in all branches of local government—Council meetings, elections, local Councils of 40 years ago, say, compared with those of to-day, the Officers of these Councils and their ambitions and struggles, their social life, the Mayors' engagements, and a thousand other topics.

But this subject, rich to overflowing with material of interest to everyone, lies more or less untouched.

South Riding brings in a little of such interest, but there's heaps in local government affairs for those producers who, it is often stated, are for ever looking for something fresh.—*E. C. Coleman, Public Relations Correspondent, National Association of Local Government Officers, Battersea Branch, Town Hall, Battersea, S.W.11.*

(I expect we shall get round to it in time.—"Thinker.")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

There are 9
"BASIC SHADES"
and one of them is yours



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Eventually we found that there are just 9 types of complexion. So we made our powder in these 9 "Basic Shades." Among them is *your* exact shade. Matched to *your* complexion. It spreads with flawless smoothness. Imparts that subtle bloom which looks perfectly natural. And, what is no less important, it clings and clings and clings.

IN THE 9 BASIC SHADES 6D & 1/3 PER BOX

★ **FREE COFFRET** *Containing Crème Simon (tube), Crème Simon M.A.T. (jar), La Nouvelle Poudre (9 shades), sent for 6d in stamps (for postage and packing) to Crème Simon (Distributors) Ltd. (P.T.), 65 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.*

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CRÈME SIMON The different skinfood used a different way. Jars 1/3 and 2/3. Tubes 6d. and 1/6.

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CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up callouses and corns, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-aspirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. Money back if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails. At Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all chemists.



Few can quickly get a gorgeous tropical BRONZE-TAN by using "COOLTAN," the amazing *greaseless* cream that screens out *harmful* Burn-rays, yet hastens the thrilling tan effect. "Cooltan," on face and body, means a Sun Tan that's *smart* instead of a sunburn that smarts! Good for men, women and children. The biggest selling, most effective Summer Beauty Aid and Safeguard. Success for years on American, Hawaiian and Australian beaches. Tubes 1/3, 2/-; lotion, 2/6; chemists, stores, salons or (9d. post ex.) from Kathleen Court, Suite A.K., 324, Regent St., London, W.1.

PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE

Magnesia Whitens Teeth

The woman whose smile reveals such uncommonly white teeth! You can get yours just as white: anybody's teeth can be whitened with a certain brand of magnesia. It has been found that 'Milk of Magnesia' sets up a harmless chemistry in the mouth which counteracts the acid discoloration of tooth enamel. It even removes the deep yellow stains of tobacco!

You can have your teeth a natural white in less than a month, and keep them that way. No matter how badly discoloured they may be now.

It isn't any trouble, takes no extra time, because you can get the proper ingredients in a toothpaste. Phillips' Dental Magnesia contains seventy-five per cent. 'Milk of Magnesia,' and if you use it even one week your teeth will be very perceptibly whiter. Ask any chemist for Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and watch what it does. Twelve thousand dentists are recommending this dentifrice. Not so much for its amazing whitening properties, but because of the protection against decay. The high 'Milk of Magnesia' content neutralizes the mouth acids that eat into the enamel. Tartar gets no chance to form. Even the gumline is protected.

Keep the mouth alkaline, and you will have sound teeth when old. To say nothing of their whiteness all the time. Remember, 'Milk of Magnesia' is the brand of magnesia that will wash away all discolorations, and only one paste has it —Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

All chemists have this dentifrice that whitens teeth. Thousands of people have changed over to it. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended, ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

3 FREE GIFTS FOR YOUR HAIR

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1 HARLENE, the supreme hair grower and tonic, makes thin, poor hair, thick and virile. Falling hair is stopped and new Healthy Hair commences to grow upon bald patches! Price 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

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3 UZON BRILLIANTINE Invaluable to those with dry scalps. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle, or 1/3 per tin.

4 HARLENE WAVE SETTING LOTION. Makes beautiful deep waves. Protects against damp, fog, even sea air. 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

5 HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH. Gives the glint of sunshine to fair hair. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

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From all Chemists.

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CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

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He fought shy of her once

—but she uses Odo-ro-no now

MEN begin revising their opinion about a girl once she faces up to this — *it is a fact that many girls offend because they do nothing to prevent their normal, healthy perspiration staling and becoming unpleasant*. The worst of it is, you *cannot* detect it in yourself, though others can. That is why women who care about the impression they make use Odo-ro-no *regularly* — make a toilet routine of it. Like cleaning teeth.

For Odo-ro-no abolishes all odour from perspiration, and also prevents that excessive, unhealthy perspiration under the arms which ruins one's clothes. Be sensible about it — save your clothes — and save yourself — from the unpleasant effects of perspiration.

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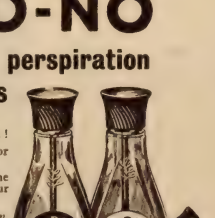
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1/6 also larger and smaller sizes

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge 'applicator.'

LET GEORGE DO IT !

READER.—Jane Bryan, b. June 11, 1919, Hollywood, California. She has brown hair and blue eyes, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall and weighs 113 lb. Write to her c/o Warner Bros. (U.S.A.). Her films include : *The Captain's Kid, The Case of the Black Cat, Strange Laws, Married Woman, Kid Galahad, Confession, A Slight Case of Murder.*

G. MCK. (Bristol).—(1) Donald Cook took the part of Richard in *The World Changes*. (2) Rex Harrison, b. 1908, Hutton, Cheshire; he has dark hair and is over 6 ft. tall, is married and has one son. His latest film is *St. Martin's Lane*. (3) Ralph Bellamy, b. Chicago, June 17, 1904, is 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, weighs 12st. 10lb., and has brown hair and blue eyes, married Catharine Willard. His latest film is *The Crime of Dr. Hallett*.

READER.—Roland Young's films since 1933 : *Pleasure Cruise, Blind Adventure, His Double Life, David Copperfield, Here is My Heart, Ruggles of Red Gap, The Unguarded Hour, The Man Who Could Work Miracles, One Rainy Afternoon, Sweet Aloes, Gypsy, Call it a Day, King Solomon's Mines, Topper, Ali Baba Goes to Town* and *Sailing Along*. (2) Elizabeth Allan's films : *Service, Solitaire Man, No Marriage Ties, Ace of Aces, The Mystery of Mr. X, Men in White, Java Head, A Woman of the World, David Copperfield, Mark of the Vampire, A Tale of Two Cities, A Woman Rebels, Camille, Michael Strogoff, Slave Ship*. (3) Edward Arnold : *Jenny Gerhardt, I'm No Angel, Secrets of the Blue Room, Her Body Guard, Roman Scandals, Madame Spy, Thirty Day Princess, Sadie McKee, The Hide Out, Million Dollar Ransom, Wednesday's Child, Diamond Jim, Biography of a Bachelor Girl, The Strange Conspiracy, Cardinal Richelieu, The Glass Key, Remember Last Night, Crime and Punishment, Sutter's Gold, Meet Nero Wolfe, Come and Get It, Toast of New York, Easy Living, Blossoms on Broadway*. (4) Raymond Massey's films : *The Scarlet Pimpernel, Things to Come, Fire Over England, Dreaming Lips, Under the Red Robe, The Prisoner of Zenda, The Hurricane*.

J. N. (Sussex).—Write to Nelson Eddy, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Film Studios (U.S.A.).

PICTUREGOER (Co. Durham).—Write to George Formby, c/o Associated Talking Pictures (Eng.).

E. D. (Bexhill).—Paderewski played Listz's Second Hungarian Rhapsody at the beginning of *Moonlight Sonata*.

VIOLETTE.—(1) John Gielgud took the part of Inigo Jolliant in *The Good Companions*. (2) Griffith Jones played opposite Jessie Matthews in *First a Girl*. (3) Terence and Derrick De Marney are brothers, but they are not related to Patric Knowles. (4) Terence de Marney born March 1, 1909, London, married Diana Hope-Dunbar. (5) Derrick de Marney born Sept. 21, 1906. London. (6) Asterisks as follows : *The Good Companions, Evergreen* and *Road to Glory* two; *Things to Come* three. (7) Patric Knowles about 25 years old.

H. B. M. (India).—Olive Melville has made *In the Soup* and *The Howard Case* since *The Stoker*. Write to her c/o Universal British Productions.

PICTUREGOER FAN.—(1) Fred Conyngham born June 8, 1909. His films include : *Key to Harmony, School for Stars, The Crouching Beast, Beloved Imposter*. (2) Edward Norris's films include : *Murder in the Fleet, Wagon Trail, The Magnificent Brute, Tainted Money, Mama Steps Out, Song of the City, Between Two Women, They Won't Forget, Bad Guy*. (3) *The Minstrel Boy* released Feb. 14, 1938. (4) Neither Fred Conyngham nor Edward Norris photographs are obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

ALLERTON (Catford).—(1) Allan Jones born Scranton, Pa., 1908, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lb., and has brown eyes and light brown hair, married Irene Hervey and they have a son, John Allan, born early this year. Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.). (2) Errol Flynn b. June 20 1909, Ireland, he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 180 lb., has brown hair and eyes and is married to Lili Damita. Write to him c/o Warner Bros. (U.S.A.). (3) Tony Martin born Dec. 25, no year given, Oakland, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lb., and has black hair and dark brown eyes, married Alice Faye Sept. 4, 1937. Write to him c/o Twentieth Century Fox Studios (U.S.A.). The usual charge for an autographed photograph is 1s. 0d. including postage. You must obtain an International Postal Order from your local Post Office for the required amount and enclose it in your letter to the stars.

D. K. (Yorks).—The late Ross Alexander was born New York, July 27, 1908, he was 6 ft. 1½ in. tall, had brown hair and blue eyes, married *(a)* Altea Friele (dec.), *(b)* Ann Nagel. A photograph is not obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

HAZEL ASCOT FAN (S.A.).—Hazel Ascot born about 8 years ago. Yes, *Talking Feet* is her first film. (2) Charles Chaplin was born in England and Eddie Cantor in New York.

J. B.—Herbert Wilcox announced that *Nelson* would be the next film for Anna Neagle, but his plans have been changed now and *Sixty Glorious Years* with Anton Walbrook will be made first, with a biography of Marie Lloyd following.

G. M. (Holloway).—Write to Deanna Durbin, c/o Universal Studios (U.S.A.).

D. E. B. (Herts).—Carole Lombard—pronounced as Carol, Lombard exactly as spelt.

MEG MERILIES (Rhodesia).—The background music in *The Plainsman* was composed by the studio staff and is not published. (2) Porter Hall took the part of Jack McCall in *The Plainsman*. (3) Jeanette MacDonald born June 18, 1907, Philadelphia, U.S.A., she has reddish brown hair and blue-green eyes, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and weighs 120 lb., married Gene Raymond. (4) Nelson Eddy born June 29, 1901, Providence, Rhode Island, is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lb. and has blond hair and blue eyes, he is not married.

A. S. (Walthamstow).—The alteration you have noticed in Alice Faye is simply a case of different hair style, studio make-up, etc.

IRISH EYES (Sheffield).—Bebe Daniels, John Boles, Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, took the chief roles in *Rio Rita*. (2) Errol Flynn's latest film is *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, with Olivia de Havilland; and he is scheduled for *Romantic Adventure*, with Joan Blondell; *All Rights Reserved*, with Rosalind Russell. (3) Raymond Milland is married to Muriel Weber.

READER (Surrey).—Yes, *The Baroness and the Butler* is now finished. We have no details of a fan club for Annabella.

G. P. (Worcester).—Write to Gracie Fields, c/o Twentieth-Century Fox Studios, (Eng.).

F. J. (Mon.).—We published a supplement of *Captains Courageous* in the Dec. 11, 1937 issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6 Catherine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

A. M. (Durham).—Gene Autry born Tioga, Texas, Sept. 29, 1907, he is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, weighs 165 lb. and is married. Write to him c/o Republic Studios (U.S.A.). (2) Music in *Guns and Guitars* : "Riding All Day," "The Cowboy Medicine Show," "Guns and Guitars," "Dream Valley." This music is not published in this country.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

THE BOBBY BREEN FAN CLUB welcomes new members. Write to Jack Robinson, 67 Knowsley Street, Oldham Road, Manchester, 4, for full particulars.

• • •

THE BRITISH DEANNA DURBIN CLUB has now a Birmingham Branch. Write to Miss Jovis, 47 Yardley Green Road, Small Heath, Birmingham, for full details of this club.

• • •

Will all readers please note that a MR. PENNY (Richard Goolden) FAN CLUB has now been started, and all readers interested in this star should write to Miss Denwright, 80 Hatfield Road, Bedford Park, W.4, for full particulars.

• • •

THE HENRY DANIELL CLUB welcomes new members and all those interested in this actor should write to the President, Miss Freda Wakeling, 123 Huddleston Road Tufnell Park, London, N.7. Membership privileges include personally autographed photograph and a copy of the Club News.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. If the fan club is in America an International Postal Order must be obtained from your local post office for the required amount of the return postage.

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ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY, 2d.

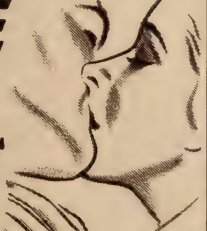
Beautiful Grandmothers

Try this simple easy way to look fresh and young



CREAM of milk and olive oil, both pre-digested and pasteurized are blended with other valuable secret ingredients in the renowned formula used for twenty years in making Crème Tokalon non-greasy, white colour. It quickly nourishes and rejuvenates your skin, banishes wrinkles and complexion blemishes. Makes the skin look fresh and young, feel good and smell good. Will not grow hair. English women as a class are considered far more beautiful today than they were a few years ago. Experts say this startling change has been produced by the extensive use of Crème Tokalon. A million pots are sold every month. Commence using it today and look younger every morning. Successful results guaranteed in every case or your money will be refunded.

LOVE me forever



The magic allure of your lips will hold him in a spell of ecstasy—they will look lovelier than ever before. Tenderly he will hold you close as he pleads "love me forever."

Yes, he will say it *tonight* and *mean* it—if you give your lips the allure of the Stars of Hollywood with the wonderful Kissproof *Automatic* Lipstick—the Stars' own beauty secret. *You* can buy it for a shilling at any Chemist, Hairdresser and Department Store.

See also the exotic new Kissproof Baton at 6d.

Kissproof

NEW AUTOMATIC *Indelible* LIPSTICK



They gasped and said—

SHE is the Queen

WHEN film fans saw Anna Neagle as Queen Victoria they gasped and said, "She *is* the Queen." Now see Anna in the part, on a "Picturegoer" Postcard, in colours. She wears an exquisite bonnet of old lace tied with bonny blue ribbons, and tiny pink roses make a framework for her hair. Again she *is* the Queen! Be sure to get this lovely postcard of Anna.

SEPIA GLOSSY SERIES

George Arliss
Gene Autry
Freddie Bartholomew(2)
Charles Boyer
Olympe Bradna
Alice Brady
Anthony Bushell
Diana Churchill
Danielle Darrieux
Irene Dunne
Deanna Durbin
Greta Garbo
Judy Garland
Jean Gillie
Fernand Gravet
Andrea Leeds
Myrna Loy
Claire Luce
Ray Milland (2)
Wayne Morris
David Niven
Lily Pons
Edward G. Robinson
Charles Rogers
Cesar Romero
Lyle Talbot
Anton Walbrook

"PARTNERS" IN SEPIA & COLOUR

Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo; Gary Cooper and Frances Dee; Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers; Adolphe Menjou and Deanna Durbin; Robert Montgomery and Marion Davies; William Powell and Myrna Loy; Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford; Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle; Robert Young and Joan Crawford (2).

POST FORM BELOW AT ONCE

To "THE PICTUREGOER" Salon,
85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please enrol me as a member of "The Picturegoer" Postcard Club and send me Membership Card and full particulars of discounts, etc., on future orders. I enclose order for not less than one dozen "Picturegoer" postcards, price 2/6 dozen. Please include with my order your 2/- Postcard Album *free*. I enclose 1/- extra (or 2/- extra if the album *de luxe* is chosen) to cover cost of postage and packing on my gift.

Name.....

Full Postal Address.....

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P.O. No..... Amount.....

Overseas readers should enclose 2/- extra to cover packing and postage, or 3/- extra if album *de luxe* is required.

"Cross P.O. /and Co., and make payable to "THE PICTUREGOER."

Applicants in Eire will be required to pay any charges that may be levied. Pic. 14/5/38

CALOX

THE *Oxygen* TOOTH POWDER

MAKES YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS



BEVERLY ROBERTS WarnerBros. —First National Star of "Expensive Husbands"

"Calox fulfils every Hollywood 'must' for a dentifrice—it is safe, thorough, and makes the teeth shine beautifully. I like to use it.'

Beverly Roberts



You, too, can have gleaming white *sound* teeth by using CALOX, for it releases a flood of oxygen bubbles which cleans out food debris—destroys decay germs—keeps the whole mouth fresh and sweet.

CALOX, a McKesson product, is sold in convenient tins at 1/- and 2/- by Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all high-class chemists. **Its economy will amaze you!** Try it at our expense.

Send your name and address on a card (stamped 1d.) to Ref. 42, McKesson & Robbins, Ltd., Eagle House, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4 for a sample.

FINGER-tips TO REMEMBER



NEVER

apply varnish when nails are wet or greasy

With every bottle of AMAMI Nail Varnish are full instructions for the perfect care of your nails. AMAMI nails gleam like pearls; never look dull, untidy; always catch the eye by their smooth flawless finish. Get AMAMI Nail Varnish in Colourless, Natural, Coral, Rose, Ruby, Rust or Pearl. One bottle lasts weeks! 6d. at all chemists, hairdressers & stores.

ALWAYS use AMAMI NAIL VARNISH

for FINGERTIP PERFECTION



Read Jennie O'Sullivan's letter, from 119 Hurlingham Road, London, S.W.6: "I am 24 years of age and three months ago I had Erysipelas and Mastoid, which caused so much of my hair to fall out that I was almost bald. My friend recommended me to try Pure Silvikrin, which had actually grown a new head of hair for her after a similar illness. I got a bottle and have only used a quarter of it but already my hair has stopped falling out, dandruff has completely disappeared, and I have grown a really good head of hair again. It is now so much thicker, glossier—healthier looking altogether. I really think your preparation is marvellous."

This case of almost miraculous hair growth is typical of thousands of others—women who have despaired of getting their hair back have tried Silvikrin and been amazed at the result. Silvikrin does grow hair—that has been proved conclusively by the medical profession: it is more than a hair tonic—it is a scientific preparation of the hair's natural food—the result of years of patient research by the brilliant biochemist, Dr. Weidner. It definitely clears up dandruff and stops falling hair: it brings the hair to life again, makes it glossier, vigorous—ten times more healthy and attractive.

WHAT YOU NEED

SILVIKRIN LOTION — the daily dressing to prevent dandruff and falling hair. Strengthens and gives new life to the hair—brings out its hidden beauty and keeps it in perfect health.

PURE SILVIKRIN — the concentrated natural hair food, for severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. To grow new healthy hair even where hair has been lost.

Which do you need? Get your Silvikrin to-day—from chemists, hairdressers or stores.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

L-54-H

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

ILL-CHOSEN shoes can mar the smartness of your appearance, and they most certainly can mar your summer and your young life. There is nothing like a pair of shoes that rub and pinch for putting years on your face, and taking the sweetness out of your temper.

Never buy your footwear for its appearance alone. Naturally it counts, but in these days when manufacturers as well as customers are so thoroughly foot-conscious, accuracy of fit and comfort should come before mere appearance in the choice of a pair of shoes.

What are the points to be observed when you spend your hard earned pennies in the shoe shop?

Most important of all it is necessary for you to know the shape of your foot. Is it thin and long, or short and wide? Is your instep well arched or do you tend to turn your ankles over?

Be frank with yourself about these points and so avoid pitfalls and uncomfortable and unsuitable shoes.

Supposing your feet are long and your legs are somewhat skinny, then avoid the shoe with the exaggerated pointed toe. Choose a style with a rounded toe, and if you can find shoes that have a little fancy stitching across the toe cap or continued up the shoe, this will tend to detract from the apparent length of your feet.

On the other hand you may have feet that are very short and rather wide. In consequence of this you should avoid very high heels, though you may seem to need them to increase your height. Short-toed high-heeled shoes are very ugly on short feet and give that stilted appearance that is so unbecoming. If you are comfortable in a court shoe, this is the style to give you a graceful appearance, but not if your ankles turn over.

Of course, with court shoes as with other styles, it is of the greatest importance to make sure that the shoes fit snugly under the arch of the foot. If you can put your finger down and feel a space between the waist of the shoe and the arch of the foot, the shoe is not a good fit and will never give you real comfort and smart appearance—not for long, that is. It is bound to get loose and sloppy in wear.

The back of the shoe is of supreme importance too. Some shoes are cut too low and many shoes are cut too wide and so give a loose grip where it should be a firm one. Some are cut too high and rub most agonisingly.

It is on the latter point that American shoes are so excellently cut. I have yet to find an American shoe that has a slovenly heel grip. British manufacturers nowadays are quite wisely taking a leaf from the American book in this respect. Or in other words, an increasing number of shoes of British manufacture are being made on American lasts and copied from American designs.

If you have a slender heel, try a shoe of this description and I am sure you will rejoice in the good fit and the extra comfort it affords you.

Naturally, in these sensible days you would not dream of buying shoes that are too short just for vanity's sake. Or if you have a bunion, shoes that are too narrow. Wide shoes are no longer necessarily clumsy looking. Designs are too cleverly conceived for that. If extra width has been allowed, you can be sure to find a design that camouflages it.

If you suffer from toes that are really hypersensitive and develop corns for no apparent reason at all, you should find a shoe that has no toe blocking. With a shoe that is soft as a glove to the very tip, there is the minimum amount of friction for painful toes, and less likelihood of setting up further pressure and more corns.

A good shoe is always a flexible shoe. This is something to remember when you are deliberating over what may appear to be a bargain at a sale. If you can take that shoe in your hands and bend it pretty well in half, snap it up, it is a bargain. But if it is stiff and unyielding, pass it by. You will never be happy with your purchase. It will be stiff and unyielding on your foot to the end.

A word or two more on design. Short girls should avoid high cut shoes. That is shoes that cover the whole of the instep. They certainly detract from height, while low cut shoes add to it. Wide straps cut height as well. Straps on the whole are better avoided if you want to be youthful. There is nothing like strapped shoes for creating an impression of age.

Now what about sports shoes, or shoes for walking and golf. The ghillie tie is very popular for more serviceable occasions, because it has quite a degree of smartness combined with its serviceability. Moreover so many serviceable shoes nowadays are being made with a Cuban heel. This is much more comfortable and much more attractive than the real flat heel. The latter is not only ugly to look at, but to my way of thinking really lets your feet down as well. There is little or no support about a flat heel and consequently the town wearer who is used to higher heels, but who wants shoes suitable for country occasions, gets very footsore and tired.

A suède shoe is a good choice for daytime wear, in spite of its tendency to grow dusty. You can buy good suede cleaners nowadays, and if you choose a fancy design with kid or leather toecaps and heels, it takes the rub where it is most likely to develop.

• • •

THE title of this page is a literal invitation. If you have any beauty problems, loan them to me. Send your query, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to George A. Cummings, 5 Cro Street, New Seaham, Co. Durham, for:

I Cover the War
The Case of the Stuttering Bishop
Don't Get Me Wrong
I Cover the Waterfront

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to Miss M. Stinton, 101 Cromwell Road, Hay End, Middlesex, for:

Bulldog Drummond Escapes
Over the Garden Wall
Dead End
The Return of Bulldog Drummond

Mrs. E. Morgan, Bangor Castle Farm Bangor, Co. Down, Ulster, for:

Dawn of Life
When Love is Young
Another Dawn
When Love Grows Cold

Miss W. Allan (aged 15), 4 The Noo Monkseaton, Northumberland, for:

To-day We Live
Wicked Woman
Next Time We Live
Angel

Miss Joan Buckle, c/o Kent, 2B Morla Road, Walthamstow, E.17, for:

Stand In
Star For A Day
Sensation
A Star is Born

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Ti Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postca c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, B Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are other rules, except that I must insist on yo "tities" being submitted on a postcard, a only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON

In the most unexpected places

Illustrated below—Watendlath, a beautiful hamlet near Keswick. "Player's" can be purchased at this old house which is reputed to be the home of Judith Paris, the heroine in Sir Hugh Walpole's novel of that name.



umerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding eir favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . in the most unexpected places . . . . The vast demand hich makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, nd is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is o better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends — Cork-tipped or Plain.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

LAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" · CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN · 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.

N.C.C.428A



Many girls miss the greatest things in life because their looks are spoilt by ugly *COSMETIC SKIN*

THESE girls think they remove their powder and make-up *thoroughly* every night. But unknown to them, specks of powder and stale bits of powder-base remain deep in their pores. Soon pores get clogged, skin can't breathe. Then the signs of ugly Cosmetic Skin appear—roughness, drab colour, blotches, open pores, blackheads!

Powder harmless if removed this way

Hollywood has proved only one thing removes stale make-up completely—Lux Toilet Soap. Because its lather is *extra penetrating*, it floats out hidden powder deep in the pores that nothing else can reach. That's why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the *official* soap in all the big film studios. It keeps the famous complexions of the stars *flawless*—as they must be. It's thanks to Lux Toilet Soap that film stars don't get Cosmetic Skin!

Always before *you* go to bed at night and whenever you make-up afresh in the day, remove your stale powder as the film stars do with Lux Toilet Soap.

This pure soap with the penetrating lather will guard *you* from Cosmetic Skin. And more, it will give you the smooth, fine, dazzling complexion all men look for in the girls they marry.



3D. A TABLET. A *LEVER* PRODUCT

This price applies to Great Britain and Northern Ireland only.

TL 922-109



I use powder and make-up but I don't get COSMETIC SKIN—use Lux Toilet Soap faithfully It keeps my skin exquisite.

BETTE DAVIS

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JEANETTE CONFESSES ABOUT NELSON EDDY

No. 365 (New Series). Vol. 8. May 21, 1938

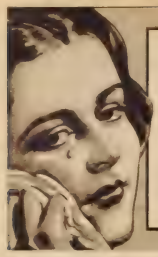
Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Jeanette MacDonald & Nelson Eddy



HEART-BROKEN

...UNTIL SHE TOOK HER DENTIST'S ADVICE!









MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.

At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgate's makes teeth sparkle —gives a new brilliance to your smile!

THREE SIZES
6d 1/-
1/6d



COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



DANDRUFF REMOVED

by the simple process of Shampooing . . . . . .

EVAN WILLIAMS DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO IS A SIMPLE AND PLEASANT SCALP TREATMENT THAT REMOVES DANDRUFF AND ALLAYS IRRITATION.

Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser for

EVAN WILLIAMS DANDRUFF REMOVER

6D *Shampoo.*

A BOTTLE.

SUFFICIENT FOR TWO GOOD SHAMPOOS

DID YOU KNOW?



S-SH,—They're not really new—
Mrs. Jones knows the value of . . .

FAIRY DYES

WHICH, to quote her own words, "are so simple to use that successful results are assured."

THIRTY-FOUR *beautiful shades to choose from*

SEND TO-DAY — *for 12 page booklet on Home Dyeing—Post free*
Fairy Dyes, Ltd., Glasgow.

2D. EACH SOLD EVERYWHERE

FOR ALL HOME DYEING

MEN *dislike unsightly* HAIR . . .



Bellin's WONDERSTOEN is obtainable from all Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. For chin, cheeks and upper lip, 5/6. For arms and legs 13/6. If any difficulty in obtaining send P.O. to Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

Free yourself from the ugly embarrassment of unwanted hair with Bellin's dainty WONDERSTOEN disc. Rotate it gently over the skin. WONDERSTOEN NEVER FAILS! Doctors have recommended it for over 30 years, it's absolutely harmless and odourless. Don't use unpleasant preparations, WONDERSTOEN is swift, safe and always ready for instant use.

INTERESTING BOOKLET FREE!

Bellin's **Wonderstoen**

DRY METHOD
for Removing Hair from Face and Limbs

DIGESTION

- - - starts in the mouth

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread, and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it.

Remember to ask for Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets, the world-famous remedy for all stomach troubles. Obtainable at all chemists. 7½d. carton of 50 tablets — 1/3 flat pocket tins 110 tablets.

No proprietary rights claimed other than Trade Mark.

Skin Shine spoilt her romantic moment!



HOW hard it is to accept adoration when one's nose wears an unbecoming shine. Skin-shine simply kills romance. And it's so tantalising to be a mere powder dab from perfection. But when there's neither the time nor the place, what's a poor girl to do? Use Californian Poppy Beauty Aids of course!

A PERFECT EMOLLIENT—RESISTS SKIN-SHINE

Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream contains the exact amount of moisture to match the natural moisture of the skin. There is no fear of excessive moisture "beading" on the skin surface. Neither does it rob from the skin the moisture that is so necessary if the suppleness and elasticity of the complexion is to be maintained.

Wind and rain and heated rooms tend to roughen the skin—but Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream softens and smooths the drying particles, holds them into position, gives a matt finish to which powder clings for many hours.

MAKE SURE YOUR POWDER IS GOSSAMER FINE

Californian Poppy Face Powder is so exquisitely fine it rests lightly and evenly on the skin and does not "ride" into the pores. Once you have powdered with this fragrantly perfumed face powder your complexion retains its fascinating matt appearance for many hours.

A DAILY MAKE-UP THAT LASTS

That's the ideal make-up for every day. Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream to smooth and soften the skin, making it the ideal powder base. Californian Poppy Face Powder, so fine it clings for hours and never "rides." There's no need to keep re-powdering! No fear of skin-shine!



VANISHING CREAM
In jars and tubes - - - 6d and 1/-

FACE POWDER
Natural, Rachel, Vanbloom, Brunette, 6d and 1/-
(These prices do not apply in Eire.)

CALIFORNIAN POPPY
VANISHING CREAM & FACE POWDER

CVP 2-605



Always ready to refresh you—the Freshette-pad in neat, handbag-size, jaconet-lined pochette. Given free with Atkinsons Eau de Cologne.

Jaded? I don't know what it means!

But in another minute you would have. You could feel your spirits and your energy sinking, your head beginning to spin. Then you remembered! And that blessed touch of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne on your forehead and behind your ears soothed and revived you instantly. Those cooling essences renewed your vitality, called back all your gaiety and sparkle!



Take it with you everywhere

With the new Freshette-pad your Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is always available. A few drops on the pad keep their fragrance and reviving powers for many hours. The Freshette-pad is given with Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. Take it to the office, the cinema, to dances, and on journeys. It's just the reviver you need!

1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and upwards
(These prices do not apply in Eire.)

ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
Eau de Cologne

AEC 62-468

TRUST YOUR DENTIST



THE use of KOLYNOS ensures a perfectly healthy mouth, firm gums and clean, attractive teeth. Cultivate the twice-a-day KOLYNOS habit and protect your teeth against harmful germs which cause decay. Get a tube to-day.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores

—HE SAYS
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
REGD

USE THIS 2-PURPOSE Soap



..and avoid
BLEMISHED SKIN

Because Cuticura is a MEDICINAL *and* TOILET Soap, it does two essential things to your skin. It maintains radiant skin health in spite of frequent exposure to sun, wind and rain; and it gives harsh, flaky, blemished skin the clear, fresh beauty of youth. In Cuticura Soap the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura are combined with the most exquisitely refining and beautifying ingredients ever devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. To relieve sore, rough, red skin, also to heal pimples, and skin injuries, use Cuticura Brand Ointment. After the bath enjoy the cooling, refreshing fragrance of superfine Cuticura Talcum. Sold by all chemists and stores.

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS

WAX DOLL MAKE-UP
is on the shelf



The art of make-up is to conceal art. Rouge-lipstick-powder *must blend naturally*. No more "dolliness," no more artificial make-up! So here we go, girls, with Tattoo Compact Rouge. It's got a *new* never-before secret . . . a smooth natural blush on cheeks instead of an obvious coating. Put it on . . . rub it in . . . its colour melts, merges, and becomes part of your skin itself. Tattoo Compact Rouge with its South Seas secret is yours *now*! It's a natural!

So lovely are cheeks by
TATTOO

Tattoo Compact Rouge
Coral · Exotic · Natural
Pastel · Hawaiian
In smart black and silver vanity case 2/6
Tattoo Ltd.



TO HELP A WOMAN FORGET

As a matter of course, like any protection fit to be sold to women, Mene's are sleek, unseen and secure.

But a MENE is also much more than that—Mene is so soft, so feather-light and so comfortable that even under the most trying conditions *you can scarcely feel its presence.* It helps you forget your troubles and keep an easy mind. Prices: 1/-, 1/2, 1/6, 2/- per doz. Also 6d. packets FREE TRIAL. Send the coupon below and samples will be gladly sent to you.

MENE
Recommended by Nurses

To Miss Haynes, 168 Old St., London, E.C.1
Please send me free samples of MENE Towels
NAME .....
in block capitals
ADDRESS .....
(S.) ½d stamp sufficient if envelope unsealed

NAIL BITING
stop it!
NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!
Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit. No aloes, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1½d. stamp for postage, FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.) 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

SLIM LINES of 1938

S. & S. Corsetry is specially designed upon the living model to slim *you* comfortably to the 1938 silhouette. Low cost adds to their outstanding value.



FREE BOOKLET
Containing 29 Styles

Every woman who values grace of line will be interested in these perfectly fitted corsets. Post the coupon below (½d. stamp in unsealed envelope) for the booklet showing and describing 29 different styles.

COUPON To Stapley & Smith Ltd., 128, London Wall, London, E.C.2.
Please send S & S Corsetry booklet to:
Name .....
Address .....
56·2 .....
EF



ANNA NEAGLE

A charming new portrait of this year's "Picturegoer's" Gold Medal winner, who is now busy on a sequel to the all-conquering "Victoria the Great," "Sixty Glorious Years" (see open letter on page 11).

Jeanette CONFESSES

For months there have been rumours in film circles regarding the relationship between Jeanette MacDonald and her screen partner. Here, for the first time, Jeanette frankly discusses the position.

by ROGER CARROLL



Jeanette and hubby Gene Raymond in the grounds of their Bel Air home, where this revealing interview took place.

MR. AND MRS. GENE RAYMOND —she is Jeanette MacDonald to her public—live high. Their home, English and gabled, is near the top of one of Bel Air's miniature mountains. It faces west, overlooking miles of Los Angeles suburb, to Santa Monica and the sea. On a clear day, from the windows in the playroom, you can see Catalina Island, forty miles away. This was a clear day, about four in the afternoon, and Jeanette and I were in the playroom. Which is dark-panelled, beam-ceilinged and otherwise has the air of a corner in an old English tavern. It is Jeanette's favourite interview spot. It's informal. It's relaxing.

She was wearing a wool dress of just the correct shade of rust to set off that startling golden-auburn hair of hers. A 1938 model, simple and chic, very different from the frilly period costumes of so many of her screen roles, and—very effective.

She was sitting across the room on a leather-upholstered chair, whose bottom part and whose back were built in imitation of a highly polished barrel. Every chair in the room was of the same playful architecture. I was occupying one on the other side of a large, low, circular table in the centre of which stood a large wooden bowl, filled to the brim with loose cigarettes. I had just taken a cigarette—Jeanette being one singer who doesn't object to tobacco smoke ("except in large quantities")—and had asked her a question or two, when a masculine tread sounded on the thick carpeting of the next room, and in walked Gene, in topcoat and scarf.

Jeanette's back was to the door. She turned her head to him, all smiles, and gave him her left hand over her left shoulder. He took it in both of his and said, with mock melodramatics, "A fine thing! Married only a few months, and I come home from work early *one* afternoon, and find you with another man."

"And that," said Jeanette, affecting the air of a screen coquette (Species No. 89B), "isn't all. We're talking about still another man."

"Did you say 'still another man'?" demanded Gene, recoiling.

"We," explained Jeanette, "are discussing an interesting fact. Namely, that an actress can choose her husband, but a studio chooses her screen partner. And that I've been lucky."

"Well, now," said Gene, feigning relief from all jealousy, "that's different. If you're talking about Nelson, you go right ahead. He's a friend of mine. In fact, I knew him before you did."

Saying which, he bent down and kissed Jeanette, and I think that, for a moment or six, I was forgotten. Then, like any interested bride, she asked him what had happened at work to-day. Like any grateful husband, he told her—but more amusingly than the average husband, recounting the tale of a difficult day. Then, reluctantly deciding that he was a distraction, he kissed Jeanette again, and left us to our interrupted discussion of his friend, Eddy.

When Jeanette and Gene became engaged Nelson gave an interview on the theme of Gene Raymond's luck—in which he related, in detail, his high opinion of Jeanette. She has mentioned him in countless interviews, but she has never given a complete revelation of what she might think of Nelson. That, in itself, may have encouraged those rumours of a silent feud. But—no one has ever asked her for the story. The studio told me that. Frankly, I didn't quite believe it. So I asked Jeanette point-blank. She confirmed it. And, what was more, she seemed to like the idea of an interview about Nelson.

So, here we were, having the interview.

"I can't remember, now, where I first met him," Jeanette began. "I think it was at a party—about two months before *Naughty Marietta* went into production.

"One of the first things we ever talked about, I remember, was a test I had seen and my surprise that the studio hadn't taken more advantage of his voice. He kidded, I remember, about being 'the forgotten man.' And I told him, 'Wait till you've played your first big part, and you'll stop being "the forgotten man".'

"I meant it. I wasn't just trying to be pleasant. But I didn't suspect my prophecy would come true in a picture we would make together.

"A few weeks later, I gave a cocktail party. I knew Nelson had been tested for the male lead in *Naughty Marietta* and was practically set for it. I invited him to the party, and he attended. We didn't go into an immediate huddle about the picture; in fact, we didn't mention it. Nor did we surreptitiously try to size each other up. We were just two people at a party, joining in the general sociability. Which was all right, too. When we did start working together, neither of us had to be sold on the idea that the other was sociable. That was probably important. Highly important.

"There seems to be a fable that *Naughty Marietta* started out as mostly Jeanette MacDonald, that it picked up more and more Nelson Eddy as it went along, and that his becoming famous in it was something I didn't anticipate or want. And"—she smiled disarmingly—"that there has been 'bad blood' between us ever since. . . . A nice, preposterous little tale! From the beginning, Nelson had a very fine part. It was the male lead in a romantic story. As the picture whipped into shape and really began to look like something, they decided to retake Nelson's whole first sequence. They wanted to put in another song and impress audiences immediately with his fine voice.

"They had wanted me to sing 'Neath the Southern Moon' in my balcony sequence. I liked the song, but I didn't think it was suited to my voice. I did think it was suited to Nelson's. I said so. They were looking frantically for a song for him. They took my suggestion about 'Neath the Southern Moon.' And it was one of the best things he sang in the picture.

"Yes, when the film started, I *was* a bit worried. If the picture failed, it would be chiefly my fault: 'She can't carry a picture without a Big Name opposite her.' I was new at M.G.M. then. And not only was I playing with someone new, I was attempting something new. It was the first big screen operetta. My worry was more or less natural, I think.

"The studio was spending a fortune on the picture. The more that became apparent, the more I felt that the studio knew what it was about, teaming us. And the more I worked

ABOUT Nelson Eddy

with Nelson, the more I became convinced of it. We got along very smoothly—immediately. So much so that on the third day Nelson came to me with a sort of sheepish grin and said, 'I think I owe you an apology. I was all prepared not to like you. I heard you were pretty tough to work with. I was to look out for you—you'd try to crowd me out of every scene. I want to apologise. I want you to know that *I* know you've been throwing scenes my way.'

"To my mind, that took a lot of frankness and good sportsmanship. It was something outside all my previous experience. I wasn't used to having people apologise for things they had *thought*.

"Nothing he might have done could have meant more to me, I felt then that he was a friend of mine. I've never lost that feeling. I tried to find out who had told him this about me, but he wouldn't tell. It 'might get somebody into trouble.' Yet this person seemed to be *trying* to create trouble, trying to stir up suspicion that would start two people off wrong.

"Nelson was 'Mr. Eddy' to me, and I was 'Miss MacDonald' to him, no more than one day, if that. W. S. Van Dyke, who was directing, started calling Nelson 'Kid,' and me 'Honey.' We couldn't stay formal under those conditions. Another thing that helped: We got in the habit of running over our lines together, in my portable dressing-room. After rehearsing, we'd sit talking. That helped us become acquainted. I guess we're still becoming acquainted. Anyway, we still do that. . . .

"I suppose I expected Nelson to be a bit self-conscious as an actor. After all, this business was new to him. But he fooled me. His concert tours, his facing all kinds of audiences, had given him poise. He didn't go self-conscious even in the love scenes—which are the test of any newcomer. . . . Speaking of love scenes, we're both more self-conscious making them to-day than we were then. In those days, we had fewer visitors, more privacy. It *can* be disconcerting to tell a man 'I love you' and, out of the corner of your eye, see a dozen strangers studying your technique. . . .

"Came the preview of *Naughty Marietta*. Both of us were having the jitters. How the public took the picture would decide our individual futures. Neither of us realised how important it was to be to us jointly. The studio hadn't planned to team us again immediately. That happened by a twist of fate. Nelson's next was to be with Grace Moore—*Rose Marie*. But Grace couldn't get to Metro until January, which was when Nelson would be leaving on a concert tour. With *Naughty Marietta* a hit, the studio wanted to get another picture out of him before that tour, and they wanted to get another out of me immediately. But they had no script ready for me. So—I was put into *Rose Marie*.

"We went to Lake Tahoe in the High Sierras on location. On a trip like that, you really get to know the people you work with, as you never do on a sound stage. Life is more informal, your association is closer. You soon learn who is a good sport and a lot of fun, and who isn't. And Nelson—well, he was in the thick of the fun. Evenings, we would all gather in a big lodge for impromptu entertainment. We set up a mock radio station, and everybody would get up and 'broadcast.' We had dancing contests. Nelson and I staged one dance that really started something. I took off my shoes and stood on top of his shoes while he danced. Try it sometime. After the first minute, your legs feel wooden.

"There was one thing on that trip I was really looking forward to: beans. I confess it: I love them. Up to that time, I had never had enough. And there was a scene that called for me to eat



Nelson Eddy is besieged by beautiful senoritas in "The Girl of the Golden West," his latest picture with Jeanette MacDonald.

beans. . . . We started early in the morning, and I was enjoying myself, eating with *such* relish. We stopped for lunch—which consisted of beans—then went back to work. That afternoon, my appetite for beans began to wane. And the shooting of that scene lasted two days more!

"The fourth day dawned, and Van Dyke said, 'There was something the matter with the film. We've got to retake the entire scene.' Nelson was *so* sympathetic. He said, 'It certainly is a shame, Jeanette. But maybe you won't have to eat them so fast this time.' I must have looked dismayed, but I said, grimly, 'I'm ready, any time the beans are.' The two of them looked at each other and burst into laughter. I had fallen beautifully for their gag.

"Nelson has a keen sense of humour. And that helps. He's very serious in his work, as he should be. But let the gang rally round for a little ribbing, and he's right there. And he can take it, as well as give it out. I saw him take it on the set of *Maytime*. Director Bob Leonard turned a professional ribber, named Albert Marin, loose on him. Albert started talking about radio. He said he knew Nelson was supposed to have a good voice, but why did he have to stand so close to the microphone to get any volume? By the time Nelson had finished denying that, Albert was asking him why he 'wasn't as popular on the air as he ought to be.' Nelson, trying to be modest, though his neck was getting red, said, 'I don't guess I'm so good.' Albert said, 'All of my friends don't like you. There must be something wrong with you.' Nelson said, 'I don't blame your friends a bit. There probably is.'

"For five minutes, Albert heckled him. Finally, he asked Albert what *his* job was. Albert made a mistake there. He said, Newspaperman. That was all Nelson needed. He got going on the subject of reporters who make up distorted stories about movie stars. Until, finally, Albert—in desperation—confessed it was all a gag. It's the one and only time anyone has ever embarrassed Albert."

Speaking of reporters and reports, how did Nelson react to the romance rumours that once fluttered around his name and hers?

"Oh, those," Jeanette said deprecatingly. "If your pictures are romantic and successful, people are bound to say, 'Couldn't you *tell* they're in love—the way he looked at her? And the moony look *she* had!' They don't give us much credit for acting. . . .

"Rumours like that either amuse you highly or they make you mad. We both were amused. We both had our sense of humour—then. We have since got a dent in that sense of humour because of fantastic stories about our respective private lives. Nelson says that all kinds of distortions have been printed about him. I'm willing to believe him, because I know about myself. I'm beginning to see Nelson's viewpoint—that what we do at home shouldn't concern the public, as long as our pictures satisfy the public.

"Nelson has been very severely criticised for that viewpoint. But he's a man who sticks by his beliefs. And I understand him in it. If a star wants to make a show of himself, let him, say I. But if another star wants to live a quiet life, let *him* have his quiet life. . . . Also, I can applaud Nelson's unwillingness to talk about love and women. A girl can get away with talking about men. *She's* 'coquettish.'

"One thing that has always struck me about Nelson is his unfailing courtesy. I defy any girl not to like such a man—especially when he is also good fun, intelligent, sincere. He will let *you* walk off a set first, for example; ask permission to smoke in your dressing-room. Little things. But you appreciate them. He is a sensitive person. He would have to be, or he wouldn't be so far to-day. He has a conscience about his work. Some people might call it 'temperament.' I call it 'sensitivity.' Essentially, he is very simple in his likes and dislikes. And generous, not patronising. No Great-I-Am. He has given me some very valuable tips, for instance, about concert tours. When I tried to thank him, he said they were only in exchange for movie tips I had given him. That's very typical of him.

"I never cease to marvel at the way Nelson can work. He does a weekly radio programme and a picture at the same time. Meanwhile, he is rehearsing for his concert tour. And as soon as he finishes his picture, he's off on the tour. I'm ambitious, too—but I'm not built to work like that.

"The last two months, there have been stories about some feud going on between us. We've heard about them. And we kid about them. For example, in one scene in *Girl of the Golden West*, Nelson had to wrap one of those Mexican snake whips around my waist and draw me over to him. Moreover, he did it himself; practised the stunt for weeks, when it was time for the scene, he growled, 'Come on now. Let's show the world what one of these Hollywood feuds *can* be like. When they see me whipping you after all these months of pent-up emotion—ah, *there* will be headlines for the papers!' Standing there, waiting for that whip to curl around me, was no picnic. But Nelson, with that remark, did what he could to relieve my tension. And, perhaps, his own. Anyway, there were no casualties.

"Gene is very fond of Nelson. They went away on camping trips twice, long before Gene and I met. No, Nelson didn't introduce us. But, after we had met, he was all for us . . . even though he used to chide Gene about being his rival. At our engagement party, he said to Gene, 'Well, you may be the head man—but I'm still the leading man.'

"I really think Nelson likes working with me. I *know* I like working with him and I'm glad we're continuing as a team in at least one picture a year."



Remember William Powell, with Regis Toomey, in "The Street of Chance"? It was one of Selznick's early successes and it made Powell a star.



Models of Carole Lombard and Fredric March were used to brighten up the credit titles of "Nothing Sacred"—a Selznick innovation.

Stars Fight TO WORK FOR HIM

David O. Selznick has been behind the careers of some of the screen's most glamorous stars and his own "success story" is one of the great romances of Hollywood.

by Wilson D'ARNE

DAVID OLIVER SELZNICK is one of a family whose fame in the theatrical world is outstanding. His father, the late Lewis J. Selznick, was a noted pioneer in both production and exhibition of motion pictures, and his brother, Myron Selznick, is famed as one of the most successful actors' representatives in Hollywood.

It was in the employ of his father, that young David received his first training for the profession in which he is now "tops."

Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, May 10, 1902, David was taken to New York by his parents, while he was still of school age. In holidays and after hours, he helped his father, first at theatres, then in film agencies, and finally at the elder Selznick's studio, learning thoroughly every detail of the motion picture business.

In due time, David was enrolled at Columbia University, but like many another brilliant student, found the pace of academic instruction too slow. Already David had plunged into two motion picture ventures that convinced him he had a flair, if not an actual talent for film production.

In 1922, when Luis Angel Firpo, the so-called "Wild Bull of the Pampas" was training for his forthcoming championship boxing bout with Jack Dempsey, David was inspired with an idea to cast the tall Argentine in a short film. He made inquiry, and found the challenger's price was $1,000 a day. The young promoter had only £150, so he contracted for an afternoon of Firpo's time, and shot a feature called *Will He Beat Dempsey?*

Before that question was answered, Selznick had sold the territorial rights to his film for £875, and with it, embarked on another deal. He induced Rudolph Valentino, at that time functioning as the "Great Lover of the Screen," to act as judge in a Madison Square beauty contest. The spectacle of Valentino scrutinising New York's prettiest girls in order to determine which nearest conformed to Hollywood standards, was so appealing, that Selznick increased his movie profits to a net £1,250. This transaction convinced David it was time to go to Hollywood.

In the film capital, however, the young man discovered that he couldn't get work just because his father had been one of the leaders in the business.

David plodded from studio to studio, in search of a job, but there was no place open for a boy not yet twenty-one who had just made £1,250 by producing two "quickies." So the boy decided to make his own place. The obvious thing was to make more "quickies"—and for two years David did just that.

Now a "quickie" is exactly what the name implies—it is a picture made in the least possible time, with the smallest possible outlay of cash, and the result is about what may be expected. But the maker of "quickies" has this important advantage—he learns all about the motion picture business in the shortest possible time. And David O. Selznick was not a slow man to learn.

In October, 1926, Selznick landed a job with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, then, as now, one of the world's largest motion picture studios. He hung around for a day, waiting for a picture to produce, or at least to direct, and then he lodged a complaint with the nearest executive.

"What?" demanded that functionary. "You make a picture? The very idea! Get out!"

But Selznick wouldn't go until he had seen Louis B. Mayer and was permitted to stay on for two weeks as a kind of assistant story editor, with the promise of a permanent engagement, if he could show he could do something for the M.G.M. organisation.

During his probationary period, Selznick bombarded the studio's production office with memoranda, containing ideas, not only for the writing of stories, but for economic short cuts in production. The ideas were considered so good that the energetic youth was promoted, first to the full status of story editor, then to the position of assistant to Producer Harry Rapf.

It wasn't long before he was an associate producer himself, and was shooting what were called "historical Westerns" featuring Tim McCoy, the cowboy actor.

One week he went on location with a company, and returned with two completed pictures "in the can" instead of one.

"How'd you do that?" Mayer demanded.

"Easy," Selznick replied. "I went on location with two scripts, two sets of stars, and one supporting cast. I worked the cast twice, and you see the result."

Mayer was pleased, of course, and Selznick's reputation began to circulate among other studio magnates.

Early in 1928, Paramount offered him a position as assistant to B. P. Schulberg, at that time managing director of the studio, and the young man from M.G.M. did so well he was soon permitted to make pictures "on his own" as associate producer.

One of the films he made was *Forgotten Faces*, and another was *Street of Chance*, which made stars of both William Powell and Kay Francis. Then with Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Shoedsack he produced *Four Feathers*, long considered Paramount's masterpiece. Although motion pictures had just been adapted to sound broadcasting, and the innovation was very popular, *Four Feathers*, a silent picture, was one of the biggest successes of the year.

Thus, at thirty, David O. Selznick was advanced to be executive assistant to the managing director and for several months, while Schulberg was travelling abroad, Selznick was actually in control of the huge Paramount studio. During this time, his hit pictures included *Sarah and Son*, *Honey*, *Manslaughter* and *The Texan*.

So successful was he, that other executives became critical. Selznick wanted to institute a system of unit production, with each associate producer responsible for the picture he made. That, he declared, was the only way to make good pictures.

Mass production, with each expert specialising on his part, like automobile workers on an assembly line resulted in a cheaper product, but an inferior one. The way to make a good picture on celluloid was no different, Selznick contended, than the time-tested method of painting one on canvas.

Each artist must paint and design his own. If one man draws the trees, another the grass and a third the sheep, the landscape may be technically correct, but it will have no "soul."

The Paramount magnates didn't agree with Selznick. He argued with them for four years, most of the time with a majority of the older experts siding with him, but he finally gave up the struggle, and resigned, on July 18, 1931.

Just around the corner, RKO was waiting for him. He was signed as executive vice-president in charge of all production of that extensive organisation, with the understanding that pictures would be produced by working units. At first, they were.

Under Selznick's management, RKO made a brilliant series of pictures. These included: *The Lost Squadron*, *Rockabye*, *Melody of Life*, *Bird of Paradise*, *What Price Hollywood?* *State's Attorney*, *A Bill of Divorcement*, *The Conquerors*, *Westward Passage*, *Topaze*, and *The Woman In His House*.

Selznick purchased the stories, and did the principal casting for *Little Women*, and *Of Human Bondage*. With Merian C. Cooper, he produced *King Kong*.

Four of these pictures were adaptations from stage plays, a form of production with which Selznick was always successful. Not only did these adaptations acquaint a much wider audience than the theatre can reach with the best works of modern playwrights, but in many instances, brought to the screen outstanding talent, and greatly advanced the careers of actors already established before the camera.

For example, *A Bill of Divorcement* introduced Katharine Hepburn to motion pictures, as the daughter of a character played by John Barrymore. *The Woman In His House* enhanced Leslie Howard's screen reputation, and shortly after-





Above: David O. Selznick, the producer the glamour stars clamour for.

Right: Twelve-year-old Tommy Kelly, Selznick's latest discovery. He has the title role in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

its executive vice-president. His former employers offered him a vice-president's post, but he insisted on being also head of a production unit, where his responsibility as a creator of pictures could stand or fall.

On February 14, 1933, three days after he left RKO, he went to M.G.M. to put his theories to the test.

They did not fail. The Selznick unit at M.G.M. produced *Dinner at Eight*, up to that time, the studio's biggest money maker. It made *Dancing Lady*, which introduced Astaire, and was Joan Crawford's biggest success. Another Selznick hit was *Viva Villa*, which won highest awards all over the world. *Manhattan Melodrama*, an outstanding commercial success, brought William Powell to M.G.M., and started the combination of William Powell and Myrna Loy, a highly profitable arrangement for both stars. Two other Selznick pictures were *Night Flight* and *Reckless*.

Such an impression did Selznick's first pictures with M.G.M. make among the players themselves, that first flight actors pulled all strings possible to get employment on a Selznick unit.

Stars fought for assignments with him, and Greta Garbo insisted that her contract to make *Anna Karenina* include the provision that Selznick produce the picture. He did, co-starring Fredric March, and won Italy's international award for the best picture of 1935.

In that year, Selznick also produced *David Copperfield*, with his juvenile discovery, Freddie Bartholomew, and these two pictures were named by most critics as among the best ten of the year.

After *David Copperfield* Selznick made one more picture, also a Dickens classic, before he left M.G.M. This was *A Tale of Two Cities*, and its success was a fitting coronation for the producer's two years of monumental work at the studio where he made his first impression on the motion picture industry.

David O. Selznick was now (1935) 33 years old. He had come a long way since he made his first "quickie" in New York, on £125 of borrowed capital — and he had learned a lot about the film business. He considered himself ripe for the attainment of his life's dearest goal—the establishment of a motion picture company which would bear again the Selznick family name.

So in September of that year, there was announced the formation of Selznick International Pictures, Inc. Those who knew Selznick recalled his respect for family pride, and the motto of Lewis J. Selznick—"Selznick Pictures Make Happy Hours." They knew how David yearned to follow in the footsteps of his father. What manner of man was this who made such a prodigious advance in his profession during the time that most young men spend getting started in a life work?

Enough has been told to define his professional characteristics of alertness, tenacity, and devotion to high standards. Little has been revealed of the personal attributes of David O. Selznick.

Although he has received more awards, medals and prizes for his work than any other Hollywood producer, he becomes boyishly excited over each new recognition.

Davis's personal magnetism is tremendous —those who work for him regard him with a species of worship that more methodical employers cannot understand. He is no slave to office routine—sometimes he does not go near his studio in Culver City. But that is only because he doesn't want to be interrupted.

Writers often report to his home in the early morning, and stay all day, writing and holding conferences. In his new Georgian home in Beverly Hills, Selznick has a studio completely equipped for high pressure work. It contains a private projection room, in which he reviews all the latest domestic and foreign products.

When Selznick goes to work, he arrives at 10 in the morning, and remains at the studio until all hours of the night. He reads all newspapers, news magazines, and some general interest magazines from cover to cover.

On Sunday, he usually plays tennis, which game he likes in the early morning. He also is good at badminton.

Six feet one inch tall, he has flashing brown eyes and curly black hair, and the fact that he wears good clothes is usually ascribed to his wife. But like most artists, he wears his clothes carelessly, with his tie usually awry.

He likes corned beef sandwiches (on rye), a fast-cooked steak (browned on the outside and raw in the middle) and his favourite card game is bridge.

This was the man who went to work at the age of 33 to construct that difficult, complicated, sensitive, unbalanced, eccentric, yet altogether admirable institution—a motion picture studio.

The first picture attempted by Selznick International Pictures was in the classic tradition, yet with a modern flavour—*Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Although the cast was not unknown, it was, except for Freddie Bartholomew, untried by the young producer. Yet his deft handling of the problems that arose had the expected result—in six months, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was acclaimed as a hit, and the motion picture committee of the League of Nations, known as "Le Comité International pour la Diffusion Artistique et Litteraire par le Cinematographe," gave it a gold award.

The second picture produced under the Selznick banner was Robert S. Hichens' *The Garden of Allah*, made in technicolor, starring Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer.

Then came *A Star is Born*, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, the Hollywood saga in technicolor which won such remarkable acclaim. *The Prisoner of Zenda*, starring Ronald Colman, with Madeleine Carroll and Douglas Fairbanks jun. revived the vogue for romantic costume plays which could be given a modern interpretation, and *Nothing Sacred* in technicolor, with Carole Lombard and Fredric March was considered one of the funniest of the funny cycle of "screwy" plays that burst in Hollywood last year.

Finally, there comes *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, with another juvenile star discovered by Selznick—Tommy Kelly. So pleased was he with this adaptation from the Mark Twain classic, that already the producer has plans to put Tommy and his little partner in stardom, Ann Gillis, in another picture, *Heartbreak Town*, this one, like *A Star is Born* to be an epic of life in Hollywood.

Another picture in prospect is *The Young in Heart*, with Janet Gaynor and Douglas Fairbanks jun., to be based on "The Gay Banditti," a novel by I. A. R. Wylie, published serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Then there is that famous story "Gone with the Wind," written by Miss Margaret Mitchell, of Atlanta, Georgia, who took seven years for the task. This remarkable 1034-page story of the American Civil war has been translated into ten languages besides English. Its sales have mounted to nearly two million copies, and it is still a fast seller. Before the book was published, David O. Selznick saw the proof, and at once outbid other producers for the movie rights

ward, Selznick began negotiations with Fred Astaire, who subsequently was signed by RKO, but who was introduced to the screen by Selznick at M.G.M. in *Dancing Lady*.

For two years the young producer-executive worked at RKO. Then, because his contract demands were not met in what he considered a reasonable time, he resigned. Before his resignation was final, however, the governing board of RKO made him the most generous offer ever received by a production executive in the history of the industry. It was not accepted, Selznick announced, because it would have meant for the studio a divided control he felt would be injurious.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where Selznick found his first real opportunity, was in line with an offer when it appeared RKO was about to lose

An Unique Autobiography

Place your order for Picturegoer early next week so as not to miss the opening instalment of Spencer Tracy's life story written by the actor to whom you awarded the gold medal this year. It is a human document and gives you a striking picture of the star.

KOWTOWING to UNCLE SAM

- **Unheroic British Heroes**
- **And in British Films, too**
- **Bob Taylor's £5 suit**
- **Why Madeleine wanted a cushion**

I HOPE that in their bid to appeal to Uncle Sam's sentiments—and cents—American sponsored British films are not going to make a habit of presenting the British characters in an inferior light.

So far the loudly hailed "hands-across-the-sea" pictures have hardly been calculated to impress Americans, who are very susceptible to face values, with the sterling qualities of the English race.

In *A Yank at Oxford* the British hero, Griffith Jones, was made to appear at best as an elegant young snob without brains enough to see through the obvious wiles of Vivien Leigh.

Now in *We're Going to Be Rich*, Victor McLaglen, representing, presumably, the tradition of the fine old English gentleman, is seen as a genial but congenital nitwit, who flies to the whisky bottle at the slightest provocation and is not above living on the earnings of his wife, while "Yankee" Brian Donlevy is equipped with a positive halo.

Life in the Hollywoods

That Paramount producer, whose foreign importation is living in luxury and ease in Bel Air, should get a different licence number when he leaves his car in front of her house . . . the neighbours are beginning to talk.—Extract from Hollywood trade paper.

Fifty Bob Taylor?

● An observant reader, Barbara Fletcher of Blackpool, writes to draw attention to a PICTUREGOER "still" from *Three Comrades* which reveals that while Comrades Robert Taylor and Robert Young appear in all their usual masculine beauty, Franchot Tone, notoriously M.G.M.'s Cinderella Man, is shown with a "hideous Prussian haircut."

There seems to be a story behind this somewhere but I don't know quite where.

One version has it that the two Bobs flatly refused to submit to any disfigurement by the studio barber in the interests of their roles.

Another story is that all three actors agreed to adopt the German haircut and that the studio authorities stepped in with a ban after Franchot had had his locks shorn.

You pay your money and take your choice.

Incidentally, as I have hinted here previously, they're bringing Bob Taylor down to earth with a bang in this picture. In the past his wardrobe has been almost as expensive as those of the studio's glamour queens. The most expensive suit he wears in *Three Comrades* cost less than £5 (suits in America cost just about twice what they do here).



"PICTUREGOER'S" GREAT SCOOP! Spencer Tracy, seen above with his mother, is Hollywood's man of the hour, the most talked about, though one of the least known, actors in Hollywood. PICTUREGOER has persuaded him to write his life story exclusively for our readers (see page 13)

Spencer Tracy's cable of thanks to you for awarding him "Picturegoer's" Gold Medal

But you're going to see Robert in all the glory of colour soon. *Northwest Passage* will be done in Technicolor and so will *Hands Across the Border* which will, by the way, again present Taylor in the role of an athletic University student.

Madeleine's Mantelpiece Meals

● Madeleine Carroll is the latest Hollywood heroine to be reduced to taking her meals from the mantelpiece.

The austere Madeleine is not another victim of the movie spanking epidemic; she has been appearing in a Spanish Civil War story which, after having already been titled *The River is Blue* and *The Adventuress*, is now called *The Rising Tide*.

One sequence was set in a shell-torn Spanish town, and the action called for Henry Fonda to drag his co-star over a pile of rocks.

The scene was shot over and over again until Madeleine called a halt and sent for a cushion to bolster the part most severely affected.

Plots and Lots

● The week's best wisecrack comes from Madge Evans. Madge recently had an unfortunate experience owing to the activities of an over zealous publicity man who exaggerated a mild attack of hiccoughs into a sensational many-day bout of that unpleasant and embarrassing complaint, and got headlines for the star as a result.

Sympathy and remedies are still pouring in from all over the world. Most startling communication, however, came from Hollywood's famous Forrest Lawn Cemetery, inviting her to "come out and look over their plots."

She did. At any rate she comments, doubtless with a friendly nod in the direction of some producers, that some of the plots Hollywood has placed her in were a lot worse!

Hollywood Praises Pilbeam

● Chalk up a good mark for the British film studios. Our producers so often leave themselves open to criticism that it is a pleasure to be able to record something on the other side of the ledger for a change.

Our handling of our feminine stars is far from perfect yet, but most of the Hollywood critics now concede that Britain did better by Annabella than Hollywood has done in *The Baroness and The Butler*, in which her distinctive charm is hidden under a load of gimcrack Hollywood glamour.

Now the American writers are praising the simple naturalness of Nova Pilbeam in *Young and Innocent*. "Here," says one of them, "is

a girl who is utterly natural and lovely because of it. Her hair is becomingly arranged without being a triumph of the hairdresser's skill. Her make-up is never apparent, the line of her eyebrows is nature's own and her lashes are not reinforced . . . her acting is not obscured by artificial glamour."

Short Shots

● Gene Raymond won't stand for being called "Mr. Jeanette MacDonald"; even when they smile when they say it.—Anita Louise has a clause in her contract that she doesn't have to smoke before the camera.—Cesar Romero took Sonja Henie out for the evening the other night; they went roller-skating of all things.—The girl with the prettiest legs in Hollywood is, no, not Marlene Dietrich, but Ruth Pursley; she's Joan Blondell's hairdresser.—Lew Ayres is being seen about with Ginger Alton, former stand-in for ex-wife Ginger Rogers; he must like the type.—Clark Gable is reported to be secretly grooming a lanky young cowboy he met on a recent hunting trip in Montana for a screen career; he believes that in two years he will be the biggest star in town.—John and Elaine Barrymore have just bought a play called *My Dear Joan* which they hope to put on in New York; Hollywood is chuckling over the fact that John will play Elaine's father.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

STAN LAUREL'S TROUBLES

STAN LAUREL and his first wife were divorced in 1933, but recently the lady asked the court to award her $1,355 per month for the support of their 10-year-old daughter.

The actor and his present wife showed the court papers, setting forth that, while he made $160,000 during the present year, he was $40,000 in debt.

Even more interesting to the judge was the admission of the former wife that she still had a good share of the $250,000 which Laurel had given her when they were divorced.

The judge refused to grant any allowance to the wife, and advised Laurel to be more careful with his money.



Loretta Young and Joel McCrea as they appear in "Three Blind Mice."

A Prized Pet

● A woman who owned a chimpanzee that played an important role in *Her Jungle Love*, starring Dorothy Lamour, has sued the Paramount studio for $50,000, because the animal caught cold and died while appearing in the picture. She claims that the chimpanzee earned from $350 to $500 a week in the movies.

If she collects damages, it is possible that the heirs of human actors who died in the service of the studios, will seek financial recompense.

The Gardener's Friend

● Robert Taylor received the surprise of his life when he picked up a "hitch-hiker" on his way home, and so did the "hitch-hiker"!

The star halted his car on Ventura Boulevard in response to a thumb signal from a youthful wayfarer, and drove as far as his ranch, where he said that it was as far as he was going.

It was also as far as the "hitch-hiker" was travelling, as an employment agency had sent him to fill the post of assistant gardener on the actor's estate.

The workman was staggered when he found that he was working for Robert Taylor.

Imitating Garbo

● The strangest vacation on record in Hollywood will soon be taken by Ginger Rogers.

For one solid month she will vanish utterly from Hollywood, her whereabouts unknown to anyone. She will go alone to a secret hideout, where she will have complete seclusion and relaxation, spending her time taking sunbaths, lolling in a hammock, going to bed at 6 p.m., eating everything she desires, and reading all the books she has had to miss during her busy days at the studio.

The proprietors of the establishment where Ginger will stay have agreed to respect her incognito, and will request the one or two other guests to do likewise.

A Stern Conductor

● Joan Crawford learned recently that a movie star is merely just another passenger to railroad employees.

When she was leaving Hollywood by train for New York, Eric Blore was among those who bade her good-bye. He presented her with two Newfoundland puppies, which Joan planned to take with her.

But the train conductor politely but firmly told her that the animals could not be kept in her drawing-room.

So Joan had to send the animals to her Hollywood home.

A Generous Star

● Edward Everett Horton is often seen going around the sets, looking for electricians, grips or assistants, who have done him some thoughtful courtesy, and rewarding them with cheques for tidy sums, which he folds carefully and slips quietly into their top pockets.

He usually says, "A little something for the baby," or "Something for your wife."

Shirley's "Guest"

● Shirley Temple recently gave a strange party on her set at the studio.

It was a birthday celebration, and there were only two present—the child star, and "Penguin Pete," who played a supporting role in her picture. "Pete," as the only trained penguin in the world, is a personage of importance in Hollywood.

When Shirley heard that it was "Pete's" third birthday, she decided that the day should not pass without a celebration.

The "birthday cake," with three flaming candles stuck in it, was a one-pound fish.

Paying Guests

● William Gargan and his wife have a very attractive guest house at Palm Springs, but they do not provide free board and lodging.

(*Continued on page* 13)

ANNA NEAGLE WRITES THIS WEEK'S OPEN LETTER

TO YOU

DEAR PICTUREGOERS,

This is a letter that gives me great pleasure to write, for two reasons.

First, because of my deep gratitude for the honour you have done me in awarding me the PICTUREGOER GOLD MEDAL—an honour highly esteemed in the film world, and one which I certainly never dreamed would come my way.

Secondly, because from the very beginning of my film career "Picturegoer Weekly" and its enormous number of readers (the largest public of any weekly film magazine in the world, I'm told) have shown a kindly interest in my work and encouraged me unceasingly.

I was thrilled when you placed me sixth for my work in "Bitter Sweet," still more when I was fourth for "Nell Gwynn," and again when I came sixth in "Peg of Old Drury"; and now, having actually won it, I hope I have justified your faith in me.

As a patriotic Briton I can't help feeling rather proud, too, that the feminine award has been won for a performance in a British picture three years in succession—by Elisabeth Bergner in her famous "Escape Me Never" role the year before last, last year Nova Pilbeam for her lovely performance in "Tudor Rose."

I hope a British girl will be fortunate enough to win it next year, because there is no doubt that an announcement like this adds tremendously to the interest in British films—and that's a thing we're working very hard to achieve!

As to "Victoria the Great," we made it under serious difficulties and amid a chorus of gloomy foreboding—intending it to be worthy of its subject, certainly, but scarcely daring even to hope that it would attain the world-wide success it has.

And because my performance is inextricably bound up with the success of the film itself, I should like to convey to you also the thanks of Mr. Herbert Wilcox, who made it and gave me the chance to play in it, and my own thanks to Anton Walbrook and the entire cast; my congratulations, too, to Anton Walbrook on his individual triumph as the Prince Consort in winning second place among the men.

Now I must go to the studio, where I am again playing Queen Victoria in "Sixty Glorious Years"—the companion-picture to "Victoria the Great"—as it is through my work that I feel I can best thank you for your encouragement.

Ever gratefully yours,

Anna Neagle



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MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST



Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour — or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

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RED NOSES.— Medically approved treatment absolutely cures red noses, 4/6, post free. Foreign 1/6 extra.

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Banish FRECKLES!



quickly, secretly and safely this new way while you sleep! Overnight in the privacy of your own home just apply a little **Tilson's** double-strength **Freckle Cream**, then watch freckles and other skin blemishes disappear. Your friends will be amazed, and you will be delighted. From Boots, most other Chemists & Hairdressers or send P.O. 2/9 **TILSON'S LABORATORIES, F.G. 4/38, Balfour House, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2.**



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Astounding, new, all-day Liquid Make-up invented. Tested by 1,000 women. Every statement in this advertisement taken from wildly enthusiastic letters.

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STAYS ON ALL DAY



WRITE ABOUT YOURSELF— AND WIN A MONEY PRIZE. Write for details of intriguing 'beauty-letter' competition to Henry C. Miner Ltd., Dept. A7 Brunel Road, East Acton, W.3.

All the Gossip

(*Continued from page* 11)

Every person who stays at the Gargan home pays $25 a day, which is donated to an orphan's home in the San Fernando Valley.

Stars who have attractive homes in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, Palm Springs and Malibu could adopt this idea and accomplish two pleasing results—aid charity and keep "chiselling" visitors away.

Friendly Enemies

● For several months the air has been very chilly whenever Martha Raye and her ex-husband, Buddy Westmore, chance to meet at parties or night clubs. Buddy claimed, when defending the divorce action, that Martha's mother and the mother's "boy friend" had caused the breach between Martha and himself.

Everyone at a roller skating rink was surprised when all was serene after the estranged couple ran into each other on the skating floor. Buddy assisted his ex-wife to her feet, they smiled at each other, and chatted happily for several minutes.

Possibly a reconciliation is in the offing.

The Village Blacksmith

● The father of a feminine star used to shoe horses for a living, but, now that his child is famous and wealthy, he is unable to continue the trade he likes so well.

So workers at various blacksmith shops have noticed an elderly gentleman looking wistfully in the windows, and have invited him in.

He always shakes his head sadly, saying, "My folks would object!"

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

CAME THE BOOM

WELL, folks, I've suspected it for a long time, and now I'm quite convinced it's true—that if you keep on staunchly foretelling a thing long enough, it'll come to pass, and you'll be a True Prophet—always a good kind to be . . .

For months, you'll admit, I've been saying "Hold your hats, boys—we'll be out of this adverse wind soon, and round the corner."

Here's the corner.

The British production companies have just announced their line-up for the new season, and it smacks a great deal more of boom than slump.

'Ware Changes

● I'm not going to tell you in full detail all that they promise; for one thing it would take up too much space with a mere list of titles and possible casts, and for another thing the production companies are apt to change their minds so often that a list of future fixtures gets out of date before we're half-way through them.

But take it from me, it looks like a whale of a good programme; and even if they only do about half what they say they're going to do, it'll still constitute a boom.

A Burned Child

● As a matter of fact, film companies are fighting a little shy of the word "boom" I notice. They're afraid the Public—or at any rate the investing public—doesn't like it any more, having had its little fingers burned rather badly in former booms.

However, I don't think we're in for another South Sea Bubble, such as we have experienced twice during the last ten years.

For one thing, producers have learned the hard lesson of economy; and any that haven't learned it will suddenly stop being producers.

Tit-Bits

● Just picking delicately here and there from among the tit-bits offered us in advance, we have *Sixty Glorious Years*, the companion picture (but in Technicolor) to *Victoria the Great*, Leslie Howard's *Nelson* (which provides the reason why Herbert Wilcox has dropped the subject), Gainsborough's *Rob Roy*, Korda's *The Four Feathers*—those are all pretty promising.

And so are *The Citadel*, *Black Limelight*, *The Mikado*, *Blue Lagoon*, *Asking for Trouble* (the new Jessie Matthews subject), *Grace Darling*, *Richard of Bordeaux* (in Technicolor), *Jamaica Inn* and *Piccadilly Circus* (a new one for Gracie Fields).

Better Quickies

● If the other eighty-seven were as promising and as likely to be made as these thirteen, we should be licking Hollywood hands down.

Unfortunately they're not; there are a great many quickies among the balance. But quickie nowadays doesn't necessarily mean the awful rubbish we've been used to enduring under that name.

More money is being spent on them, more care, more brains.

North versus South

● So much for the future; now how about the present?

Well, last week I was talking about comedians, and comparing the rival claims of Gracie Fields, Will Hay, and George Formby.

Now here's another major mirth-maker whom I had overlooked. He's making a film at Beaconsfield, called *I've Got a Horse*.

Sandy Powell.

So there we have three Northerners against one solitary Southerner. But don't despair, you Londoners. Your side is strengthened by the addition of Max Miller, a strong box-office favourite anywhere.

And when you include the Crazy Gang—well, Lancashire and Yorkshire certainly haven't got it all their own way.

Envious George

● I can see poor George Formby tearing his hair over this film of Powell's.

It's about a bookmaker who wins a horse in a wager and trains it himself. Well, for ages George, who rather fancies himself with a horse, has been trying to get a chance to make a film with a horse in it.

In *No Limit* he had to ride a motor-bike, in *Keep Your Seats* a goat, in *Feather Your Nest* another motor-bike, in *Keep Fit* a bull, and in *I See Ice*—skates!

Now in *It's in the Air* all he gets is an aeroplane, while Sandy Powell gets a horse. . .

Tough, that.

Fine Support

● Also in *I've Got a Horse* are Edward Chapman, Kathleen Harrison, Felix Aylmer, Norah Howard, Aubrey Mallalieu, Evelyn Roberts, and Scott Harrold.

Bit of a change from the days when a comedian had to carry the whole burden of a film on his shoulders, with the support of only a few "bit-players!"

And here's the cast for *Black Limelight*, one of the current Associated British productions on the floor at Elstree.

Joan Marion, as I think I told you, is taking on the very onerous dual role which Margaret Rawlings has been playing on the stage. Joan qualified for this in *Sensation*, in which she played a similar kind of role.

Tickle

● Then there are Raymond Massey, Walter Hudd, and Henry Oscar—three first-rate actors in their own line.

The director of this is my old friend Paul Stein, who has been responsible for some of the most successful films Associated British have turned out.

Last time I met Paul he was directing a scene in *Jane Steps Out* (it was still being called *Lover's Knot* then), in which Diana Churchill had to declare her love for Peter Murray-Hill while bashing him with a pillow.

Unfortunately the feathers tickled Murray-Hill's throat and made him cough; and Paul Stein, who has the difficulty common to most Continentals of distinguishing between our "s" and "th" sounds, said gravely: "Next time you do this scene, Peter, please clothe your mouse."



At Twentieth Century-Fox they're banging the big drum for Lynn Bari—and why not?

"PICTUREGOER'S" GREAT SCOOP!

HOW well do you know Spencer Tracy? Apart from the fact that he is a fine actor, possibly the best on the screen to-day—the winner of PICTUREGOER'S Gold Medal and the Academy Award, that is?

The answer when you come to think of it, is probably "very little."

Tracy is one of those stars who, except for his work on the screen itself, has never the headlines. Nevertheless he has an amazingly interesting story.

PICTUREGOER HAS PERSUADED HIM TO WRITE IT FOR OUR READERS.

As you might expect, it is a frank, forthright and sincere human document—an autobiography that makes up in thrills for what it lacks in frills.

The first instalment of this sensational Hollywood real-life romance will be published next week.

LIONEL COLLIER'S *FILM* REVIEWS



Ramon Novarro appears as an Arab chief for his marriage to Lola Lane in "The Sheik Steps Out."

c**THE SHEIK STEPS OUT

British Lion (Republic). American. "U" certificate. Romance. Runs 68 minutes.

Ramon Novarro	Ahmed Ben Nesib	Charlotte Treadway	Polly Parker
Lola Lane	Flip Murdock	Robert Coote	Lord Byington
Gene Lockhart	Sam Murdock	Leonid Kinskey	Allusi Ali
Kathleen Burke	Gloria Parker	Georges Renavent	Mario
Stanley Fields	Abul Saal	Jamiel Hasson	Kisub
Billy Bevan	Munson	C. Montagu Shaw	Minister
George Sorel		Lt. Bordeaux	

Directed by Irving Pichel. Original story by Adele Buffington.

Here is Ramon Novarro back in the sort of stuff that his many admirers will find exactly suited to their tastes. Actually, it is the old sheik stuff, but it is put over brightly and dashingly, and gives Novarro a chance to use that melodious voice of his, which seems to me to have been sadly neglected in his film work. Novarro appears as an Arab chief—naturally he has to turn out to be a Spaniard at the end, so that he can marry the heroine without impropriety—who woos and wins a very shrew of an American heiress. Most of the fun and the romance lies in the girl-taming episodes, which are really good of their kind. There is a lot of welcome comedy, which relieves one of the necessity of taking it all too seriously.

Lola Lane is a little heavy as the heroine, but the support generally is sound.



Jack Oakie, Edward Everett Horton provide a lot of fun in "Hitting a New High."

**HITTING A NEW HIGH

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Musical fantasy. Runs 80 minutes.

Lily Pons	Suzette	Eduardo Ciannelli	Mazzini
Jack Oakie	Corny	Luis Alberni	Marlo
Eric Blore	Cosmo	Jack Arnold	Haig
Edward Everett Horton	Blynn	Leonard Carey	Jevons
John Howard	Jimmy		

Directed by Raoul Walsh. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and John Twist.

There is quite a lot of fun to be got out of this fantastic tale of an explorer with grand-opera tastes who finds a new prima donna in the primeval woods—the lady having carefully been planted there by her publicity agent—and proceeds to try to make her the rage of New York. The plot is discovered, but the "bird-girl," as she has been christened, ends all controversy by running away with a band conductor at a popular cabaret. Lily Pons sings excellently and puts a good deal of humour into her interpretation of the would-be prima donna. She is ably supported by Jack Oakie as the publicity manager, and Edward Everett Horton as the explorer. Eduardo Ciannelli scores as an opera impresario and John Howard is good as the bandmaster. A sound comedy study comes from Eric Blore as a trumpeter with ambitions. Good fun, this, all through.



"Beg, Borrow or Steal" is an amusing comedy with John Beal, Florence Rice and Frank Morgan in the leading roles.

**BEG, BORROW OR STEAL

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

Frank Morgan	Ingraham Steward	George Givot	Izmanov
Florence Rice	Joyce Steward	E. E. Clive	Lord Braemar
John Beal	Bill Cherau	Tom Rutherford	Horace Miller
Janet Beecher	Mrs. Agatha Steward	Cora Witherspoon	Mrs. Miller
Herman Bing	Von Giersdorff	Reginald Denny	Clifton Summitt
Erik Rhodes	Lefevre	Vladimir Sokoloff	Sascha
Harland Briggs	Mr. Miller		

Directed by William Thiele. Screen play by Leonard Lee, Harry Ruskin and Marion Parsonnet.

Amusing comedy, richly seasoned with humour and romance, in which the honours go to Frank Morgan as the leader of a gang of international tricksters. It is a somewhat unusual role for him, but he makes the character a likeable mixture of chicanery and sentiment. The romance is supplied by his daughter, played by Florence Rice, who is going to marry a stodgy gentleman, the son of a small-town banker, but eventually falls for the steward of a chateau, who is persuaded to lend it to her father, who wants the nuptial celebrations to be impressive. There is not a lot of action and the story is incredible, but, in spite of these drawbacks, it entertains very pleasantly indeed. A great performance comes from E. E. Clive, as Lord Braemar, the tenant of the chateau, and Herman Bing, Erik Rhodes, and George Givot all score in their individual interpretations.



Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor supply the romance in "Prescription for Romance."

**PRESCRIPTION FOR ROMANCE

General Film Distributors (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Crime comedy-drama. Runs 67 minutes.

Wendy Barrie	Dr. Valerie Wilson	Gregory Gaye	Dr. Paul Azarny
Kent Taylor	Steve Macy	Samuel S. Hinds	Major Goddard
Mischa Auer	Count Sandor	Frank Reicher	Josef
Dorothea Kent	Lola Carroll	Hugh S. Sheridan	Feodor
Frank Jenks	Rufus Smith	William Lundigan	Officer
Henry Hunter	Kenneth Barton	Constance Moore	Officer's Sweetheart
Christian Rub		Conductor	

Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Screen play by James Mulhauser, Robert Shannon, Albert R. Perkins.

The always acceptable humour of Mischa Auer holds this mixture of crime, romance, and comedy together, and assures that it provides good entertainment. It is neatly developed and, in spite of being rather over-dialogued, has few dull spots.

Mischa Auer is cast as an Hungarian confidence man who gets mixed up with an embezzler who is being sought by a man working for the Bankers' Protective Association.

The romance is supplied by Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor, the detective in question, while Henry Hunter makes a good villain and Dorothea Kent an alluring vamp.

**BREAKFAST FOR TWO

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 67 minutes.

Barbara Stanwyck	Valentine Ransome	Eric Blore	Butch
Herbert Marshall	Jonathan Blair	Frank M. Thomas	Sam Ransome
Glenda Farrell	Carol Wallace	Donald Meek	Justice of the Peace

Directed by Alfred Santell. Screen play by Charles Kaufman, Paul Yawitz, and Viola Brothers Shore. Story of the film by Marjory Williams appeared in our issue of January 29, 1938.

Bright fooling generally, with a good share of knockabout, with the usually dramatic Barbara Stanwyck and the urbanely gentlemanly Herbert Marshall forming a new "crazy" team. They enter into the spirit of the piece quite well. Actually the outline of the plot is rather a banal affair, dealing with a wealthy girl who reforms the playboy head of a shipping line and saves him from marrying a designing actress. In this she is helped by Eric Blore, who is amusing as the hero's butler. Glenda Farrell gives a very good account of herself as the actress in the case. Dialogue is usually bright and the eternal bickering of the two principals is brightly presented.

*SHE LOVED A FIREMAN

First National. American. "U" certificate. Melodrama. Runs 58 minutes.

Dick Foran	Red Tyler	May Beatty	Mrs. Michaels
Ann Sheridan	Margie Shannon	Eddie Chandler	Callahan
Robert Armstrong	Smokey Shannon	Lane Chandler	Patton
Eddie Acuff	Skillet	Ted Oliver	Lieutenant Grimes
Veda Ann Borg	Betty	Pat Flaherty	Duggan

Directed by John Farrow.

Old-fashioned melodrama, in which a bookmaker joins the fire brigade, makes an enemy of his chief, falls in love with his sister, and finally saves him from death, thus ending all enmity and winning the maiden's hand in marriage.

Dick Foran and Robert Armstrong, as recruit and fire chief respectively, are well in character, while Ann Sheridan makes the most of the rather shadowy role of the heroine.

Fire sequences are well done and provide a fair thrill.

*FEDERAL BULLETS

Pat'e. American. "A" certificate. G. Man melodrama. Runs 67 minutes.

Milburn Stone	Tommy	Matty Fain	John
Zeffie Tilbury	Mrs. Crippen	Lyle Moraine	Pete
Terry Walker	Milly	Warner Richmond	Burke
William Harrigan	Chief	Betty Compson	Sue
Helen MacKellar	Mrs. Thompson	Eddie Phillips	Durkin
Selmer Jackson	Harker	John Merton	Manny Goe

Directed by Karl Brown. Suggested by the novel by Major George Fielding Eliot.

We have a woman, for a change, as the head of a gang of cut-throats who are run down by an energetic G. Man. It is not strong in plausibility, but has a little originality in its conception.

Zeffie Tilbury almost overcomes the artificiality of her part as the woman gang leader, whilst the rest of the cast is adequate.

*ALCATRAZ ISLAND

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Revenge melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

Ann Sheridan	Flo Allen	Peggy Bates	Miss Tolliver
John Litel	"Gat" Brady	Doris Lloyd	Miss Marquand
Mary Maguire	Ann Brady	Anderson Lawlor	"Whitey" Edwards
Gordon Oliver	George Drake	Charles Trowbridge	Warden Jackson
Dick Purcell	"Harp" Santell	Ellen Clancy	Sally Carruthers
Vladimir Sokoloff	"The Flying Dutchman"	Veda Ann Borg	The Red Head
Addison Richards	Fred MacClane	Matty Fain	"Butch"
Ben Weldon	"Red" Carroll	Edward Keane	Crandall
George E. Stone	"Tough Tony" Burke	Walter Young	Federal Judge
		Ed Stanley	U. S. Attorney
		Lane Chandler	Federal Officers...

Directed by William McGann. Screen play by Crane Wilbur.

GRIM and authentic backgrounds to this story of a convict who seeks revenge on another, and frames a murder charge on him in prison, are supplied by America's most feared prison, Alcatraz Island.

John Litel is good as the racketeer, who is eventually caught on an income-tax fraud charge and Ben Weldon is sound as the convict who bears a grudge against him.

Romance enters through the medium of the racketeer's daughter, played by Mary Maguire, and an attorney, well acted by Gordon Oliver.

Ann Sheridan scores as the racketeer's girl friend.

The main interest lies in the prison sequences, which are strongly emotional.

c *THE BARRIER

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. "Outdoors" melodrama. Runs 78 minutes.

Leo Carrillo	Poleon Doret	Robert Barrat	John Gale
Jean Parker	Necia	Andy Clyde	"No Creek" Lee
James Ellison	Lieut. Burrell	Addison Richards	Runnion
Otto Kruger	Stark	Sara Haden	Alluna
J. M. Kerrigan	Sergeant Thomas		

Directed by Lesley Selander. Story by Rex Beach. Previewed January 1, 1938.

Rex Beach's famous novel, which deals with the love of an American lieutenant, sent to an outpost in Alaska to establish law and order, for the supposedly half-breed daughter of a store-keeper and prospector who had been framed on a murder charge.

Except for the scenic qualities, there is little to hold one's interest. It lacks the necessary action of a Western melodrama and is played in such slow tempo that its excessive length seems interminable.

Jean Parker, always physically attractive, is suitably ingenuous as the young girl, who turns out not to be a half-breed at all, and so is enabled to marry the lieutenant to the satisfaction of all.

Robert Barrat acts naturally as her father, who eventually is able to get even with the man who had framed him, a role played by Otto Kruger as a sort of city "slicker" with an ever-present smiling sneer.

James Ellison is very stilted as the lieutenant and Leo Carrillo gives one of his remarkably few poor performances as a trapper secretly in love with the heroine.



Leo Carrillo and James Ellison are both in love with Jean Parker in "The Barrier."

*EAST OF LUDGATE HILL

Twentieth Century-Fox. British. "U" certificate. Financial comedy-drama. Runs 47 minutes.

Robert Cochran	Derek Holt	Vernon Harris	Martin Bland
Nancy O'Neil	Norah Applin	Paul Blake	Hilary MacIntyre
Eliot Makeham	Mr. Tallweather	Dorothy Dewhurst	Miss Parfitt
Hal Gordon	Bert Bickley	Charles Hawtrey	Edwin Tallweather
Aubrey Mallalieu	James MacIntyre	Annie Esmond	Miss Monkton
Pamela Wood	Minnie Hazell	Valentine Dunn	Mrs. Bickley

Directed by Manning Haynes.

Both from a technical and a directorial viewpoint, this comedy-drama shows a good deal of originality. It deals with the reactions of employees to the possible disappointment contingent on the non-appearance of a promised bonus.

The characters involved are the chief clerk, Eliott Makeham; the transfer clerk, Hal Gordon; and Miss Parfitt the secretary, Dorothy Dewhurst All are well characterised.

They are depicted as planning what they would do when they received the money and their reactions, when they hear that it may not be forthcoming, are shown in a human manner.

Robert Cochran and Nancy O'Neill have little to do, but supply a conventional love interest.

The story is neatly unfolded in spite of relying mainly on dialogue.

*BIG TOWN GIRL

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Romantic radio comedy-drama. Runs 70 minutes.

Claire Trevor	Fay Loring	Murray Alper	Marty
Donald Woods	Mark Tracy	Spencer Charters	Isaiah Wickenback
Alan Dinehart	Larry Edwards	Maurice Cass	Mr. Huff
Alan Baxter	James Mead	Irving Bacon	Petrol Station Attendant
		George Chandler	Red Evans

Directed by Alfred Werker. Based on original stories by Darrell Ware and Frances Whiting Reid.

Extravagant story of a night-club dancer who, refusing to return to her bank-robber husband, is made a famous "masked" radio singer by a press agent, but is unmasked by a sceptical reporter who falls in love with her.

Claire Trevor gives a spirited performance as the lady in the case and sings quite well. Donald Woods is not at all bad as the reporter, and Alan Dinehart makes a resourceful and amusing press agent.

Gangster thrills are included, and the ending hands out a certain amount of rough stuff.



Barbara Stanwyck puts on the gloves with Herbert Marshall in "Breakfast for Two."





Shots WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA

Left: Want someone to look after the baby while you go to the pictures? Drop a line to Dick Foran, Hollywood's champion baby looker-afterer. The infant here is Paul Clark, jun., who appears in "Boy Meets Girl."

JEAN HERSHOLT GOES TO THE CIRCUS



Veteran screen actor Jean Hersholt paid his first visit to the circus the other day.



Hersholt spent a day with the troupe. He is chatting with one of the performers.



A Cossack girl paused to have a word with the star before going into the ring to do her stuff.



Right: Three little girls from — Radio. Anne Shirley, Vicki Lester and Ann Miller snapped in the studio grounds.

Left: This is home, sweet home to Claudette Colbert—the star's lovely mansion in Holmby Hills, overlooking the Pacific.





Lull at the Warner studio. Left to right: Maxie Rosenbloom, Humphrey Bogart, Allen Jenkins and Edward G. Robinson, studiously learning his script.



A clown, getting ready to go on, found time to show off his performing dog.

Jean, however, did not seem so keen on a game with one of the performing lions.





At the end of the day, Jean Hersholt joined the gang for dinner under canvas.

Movie Manners a-la-Mode

Bad morals used to be the menace of the movies; now it's bad manners. If we were to behave in real life as the stars do on the screen we should probably be arrested for assault, battery and all the crimes connected with "conduct calculated to cause a breach of the peace" in the calendar. That is if we weren't led gently away to Colney Hatch. In any case we'd be thoroughly disliked. Here are a few examples of the social niceties in the new movie manner—or should it be mania?



1. HOW TO EAT—or talkie table etiquette by Carole Lombard. This scene from "Fools for Scandal" ought to make Charles Laughton jealous.



4. HOW TO WOO A LADY. Just make yourself look as ridiculous as possible: Cary Grant demonstrates the new technique to Katharine Hepburn in "Holiday."



5. HOW TO MAKE LOVE. Just feint with the left, and knock her down. That's the way Wayne Morris does it to Priscilla Lane in "Love, Honour and Behave."



2. HOW TO GREET A LADY. Melvyn Douglas shows what the well-dressed young man will wear when entertaining the opposite sex (represented here by Joan Blondell) this season—a shot from "There's Always a Woman."





Above: 3. HOW TO PULL A LADY'S LEG... and be the life of the party. Robert Paige, Mary Astor, Lester Matthews, Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell (taking a long count)—more good, clean, girlish fun from "There's Always a Woman."

Left: 6. HOW TO MAKE LOVE (cont.). The method seems to work, too, but it's only recommended for he-men. Wayne, finished on the floor and with a black eye.



Right: 7. HOW NOT TO MAKE LOVE. Ralph Bellamy was foolish enough to propose to Lombard in the chivalrous old-fashioned way. No wonder Carole looks surprised. And, of course, the poor boob doesn't get the girl.



FIFTY YEARS OF Charm

A great lady of the Stage and Screen approaches her Jubilee.

by MAX BREEN

WE haven't a great many princesses available for British films. At least, it seems so, for whenever a princess, a duchess, or even a baronet's wife is needed, the minds of casting-directors are apt to swing in a single direction—to Irene Vanbrugh.

You know Miss Vanbrugh, of course. She was the Princess in *Catherine the Great*, Lady McClean in *Escape Me Never*, a Princess again in *Girls Will Be Boys*, the Duchess in *Knight Without Armour*; but she found time between whiles to play the old gipsy Marie (into whom Annabella grew up) in *Wings of the Morning*.

Unfortunately, she has been too busily employed on the stage to appear in more than a few films; but she has been fortunate in this respect—that almost all her films have been good and successful ones.

In passing, it is only fair to point out that she has contributed very materially to their success.

The stage, of course, is Irene Vanbrugh's first love—and I've no doubt it will be her last.

Fifty years ago she and her sister Violet—also a famous stage player—made their first public appearance; and half-centuries of continuous and illustrious service in the theatre are not so common that we can afford to miss investigating them.

Accordingly, I sought out Miss Vanbrugh at His Majesty's Theatre this week—where she is playing in the Noel Coward musical play *Operette*—and asked her about it.

Over tea in her dressing-room she told me: "My sister Violet and I were daughters of Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter; we were a large family, and it was absolutely necessary that we should earn our own living; and the only stipulation our father made was that we should work at something we really wanted to do; so he agreed to our going on the stage."

Those of us who are old enough to remember the strait-laced attitude of the Church toward the stage even *thirty* years ago must be amazed at the breadth of mind of this cleric twenty years earlier; we may also be grateful for it.

"And how did you come to take the name Vanbrugh?" I asked. "Was it a family name?"

"No, nothing to do with us at all. It happened that my sister Violet was staying with Ellen Terry, who happened to remark that it was becoming 'all the rage' (as we said in those days) for actresses to have repeated initials—Dorothy Devereux, Alice Allardyce, Gertie Gusset, and so on—and picking up a copy of a sixpenny novel entitled 'Miss Vanbrugh the Actress' she added jokingly 'You should call yourself Violet Vanbrugh.'

"Soon after this my sister went to interview a manager about her first part, and she was so nervous that when they asked her name she stammered 'Violet Vanbrugh.'

"She stuck to it, and I agreed to take the same name—and Vanbrughs we still are after half a century!"

Well, the sisters have certainly brought a great deal of lustre to the name; and it's interesting to know that they were, in a sense, stage god-daughters of the great Ellen Terry!

I remember a great deal of fuss being made some years ago about Irene Vanbrugh appearing in her "first film"—a not-very-distinguished talkie made by Warner Bros. down at Teddington.

But I also remember her appearing in a silent film, *Masks and Faces*, a good long time before that, and this week I took the opportunity of asking her about it.

"Oh, that!" She laughed a little at the memory, but it was clear that the memory was a happy as well as an amusing one, and she told me about it.

"My brother was away at the Front—that's Kenneth Barnes, you know, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, which in those days was just the A.D.A., having no Royal Charter; and several of us thought we might be able to help the Academy while he was away. So we decided to make a film—*Masks and Faces*.

"In the cast were Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, Gladys Cooper, and Winifred Emery; none of us knew very much about film-acting when we started, but none of us took a penny in salary, and we put in a great deal of hard work at it, taking months on the production."

"Where was it made?" I asked.

"Down at Elstree, in the old Ideal studio; it *would* seem a funny little box now! We had trouble, too, just before the end—a firm that had Gladys Cooper on contract objected to her playing for anything but charity, so we had to do the last few shots with a double; but we got it finished, and it was a great success.

"At any rate, it provided finance for the building of the A.D.A. theatre, which was a great satisfaction to all of us."



The stage is Irene Vanbrugh's first love, and probably will be her last.



Irene Vanbrugh with Elisabeth Bergner in "Catherine the Great."

The worst of these snatched dressing-room interviews with a busy player is that one would like to draw the star out at length about her theatrical experiences; but even if there were time for that, there would hardly be space to print it here, so perhaps it's just as well!

There is no doubt, however, that Irene Vanbrugh has had as wide and vivid a range of experiences as any of our major actresses to-day.

She has played principal rolés opposite some of the greatest actors of her generation—George Alexander, John Hare, Beerbohm Tree, Arthur Bourchier—and "created" the leading characters in many plays that will live in theatrical history, two outstanding ones being "Sophie Fullgarney" in *The Gay Lord Quex*, and "Mary Lazenby" in *The Admirable Crichton*.

Needless to say, such an event as her fifty-years jubilee is not being allowed to pass unnoticed, and on June 20 a special matinee will be held at His Majesty's Theatre, at which, as part of her programme, Miss Vanbrugh will give excerpts from three famous plays, Barrie's *Rosalind*, Milne's *Belinda*, and Pinero's *The Gay Lord Quex*.

The Queen will be present, and the whole of the proceeds are to be devoted to two institutions in which the star is particularly interested—the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital and the Theatrical Ladies' Guild.

This is to be an "all-star" matinee in the fullest possible sense; take a glance at the cast-list—Lilian Braithwaite, Gladys Cooper, Edith Evans, Yvonne Arnaud, Athene Seyler, Dame May Whitty, Diana Wynyard, Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, C. V. France, Griffith Jones, Godfrey Tearle, and Ralph Richardson, with Violet Vanbrugh appearing as Queen Katharine in a scene from Henry VIII!—the cream of our stage (and, incidentally, of our films) gathered to do honour to a great lady of the stage.

Naturally, a woman of Irene Vanbrugh's experience can give some valuable advice to beginners in the theatre.

A few weeks ago I heard her at the County Hall, Westminster, addressing hundreds of secondary-school girls on "Dramatic Art as a Career."

It was one of the most sensible addresses on the subject I had ever heard, hiding nothing, glossing over none of the difficulties, yet making no attempt to dispel the glamour by which the theatre lives.

"Begin early, work like a galley-slave, and keep your head when success comes" was the burden of her remarks, which are certainly based on her own experience.

At the end a pupil asked, "Is it usual for a good young actress to develop into a good old actress?"

For answer Miss Vanbrugh flung her arms wide with a superb gesture that said "Look at me!" Then, with a twinkle in her eye, she turned to the girl and asked, "Did you say that on purpose?"

No wonder audiences have loved her for fifty years!

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Rex Harrison with Vivien Leigh in his new picture, "St. Martin's Lane."

I'm a Fugitive

FROM A "Press" GANG says REX HARRISON

Who in his new picture at last escapes from the typing system that has resulted in his becoming Britain's leading screen newspaperman.

THE average reporter is not at all the breezy, wise-cracking figure the screen has popularised. He is just as likely to be an incredibly melancholy individual with spectacles and a drooping moustache. There may be reporters who look like Rex Harrison, but these must be few, so that one of the major mysteries of film-making is why Rex ever came to portray a newspaperman.

One explanation may be that he has the breezy, cheerful, animated manner that most reporters are supposed to possess and few other British screen stars do.

Again, many British leading men have a certain prettiness that would be out of keeping with the tough newspaperman. Rex Harrison luckily does not possess this prettiness, but in its place has an attractive ugliness and a charm that is irresistible; in fact, he is more like the Bulldog Drummond of fiction than almost any of the stars that have been cast for that role to date.

Rex cannot explain how he came to be the screen's newspaperman. He admits that he knows nothing at all about newspaper work, knows few newspaper people, and has never in any way been remotely connected with Fleet Street or the Press, though at one time it seemed that he was sentenced to the Press-gang for life.

That is one of the penalties of putting up a good performance in one particular role.

In *Men Are Not Gods*, Rex Harrison, then quite unknown to the vast majority of filmgoers and film critics, scored a personal triumph as the reporter. The Press hailed him as a new type of screen star and a young man of whom great things could be expected.

Then Victor Saville cast him for another newspaper man in *Storm in a Teacup*, in which he was starred with Vivien Leigh, and once again Rex made such a good job of the part that he practically committed himself to newspaper jobs from then on.

But at last he has broken away from the Press-gang, for in his latest subject, *St. Martin's Lane*, the new Pommer–Laughton "Mayflower" Production, in which Charles Laughton is starred, Rex exchanges the pen or the typewriter—have it your own way—for the baton.

But it was a narrow escape, for when Clemence Dane wrote the original story of *St. Martin's Lane* for Charles Laughton, the juvenile lead was an American newspaperman.

One day Erich Pommer, the celebrated producer, and Charles Laughton had dinner with Rex Harrison. Pommer decided that Harrison was the ideal man for the juvenile lead.

Laughton, Pommer, and Clemence Dane got together and decided to re-write the part so that now the hero is an Englishman and a successful song-writer, and it is generally agreed that the story has been considerably improved by this change.

Clemence Dane went to a great deal of trouble in her re-writing. She saw Rex Harrison in the successful London play, *French Without Tears*, no fewer than four times and studied his personality closely, then she went back and re-wrote the part with Harrison in mind.

Even so, Rex does not escape altogether from his Fleet Street associations, for in one sequence Vivien Leigh, as the little Cockney girl "Libby," mistakes him for a newspaperman and, in an amusing scene, he interviews her for his supposed paper.

The part of the American newspaperman has not been eliminated from the script, but is now a minor role and is played by Bartlett Cormack, one-time Chicago newspaper reporter and more recently, successful screen writer.

Cormack, although he has been associated with the screen, both here and in Hollywood, for years, has never previously appeared before the camera.

Incidentally, he is responsible for such screen successes as *Gentlemen of the Press*, *Front Page*, *Fury*, and more recently, *Vessel of Wrath*, the new Charles Laughton starring vehicle.

While it was not necessary for Rex Harrison to learn shorthand to become a screen reporter, he did, in *St. Martin's Lane*, have to learn to conduct an orchestra in order to become a writer of song hits.

Under the tuition of Arthur Johnston, celebrated composer of most of the Bing Crosby song successes, including "Pennies From Heaven" and "The Natural Thing To Do," Rex spent many hours mastering the technique of conducting a large orchestra.

For in the film the song number, "Straw Hat in the Rain," actually written by Arthur Johnston, but for screen purposes supposed to be composed by Rex Harrison, as "Harley," is produced in a spectacular stage sequence with Rex Harrison conducting a huge orchestra, and the orchestra was really conducted by him.

So in *St. Martin's Lane* it looks as if he has escaped from the Press-gang and that his performance as a writer of song hits may prove to producers that, excellent though he may be as the cheery young reporter, he can be just as good and better in other roles.



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Dangerous to Know



" You're not always so smart where women are concerned," Lan Ying (Anna May Wong) warned Steve (Akim Tamiroff).

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Paramount.

"WHAT music! Listen. Only Bach could compose that."

"I know; it's beautiful, but your guests are waiting downstairs. Senator Carson——"

"Windbag!"

"Judge Parker."

"Let him wait. He once made me wait three years for a parole."

"And the President of your bank—Harvey Greggson."

"Ah! Very sociable, since I saved him from bankruptcy." Stephan Recka, familiarly known in the middle-west American town which he virtually controlled as Steve, looked at the beautiful Madame Lan Ying with a smile of amusement. Because unusualness due to her Chinese origin appealed to him, he had chosen her to be hostess of the palatial house, which he confidently considered would soon be the rendezvous of the best families. Love of music, art and literature had raised him above the level of the average gangster, as his cunning had provided the funds wherewith to indulge his tastes.

Aged about thirty-five, he dressed well, and never drank. In all he was a pattern of respectability except for one failing—a determination, which would stop at nothing, to put out of action anyone who stood between him and the fulfilment of his ambition. Observing his fellow-countryman and secretary, Nicholai Kusnoff, otherwise Nicky, reflected in the long mirror opposite the door, Steve nodded to Lan Ying.

"Go back to my anxious friends. Say I'll be down soon."

"Well, Nickey," he said, as the door closed. "What did you find out?"

"The gag with the dictaphone in Murkil's lampshade worked, boss. I went over to Mayor Bradley's as you told me. Soon as the Mayor hears from me that Rance and Murkil are talking politics, out comes his dictaphone from the drawer and we listen in. Says Rance to Murkil: 'You want to be mayor at next election, don't you?' 'Sure,' replies Murkil. 'But not a mayor like Bradley, Recka's office boy. You're Recka's right-hand man aren't you, Rance?' 'That's so,' says Rance. 'I know every move Recka makes before he makes it and I'll let you know it, too.' 'Great!' answers Murkil. "We'll drive Recka and his grafters out of the City Hall.'"

Characteristically, because no action could be taken immediately against Rance, Steve dismissed the subject from his mind. Five minutes later he made a grand entry down the centre staircase into the reception-room. His keen eye registered the gratifying fact that at least a dozen more socialites were present than had honoured his last year's birthday celebrations. But while making himself pleasant to them, the Senator's wife especially, he caught sight of a girl standing by herself at an open door leading to the terrace. Unaware of Lan Ying's following glance, he went over to her.

"You seem to dislike crowds as much as I do, Miss van Kase."

"How did you know my name?"

"From your pictures in the newspapers. You look surprised because I read the society page."

"I am a little. Are you surprised to see me here?"

"A little. Won't you tell me something about yourself that I haven't read in the papers?"

"Well, I live in a lovely old house in a district which the Chamber of Commerce has zoned for new industries. Every morning when I wake I'm afraid I'll find a factory in the backyard or a filling-station on the front lawn."

"Yes, many times I've ridden through your district. The beautiful old houses remind me of great music—something the dead have given us."

"You play the organ, I believe, Mr. Recka."

"Yes; but not in company. You will let me play for you after the others have gone."

For the first time in years, Steve felt impatient to be alone with a woman. Margaret van Kase had awakened a new ambition. To dominate the town was not enough. He would marry this girl with her dark beauty, her breeding so remote from his. These thoughts became woven into his interpretation of Mozart and Wagner, while she occupied a chair near the keyboard. He forgot even that she was beside him as he pictured the future and the music swelled in full diapason. He became aware of Lan Ying's touch on his arm, her calm voice in his ear.

"Don't waste your talent, Steve. She's gone."

Dealing with Rance was his next problem; one, he decided, too intimate for Nicky to tackle.

Consequently, that same day Rance, opening the door of his apartment on the eleventh floor, saw the man whose next move he had claimed to know before it was made.

"You didn't come to my birthday party," Steve said.

"I had to go to the dentist."

"Too bad! I hate pain, John."

"It's all right now. Let's have a drink."

"You forget I don't drink. Mix one for yourself, John." With deliberate movements and gloved hands, as soon as Rance was in the kitchen, Steve put pen and paper from his pocket on the table, and opened the window wide. "Warm in here," he remarked, as Rance came back with his drink. "Tell me, when you were at the dentist's, did you see Councilman Murkil?"

"Steve—I can explain that."

"I know. Murkil tempted you. I understand, of course, but the boys wouldn't. I won't turn you over to them. Sit down and do as I say. Write as I dictate. 'Dear mother, I've decided to go away for a long time——'." The suicide note complete, Steve whipped out his gun and backed Rance across the room, forcing him steadily over the sill until a crash warned that he had fallen through a skylight eleven storeys below.

An hour later, Steve, instructing Mayor Bradley in the library to substitute parks and boulevards for the proposed construction of factories and shops in Margaret van Kase's district, heard the whine of a police car.

"Inspector Brandon, of the Homicide Squad, is about to pay me a visit," he said casually.

"That's terrible. I'll have the Chief reprimand him."

"Please don't, Bradley. It's one of the few pleasures he has—we understand one another." A moment later, having dismissed Bradley by another door, Brandon was admitted by Lan Ying. The Inspector was a slight man with a toothbrush moustache. But for the boss's intervention, Nicky would have had him out of the way long since. Not that Steve failed to realise the enmity under Brandon's apparent friendliness, but he considered himself a match for it.

"You didn't come to my birthday party to-day," Steve observed.

"No, I've just come from one. Me, the Coroner and John Rance. Me and the Coroner did the talking."

"Poor Rance. He had everything to live for. Why should he kill himself?"

"How did you know it was suicide? The verdict's only ten minutes old."

"Who would kill him?"

"You're right. Who did? I've got his name in my little book, yes and his name's on almost every page."

"When you catch the murderer I'll have you promoted. Rance and I were David and Jonathan."

"Yeah, and you and Cornell were, and you and Freeney, and they both committed suicide."

"Death is such an unpleasant subject, Inspector."

"Well, let's forget it. I really came to bring you a little birthday-present." Brandon untied the box. Not a muscle of Steve's face contracted as a pair of chocolate handcuffs came into view.

"Delicious!" he remarked while eating a piece, having handed one to the donor.

"Smart copper!" Nicky remarked when Brandon had gone. "None of that candy for me, Boss. It don't seem funny. He suspects."

"Don't be a fool. He knows. He stopped suspecting five years ago."

The following afternoon, on the racecourse, Steve combined watching his horses romp home with listening to Nicky's detailed information about Margaret van Kase.

"No money, no parents—lives with an aunt. Got a boy friend, Phil Easton. A swell like herself, a football star, young, good-looking."

"Any money?"

"No. Sells bonds. He belongs to the Wynhaven County Club—he was born into it—the only way you

(*Continued on page* 26)

TO THINK THAT 2D WOULD BUY SUCH SPARKLING BEAUTY FOR MY FAIR HAIR....



GOLDEN RINSE

makes hair gleam like spun gold

You'll never believe how rich and sparkling your fair hair can look until you have used Golden Rinse. All hair . . . even dull, faded hair, becomes rich and lovely. Use this inexpensive way to new beauty.

Ask for Golden Rinse if you are fair. There is a BLONDE TONRINZ for blondes. GOLDEN BROWN TONRINZ for medium and dark shades, and AUBURN for warm shades. BLUE RINSE for grey and white hair, **but it's best used after a CAMILATONE Vitamin Shampoo.**

Camilatone

VITAMIN SHAMPOOS INCLUDING TONRINZ—**SIXPENCE**

from Hairdressers, Chemists, Stores

"When I'm in a hurry—



that's when I'm most thankful for **MUM!"**

★ *At all good Chemists and Stores*
1/6 and 2/6 per jar.



It's the busy woman who finds MUM such a boon. Because in less than a minute she can guard herself all day from that gravest social offence—perspiration odour. MUM, the Cream Deodorant, kills perspiration odour in an instant without stopping healthful perspiration. A fingertipful smoothed in under the arm—and you're ready and fresh for the day—no matter how hectic.

You can use MUM at any time—after you're dressed or during the day, because it's quick and easy to apply, and perfectly harmless to fabrics.

You can use MUM after shaving the underarm—MUM has cool, soothing properties that are beneficial to sensitive skins.

Takes only a minute to use—just a quick fingertipful of **MUM** smoothed in and there you are—safe for the day and evening—no waiting, no rinsing.

Use MUM on sanitary towels—and be sure you are free from any possible embarrassment.

MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



Small bottle 8d., post 10d.; 1/4 size, post 1/8; 2/6, post 2/9; 3/9, post 4/3.

For GREY HAIR SHADEINE

Is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid: nothing injurious; permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour. See Medical Certificate enclosed.

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Bring out the best of nature's gifts by using Lashtone. Adds beauty and sparkle to the eyes. Simple to apply—wonderfully effective.

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THE SCIENTIFIC LASH TONIC

From Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and all High-class Chemists, Stores, Beauty Parlours, etc. Price 2/6 per tube. In case of difficulty, send P.O. direct to LASHTONE PRODUCTS (Dept. L), 75 BAYHAM STREET, N.W.1, and a tube will be sent to you Post Free.

Sun TAN—





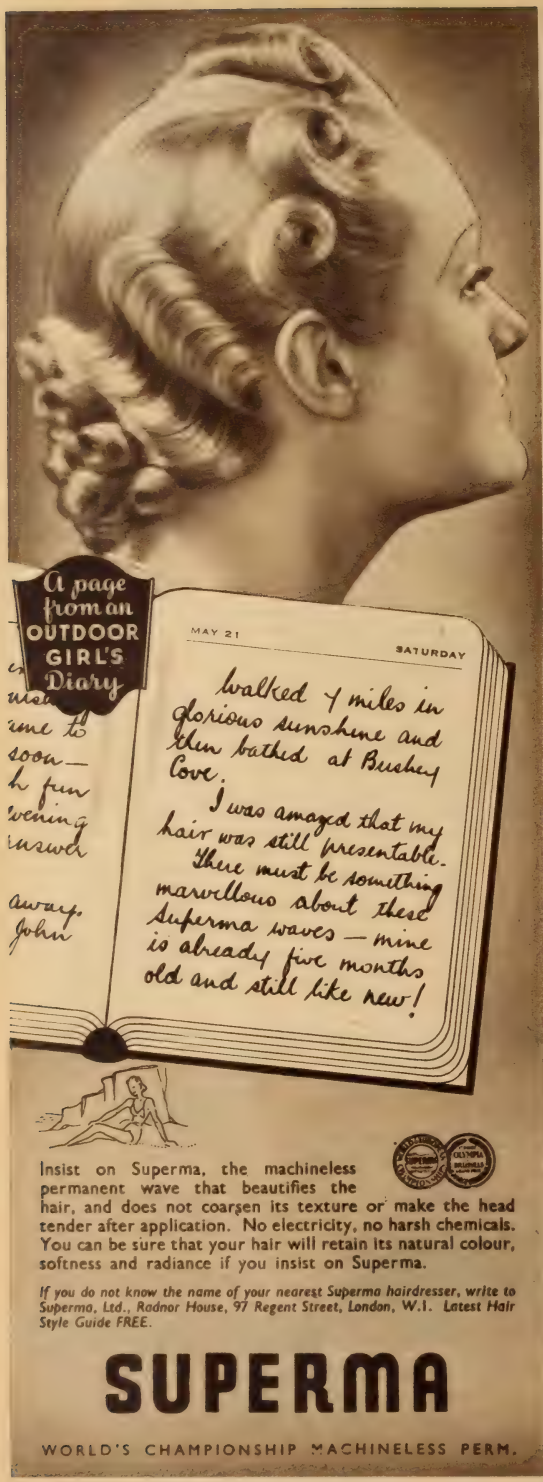
Weather DULL or FINE

"Cooltan," amazing scientific Cream, intensifies the sun's healthy TAN-rays, yet cuts off the burning power! Like Magic! No freckles or burn—just a quick, deep gorgeous TAN, from honey to bronze, as you wish. "Cooltan" has no grease. No dye. For face and body; men, women, children. Amaze all with your ravishing tropic Bronze—protect from deadly sun-*burn*, too, by using **"COOLTAN"** Tubes. 1/3 & 2/-. Liquid 2/6. All Chemists, Stores, or direct (add 2d. post): **KATHLEEN COURT (Eng.), LTD., Suite B.C., 324 Regent Street, London, W.1.**

Cooltan gets the BEST out of the Sun!

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Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up callouses and corns, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-aspirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. Money back if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails. At Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all chemists.



Insist on Superma, the machineless permanent wave that beautifies the hair, and does not coarsen its texture or make the head tender after application. No electricity, no harsh chemicals. You can be sure that your hair will retain its natural colour, softness and radiance if you insist on Superma.

If you do not know the name of your nearest Superma hairdresser, write to Superma, Ltd., Radnor House, 97 Regent Street, London, W.1. Latest Hair Style Guide FREE.

SUPERMA

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MACHINELESS PERM.

DANGEROUS

can get in; but he ain't paid his subscription."

"Then 'phone the company he works for. Tell them I want to buy twenty thousand dollars worth of bonds from Mr. Easton. He can pay his club dues with the commission. Get moving. Tell him to be at my house at seven o'clock."

As usual, Lan Ying, beautiful always and of Oriental calm, her black, smooth hair swept past her ears into a knot at the nape, followed the butler into the hall to usher in the visitor. Coming downstairs dressed for a dinner engagement, Steve never noticed her unique black gown patterned with a large leaf design in white. She had become so much part of his life that he had forgotten to credit her with a heart capable of jealousy and a brain keenly aware of his and his associates' comings and goings.

Phil Easton tallied with Nicky's description of him. In addition to ease of manner, outcome of a clear conscience and good breeding, he showed a disarming frankness about himself; talked of his hoped-for marriage to Margaret van Kase, and thanked Mr. Recka for bringing the prospect nearer. He had hardly gone, with instructions to bring Steve a list of investments in the morning, when the telephone rang.

"Mrs. Carson wanted to know if you would pick up Miss van Kase on the way to dinner. I told her you would," Lan Ying said, coming away from the instrument."

"You're a good hostess, Lan Ying. You always know the right answers."

"But you're not always so smart where women are concerned, Steve. To Margaret van Kase you're a novelty—nothing more. She belongs to a world you can never enter."

"You think so?"

"I know it. Stay where you belong, Steve."

Nevertheless, he continued to aim at the stars. Having a controlling interest in the Centre Bank, it was only a matter of time to instal Easton as investment manager under Harvey Greggson. A customer ready to make an immediate business appointment one morning, took Easton by surprise just as Margaret walked in, expecting her fiancé to escort her to lunch.

"I was just saying to Mr. Greggson that I wished we had more smart young fellows like Mr. Easton around. My plans include lunch if you don't want to skip it," Steve suggested.

"Fine, Mr. Recka. I must be going," Easton agreed.

Having listened over the grapefruit to Margaret's thanks about the town-planning amendment, Steve was taken by surprise when she said:

"I think we ought to understand one another. Apparently you haven't noticed this." Controlling a wince at seeing the diamond on her left-hand third finger, he said quickly:

"Phil Easton's only a boy. You deserve a man."

"But I love Phil."

"Not enough."

"I know you're rich and powerful and I should be agog because you want to marry me, but I'm not—honestly no. Even you, Steve, can't have everything you want."

In this, however, Steve would not acknowledge defeat. Rapidly he outlined a scheme for getting Phil Easton out of the way for a time without involving his suicide. Crouch, a handy make-up man, was employed to pose as a professor, calling at the Centre Bank to buy bonds with money accumulated on his travels. Bringing out a gun at the psychological moment when Easton had the bonds in packages on the table, Crouch and an accomplice named Hanley acted promptly. That evening, townfolk were reading the newspaper headlines. "Bank executive disappears. 218,000 dollars in bonds missing. Warrant issued for Phil Easton's arrest."

The townfolk might not know, but Steve knew, where Easton, under the influence of drugged wine administered by Messrs. Crouch and Hanley, was lying unconscious. A telephone message to Inspector Brandon to go to number seven, Eden Apartments, was put through by Steve's butler while Nicky was detailed to watch developments. His voice over the wire reached Steve in the library.

"Brandon's picked up Easton all right. They took him off to the police station in a car."

"Right. Get the bonds. Send Crouch and Hanley out of town. Then go to Police Headquarters and keep your eyes open."

To combat impatience, Steve went to his organ, but had barely sounded the first notes of a fugue when Margaret was announced.

"I sent for you," he said, rising, "to tell you they've found Phil."

"Is he all right? Take me to him."

"Not yet. He's under arrest."

"No, Steve—not that. Phil isn't a criminal."

"When a man disappears with thousands of dollars belonging to someone else, that's what the police call him."

"That's what you wanted, wasn't it—to see him in disgrace? You put him in that job so that this could happen. You wanted me; so you built Phil up—and then knocked him down. No one would believe that, but we know it's the truth, don't we? Why don't you answer?" He hadn't expected this, hadn't thought a woman of her stamp capable of following his moves. "You have answered for me," he acknowledged.

"Is there no way he can be cleared without your help?"

"No way."

"No means of my showing you up for what you are?"

"None."

"All right. What's your proposition? If I marry you, you'll clear Phil?"

"As though this never happened."

"As your wife I'm to open the doors of respectable society to you, but I love Phil. You understand. And I hate you?"

"Even so, I'll try."

"Very well. I'll go through the ceremony. I'll be your wife as far as appearances go and I'll do everything in my power to pay you back for what you've done to Phil and me. Before you've finished with me, you'll think your gangster enemies were amateurs. In the end I'll go back to the man I love if he'll have me. Now do you still want me?"

"Yes. It cannot be done any other way. Go home and pack. Meet me at the airport at seven o'clock."

"But Phil——"

TO KNOW—Cont.

"Always Phil—I'll have him released immediately."

Within five minutes of Margaret's leaving, Steve was on the 'phone to a police superintendent who was to telephone Inspector Brandon. Easton was to be charged with larceny and conspiracy to commit robbery, so that his lawyer could bail him out right away. Fortunate, perhaps, that Steve failed to hear what Brandon said when he received the message. "You can tell Mr. Recka from me that this is his dirty business and I'm not through with him," had been the Inspector's remark to a much-bewildered Easton as he left the police station. Meanwhile, Steve was listening to Nicky's report that Crouch and Hanley, having been held up for ignoring a red traffic light, had been arrested for having arms in the car.

"If Crouch rings in Easton and he identifies them, we're done, Boss. Crouch and Hanley will talk to save their own skins."

"I thought I told you to get the bonds. Brandon can't convict us without them. Where are they?"

Steve opened the cover of the first in the packet Nicky handed him and seized him by the shoulders.

"Newspapers—inside every cover. You let Crouch and Hanley go without checking up on them."

"I didn't have a chance to. You wanted them to get away quick. You don't think I took them do you?"

"Be quiet." The arrival of Phil, ushered in by Lan Ying, caused Steve to think quickly. The young man's excuse that he was looking for Margaret, who wasn't at her home, his gratitude to Mr. Recka for sending a lawyer, gave Steve the opportunity to say: "It would help matters very much, Mr. Easton, if you'd go to the Ace Garage on Tenth Street and identify the two men there as the ones who held you up and robbed you. My secretary, Nicky, will be waiting there with the police."

"Right. I'll go right away."

"What a pity, he's such a nice young fellow," Steve said, as the door closed.

"Boss, you don't mean——"

"Yes, he's in my way still. Are you afraid? Perhaps you'd rather wait with him till I come myself——"

"Okay, Boss."

"Have any aeroplane tickets come yet?"

"I believe so. Madame Lan Ying took them in." Steve nodded. He didn't see Inspector Brandon emerging from the shrubbery as Nicky set foot on the drive, or realise that he was sent off in a police car while the "smart cop" returned to his hiding-place. Seated at the organ keyboard, Steve only saw Lan Ying. Wearing white, four rows of heavy crystals round her neck, the contrast with her black hair was unusually striking. "Say when," she said, pouring from a decanter into a tumbler.

"Lan Ying. I'm surprised at you."

"Just one highball. I promise you I'll never drink again. There. What we should say is 'And happiness' or something like it. But I know you hate toasts. Music is better." She switched on the gramophone. She had chosen "Thanks for the Memory," sung by a woman. In spite of pre-occupation, he realised by the finish that she had chosen this way of saying "Good-bye."

"You know I'm going away, don't you?" he said constrainedly, and handed her the cheque he had written.

"I have no use for so much money," she said sadly.

"Then keep it for me. You are the only one I can trust—maybe I'm like the crazy fellow who didn't find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Maybe I shall have to crawl away and come back where I started. Why is it, Lan Ying, I'm not happy? I'm on the top of the world, yet I'm sad."

He turned to the organ. Music took possession of him. When he played, the greatness he had missed in life seemed to clothe him. Forgetful of the cruel warp in his nature, the facility for ignoring the primal law of man, he played.

He was changing the stops when he saw Lan Ying lying on the floor. He bent over her. She was dead. Without a word, without a scream, she had died from a self-inflicted wound. On the floor lay the blood-stained dagger she had used. Steve picked it up. He was staring at it as if fascinated, when he heard a voice at his elbow. "All right, Recka, you can drop that."

"I didn't do it, Brandon. I couldn't. Not Lan Ying. She told me everything." But not quite everything. Lan Ying hadn't told him that she knew the whole story of the stolen bonds through the discovery that Nicky had stolen them. Lan Ying hadn't told Steve that she had handed the aeroplane tickets to Phil Easton and told him to meet Margaret at the airport.

Unaware that he was carrying out what Lan Ying, by dying, hoped to achieve, Inspector Brandon snapped the handcuffs round Steve's wrist. "You can't eat these, Recka," he said quietly. "The law's caught up on you at last. Eight men you've killed and now you're going to hang for something you didn't do."

SPENCER TRACY TELLS HIS LIFE STORY TO OUR READERS

Commencing next week, Spencer Tracy, who won our Gold Medal for the best performance in the releases of 1937 for his work in "Captains Courageous," writes his autobiography for PICTUREGOER. *It is a story of achievement, reverses and final triumph, told, as one would expect from a star of the author's calibre, with due modesty. It does, however, give an intimate and warmly human picture of a man who has won his way in the esteem of all filmgoers both by his ability and magnetic personality. In the first instalment he deals vigorously and amusingly with his early life. There is sure to be a very large demand for this unique life story, so we advise our readers to place their orders early.*

ANDREA LEEDS in *"THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES"*
RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS



GOLDWYN'S NEW STAR

Andrea Leeds

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MAKE-UP

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Very Light . . . ☐	Blue . . . . . ☐	BLONDE
Fair . . . . . ☐	Grey . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . . ☐	
Medium . . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . . ☐	
Freckled . . . . . ☐	LASHES	BRUNETTE
Olive . . . . . ☐	Light . . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
SKIN	Dark . . . . . ☐	REDHEAD
Dry . . . . . ☐	AGE	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Over 35 . . . ☐	If hair is Grey, check type
	Under 35 . . ☐	above and here . . . . . ☐

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Send this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O. to Max Factor (Dept. A.), 16 Old Bond St., London, W.1, for your personal complexion analysis, make-up colour harmony chart, samples of powder, rouge and lipstick in your correct colour harmony, and 48-page booklet on the *New Art of Society Make-up*, by Max Factor. P18

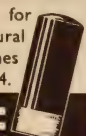
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KISSES WHICH BETRAY . . . .

need no longer exist. GUITARE, the Parisian lipstick, is Indelible—Natural—Traceless. It does not wear off and stays on all day. Women who use it will tell you so. GUITARE is obtainable in eight glowing, transparent shades. Trial size—(enough for one month), 6d. Standard size 2/-. De luxe model 4/6d. On sale at all good chemists and stores. Sole distributors for the U.K.: Chemical & Natural Products Ltd. (Dept. P.5), Thames House, Queen Street Place, E.C.4.



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indelible—natural—traceless

Friday night is AMAMI night



SHAMPOO IN LUXURY.. for 3d

Cast a spell over him with lovelier hair! All the world loves fresh, fragrant, dainty hair . . . the result of Amami's 47 active health and beauty ingredients. For dark hair: Amami No. 1. For fair and fair-brown: No. 5. In sachets 3d. and 6d.

WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our readers

THOSE MISLEADING TITLES

Do You Ever Feel Had?

I'LL be perfectly frank.

I like a saucy screen effort.

Lots of girls—a good leg show—an impertinent boldness appeals to me in pictures.

Let there be no mistake. I detest screen smut, and near-the-knuckle remarks have never been in my line.

But I also dislike being "had."

And that brings me to a recent film, *Forty Naughty Girls*.

I should, of course, have read the criticism preceding it, but it was the title that took my fancy.



James Gleason as the screen's Inspector Piper.

I found out that it was another Inspector Piper picture just before I paid my nimble ninepence—the title being merely that of a revue running at the theatre connected with the crime and having no bearing on the story.

Titles like this—that trap—are just not good enough!—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.*

(*The moral is—always consult your "Picturegoer" first!*—"*Thinker.*")

Topical

● I like the way Hollywood joins in our conversations. When the Man-in-the-Street discussed the atrocities of the American gangster, Hollywood did not dwell solely upon sex appeal and heart throbs. It showed us American gangsterism at work, in films.

When Smith and Jones sat in the omnibus discussing the latest long-distance flight, Hollywood was busily creating *China Clipper*, just to show them how a long-distance flight was accomplished. Surely *They Gave Him a Gun* gave us additional food for thought at a time when the subject of guns predominated in our daily conversations? Topicality pays. Whilst Hollywood has something of topical interest to discuss we are bound to provide an appreciative audience. When British filmdom occasionally pauses in its delving through the pages of past history, or in its re-hashing of successful stage comedies, and dwells upon fundamental problems affecting our own lives . . . well, I've an idea that it will bring new life and prosperity to our film industry.—*L. Turvey, Pine View, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Blaming "The Pictures"

● Hardly a week passes but some magistrate pompously blames the "pictures" as being a cause of juvenile deliquency.

No one disputes there are incidents in many films that may react detrimentally on the young, but is not the same true of every phase of life?

Boys have been known to run off with cars that does not call for abolition of the motoring industry. Children have been known to pilfer from stores, but who suggests such stores are detrimental to good character?

Evil is not abolished by taboos, censorship, pontificial condemnations. To run filmdom on perpetual lines of innocent phantasy and pifflin fairy tales is not sense, nor would it be relished by old or young. After all the criticisms, it cannot be denied that films do make for good conduct and clear thinking. The wrongdoer does get punished and the Right always triumphs.—*"Frank," Mansfield Road, Sherwood, Notts, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

Sacrosanct

● I understand that arrangements are being made to produce *The Idylls of the King* for screen presentation. I welcome the attempt but would suggest that it would be "little short of sacrilege" to produce such a picture with well known performers in the cast.

It would be tragic, and ludicrous, to associate Sir Gareth or Sir Galahad, for instance, with even the most popular or able screen "hero."

Some day intelligent producers will realise that certain themes demand special treatment and that subjects like "The Idylls" are, in a sense, sacrosanct to British audiences.

No American face or accent must intrude upon such presentations, for instance. No former "villain" or "villainess," "Angel-face" or "He-Man," portrayed in films can live on the screen as suitable for these Arthurian legends.

A specially directed cast, with new faces and voices, to be dispersed immediately the picture is shot, never to appear again as individuals or as a company, would be the best (and only) justification for a picture which must be "the greatest of them all" or "the worst ever."—(*Miss*) *M. C. Rogers, 7 Plainfields Avenue, Patcham, Brighton.*

(*"When Knights Were Bold" dealt an almost fatal blow to all films of chivalry.*—"*Thinker.*")

Infuriating!

● How many people besides myself have often occupied a seat in a cinema, and ten minutes after the start of the picture the usher comes and tells you that the seat has been reserved, there being no "reserved" ticket on the seat, however.

Often, upon being told this, the usher goes into a lengthy argument about the matter.

The climax of the matter is that you have to give up your seat, after which you are buffeted about until a seat is found for you, and subjected to the stares of people.

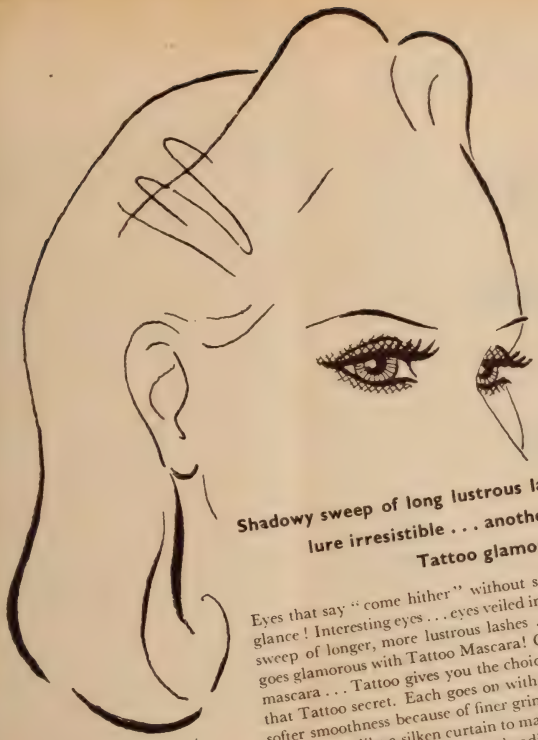
By this time the thread of the picture is lost and consequently all interest. Surely some system to prevent this constant trouble with reserved seats could be introduced into the cinema.—*E. Crabtree, 21 Pendle Street, Barrowford, Nr. Nelson, Lancs.*

(*Of course it could!*—"*Thinker.*")

Down with Ruritania!

● So the good old Ruritanian flag is still a-wave its majestic folds amid mountain breezes (why are mythical countries always mountainous?) while fanfares ring loud and clear

(*Continued on page* 30)



Shadowy sweep of long lustrous lashes . . .
lure irresistible . . . another
Tattoo glamour secret!

Eyes that say "come hither" without so much as a glance! Interesting eyes . . . eyes veiled in the shadowy sweep of longer, more lustrous lashes . . . coquetry goes glamorous with Tattoo Mascara! Cake or cream mascara . . . Tattoo gives you the choice . . . each has that Tattoo secret. Each goes on with easy-to-apply, softer smoothness because of finer grinding . . . lashes sweep down like a silken curtain to make eyes look far lovelier, brighter! Positively no "beadiness." Actually no smarting. Magic Tattoo — the only possible mascara for you!

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Tattoo Mascara
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Cream 2/6, *in chain-fastener sachet.*
Cake 2/6, *in newest-ever end-opening black and silver case.*



How Doctors Treat Indigestion

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Although doctors are human, you rarely find them suffering from indigestion. The reason is that they know exactly what causes it and how to treat it. Personally I know nothing to equal 'Bisurated' Magnesia as a speedy and lasting remedy for all digestive troubles. If I eat anything that disagrees with me I take either a teaspoonful of the powder, or four of the tablets, and there is an end of the trouble. Indeed, there is something almost miraculous about the speed with which 'Bisurated' Magnesia arrests acute stomach pain. I advise every sufferer to take some after their next meal; the relief will be a revelation.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia, referred to above, is available at all chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

SKIN DISEASES

AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose-eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto Tablets for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, **and my skin is as soft as velvet.** I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."
(A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. Beauchamp.

Elasto, the New Biological Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, **which dissolve instantly on the tongue,** and it is the pleasantest, cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with a generous **Free Sample,** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. *Now!* while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

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Jessie Matthews

Exciting new 6d TUBE



Follow the glamorous stars—give your skin the limelight too! Try Potter & Moore's powder-cream yourself. Smooth a little into your complexion and see how instantly its lovely, peach-like bloom transforms you. Face and neck and arms: they become radiantly youthful-looking at a touch.

Obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades.

Handbag tube, 6d. Mirror fitted jars, 1/-

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

Things men say behind girls' backs

"What do you think of Betty S—?"

"Pretty, of course, but one dance with her was enough for me. Nothing puts me off quicker than a girl who perspires. Queer that they don't seem to notice the smell themselves."

If some girls only knew what men say behind their backs, they'd be far more careful about underarm perspiration odour. The easiest and quickest way to make sure you don't offend is to use Arrid, the new cream deodorant. Because it's a *cream,* it's easier to use; no waiting for it to dry; just smooth it in and it vanishes; can't rot dresses. No stinging either, can be used straight after shaving. Stops perspiration instantly — removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days. Ask for Arrid, the new cream deodorant. At Boots, chemists and department stores.

Arrid 1/11 *a jar*

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN FINDING MARVELLOUS NEW AID TO BEAUTY

in these Creams containing the "Skin-Vitamin"



"Now the 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Creams they have made my skin so healthy, clear and fresh. Lines have smoothed out, and little blemishes have been kept away."

LADY HARMSWORTH

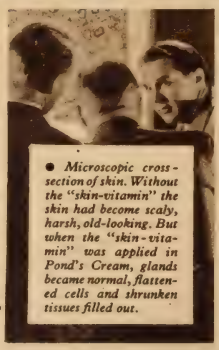
"Pond's Creams are even more miraculous than before—now that they contain the 'skin-vitamin.' My complexion has shown a wonderful improvement since using them—finer texture, better colour, greater smoothness. There's no trace of roughness or dryness in spite of wind and sun."

H. H. PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO



"I've been amazed to find that in a few weeks these improved Pond's Creams containing the 'skin-vitamin' have made my skin so much smoother, fresher and finer than before."

LADY ANNE HILL



● *Microscopic cross-section of skin. Without the "skin-vitamin" the skin had become scaly, harsh, old-looking. But when the "skin-vitamin" was applied in Pond's Cream, glands became normal, flattened cells and shrunken tissues filled out.*

A FEW months ago the announcement was made that Pond's Creams now contain the "skin-vitamin." Since then, thousands of women have tried this cream and have seen a smooth, young complexion replace rough, dull, old-looking skin!

This marvellous new aid to beauty has become possible because of a recent discovery. It was noticed that one certain vitamin, applied to the skin, healed burns and wounds very quickly.

Pond's had scientists test this vitamin in Pond's Cream for 3 years. They found that when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied daily, a marvellous change took place! The skin became smooth, clear, healthy—in 3 weeks!

Try for yourself Pond's Vanishing Cream or Pond's Cold Cream—both contain the "skin-vitamin." See *your* skin transformed within 3 weeks! For now both these creams nourish the skin with the substance that *builds new, lovely skin.*

Pond's Creams are unchanged except for the new ingredient—in the same jars and tubes—at the same prices.

NOW IN POND'S CREAMS

The Active "Skin-Vitamin"



Look for a small "S V" on the corner of the label. This means the cream contains the "skin-vitamin."

FREE: For sample tubes of the improved Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address here, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C443, Pond's, Perivale, Middx.

NAME

C443

ADDRESS

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

from impressive plaster battlements, and in "ditto" marble halls.

Too bad, too, too bad.

Personally, I feel that the sight of another manly bosom heaving beneath glittering insignia (a tribute to the prop-man's imagination), and a feminine one rising and falling beneath ropes and ropes of state jewellery, will bring my ennui to the point of hysteria—and that goes for travelling Englishmen, baroque furnishings, powdered wigs, wicked heirs presumptive, suave diplomats *et al.*

Down with Ruritania and the one and only Ruritanian plot!

If film producers decided, in unison, to scrap for ever all themes dealing with Ruritania and gay Vienna (no political illusion) and concentrated on supplying films with, well, if not reality, at least bare possibility, the result would be better box-office and better entertainment.—*"Protest," Maidstone.*

Appreciation

● Boyer is the only one of Garbo's leading men who has genuinely wooed her. To date I have seen seven Garbo films and have been amazed to watch John Gilbert, George Brent, John Barrymore, "Bob" Taylor and the rest absolutely unmoved by her beauty.

Even people who do not care for her art admit that Garbo's features are practically flawless and the mingling of aloofness and tenderness in her expression is unique.

Yet until Boyer came along not one of her screen lovers paid tribute to the loveliness which leaves thousands of cinema-goers gasping for adjectives.

Part of Boyer's triumph, I am convinced, is due to his behaving as ninety-nine men out of a hundred would like to behave on being confronted with such a woman. He goes on the assumption "She is beautiful, therefore to be wooed; she is a woman, therefore to be won."

At last, the audience feels, Garbo's beauty is getting the recognition it deserves!—*E. M. Wright, 2 Bentley Road, Oxton, Birkenhead.*

Put to Sea

● Where are the sea-pictures of England? We have had *The Phantom Light, Turn of the Tide* and *Man of Arran*—though the last named can hardly be called popular entertainment. *Sailing Along* is concerned with life on a barge, but England, the island country, should surely make more sea-films. We had *Drake*—a tedious pageant of unreality. We had *Our Fighting Navy*—equally unreal and melodramatic, but it is not pictures like these that are wanted.

We should be making pictures of boats—of holiday-makers and adventurers and explorers. Steamers and yachts, trawlers and canoes—these should be the stars of our films.

A picturisation of G. A. Birmingham's story, "The Inviolable Sanctuary," would be delightful. Everybody finds islands fascinating, and a tale such as this would give scope for humour, romance and interesting characterisation, against a lovely background of sea and country.

What about it, British studios?—(*Mrs.*) *N. M. Gibbs, Etain, Westward Ho, Devon.*

(*The forthcoming film of Nelson's life is to be filmed largely at sea.*—"*Thinker.*")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

WHO'S WHO

Jean Muir

● Was born in New York on February 13, 1911 and was educated in New Jersey and Paris. She joined her college dramatic club and was president for two years.

Her professional career started auspiciously. Returning from school in Paris, she met an English company bound for New York to play *Bird in Hand*. They gave her a job as an understudy.

Soon after the play opened the leading lady was taken ill and Jean stepped into the role.

After that she toured in stock and then returned to Broadway in *Saint Wench*, in which a talkie talent scout spotted her.

Her screen debut was not very promising. She had to appear as a corpse in *Bureau of Missing Persons*. She first attracted attention in *As the Earth Turns*, and *Dr. Monica*.

Her latest pictures are *Once a Doctor, Her Husband's Secretary, Fair Warning, Outcasts of Poker Flat, The Cave In, Dance Charlie Dance, White Bondage*, and *Lovers' Knot*.

Jean Muir is 5 ft. 7 in. tall and has blonde hair and grey green eyes.

Herbert Mundin

● Born in St. Helen's, Lancashire, on August 21, 1898 and was educated at St. Alban's Grammar School, London. He left school to serve in the war—in a minesweeper.

After the Armistice he got a job as second comedian with a London company playing one of the piers. Later he toured the provinces.

While appearing with a concert party at Eastbourne he was spotted by Andre Charlot, for whom he worked for seven years, playing in revues in England, Australia and America.

Mundin made his film bow in 1930 in *East Lynne on the Western Front*. In the following year he decided to tackle America again. He soon secured a Hollywood contract.

He scored an immediate success in *The Silent Witness* and has been kept busy ever since.

His films include: *Cavalcade, David Copperfield, Mutiny on the Bounty, Under Two Flags, Another Dawn, You Can't Beat Love, That's My Story* and *Angel*.

The comedian is 5 ft. 6 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes.

Paul Muni

● Muni Weisenfreund, to give him his real name, was born in Lemberg, Austria, on October 14, 1895. His father and mother, struggling stage people, took him to America when he was four and his earliest years were divided between his violin lessons and jumps from town to town with the companies in which his parents played.

He made his bow as an actor when he was eleven years old. The one-night stand theatrical troupe his parents were appearing with needed someone to take the role of an old man. Money was scarce. They tried the Muni boy as a makeshift. He had only a few lines to speak, but he was an instant success and from then on he played many similar roles.

His father died when Paul was quite young and the boy and his mother struggled on alone. There were times when they had to sleep in railway waiting rooms for lack of funds.

Muni eventually made his reputation at New York's famous Yiddish Theatre. The bigger producers heard of him and in *We Americans* he took Broadway by storm. An even greater triumph, *Four Walls* followed.

Talkies were just coming in and the actor was signed for *The Valiant* and *Seven Faces*. Both were artistic rather than commercial successes and Muni went back to the stage. He returned in *Scarface*. This time he was a sensational hit. *I Am a Fugitive, From a Chain Gang* followed and established him as one of the screen's greatest actors.

Recent films include: *The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Good Earth, The Woman Between* and *The Life of Emile Zola*.

Muni is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and eyes.

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HERE is news of greater comfort and ease-of-mind for women everywhere. You can now have the benefit of the "Can't fail—can't chafe—can't show" protection exclusive to Kotex, no matter what form of belt or tape you are accustomed to use—and you can have it, too, at lower prices than ever before! *Kotex is now made with and without loops*, and though the same high quality is maintained, prices have been lowered to 6d. for 6 pads, 1/- for 12. (In the Blue Box with loops—in the Green Box without loops.)

KOTEX Sanitary Towels

6d.
FOR 6 PADS
1/- FOR 12 PADS

Can be worn with any form of belt or tape.

Prices do not apply in Eire

Can't Chafe · Can't Fail · Can't Show



Many charming girls today miss love because they're victims of that modern complexion trouble *COSMETIC SKIN*

IT'S HARD that the very things you use to look more attractive —your powder and make-up—can actually kill your appeal.

But that's what happens—unless you take care to guard against Cosmetic Skin. Powder and make-up in themselves are harmless. But it's when little bits of stale cosmetics clog the pores that trouble starts.

Many women who think they remove their old make-up *thoroughly* at night, really leave tiny traces in their skin. Soon their complexions go muddy and coarse and spots and blackheads come. Then Cosmetic Skin results—death knell to romance!

POWDER HARMLESS WHEN REMOVED THIS WAY

Film Stars—who *must* have flawless skins—say that only one thing removes make-up *completely*—that's Lux Toilet Soap. This pure soap has a specially penetrating lather that foams deep into the pores and washes out every hidden grain of powder. That is why Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap of the big film studios—it's the surest safeguard against Cosmetic Skin.

Adopt the stars' beauty care and you can use all the powder and make-up you like without risk of Cosmetic Skin. Every night before bed and before renewing your make-up in the day, remove the old cosmetics with Lux Toilet Soap. Your skin will become clear, fine and smooth. It will attract the love you long for.



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MADELEINE CARROLL says
(Walter Wanger Productions)
"I use all the powder and make-up I like, but I'm careful to avoid Cosmetic Skin—I use Lux Toilet Soap always. It gives you a gorgeous skin!"

LET GEORGE DO IT!

JEAN'S FAN.—(1) Yes, you can obtain a photograph of Jean Arthur from the Postcard Salon, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen. (2) Lois Wilson took the part of Mary Blake in *Bright Eyes*. (3) Rosemary Ames took the role of Elsa Middleton in *Our Little Girl*. (4) Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick, Rod la Roque and Ian Keith, took the chief roles in *The Preview Murder Mystery*. (5) Barbara Greene took the part of Janet Graham in *Wedding Group*. (6) Preston Foster played opposite Carole Lombard in *Love Before Breakfast*. (7) Sylvia Sidney and Cary Grant took the chief roles in *Madame Butterfly*. (8) Anne Shirley, Sidney Fox, Paul Kelly, Lois Wilson, Lucille la Verne, Dorothy Lee and Toby Wing took the chief roles in *School for Girls*. (9) We published the story of *The Plainsman* in the April 24, 1937, and a supplement of *Libelled Lady* in the April 10, 1937, issues of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from Publishing Dept., 6, Catherine St., London, W.C.2 for 3d. each, post free.

JEANETTE FAN.—(1) Jeanette MacDonald, Allan Jones, Alan Mowbray, Gilda Gray, Nelson Eddy, Reginald Owen and James Stewart, took the chief roles in *Rose Marie*. (2) Music in the film : " Indian Love Call," "Excerpts from Opera by Gounod," Juliet's Waltz by Gounod, " Pardon me Madam," " The Mounties," " St. Louis Blues," " Dinah," " Some of these Days," " Rose Marie, I Love You," " Just for You," " Three Blind Mice," " Finale Act 3 Tosca," " Tes Yeux," " Rubenstein's Valse Caprice " and " Trees." (3) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy's latest film is *The Girl of the Golden West*. They are scheduled to make *Sweethearts* shortly. (2) Robert Taylor is making *Three Comrades*, with Franchot Tone, Robert Young and Margaret Sullavan.

J. W. (Kensington).—(1) Wayne Morris born Feb. 17, 1914, Los Angeles, he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 190 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair, real name Bert de Wayne Morris. (2) Tim Holt born Hollywood, Feb. 5, 1917, he is 6 ft. tall, son of Jack Holt. His films include *Stella Dallas* and *I Met My Love Again*. Write to him c/o United Artists Studios.

ANNA (W.C.2).—Rex Harrison, b. 1908, Huyton, Cheshire, he has dark hair and is over 6 ft. tall, is married and has one son. His latest film is *Over the Moon* and he is at present appearing in *St. Martins Lane* with Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh. (2) He acted on the London stage recently in *French Without Tears*.

REGULAR READER.—Write to Syd Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, Lancs., for particulars of a fan club for Robert Montgomery. Miss Josephine W. Lowry, 2200 Harrison Street, Wilmington, Delaware, U.S.A. runs a club for this star in America.

H. H. (Lancs.).—Write to Akim Tamiroff c/o Paramount, Inc., U.S.A.; Sonja Henie c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.), Ginger Rogers c/o Radio (U.S.A.), Luise Rainer c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.).

BINNIE HALE (Birmingham).—Binnie Hale, b. May 22, 1899, Liverpool, real name Beatrice Mary Hale-Monro, married Jack Raine (mar. dis.). Her latest film is *Take a Chance*.

A. P. (Glamorganshire).—It was Sarah Churchill (Winston Churchill's daughter) who married Vic Oliver. Diana Churchill, the film actress, who married Barry K. Barnes recently, is not related to Winston Churchill in any way. She was born Wembley, Middx., Aug. 21, 1913. (2) I am sorry, but we do not publish photographs of Patsy Kelly, or Veda Ann Borg, in the Postcard Salon. (3) *Angel*, released April 25, 1938.

J. C. (Balham).—Leslie Howard is at present making *Pygmalion* for Pascal Productions. Fredric March scheduled for *Freedom of the Press* for Selznick International.

M. A. H. (Lancs.).—We published centre spreads of *Captain Blood* in the Feb. 22, 1936, issue (out of print) and of *The Prince and the Pauper*, May 5, 1937. Art plates of Errol Flynn, Oct 12, 1935 (out of print); Mar. 20, 1937; May 15, 1937; Feb. 5, 1938. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., see previous column. (2) Anton Walbrook, b. Vienna, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 175 lb., and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is making *Sixty Glorious Years*, a new Queen Victoria film, with Anna Neagle.

INTERESTED (Gloss.).—Leading players as follows : *Frozen Justice*, Lenore Ulric, Robert Frazer and Louis Wolheim. *Corsair*, Chester Morris, Alison Lloyd and William Austin. *The Monkey's Paw*, C. Aubrey Smith, Betty Lawford and Bramwell Fletcher. (2) Yes, John Howard Payne, who recently married Anne Shirley, appeared in *Hats Off*. (3) Latest films : Charles Quigley, *Girls Can Play*. Gordon Oliver, *The Daredevil Drivers*. William Henry, *Madame X*. Frank Albertson, *Hold That Kiss*. (4) Gordon Oliver, b. Los Angeles, April 27, 1910, has brown hair and hazel eyes, 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 165 lb. (5) William Henry, b. Nov. 10 (no year given), Los Angeles, Calif., he has fair hair and blue eyes.

TAUBER FAN (Surrey).—Richard Tauber was married to Frau Carlotta Vanconti (they were divorced in 1928), before his marriage to Diana Napier. (2) Articles published in this magazine on Richard Tauber : " My Wonderful Year," Jan. 2, 1937; " That's Richard—That Was I," May 30, 1936; and " Tauber's Pagliacci Problems," Oct. 24, 1936. Back numbers, see above.

C. B. (Lincoln).—In the film *They Won't Forget*, the picture ends with Brock, the reporter, saying to the District Attorney, "You know, Andy, now that it's all over I wonder if Hale really did it," and Griffin replies, " I wonder, too ! "

C. B.—James Mason's leading lady in *Catch as Catch Can* was Viki Dobson.

PICTUREGOER (Lancs.).—Elise Brown sang " What Lancashire Thinks To-day " in the film *The Penny Pool*.

STANWYCK FAN.—(1) Barbara Stanwyck, b. July 16, 1907, Brooklyn, New York, her real name is Ruby Stevens, she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has auburn hair and dark blue eyes, married Frank Fay (mar. dis.), and has an adopted son Dion who is about six years old. She is scheduled for *Always Goodbye* for Twentieth Century Fox Studios, with Herbert Marshall. (2) Joan Crawford is 5 ft. 4 in. tall. (3) Yes, Benny Baker appeared in *Blonde Trouble*.

LORETTA YOUNG FAN (Otley).—Loretta Young's films since 1934 : *A Man's Castle*, *House of Rothschild*, *Dawn of Life*, *Born to be Bad*, *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*, *Caravan*, *The White Parade*, *Call of the Wild*, *Clive of India*, *The Crusades*, *Shanghai*, *The Unguarded Hour*, *Secret Interlude*, *Ramona*, *Ladies in Love*, *Love is News*, *Cafe Metropole*, *Love Under Fire*, *Wife Doctor and Nurse*, *Second Honeymoon*, *Three Men and a Prayer*. (2) Deanna Durbin sang " Il Baccio " in the police station scene in *Three Smart Girls*. (3) Boris Karloff played " Our Little Girl," by Lew Colbloch, on the piano in *Charlie Chan at the Opera*.

E. G. (Balham).—I am sorry, but the film company have no details of the small-part players in *She Asked For It*.

J. B. (Waterside).—(1) Thomas Beck took the part of Doc. David McKerry and Sally Blane that of Ann Smith in *The Great Hospital Mystery*. (2) Birthdates as follows : James Ellison, 1911 ; Gene Autry, Sept. 9, 1907 ; David Niven, Mar 1., 1909 ; Eleanor Powell, Nov. 21, 1913 ; Jane Withers, April 12, 1927 ; Barbara Read, Dec. 29, 1917 ; Nan Grey, July 25, 1918 ; Luise Rainer about 25 ; James Craney, July 17, 1904 ; Spencer Tracy, April 5, 1900 ; Binnie Barnes, Mar. 25, 1908.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

A fan club has been formed for RALPH READER. It is open to all scouts and guides—who are invited to write to Miss Dorothy Cozens, 5 Ashchurch Terrace, Shepherds Bush, W.12, for further particulars.

• • •

Any readers who are interested in MISS FLORA ROBSON should write to Miss Nora Wilson, 2 Wynevon Road, Stoke Newington, N.16, who is forming a club for her. At first this will be a correspondence club only, but later on Miss Wilson hopes to be able to arrange meetings, etc.

• • •

Miss Doris Dew, the British Representative of the BETTY GRABLE FAN CLUB is desirous of enrolling more members for this club which has only recently been formed in America. Prospective members are entitled to a personally autographed photograph of Betty Grable and to the club news with all the information about this new young star's work. Anyone interested in this club should write either to Miss Doris Dew, 42 Franchise Place, Waltham Abbey, Essex, or to Sydney Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, South Shore, Blackpool, Lancs., for full particulars.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to ensure a reply. When writing to America, of course, an English stamp is of no use, and you must obtain an International Money Order from your local post office, who will tell you the required amount.

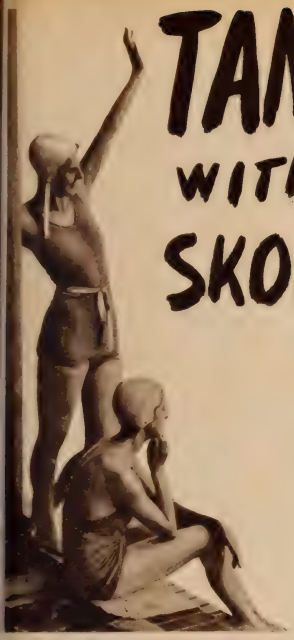
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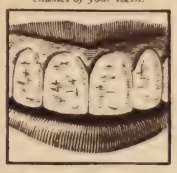
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The enamel which protects your teeth from decay at the gum line is *far* thinner than a sheet of paper. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which wear enamel away!

Make sure your tooth-paste is safe. Compare it with one which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day (or send coupon below for free sample). Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty don't take chances any longer. It is just because it is so safe that dentists recommend Odol.

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BEAUTY SALONS 33 OLD BOND STREET W.1

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

HOLIDAYS with pay, fortunately, become the lot of a good many more workers this year than ever before. What fun may be had in anticipation of those holidays. We spend weeks poring over brochures and circulars wondering shall we do this or do that; go here or go there. After a lot of day dreaming we come down to hard facts and say, "What does it cost?"

A really good and enjoyable holiday does not necessarily depend upon a large sum of money. Indeed some holidays that cost a great deal in hard cash may pay poor dividends in the way of pleasure. The proportion of enjoyment to outlay depends to a large extent upon your own temperament, and the company you find.

Shall we explore a few plans based on figures! The figures given here are approximate, but they are near enough to be reliable in budgeting to them.

You have a modest fiver to spend on a holiday. Not enough to go away, you feel. Perhaps it is better to spend it in days out. I do not agree. Days out are too tiring to be of real value, and there is not the same holiday feeling about them.

With five pounds to spend what about a week at a really good holiday camp? I know that some holiday camps have fallen into disrepute, but there are many others that are conducted on irreproachable lines. Choose a camp run by people who are proud of their establishments and have a reputation to maintain.

Neither should the word camp conjure up a vision of flapping canvas and inadequate sanitary arrangements. A well-run camp has trim wooden chalets, comfortably furnished, with electric light, washbasins with running water, spring beds, etc. It includes four meals a day in the communal dining-room, all sports and organised games, dancing, with a carnival once weekly, all kinds of indoor games and generally a regular concert. Many camps have their own swimming pools, and various rest, reading rooms and lounges.

All this you can get for about 47s. to 55s. a week, so you see that a week's holiday on a fiver is by no means an impossibility.

A camp provides you with a jolly holiday, with every minute of the day occupied if you feel that way, or if you want to be quiet, you can. If you are lonely, you will meet holiday companions, or maybe make a lifelong friend.

Then there are those who are fond of the sea. A formal cruise can hardly be done on £10. It might be managed as far as the fare is concerned, but all the clothes required must be reckoned as well. These are necessary for the social side, which sometimes, I think, rather unfortunately, has grown up about cruising.

If you love the sea and do not want to spend a great deal of money, what about a trip in a cargo boat?

You will not, of course, get the luxury of a first-class hotel, but you will be on a real ship, in company with real seafaring folks. You will get no dance orchestra, but a rare yarn perhaps from the captain or the chief engineer. The number of passengers carried is small, and in consequence an intimate friendly atmosphere prevails and a great deal of personal service.

You need only the simplest of clothes and you can accomplish this sort of holiday from about 10s. a day.

If time is a consideration, there are the excellent cargo boats that sail around our own shores. The fares are extremely moderate, and you pay for your meals as you take them. Starting from London, you may call at Plymouth, Waterford and Belfast. You stay in Glasgow long enough to permit a coach trip through some of Scotland's loveliest scenery, and a visit to the Exhibition. Then back again around the coast.

Here again you will find really nice people on these trips, people who prefer a ship to be a ship and not a floating hotel. There is no dressing-up and no snobbery. The food is good but plain.

Or, if you would like less time at sea and more time in Scotland, sail up the East Coast to Leith, and do a coach trip from there.

Still taking £10 as a basis and assuming a love of the water and disregard for the greater luxuries of life, what about a holiday on the Norfolk Broads?

OF course, this requires a party to make it jolly and economically possible. For a fortnight's hire of a yacht with full equipment and a man to sail it would cost about £24. The boat would accommodate a party of six. The cost of food might be taken at 30s. per head per week. This adds another £18 to the total cost, but all told with an allowance for extras such a holiday still comes within the £10 per head limit.

• • •

Marie (Walthamstow).—Here is a home-made remedy for lines under the eyes. Mix almond and olive oils in equal parts. Add a few drops of benzoin drop by drop. Keep in a corked bottle. Shake always before using. Tap the oils in around the eyes very gently with the finger tips before going to bed.

• • •

Mother (Manchester).—An excellent shampoo for your little girl's golden hair may be made with the well-beaten yolk of a new-laid egg to which has been added a pinch of borax. Apply it in two applications, rubbing well in. Rinse very thoroughly with three clear waters. Rub well with a warm towel and if the weather is sunny and warm, finish it in the garden. If not, dry completely with warm towels indoors.

• • •

Worried (Newcastle).—The appearance of the nose may be made to seem smaller by a clever use of make-up. Use a light powder at the top of the nose and a darker one at the sides to cast a slight shadow.

• • •

HAVE you a problem? Let us help you to solve it. Send your letter, with a stamped addressed envelope, to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half-a-guinea is awarded to Mrs. E. Olsen, 22 Bentinck Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire, for :—

The Call of the Flesh
Three Little Pigs
The Wandering Jew
Among the Missing

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to Miss M. Carter, 58 Danes Hill Road, Leicester, for :

Rendezvous
One Hour Late
Fury
Farewell Again

Miss Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilles-dale, Durham City, for :

Accused
Too Many Wives
Wedding Rehearsal
That Man's Here Again

Miss T. Westrop, 20 Aston Terrace, Aston, Nr. Sheffield, for :

My Past
The Informer
Exposed
Disgraced

Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for :

The Sheik Steps Out
Here is My Heart
The Lady Refuses
She Didn't Want a Sheik

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard c/o PICTUREGOER, Marlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on you "Titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

"The *Olive Oil* in
PALMOLIVE
makes my bath a real refresher!"





Andrea Leeds

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Freddie Bartholomew (2)	Greta Garbo	Lily Pons
Charles Boyer	Judy Garland	Edward G. Robinson
Olympe Bradna	Jean Gillie	Charles Rogers
Alice Brady	Fernand Gravet	Cesar Romero
Anthony Bushell	Andrea Leeds	Lyle Talbot
Diana Churchill	Myrna Loy	Anton Walbrook
Danielle Darrieux	Claire Luce	
	Ray Milland (2)	

PARTNERS. SEPIA AND COLOUR

Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo, Gary Cooper and Frances Dee, Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou and Deanna Durbin, Robert Montgomery and Marion Davies, William Powell and Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford, Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle, Robert Young and Joan Crawford (2).

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Just try one to-night. But make sure you get the genuine SIMPSON (Brand) Iodine Foam Bath. Full directions are in each packet, and if you are not more than delighted in every way, write and tell us, and we will return your money at once!



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MY LIFE STORY by SPENCER TRACY

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Picturegoer

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KAY FRANCIS

This sterling actress has not always had the pictures she has deserved, but in whatever film she has appeared, she has at least done herself justice. Her latest picture, "Confession," was an essay in mother-love characterisation and her next is entitled "My Bill," in which she appears as the widowed mother of six children. According to latest reports, she intends to put marriage first when she marries Baron Barnekow later this year and will not sign any long term contracts. Maybe if she has a free hand she will appear in the sort of pictures that will do justice to her talents.

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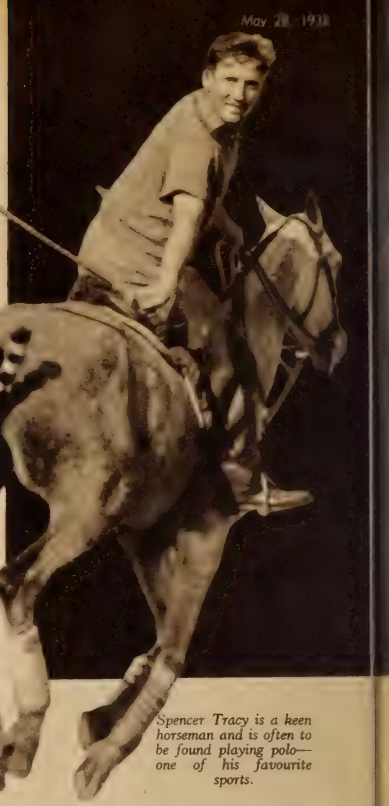


CHARLES BOYER

Charles Boyer is sitting right on top of the film world at the moment. With the applause for his Napoleon in "Marie Walewska" still ringing in his ears, he has started work on what should be another striking characterisation in "Algiers." In the new film he will have two glamorous leading ladies, Sigrid Gurie and Hedy Lamarr.

THIS IS MY *Life Story*

by SPENCER TRACY



Spencer Tracy is a keen horseman and is often to be found playing polo—one of his favourite sports.

INTERVIEWERS and publicity men are always wanting to know: "What do you do outside of pictures? Let's have some details about your private life, about your spare time."

Spare time? I had more time off when I was in the navy.

If I'd known what Hollywood was going to be like, maybe I'd have followed my Dad's advice and taken up selling trucks.

And again, maybe I wouldn't.

My father was John Tracy, general sales manager of the Sterling Motor Truck Company, in Milwaukee. I was born in that city, one April fifth, in one of the several large apartment houses that stood then on Prospect Avenue, though I can't give you a detailed description of what it looked like.

My mother, Carrie Brown Tracy, tells me that we lived on "the right side of the tracks," though that probably didn't make much difference to my Dad, who was Irish, with generations of good old Irish fighters behind him. He died in 1930.

My mother, now living with us out in Hollywood, gives the family its old American colonial stock.

I do remember that we lived in fairly comfortable surroundings in Milwaukee. And yet if anybody back there still remembers me, it's probably the truant officers, the school teachers and a certain cop by the name of Fisher or Fischer. We called him "Baby Catcher," because he was for ever chasing truants back to school, and I was usually one of them. I've often wondered what happened to him eventually, and if he's still rounding up the strays.



A family group. Mrs. Tracy with her two children Rosie and John, in both of whom the star's features can be traced.

Maybe it was the Irish blood in me that gave me the itch to wander away. I can't say that I ever loved school, though I did finally struggle through the second year of college. We lived in a pleasant environment in Milwaukee, yet they tell me that when I was seven years old, I ran away. That was the beginning of the wanderlust, I suppose. They found me a little after dark. I was down on the South Side playing in an alley behind a saloon with two youngsters known in the neighbourhood as Mousie and Rattie. They were sons of a bartender, tough eggs, I suppose, but we became darned good friends.

The question of how I happened to bump into them has never been settled. The one thing about the whole escapade that I do remember is how my mother grabbed me and wept when I got back home. That should have cured me of running away, but it didn't.

The last I heard of Rattie, by the way, he had been cleaning up on Wall Street, which ought to prove something or other.

I have no particularly joyful recollections of school, grammar school, at any rate. For some reason, I just couldn't get interested in books. They bored me. You hear a lot these days about how teaching methods have changed and subjects are made so much more interesting now. I don't think it would have made a bit of difference to me. I just wanted to go around on my own and see things. Teachers were always calling at the house at embarrassing moments, to find out if "Spencer felt better to-day." Unfortunately, my family didn't know I was supposed to be sick.

For the sake of my mother, who was very intent on making something out of me that would do credit to her colonial ancestors, I tried spasmodically to be interested. I managed to stagger along from grade to grade, getting by on passing marks and an occasional ability to kid the teachers along. I did get a kick out of athletics at the various grammar schools that admitted me, and, eventually, I won a diploma from St. Rosa's parochial school. Boy, that was a gala day!

When I was sixteen the family moved to Kansas City, my father's business taking him there. I was sent to school to St. Mary's and then to Rockhurst, which I attended for only about six months because we moved back to Milwaukee.

Just a few weeks ago I got quite a thrill when the Rockhurst alumni sent me a wire, telling me that I had been voted an honorary alumnus and wanting to know if I would accept, as they wished to make the announcement at a Rockhurst rally. Naturally, I accepted, and I feel honoured, for if they'd known what sort of a student I was there they might have wanted to keep dark the fact that I ever attended. The one thing I remember best about Rockhurst was that I went there thinking I was quite a tough guy, and met up with a few other kids who also thought they were tough guys, with the result that I got some of the best first-hand instruction in toughness that I'd yet come across.

Well, as I said, we moved back to Milwaukee once more and I, very reluctantly, started in at West Side High School. It all seemed sort of silly. I figured I'd had plenty of education by now and that it was high time I got a job and began to amount to something. I begged my father to let me pass up the lessons and go to work, but he didn't see it that way.

From West Side High I went to Marquette High, still not liking it. But classes went on uneventfully for a year or more and then the war started.

Apart from the fact that I'd never passed up many fights, this war didn't appeal to me so much as a fight, as a chance to go places and see things. Maybe some of the hysteria and patriotic ballyhoo and colour did get under my skin, because, after all, I was seventeen years old and those things appeal to kid minds. But most of all it was a chance to get out of school once and for all, pack up and get right smack into the middle of a lot of excitement.

So I decided to enlist in the Marines.

Until the United States entered the war there hadn't been much in my young life to write a biography about. As a baby I never got dropped from a fire escape or fell down the cellar steps. Even the time I ran away from home, I was hauled back without anything much having happened. So the chance to enlist and go places was really too good to pass up.

One December afternoon after school I hopped on a street car and rode down-town. Near Milwaukee's famous Schlitz Hotel I saw a gaily-

It has taken Spencer Tracy some years to win the popularity which his performances have always merited, but he is now one of the screen's most sought after leading men. He has written the story of his life for "Picturegoer" readers and you will find in it all the charm and modesty which are features of his unique personality.



Rosie has apparently got ambitions to become a camera woman and practises on her father who obliges with a variety of expressions calculated to inspire the budding photographer!

coloured placard in front of a doorway, above which hung the Stars and Stripes. And before the door stood two marines, stiffly at attention.

For a couple of weeks before this, I'd tried to muster the courage to talk the situation over with my folks. I was in my third year of high school. I'd begged my father to put me to work in his plant, and been turned down. I was pretty sure neither he nor my mother would let me join up, if they knew anything about it. So I decided to go ahead, and tell them afterwards.

I stepped off the street car and for about an hour I just strolled around, looking at the sights. I still couldn't quite make up my mind, thinking of what would happen back home when I had to tell them. Twelve times, anyway, I walked past the door of that recruiting station.

Then I went in.

It was sort of dark inside, and for a minute or two I couldn't make out the features of the man who sat behind the desk. Then I saw that he was one of those typical Marine officers, the sort you imagine a Marine officer ought to look like. A casting director's perfect type. And he was looking me right in the eye.

"I want to join the Marines," I said. My voice cracked a bit and sounded miles away. I was beginning to feel pretty silly.

The officer asked me a flock of questions, in a much kindlier tone than I'd expected. He wrote down my name and address. Then he asked me my age.

I'd been all prepared to say, "Twenty, sir."

Instead, like a sap, I stammered out, "Seventeen years and eight months, sir."

The officer put the enlistment papers aside, got up from his desk and shook hands with me.

"Thank you for trying," he said, "but you're too young. We can't take you."

I stumbled out of there feeling sillier than I ever had in my life before. All my way home I called myself every sort of a chump I could think of. I went back past the high school, picked up the books I'd left there and got home just in time for dinner. I didn't say anything at the table. I felt too sick. The folks wanted to know what was the matter. I couldn't tell them.

That same night my pal, Pat O'Brien, called at the house. He was all bubbling over about something. "Listen, Spence," he said, "don't say anything yet, but I joined the navy. They're going to send us to Great Lakes Training Station."

I knew then what to do. The next morning, the minute I could get away, I went downtown again. I gave my right age, and the United States Navy accepted me.

Talk about nothing ever happening in the Grand Hotel, say, nothing ever happened to me in the Navy. Just the same old routine, day after day at the Naval training station. Drill, and more drill. About the only thing that did happen to break the monotony was the 'flu epidemic, and that was tragic. It wasn't exciting. There were hundreds dying every day. For some reason, neither Pat not I caught it. We were lucky.

I was there for six months and was then transferred to Norfolk, Virginia, where I fought the rest of the war, "lookin' eastward to the sea" and never getting any nearer to it than a cruise on the bay in a whale-boat. That was as close as I got to France or any other port. So, five months later, when they decided to call it quits across the Atlantic, I was mustered out, given a railroad ticket to Milwaukee and the clothes I'd discarded when I joined up.

Milwaukee was gay with flags and hysterical with excitement. The war had been won.

Last summer, down in Honolulu, I was in the lobby of the Royal Hawaiian when a very big Marine pulled up right in front of me.

"Say, Tracy," said this Leatherneck, "you'n me is buddies."

I tried to say something polite.

"You used to be a Marine, didn'cha?" asked the buddy.

"No," I said, "I was in the navy during the war, but the marines turned me down for being too young."

"You don't look it," cracked this baby, "and anyway, it don't make no difference. What I want to know is, how d'ya get to be a movie star? I'm about through with my last hitch and I figured pictures is a good place for a guy like me."

I tried to hedge, stuttered something about, "Well, I don't know how to advise you, Admiral. You see, it's pretty hard."

"Nix," breaks in the Devil Dog, "how can it be? You and Gable done it!"

Well, if I'd had the time and the inclination, and if he'd been willing to listen for several hours, I might have told him what I did after I got out of the navy.

When Tracy, the seafaring veteran, returned to Milwaukee my family decided I ought to go back to school. And here I'd joined the navy just to get away from school! Anyway, the Government was offering a $30-a-month pension to anyone mustered out who wanted to finish his schooling, and there didn't seem to be anything else beckoning at the moment, so back I went.

I was too big to go back to high school, so the family sent me to Marquette Academy, from which I graduated to North-western Military Academy. That must have made about fifteen or eighteen schools I'd attended since that first day my mother took me by the hand and led me to grade school, but I still had one more to go.

I decided to go to college.

NEXT WEEK

THE star tells you of his college experiences and how he got the urge to become an actor which his father thought a silly idea. He meets up with his old friend Pat O'Brien and finally gets behind the footlights and appeared as the killer in "The Last Mile," the play that made his name on the New York stage.



" That fine character actor Edward Arnold should never have been made a star."



Marlene Dietrich's recent films have not been of sufficient strength to maintain her position.



"Is it fair to blame Joan Crawford? Has she been treated fairly?"

Are these Stars BOX-OFFICE Poison?

By E. G. COUSINS

WOULD you push your hard-earned silver and coppers through the pay-box window just to see Garbo, irrespective of what picture she is in?

And the same with Dietrich? Mae West? Joan Crawford? Katharine Hepburn?

Pardon my inquisitiveness, but in this question lies the whole secret of future film prosperity.

In other words, do these stars thrill you or give you a pain in the neck?

Perhaps that's not a fair way of putting it. Perhaps I should say "Are stars, as such, worth your one-and-threepence?"

On your answer depends the fate, not of one-and-threepence, but of hundreds of millions of dollars . . . and of about a hundred people who are now Emperors and Empresses of the Earth, and who may, if you turn down your thumbs, become good old Has-Beens.

This subject, I may tell you, has been sizzling round under the surface for a long time, but only within the last few weeks has it found the volcanic crater through which it might erupt.

The volcano is represented by a handful of disgruntled and determined men in New York—styled the Independent Theatre Owners' Association—who erupted right into the middle of Hollywood one fine morning, in a manner that shook that placid suburb as it hadn't been shaken since the celebrated earthquake five years ago.

Their crater was a full-page advertisement in a local daily trade paper, the *Hollywood Reporter*; and in that they declared they were "tired of losing money on the glamour stars detested by the public."

Well, you'd have thought that was about enough to go on with without mentioning names; but mention names they did, and among them six of the best-known names in the world—Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, and Edward Arnold.

They made it clear that they had no fault to find with these stars' acting abilities. Their complaint was that, as stars, they ought to mean something at the box-office; whereas they just didn't.

You can imagine what a pleasant breakfast-dish this was to the stars concerned, and the companies that had them on long contract. Picture, for instance, the feelings of Marlene, who is reputed to be signed up by Columbia on a new contract.

Before lunch-time, the stars' managers had gone into a huddle with their lawyers, to decide, not whether to prosecute for libel, but how soon they could do it and what damages they would get.

And then one agent, farther-sighted than the rest, said "Not so fast, folks, not—so—fast! Don't you see, all the Independent Association want is to get us into court, and then it will bring figures to show that their box-office takings dip badly every time our stars' films are shown!"

That spoiled their lunch

It has also caused a little hasty revision of production programmes, because producers are now realising that, where this straw is blowing now, the whole darned haystack is likely to go as soon as the gale of public opinion really gets started.

To me it's a matter for surprise that the whole business has not come to a head long ago. Let's examine the position.

To appreciate the true nature of the Star System, it's necessary to go back thirty-five years, to a day when a firm named Biograph, in New York, was making films which ran for as long as ten minutes each.

The public liked a certain girl who appeared in these, and she was known as "the Biograph Girl."

Now, a principle was established here which, if properly exploited, would have saved these gentlemen and their successors a power of money—and trouble.

Though the name "Biograph Girl" remained fixed and constant, the girl herself changed from time to time (Mary Pickford was one of them) until some fathead conceived the notion of publishing their names; which meant that the public could demand, not just a pretty girl with the company's name as guarantee of her value, but one particular specified pretty girl.

This enabled the pretty girl to ask what salary she liked—especially when the companies began bidding against one another for her services; and thus that Gargantuan monster, the Star System, was born.

True, it has made millions for the film companies; but it has also cost millions; and now if we are to believe reports from American

Recent events have caused us to re-arrange our ideas of stellar values. Here is the present position in the star market.

exhibitors, it has brought the film industry into a pretty sticky state.

It's difficult for us over here, who are apparently a nation—and, in fact, a Continent—of Garbolaters, to realise that the Human Swede's name in lights outside an American cinema may no longer tempt the cash-customers in.

We may be able, however, to appreciate much better the same sad case of Dietrich, Hepburn, and Crawford, because lately on this side of the Atlantic, except for their loyal and vociferous self-appointed personal bodyguard of fans, these ladies have sagged badly.

"Ah," you protest. "It isn't fair to blame them—they're had such bad stories."

That's just it! That's the whole point. Their sponsors have been so utterly and crazily confident of their personal appeal that they've neglected to give them good stories—or, still more criminally, have spoiled good stories to make them fit the star.



Mae West isn't worrying; it's all publicity to her!

The case of Edward Arnold is somewhat different.

In the opinion of a good many competent judges, this fine character actor should never have been made a star at all; as a featured supporting player he was invaluable, as a star he is now almost negligible.

That doesn't mean that his acting is any less inspired; probably it is more so. But Arnold simply has not the type of personality of which stars are made.

The others, already named, definitely have; so what has caused them to slump so badly?

There's a solution that is very simple, but the wise men of Hollywood don't seem to have spotted it.

If you've ever visited Holyrood House, the royal palace in Edinburgh, you may have walked through a gallery containing dozens of portraits of the Kings of Scotland, all painted by one artist, who, for economy's sake, *used the same model for all of them.*

The first half-dozen may amuse you by their strong family likeness; but after about the fortieth Scottish king looking exactly like all his forbears, you simply want to scream!

Then why should producers imagine we want to see the same face as one character after another? It isn't logical!

On the stage, a good actor tries to look different in two different roles; on the screen, a star tries to look as much like himself or herself as possible, whatever the part, because that's the way his fans want him!

It doesn't make sense.

There's another argument you can trot out here, if you don't agree with me.

You're quite entitled to say "The screen public is loyal to its favourites to the point of mania; it loves to see the dear familiar faces bobbing up again."

Well, that's all right up to a point; but consider this—that the more interest you show in the star, the less you have to spare for the character he or she is portraying. And surely if the story is worth anything at all, the character is the important thing?

To which you may justly reply that the story far too seldom *is* worth anything, having been "mucked abaht" to suit the star.

This is one of the most vicious circles in captivity.

Speaking of familiar faces, I remember a silent film made years ago, called *Fascinating Youth*, in which the pupils of the Paramount School of Acting were given their first real try-out on the screen—among them, incidentally, Charles Buddy Rogers and the late Thelma Todd.

The story concerned a winter sports resort, and one of the attractions offered by the mountain hotel was that several well-known (Paramount) film-stars were induced to come and stay there.

I shall never forget the pleasant surprise it was to see, among all the unfamiliar young faces, the well-known world-weary features of Adolphe Menjou coming on to the screen.

But remember, he was there purely as Adolphe Menjou. I confess I have since grown a little tired of seeing character after character on the screen, all wearing the same well-known world-weary features.

I think that "goes for to show" that we can grow sick unto death of the same old dial when it's half-heartedly trying to pass itself off—





Who ever expected Garbo (above) to be so maligned?

Hepburn (left) is not everybody's idea of Heaven.

without any attempt at disguise—as someone else.

Here is the root of the matter:

It takes time to build up a star—years, perhaps, while the star's name, face, and form are spread assiduously over every bit of the landscape until it becomes a household word.

The problem which producers now have to face is—will there be time to perform all this elaborate publicising to the point of making picture-goers want to see her, before they become tired of her?

It's a knotty problem; and it can only receive the answer "Yes" in exceptional circumstances.

The recent rush to exploit brand-new players is a proof of this; but the fact that these new players, on gaining public approval, are immediately made stars is a proof that producers don't yet realise what hit them.

Because certain stars—Shirley Temple, Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, William Powell—are still cast-iron box-office draws, producers imagine all the stars must be.

About six years ago I wrote a book in which I foretold the ultimate abolition of the Star System.

The other day on his return from America, Alexander Korda declared that he was going to concentrate on actors and stories instead of on stars, few of whom were worth their salaries.

In the new Technicolor film *Tom Sawyer*, the names of the producer, the director, and the author are starred above the cast.

Just another couple of straws, perhaps—but they suggest that perhaps, in the fullness of time, my prophecy may come true!

All the Gossip

EXIT THE STARS?



- Stellar crisis in Films
- Goldwyn warns Hollywood
- Now the Cosmopolitan Kiss
- Still more Child Stars

SO the old story of stars *versus* story has cropped up again, in a new guise. This time it is the Independent Theatre Owners' Association of New York which publishes a list of stars who, it declares, are "box office poison."

The Association claims that the public stay away when these particular stars are shown, but they also add that people are staying away from the cinema because there is nothing good in the way of story values to entice them from their homes.

With the latter part of their statement, I am inclined to agree. Story values are and always have been the main drawing power of a picture, but there is no doubt that the public follows the stars, at least in this country, and that given two equally good productions, the one with no big name and the other with a stellar cast, the latter will always win—and this, despite the fact that the acting in the former is of superlative value.

The pros and cons of the star system are discussed at length in an article on page 8 of this issue.

We should like to know what our readers think about it.

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Meanwhile I should like to state that personally, I think the original idea of big star names was not in the best interests of the cinema.

It led to the payment of astronomical salaries and encouraged producers to spend money seeking to build up a box office name rather than to pay sufficient consideration to story material.

But since that system has been established now for years, I feel that it is going to be very difficult to break it down.

A very good example of what can be achieved without exaggerated stellar publicity and also without the payment of huge sums in salaries is given by the French productions which are shown in this country.

Even their most brilliant artistes earn an amount of money which would make a Hollywood actress believe she had gone to the poor house and the plots of their stories are models of constructive development and are never subservient to the characterisation or personality of some actor or another. Their artistes adapt themselves to the character they are called on to play; the characters are not adapted to them.

All-star Casts Doomed?

● Make no mistake about it, however, the present situation has got Hollywood worried. Sam Goldwyn summed up the position the other day when he said, "Hollywood is losing its grip on the amusement pulse of the world because it is not turning out the necessary quality to supply the demands of the amusement seeking public. People have gone on a ticket strike all over the world."

Goldwyn blames Hollywood's present lack of creative force and excessive production costs. "Only a handful of actors," he adds, "really have any important box-office draw. Those artistes fully deserve all they are getting, as do the important contributors in writing and directing. But because of the success of a very few, all artistes, writers and directors are determined to share in the bonanza as long as it will last.

"Well, it won't last much longer and Hollywood may as well face the issue as quickly as possible, because the gold rush is about at an end."

One probable result of the crisis will be the end of all-star casts. Exhibitors, faced by a shortage of star names, are demanding that those available should be made to "go round further."

Gable, it is claimed, could have carried *Test Pilot* on his own and the drawing power of Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy devoted to two other good pictures.

Here's A New Kind of Kiss

● What is an international kiss? The horizontal one to which the Hays Office took such exception some time ago we know well, but this is something entirely new to us.

It has been invented apparently by Andrew Stone for a picture he is making for Paramount. He avers that when George Raft takes Sylvia Sidney tenderly into his arms you see an American kiss, that when the slim arms of Claudette Colbert slip up and around the expansive shoulders of Gary Cooper, this kiss that follows is unmistakably French, and when Greta Garbo sighs and places her lips full upon the mouth of her leading man, the controlled ardour of the Scandinavian kiss is subtly, but well, defined.

Norma Shearer, possibly glad to get away from the heavy costumes and wigs of "Marie Antoinette," posed informally for this charming portrait. She will do "Idiot's Delight" next, with Clark Gable.

But Stone wants, as it were, a cosmopolitan embrace.

The two stars who are going to introduce this new form of osculation are Olympe Bradna and Gene Raymond in *Stolen Heaven*, which has an indeterminate European background. This kiss is to take exactly five seconds; two seconds shorter than the approved American variety, but three seconds longer than the fleeting carress of the modern Chinese. So now you know.

Boom In Boy Stars

● The boom in new boy stars continues apace. Freddie Bartholomew is back happily, we hope, at work on *Lord Jeff*, a drama of childhood regeneration and the Barnardo Homes. Incidentally, he will have to watch that precise accent of his.

In the same picture, M.-G.-M. introduces a new discovery in the person of Terry Kilbourne, a Londoner, who is playing the role of a little Lancashire boy.

He is the son of a London 'bus driver and was discovered by Sam Wood who directed Jackie Coogan in his first feature film.

The other find is Tommy Kelly, who plays the title role in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. He is certainly one of the most attractive boys I have seen on the screen and I predict a big future for him.

Sidelights On the Coogan Case

● The unfortunate Coogan affair, incidentally, seems likely to have the result of a tightening up of the Californian laws concerning the earnings of children.

A candidate for the governorship has pledged himself to bring in legislation to protect the money made by minors and a superior court

judge, who approves contracts of child stars, announces that he will insist in future on a portion of their earnings being placed in trust for them.

Juvenile stars have always been surrounded by unedifying litigation. It is hoped that the Coogan case will be the last of its kind.

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It is certainly not the first. One of the most pathetic stories was that of Little Marie (Marie Osborne), the Shirley Temple of her day, who last came into the news when she got a job as Ginger Rogers' stand-in.

Little Marie's infant talents earned something like a quarter of a million dollars. Somehow it vanished before she grew up.

She is quite philosophical about it. "I never had that money," she says. I've been poor since I've been old enough to know the difference between poverty and wealth. I'm much better off, so far as regrets are concerned, than those grown-up stars who've had it and spent it and are now in the same fix as myself."

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

AN OPEN LETTER TO ERNST LUBITSCH

WE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU

DEAR MR. LUBITSCH,

Despite the mainly lamentable record of British film production in the last decade or so, we have resolutely refused to believe that there is anything inherent in the local climate, atmosphere, temperature or national temperament that renders it impossible for good films to be grown on English soil.

We have held all along that there is nothing wrong with British films that cannot be remedied by proper organisation and creative writing and direction. For these reasons we are particularly happy to hear the news that you may decide to make pictures in this country.

The trouble in the past has been that we have had too many of Hollywood's has-beens and too few of Hollywood's leaders. You bring with you a reputation that has never been sounder, while the famous "Lubitsch touch," so far from having lost any of its cunning, probably possesses more magic in the mind of the movie public than it ever has before.

Many of your predecessors in the transatlantic trek in the days when our studios were providing a veritable home from home for any Californian throw-out who could put over that line about internationalising the screen and putting little old Britain on the movie map convincingly enough, of course, brought with them a variety of film "touches"—all of them financial, and at the expense of our industry.

You will find that the English industry at the moment is suffering from a severe and very costly hang-over—the sequel to an orgy of unproductive expenditure and the result of the fallacious notion that first-class films could be made merely by engaging Hollywood stars of doubtful box-office value at enormous salaries and spending £200,000 on the picture.

Superficially, that might sound discouraging to you. Actually, the time has never been more propitious for your entrance on the stage of British production.

Britain has learned something from the recent debacle. At least we are entitled to assume so from the recent unmistakable improvement in our product in the last few months. That improvement, moreover, has been along the right lines.

With consistently developing young directors like Robert Stevenson, Carol Reed, Lawrence Huntington and several others turning out sound and potentially brilliant "bread and butter" pictures from vastly better scripts than we have had previously, we have signs that British pictures are at last being based on a sound economic foundation and we can look to the future with hope.

What is more we can really afford now to turn our attention to those prestige pictures that are necessary to create international publicity and goodwill for our films. By prestige pictures, of course, we mean prestige pictures—not merely expensive chunks of canned boredom.

We cannot think of anyone whom we could more safely entrust with the task of imparting that essential touch of distinction to British pictures than Ernst Lubitsch.

British tradition, British characteristic and the British scene will doubtless provide one of the screen's most fertile imaginations with interesting new material.

What is even more important, as a producer as well as a director you are the architect of all the films that bear your signature. We are, therefore, assured that you, unlike many Hollywood directors who have come over here with big reputations and have proved absolute mediocrities without the Hollywood machine behind them will not let us down.

We'll be glad to see you.

THE EDITOR.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

MADELEINE WAS ANGRY

MADELEINE CARROLL, the beautiful British star, "hit the ceiling" when dog catchers arrived in the vicinity of her Malibu Beach home and departed with her prized Sealyham terrier.

The State of California, as a protective measure against the outbreak of rabies, ordered that all dogs found on public roads, when not under leash and accompanied by an adult custodian, must be taken to the dog pound, where owners could obtain their release by paying a fine.

Malibu does not come under the provisions of this law, so Madeleine got her dog back without paying a fine.



Rose Tyrrell obligingly poses for our cameraman in a between-scenes moment on the Warner lot.

Simone's Secretary

● Simone Simon is minus a secretary, and also minus a large sum of money, according to a grand theft complaint signed by the actress.

It is also said that during the star's absence from the city, the secretary, Mrs. Sandra Martin, entertained her own friends at the actress' home, supplying them with liquor from Miss Simone's bar, and permitting them to disport themselves in the swimming pool.

The amount the secretary is charged with having taken is estimated at nearly $25,000. She is 32 years old and was recently divorced.

San Francisco police say they have kept an eye on the young lady since 1928, when she passed a number of bad cheques in a northern city.

Garbo's Autograph

● Roy Fanning, studio mail clerk, who holds a corner on the market for Greta Garbo's autographs, refuses to sell any of them.

The mail clerk obtained a signed picture of the Swedish star when she first came to Hollywood. Fourteen signatures were acquired by him as a result of her registered mail.

Unwitting Hostess

● Carole Lombard had guest on an evening not long ago, but was not aware of the fact until the next morning.

Thieves entered the Lombard mansion in the wee sma' hours, and departed with jewels, furs and clothing valued at many thousand dollars.

The burglars evidently were jovial chaps, for they helped themselves liberally to Carole's liquor!

Annoying Char-a-bancs

● Shirley Temple's family has been greatly annoyed by the number of sight-seeing char-a-bancs and automobiles which stop in front of their home.

Shirley does not mind the visitors, but her parents do!

The announcers of the sight-seeing parties shout to their customers that the place they are viewing is the home of Shirley Temple, who receives so much a week salary, while her mother receives so much, usually the amounts being far from the truth.

Shirley would like to make a personal appearance tour with Bill Robinson, the famous negro dancer who taught her how to "step." Her parents approve, but Darryl Zanuck, head of the 20th Century-Fox studio, has firmly vetoed the offer.

Good Old Egg!

● Robert Taylor recently received a novel request from a fan.

Peggy Copeloff, of Atlanta, Georgia, read that Bob has a flock of white Wyandotte chickens on his ranch.

Accordingly, she requested an egg as a gift. If Taylor would mail her an egg, carefully wrapped, she promised to preserve it in glass, for posterity.

To convince others that it was the egg of one of his chickens, Miss Copeloff asked Taylor to autograph it before mailing.

So Taylor, like "a good egg," complied with the request.

Her Husband's Debts

● Sigrid Gurie, the girl from Brooklyn, New York, who played the leading feminine role in *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, has been sued for $200 rent, due on a house in Beverly Hills, rented by her estranged husband, Thomas W. Stewart.

The actress claims she did not sign the lease and is not responsible for the rent, also that she did not have an agreement with Stewart and

(*Continued on page* 13)

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his sister to repay money expended to aid her film career.

According to Stewart and his sister, they spent $50,000 in efforts to get Sigrid in the movies.

Hollywood Says That

Claudette Colbert brought back 12 trunks of clothes from Paris.

◆ ◆ ◆

Katharine Hepburn seldom goes to parties in Hollywood. Her idea of a good time is a hike or a game of golf.

◆ ◆ ◆

Cesar Romero was a bank runner before he became a dancer and a film star.

◆ ◆ ◆

Mary Maguire has the smallest feet in Hollywood and has to have her size 1½ shoes made to order.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

HERE WE GO ROUND

JUST to give you an idea of how far British production has already recovered from the dismal doldrums of a few weeks ago, let's make a valiant effort this week to get round the whole lot of studios, just dropping in to see what's going on, and rushing on.

It's a long time since we did that; and even if we don't manage the whole lot of lots, we'll get some good exercise—and meet some entertaining people.

Lancs.

● Supposing we start right up at the top (geographically, I mean) with Welwyn Garden City, where British National have joined in the gold rush by producing one of those comedies of Lancashire life that seem so popular just now called *Lassie From Lancashire*.

It's about Jenny (Marjorie Brown) and her father (Mark Daly), who are simultaneously sacked from a cotton mill, and after some adventures win an amateur pierrot contest in the Isle of Man.

If the plot's slightly reminiscent of *Sing As We Go*, it's nice to meet old friends.

Ee, by Gum !

● Do you remember Edna Taylor, who attracted attention as a cotton queen in a Will Fyffe film called *Cotton Queen?*

They threatened to make a star of her. Well, she's got as far as becoming "dialect supervisor" on this production; in other words, she's there to see that the cast—including Marjorie Sandford, Hal Thompson (described as a new Canadian find) and Elsie Wagstaff—all say "Ee, by gum !" with the correct inflexion and emphasis.

Albert Burdon, also in the party, can be trusted to do it for himself.

Several catchy tunes for this have been specially written by Noel Gay. You'll be humming 'em.

Sandy's Horse

● Well, we're not getting on as fast as we should. Here's Beaconsfield, and—'Sh ! Listen ! Can you 'ear me, moother?

Yes, you're quite right, it's Sandy Powell, working on his third starring film for British Lion, *I've Got a Horse*.

With him are Norah Howard, Felix Aylmer, Aubrey Mallalieu, Evelyn Roberts, Scot Harrold, Edward Chapman (what an actor !), Kathleen Harrison (ditto actress).

I believe I told you something about this last week ! Why didn't you stop me? Come on, all aboard for Elstree.

Busking

● We shan't get away from here quite so promptly, I can tell you.

Mayflower have just about swept the studios clear of *St. Martin's Lane*, the Laughton epic of buskers in London's Theatreland, but Associated British have got plenty on the floor to make up for that.

Before we have a look at it, however, I must tell you an incident that Charles Laughton told me about.

It happened when he was wandering round the West End at night, watching the buskers at work entertaining the theatre queues, with a view to picking up "local colour."

A member of the fraternity had reached the end of his programme, and was just about to deliver his *pièce de résistance*.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he announced, "I will now give you an impersonation of that world-famous stage and screen actor, Charles Laughton, in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*." Then he caught sight of Laughton, gasped "Blimey !" and fled for his life !



Maurice Chevalier and Jack Buchanan whose co-starring film, "Break the News" recently had its West End première.

Mixed Grill

● Associated British offers a very mixed grill, with one pastoral comedy, one grim melodrama, and a musical comedy.

The unit making *Yellow Sands*, headed by Dame Marie Tempest, and including Wilfred Lawson, Robert Newton, Belle Chrystall, Patrick Barr, and Coral Browne, are back in the studio from Cornwall, and doing the interior scenes of Aunt Jennifer's Cottage.

I haven't seen any rushes of this one yet, but I'm told that Herbert Brenon, who made such a grand job of *Housemaster*, is keeping well up to his own high standard.

Murder !

● Another of theirs, the gory one, is *Black Limelight*, about which I've already told you (it's the cheerful story about a wife's agony when her husband is accused of killing another woman).

Raymond Massey and Joan Marion as husband and wife, Walter Hudd, Henry Oscar, Diana Beaumont, Elliot Mason, Dan Tobin, and Hugh Metcalfe are the other principals.

Tobin is a young American actor who came over to do a stage play. This is his film début, I'm told.

I had an idea that he was likely to be cast in the title-role of *The Card*, but that seems to have been slipped back in the pack for the time being.

Grand for Playboy

● The musical comedy is *Hold My Hand*, in which Stanley Lupino has three leading ladies—to wit (and to woo) Barbara Blair, Polly Ward, and Sally Gray; and the comedy is being well taken care of by Fred Emney (whom I last saw playing in *Jane Steps Out* in these same studios), Jack Melford, and Bertha Belmore; Thornton Freeland is directing it.

This is about an irresponsible playboy who suddenly finds himself the proprietor of a newspaper and the guardian of a beautiful girl.

Epics have been based on less.

They are also getting all set here for another musical comedy, *Yes, Madame*, with Bobbie Howes—yet another comedian who seems to retain his popularity with remarkable consistency.

And now I've come to the end of my page, and we're scarcely half-way round.

All right, I'll make a chalk mark to show how far we'd got, and continue next week, with Pinewood, Ealing Green, Sound City, Walton-on-Thames, and Islington, and a company or two on location.

If we have time.

★

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LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

LIONEL COLLIER'S FILM REVIEWS



Edward Everett Horton, May Robson, Errol Flynn and Joan Blondell in "The Perfect Specimen."

c**THE PERFECT SPECIMEN

First National. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 91 minutes.

ERROL FLYNN	Gerald Beresford Wicks	ALLEN JENKINS	Binky
JOAN BLONDELL	Mona Carter	DENNIE MOORE	Clarabelle
HUGH HERBERT	Killigrew Shawe	HUGH O'CONNELL	Hotel Clerk
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON	Mr. Grattan	JAMES BURKE	Snodgrass
DICK FORAN	Jink Carter	GRANVILLE BATES	Hooker
BEVERLY ROBERTS	Alicia	HARRY DAVENPORT	Carl Carter
MAY ROBSON	Mrs. Leona Wicks	TIM HENNING	Briggs

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Story by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

Cheery show in which a gently reared youth breaks away from the apron strings owing to meeting a vivacious girl who leads him into a pugilistic encounter and a row with a lorry driver. They put up at the home of an eccentric poet and then stay at an hotel registered as man and wife. When they eventually get home they discover, under an old Pennsylvanian law, they are married in fact. And they like it and stay so. The film is very well cast. Errol Flynn is excellent as "the perfect specimen" and Joan Blondell is provocative and humorous as the girl. Crazy eccentricity is capably supplied by May Robson as the hero's grandmother, Edward Everett Horton, Hugh Herbert and Harry Davenport. The picture is quite worthy of Michael Curtiz who made *It Happened One Night*.



Frances Dee, Joel McCrea and Bob Burns head the cast in American historical film, "Wells Fargo."

c**WELLS FARGO

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Period outdoor drama. Runs 114 minutes.

JOEL MCCREA	Ramsay MacKay	PORTER HALL	James Oliver
BOB BURNS	Hank York	JACK CLARK	William Fargo
FRANCES DEE	Justine Pryor	CLARENCE KOLB	John Butterfield
LLOYD NOLAN	Dal Slade	ROBERT CUMMINGS	Dan Trimball
HENRY O'NEILL	Henry Wells	PEGGY STEWART	Alice MacKay
MARY NASH	Mrs. Pryor	BERNARD SIEGEL	Pawnee
RALPH MORGAN	Nicholas Pryor	STANLEY FIELDS	Abe
JOHN MACK BROWN	Talbot Carter	JANE DEWEY	Lucy Dorsett
	FRANK MCGLYNN	Abraham Lincoln	

Directed by Frank Lloyd. Based on a story by Stuart N. Lake.

In attempting to depict the growth of methods of transportation in America from the early gold rush days to the coming of the telegraph, this picture fails to grip the imagination.

It is all too vague and drawn out to hold the attention and it is difficult to fathom where and whence the road transport founded by Wells-Fargo is going.

Characterisation is good but when all is said and done the picture resolves itself into a sort of elaborated Western but lacking the necessary punch for that type of entertainment.

Joel McCrea is virile and romantic as the hero who carries out the transport plans devised by the express company and Frances Dee makes an attractive heroine.

Two business crooks are excellently played by Porter Hall and Lloyd Nolan, while Henry O'Neill is dignified and sincere as Wells, one of the founders of the express company which, starting with post horses gradually develops the pony express and waggon trails to the remote parts of America where pioneers are opening up new ground.

The settings are picturesque and the production planned on a lavish scale.



"You're Only Young Once" is a family affair with Lewis Stone, Sara Haden, Cecilia Parker and Mickey Rooney.

**YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate. Domestic comedy-drama. Runs 77 minutes.

LEWIS STONE	Judge Hardy	ANN RUTHERFORD	Polly Benedict
CECILIA PARKER	Marian Hardy	ELEANOR LYNN	"Jerry" Lane
MICKEY ROONEY	Andrew Hardy	RED PEARSON	Billy Rand
FAY HOLDEN	Mrs. Hardy	SARA HADEN	Aunt Milly
FRANK CRAVAN	Frank Redmond	CHARLES JUDELS	Captain Swenson
	SELMER JACKSON	Hoyt Wells	

Directed by George B. Seitz.

Domestic middle-class life is always convincing depicted in American pictures, and this one which features that old favourite Lewis Stone as the perfect parent and the local judge is no exception to the rule. Lewis Stone does exceedingly well as the head of a small town society who takes his wife and family for a holiday and finds that some of them get mixed up in amorous adventures which he is able to straighten out. Mickey Rooney gives an exuberant study of his adolescent son who falls for a sophisticated minor, and Cecilia Parker is charming as his daughter Marion who falls for a married man. Each, of course, suffers disillusionment. It is good human stuff well developed and designed with a pleasant out-door atmosphere.



Here's Warner Oland again as the lovable Chinese detective—in "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo."

**CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 71 minutes.

WARNER OLAND	Charlie Chan	ROBERT KENT	Gordon Chase
KEYE LUKE	Lee Chan	EDWARD KAQUELLO	Paul Savarin
VIRGINIA FIELDS	Evelyn Grey	GEORGE LYNN	Al Rogers
SIDNEY BLACKMER	Victor Karnoff	LOUIS MERCIER	Taxi Driver
HAROLD HUBER	Jules Joubert	GEORGE DAVIS	Pepite
KAY LINAKER	Joan Karnoff	JOHN BLEIFER	Ludwig
	GEORGES RENAVENT	Renault	

Directed by Eugene Forde. Original story by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan.

Chan visits the Riviera in his latest spot-the-murderer picture, and besides picturesque backgrounds there is plenty of humour and excitement of a type which Warner Oland as Charlie Chan has made peculiarly his own. He is just as smooth and natural as ever and his support, which includes Keye Luke as his son, Virginia Field, Sidney Blackmer and others, is worthy in its efforts. Perhaps the best performance of all comes from Harold Huber as Jules, a comedy interpretation of a French detective who is always picking on the obvious criminal who is naturally not the right one. His comedy relieves the rough stuff and melodrama very effectively.

(Continued on page 16)

FILM REVIEWS *by* Lionel Collier

(Continued from page 15)

**MUSIC FOR MADAME

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Romantic crook comedy drama with music. Runs 77 minutes.

NINO MARTINI	Tonio
JOAN FONTAINE	Jean
ALAN MOWBRAY	Rodowsky
BILLY GILBERT	Krause
ALAN HALE	Flugelman
GRANT MITCHELL	Robinson (District Attorney)
ERIK RHODES	Spaghetti
LEE PATRICK	Nora
FRANK CONROY	Harding
BRADLEY PAGE	Rollins
ADA LEONARD	Bride
ALAN BRUCE	Groom
ROMO VINCENT	Truck Driver
BARBARA PEPPER	Blonde
EDWARD H. ROBINS	Goodwin
GEORGE SHELLEY	Barret
JACK CARSON	Assistant Director

Directed by John Blystone. Original story by Robert Harari.

There is a touch of satire in this romantic comedy which relies mainly on the excellent singing of Nino Martini who also exploits his pleasant personality to its fullest extent. Joan Fontaine is quite good as Jean, a young composer who meets Tonio (Nino Martini) who is being exploited by crooks. He decides to give himself up for a theft he had not committed so that she could get enough money from the reward to help her in her work. Naturally fate takes a hand and the sacrifice is not necessary. Alan Mowbray is very good as a famous maestro as is Billy Gilbert as his assistant. Further fun is supplied by Alan Hale, Erik Rhodes and others. The ingenuous story is well put over with excellent technique and the songs are cleverly dovetailed in.

c*COURAGE OF THE WEST

G.F.D. (Universal). American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 57 minutes.

BOB BAKER	Jack Saunders
LOIS JANUARY	Beth Andrews
J. FARRELL MACDONALD	Buck Saunders
FUZZY KNIGHT	Hank Givens
CARL STOCKDALE	Rufe Lambert
ALBERT RUSSELL	Abraham Lincoln
HARRY WOODS	Al Wilkins
CHARLES FRENCH	Sec. of War Stanton
THOMAS MONK	Sec. of State Seward
OSCAR GAHEN	George Wilkins
BUDDY COX	Jackie Saunders
RICHARD CRAMER	Murphy
JACK MONTGOMERY	U.S. Marshal

Directed by Joseph H. Lewis. Story by J. Norton Parker.

Three Rangers rounding up bandits in the West during the Civil War is the subject matter of this Western which has its fair quota of thrills and action. Bob Baker does not make a remarkable hero but he is virile enough. An old timer, J. Farrell MacDonald, is good and Fuzzy Knight supplies the requisite humour.

*SMALL TOWN BOY

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Small-town comedy-drama. Runs 60 minutes.

STUART ERWIN	Henry
JOYCE COMPTON	Molly
JED PROUTY	Mr. Armstrong
CLARA BLANDICK	Mrs. Armstrong
JAMES BLAKELY	Eddie
DOROTHY APPLEBY	Sandra
CLARENCE WILSON	Mr. French
PAUL HURST	Lafferty
EDWARD WALKER	Sloane
EDDIE KANE	Tony
GEORGE CHANDLER	Clipper
ERVILLE ALDERSON	Skindle
VICTOR POTEL	Towner

Directed by Glenn Tryon

Stuart Erwin is one of those comedians who never seems to get the breaks he really deserves. In this rather weak and ineffectual story he makes bricks without straw and is the backbone of the entertainment. He is cast as a bashful youth who, finding a thousand-dollar bill, turns from a backward suitor into a live go-getter. He puts his truculent family in its place and gets firmly established before it is discovered that the bill is a forgery. He is very human and natural. The support is sound but the film lacks action and is basically very ingenuous.



Nino Martini and Joan Fontaine make an attractive team in "Music for Madame."

*LANCASHIRE LUCK

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Cinderella romance. Runs 74 minutes.

GEORGE CARNEY	George Lovejoy
MURIEL GEORGE	Mrs. Lovejoy
WENDY HILLER	Betty Lovejoy
NIGEL STOCK	Joe Lovejoy
GEORGE GALLEON	Sir Gerald Maydew
MARGARET DAMER	Lady Maydew
BETTY HUTH	Lady Evelyn Brenton
PETER POPP	Chief Magistrate

Directed by Henry Cass. From a story by Ronald Gow.

Novelettish romance which deals with the snobbishness of a titled lady who frowns on her son's love affair with the daughter of a Lancashire carpenter who had won money in a football pool and opened a teashop in her district.

George Carney and Muriel George are good as the carpenter and his wife and Wendy Hiller makes a vivaciously pretty heroine.

*LILY OF LAGUNA

Butcher. British. "A" certificate. Mother-love drama. Runs 83 minutes.

NORA SWINBURNE	Gloria Grey
G. G. MULCASTER	Gerald Marshall
JENNY LAIRD	Jane Marshall
RICHARD AINLEY	Roger Fielding
TALBOT O'FARRELL	Mike
DESMOND ROBERTS	Arnold Egerton
RICHARD NEWTON	Miguel Ruiz
CLAIRE ARNOLD	Nellie
EDGAR DRIVER	Tommy Thompson
SCOTT HARROLD	Stage Manager
DUDLEY ROLPH	The Coon Singer
VIOLET GRAHAM	Margaret Marshall

PERCIVAL MACKEY'S BAND.
JOHN PAYNE'S NEGRO CHOIR.

Directed by Oswald Mitchell. From the original story by J. Wentworth Wood.

Leslie Stuart's tunes are the mainstay of this heart-throb which appeals directly to the emotions rather than to the brains. It is, in fact, a sound example of popular emotionalism made effective enough by the acting of Norah Swinburne as an actress who marries a dour Scottish scientist; Jenny Laird as her child, and Richard Ainley as a radio producer who is loved in later life by both mother and daughter. The production values are adequate.

*ESCAPE BY NIGHT

British Lion (Republic). American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 68 minutes.

WILLIAM HALL	Nick
ANNE NAGEL	Linda
DEAN JAGGER	Capper Regan
STEFFI DUNA	Jo
WARD BOND	Spudsy
MURRAY ALPER	Red
CHARLES WALDRON	Pop
GEORGE MEEKER	Fred

Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. Original screen play by Harold Shumate.

Environment leading to crime followed by rehabilitation is the theme of this gangster melodrama which mixes sentiment and rough stuff in equal proportions. William Hall, finely proportioned, makes a good-looking hero as Nick, an unemployed miner who gets in with gangsters but is able to reform both himself and them when the opportunity occurs.



William Hall seems to be on the spot in this scene from "Escape By Night."

Anne Nagel and Steffi Duna are quite sound as Linda, an attractive girl who helps in the reformation, and Jo, a girl gangster. Although generally conventional in design, it has rather a pleasant touch of the quixotic.

NOTES ON NEW FILMS

Tom Sawyer. Mark Twain's classic has been well but rather disjointedly transferred to the screen. It resolves itself into a series of episodes in which Tom gets himself in and out of scrapes with his friend Huckleberry Finn. The finale is a somewhat gruesome affair in which Tom and a little girl are lost in a cave and pursued by a revengeful half-caste. The painful experience of watching a small child have hysterics is rather hard to bear. The picture is made worth while by the acting of the new juvenile find, Tommy Kelly. The atmosphere generally is good and the Technicolour effective in parts and very artificial in others.

The Girl of the Golden West. Romance of a girl with an attractive bandit who eventually reforms. The period atmosphere is attractive and both Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald are in good voice. The story itself is rather ingenuous and is apt to drag at times, but the stars' fans will not be disappointed.



Stuart Erwin plays the title role in "Small Town Boy" with Joyce Compton as his girl friend

The PICTUREGOER'S *quick reference index*

c**THE PERFECT SPECIMEN

c**WELLS FARGO

**YOU'RE ONLY YOUNG ONCE

**CHARLIE CHAN AT MONTE CARLO

**MUSIC FOR MADAME

c*COURAGE OF THE WEST

*LANCASHIRE LUCK

*SMALL TOWN BOY

*ESCAPE BY NIGHT

*LILY OF LAGUNA

What the asterisks mean—

**** *An outstanding feature.*
*** *Very good.*
** *Good.*
* *Average entertainment.*
c *Also suitable for children.*

HOUSEMASTER



HERBERT BRENON has made a very human and very enjoyable picture out of Ian Hay's stage success, *Housemaster*. It is the brilliant character drawing of the two principal masters which makes it so convincing.

Otto Kruger scores an individual success as Charles Donkin, the senior housemaster at Marbledown School, who takes under his wing an old friend, Barbara Fane, and her three charges, Rosemary, Chris and Button, who have been having a fling in Paris and need a corrective.

The head of the school is a certain Dr. Edmund Ovington, a very severe martinet, who proceeds to curtail privileges hitherto enjoyed by the boys. He is equally brilliantly characterised by Kynaston Reeves.

The girls, played by Diana Churchill, Rene Ray and Rosamund Barnes, soon make friends with various members of the school and pay little respect to the rules.

One of them, Rosemary, falls in love with the science master, played by Philips Holmes.

Donkin tries to persuade Ovington to be a little less severe. Believing that Donkin is on the side of the pupils, the girls and several boys form a society to fight the headmaster's tyranny.

The plot is crushed, and Ovington, believing Donkin to be the instigator of it, demands his resignation, which he is finally forced to give.

However, through the machinations of one of the school's governors, Ovington is given a bishopric and Donkin is appointed headmaster.

Donkin (Otto Kruger) gives his blessing to the union of the young science master (Philips Holmes) and his "niece" (Diana Churchill).



A study of Otto Kruger in character. He gives one of the best performances of his career.





(Left) The science master is unable to maintain discipline and is finally dismissed.

Barbara Fane, Chris and Rosemary celebrate their arrival at the school by driving their car into the unfortunate science master.

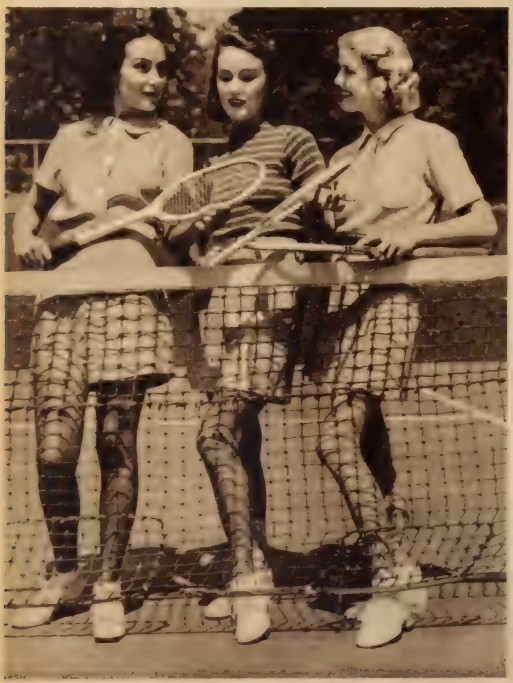


(1) *The romance, in pictures, of Hollywood's latest Cinderella girl. On May 27, 1937, green-eyed, flame-haired Arleen Whelan was employed in a Hollywood Boulevard barber shop as a manicurist at 18 dollars a week. Arleen was about to begin her third week there when in walked H. Bruce Humberstone, made her promise to appear at the 20th Century-Fox studios the next morning.*



(2) *ARLEEN NEVER RETURNED. The studio experts descended on her when she entered the studio gates next day. Above, a hairdresser and make-up artist work on Arleen and ace cameraman Arthur Miller, right, studies her face for lighting.*

CANDID CAMERA SHOWS BIRTH of a STAR



(6) *Anyone care to make up a four? Dolores del Rio, Fay Wray and Anita Louise don't seem to be worried, however, by the fact that three girls can't play tennis satisfactorily. They seem to have found something interesting to talk about.*



(7) *And what are Bob Taylor and Walter Pidgeon discussing? Believe it or not, the subject is fish. Bob, who's still getting that big studio build-up as a he-man, is following the fashion set by Clark Gable and planning a fishing trip. Pidgeon's an expert.*



(3) (*Above*) *THIS TEST TOLD EVERYTHING. On viewing the test twenty-four hours later, Darryl Zanuck, studio production chief, signed the Irish beauty to a long-term contract. Followed eight months of intensive study in the studio dramatic school. Meanwhile, orders were given not to publicise her.*

★

(5) (*Right*) *THE GREAT NIGHT. Escorted by Cesar Romero, Miss Whelan recently attended the Hollywood preview of "Kidnapped," her first film.*



(4) *Cinderella gets her chance. Finally Arleen was placed opposite Warner Baxter in "Kidnapped."*



Owd B

REDOLENT of the English countryside, this is one of those pictures which one always hopes will be produced in increasing numbers in this country. It gives a vivid and always interesting view of sheep farming and sheepdog trials in Cumberland, and also is brilliant in rustic characterisation. Will Fyffe is exceptionally good as a farmer who is at odds with all his neighbours, and a pleasing love interest is supplied by John Loder, as his rival in the sheepdog trials, and Margaret Lockwood, as his daughter, who marries Loder against his wishes. The sentiment is sincere and all through the human touch is apparent. The director, Robert Stevenson, is to be congratulated on a fine piece of work.





McAdam (Will Fyffe) adopts a truculent attitude when the villagers come to collect the sheepdog trial cup he has lost to his neighbour, David Moore (John Loder)



McAdam takes bets on his dog Black Wull winning the sheepdog trials against Owd Bob belonging to David Moore.



Following the betting a riot takes place in the local inn, and McAdam is fined for breakages. He is seen with David Moore and the magistrate (Bromley Davenport).



OB

One of the picture's greatest assets is its scenic beauty. This is a shot of David and Owd Bob down on the farm.



David Moore's sheep-dog Owd Bob, who has won many prizes, and who beats McAdam's Black Wull in the local event.





David Moore and Owd Bob driving the sheep into the pen; the final event of the trials.

Adam McAdam works hard to beat the record set up by Owd Bob.

Broken in spirit, McAdam goes to live with his daughter (MargaretLockwood) and her husband (John Loder). He picks a puppy from a litter which David believes is by Owd Bob, but which old McAdam knows is by Black Wull, whom he has had to destroy for sheep killing.



Left: Sheep are found killed on the fells, and McAdam's Black Wull is suspected. He tries to cast suspicion on David's Owd Bob.



She Typed —BUT WON'T BE TYPED

Frieda Inescourt was once secretary to Lady Astor, M.P., and the article below tells you how she broke into pictures and won success.

One of her most successful pictures is "The Trial of Portia Merriman." She is seen above with Neil Hamilton and Walter Abel, who supported her.

FRIEDA INESCORT, the lovely British-born actress who has given such a fine display of restrained emotional acting in *The Trial of Portia Merriman*, which is shortly to be shown generally in England, has refused to be typed in films.

Frieda is an interesting personality for many reasons. One, perhaps, is because we all like to see a British-born actress do well in Hollywood. Frieda Inescort was born in Edinburgh. Her father was a journalist and she started out in life as the secretary to a titled woman M.P.—Lady Astor. She developed, possibly from her association with an American-born woman, an acute desire to see New York and know something of America. She saved her money and at the first opportunity went to America.

Naturally in New York she was somebody, for the Americans take a great interest in anyone connected with a member of the Astor Family! In New York she got a job in the Trade Information Division of the British Consulate.

She enjoyed her work. Which young girl wouldn't? It gave her the opportunity of meeting all the prominent folk in New York—politicians, artists, authors, big business people—and the young Scots girl loved every minute of it.

Her job brought her socially into contact with the firm of Putnams, the great American book publishers, who invited her to become their publicity chief. So Frieda Inescort took a whirl at being a publicist.

Although Miss Inescort knew the cream of New York's theatrical profession, she had never given acting a thought. After all, she had made a big success of her business career, and, it could be argued, what more could any girl desire? Anyone else might have said: "Why worry?" and let it go at that.

Then suddenly one day, she got the urge to act. Let Miss Inescort tell it in her own words. "I decided I'd like to be an actress. So I went down to the Theatre Guild and they must have thought I had been an actress in London, or something, because they said: 'You haven't done any plays in this country, have you?' No, I replied, not in this country—I didn't say, nor in any other country, either! The upshot of it was that I was given parts in several of their productions."

And that is how Frieda Inescort became an actress. Just because one day she had a sudden whim to be an actress and had courage enough to try her luck.

Miss Inescort commenced to learn the job of acting as thoroughly as she had studied for advancement in her business life. By day she worked at her job—at night she was in the theatre—acting.

In the meantime, she met and married Ben Ray Redman, an author, and the literary critic of the *New York Herald*.

George Arliss, who was about to produce *The Merchant of Venice* in New York, offered her the rôle of Portia—which she accepted. This compelled her to give up her publicity job and she became a "full-time" actress and decided to devote the rest of her career to acting.

This proved to be the turning-point in her life. Since the day when Arliss offered her the job, Miss Inescort has had a distinguished career on the American stage and has won a hard-earned reputation as a fine actress. She has played in the works of such widely contrasted dramatists and playwrights as Shakespeare, G. B. S., J. M. Barrie, Galsworthy, Ben Levy and other great English authors.

Three years ago, Miss Inescort and her husband decided to go to Hollywood.

Husband Ben Redman became an executive at the Universal Studios and Frieda Inescort was soon in demand. She had a succession of comparatively small parts (for an actress who has played some of the finest characters in the greatest stage classics ever written) but she did not complain. Frieda Inescort understood that for her, the screen was a new medium. She had to learn the job—and she went about it in the same thorough, efficient way in which she learned the rudiments of stage acting, and as earnestly as she studied for her business career.

Success came sooner than she expected. Warners took a great interest in her and gave her a number of good parts and then the leading role in *Call it a Day* in which she showed exactly what a capable actress she was.

But what happened after that is a mystery. Some people said that another actress on the Warner lot was jealous of Miss Inescort's acting ability and had threatened dire consequences if another big rôle was awarded to Frieda. In the middle of the arguments British Lion-Republic offered Frieda Inescort the leading rôle in *The Trial of Portia Merriman* and a contract.

Wisely, she took both. In America, the film established her as one of the leading dramatic actresses on the screen.

She lives quietly in Hollywood with her husband. They do not go in for extravagant entertaining like some Hollywood people. Frieda Inescort has only one vice. It is knitting! She is perhaps the most prolific knitter in Hollywood to-day. When she sends presents to people they nearly always are hand-knitted clothes of some kind.

Their house is in the San Fernando Valley near the studios; the first thing which visitors notice when entering is the amazing number of books—they seem to have book-shelves in every room. There is no swimming pool or any other Hollywood trimmings!



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(Signed) S. A. HARRISON (Mrs.)

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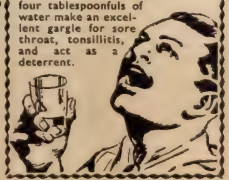
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Olivia COMES OUT of HIDING

American players come and go, but few are as elusive as Olivia de Havilland, who visited England recently. Here she is interviewed under difficulties

by MAX BREEN





Our cameraman caught Olivia answering fatuous questions and autographing portraits with great charm and good humour.

A FEW weeks ago my expectations, and those of a large number of my confreres, were pleasantly aroused by the news that Olivia de Havilland was coming to England for a holiday.

Those of us who consider this young woman to be one of the most talented, as well as best-looking of the younger Hollywood players, sharpened our pencils and dissembled our impatience.

Well, she came, and if you read the papers at all you know what happened.

The ship was apparently as bare of Olivia as a cow is of feathers. She gave the Press boys (and girls) the slip in the most approved Garboesque (or perhaps we should now say Muniesque) manner, her mother explaining that poor Olivia was feeling ill and overworked and dispirited and "looked a sight," and she was aiming not to meet the Press until she felt better; they had sneaked ashore as "Mrs. and Miss Halliday."

That was okay by me. I wasn't hankering to sit by any sick bed; it's difficult enough interviewing hale and hearty film stars, without making a play for the pale and pasty.

So I blunted my pencils on some equally worthy subject and bided my time.

After a month of time-biding, I received from her company, First National, the glad tidings that Olivia had at last crept out of the woods and was to be Exhibit A at one of those gin-feasts at which the Press boys (and girls) are permitted to guzzle, nuzzle, and puzzle the visiting stars with the same question fifty or sixty times repeated.

"That," I said firmly, "is as much value to me as a sore toe. I want a proper interview."

"Sure, sure!" they said, hating the sight of me, but respecting PICTUREGOER'S circulation. "Just come along and meet her, and you can arrange with her for an interview at a time convenient to you both."

So along I went to the Savoy at the appointed hour, and no sooner had I arrived than the dismal news was broken to me that she was leaving for New York on the following day and I couldn't have my exclusive interview after all.

Consequently, feeling as pleased as a giraffe with quinsy, I joined in the crush of olive-munching journalists, photographers, and deadheads, expecting at any moment to have a dry Martini down my suit, as frequently happens at these gatherings of excitable star-jostlers.

What can I tell you from such a stupidly inadequate encounter?

That she looked very sweet, behaved very normally, suffered herself to be rushed from group to group, always with the group she had just left closing in on her heels like a pack in full cry?

That she autographed portraits, answered fatuous questions, and refused cocktail after cocktail and cigarette after cigarette with the utmost patience and good humour?

That she seemed in such radiant health that you could hardly believe she had crept ashore feeling seventy-five a short month before? (English climate, take a bow!)

That's all true enough, but what does it amount to? As my friend, Gracie Fields, would say, "Nowt."

Still, I had promised myself I would tell you about Olivia, and I never break a promise to myself, so here goes.

She was born in Tokio, Japan, 21½ years ago, which gives you a clue to her age.

When she was three her parents, although British, took her to California, where she did the normal thing—was educated.

That took place at Saratoga Grammar School, the Convent of Notre Dame, and Los Gatos Union High School, where, being a bright lass, she won a scholarship to the famous Mills College, Berkely, just over the water from San Francisco.

From this we deduce—as I deduced from the look in her eye and the animation in her face—that she is intelligent.

She also played hockey, took part in school debates, won a cup for public speaking (I felt like awarding her one for public-being-spoken-to), and edited the annual school magazine.

She also (hold your hats, boys, here we go!) played the leading roles in the school theatricals, at which she shone.

Maybe it wasn't any handicap to her that her mother attended Sir Herbert Tree's acting academy in London and became a dramatic coach.

Olivia gave herself a choice of three careers—teacher, author, or actress.

Before she got as far as taking up her scholarship at Mills College, Fate stepped in (come to think of it, that's a favourite trick of Fate's).

She was playing Puck in a school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and you know it's different in America—you can hardly hold a Band of Hope concert without some talent-scout snooping round to hear you lisp, "The lips that touch whisky shall never touch mine" in your childish treble.

They snooped at Olivia, and ten minutes later—or so it seemed—she was assisting in the rehearsals for Professor Max Reinhardt's stage presentation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Hollywood Bowl, by "standing-in" for the actress who was to play Hermia, so that the latter wouldn't have to attend too many rehearsals. She was also to understudy, in the extremely unlikely case of the chosen actress being "tuk sick."

The lass in question was the lovely Gloria Stuart, and the studio found they needed her back at work on the set; and suddenly, but quite casually, Olivia was told "You'll have to play the part"— simply because she knew the lines!

A bit breath-taking, this, for a girl who had never been on a professional stage in her life.

However, ably supported by William Shakespeare, who wrote her some lovely lines to say and provided some pretty fair business to do, she made a very good job of it.

Result: when, not long after, Warner Bros. decided to film *The Dream* at Burbank, with Reinhardt directing, they sent for Olivia, tested her for the role of Hermia, and signed her up.

If you saw *The Dream* (as I hope you did, for with all its faults, it was a notable production) you will remember how delightfully she and Jean Muir played as respectively Hermia and Helena, opposite Dick Powell and Ross Alexander as the most un-Shakespearian Lysander and Demetrius I could ever have imagined.

That introduced Olivia as a lass to watch; but her next two films—*Alibi Ike* and *The Irish In Us*—provided very little worth watching, and it wasn't until *Captain Blood* that we had another glimpse of her true quality.

That film, which set the great seal of Hollywood on Errol Flynn's reputation, sealed hers also; so nobody (except, perhaps, herself) was at all surprised when she did so well as Angela in *Anthony Adverse*.

Since then, in *Charge of the Light Brigade*, *Call It a Day*, and *It's Love I'm After*, she has confirmed the opinion we formed of her, and she takes her rightful place as one of the screen's natural heiresses, inheriting the Pickford-Gaynor tradition with a great deal of originality thrown in.

But next time she comes to England I hope she will give the Press boys (and girls) a better break; it won't do her career any harm to do so.

That girl looks good to me; I hope to have a chance of interviewing her some time.



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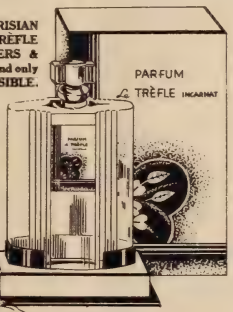


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Must you go to College to SUCCEED?

Famous film players debate this intriguing question with Alice L. Tyldesley.



Lanny Ross, who reversed tradition by insisting on a university education though his father wanted him to go on the stage.

HOLLYWOOD celebrities, consulted on the advisability of university training for stage or screen aspirants, offer varying viewpoints.

"I graduated from Yale, where I went with the idea that I'd be a lawyer," commented Lanny Ross, tall young recruit from radio to the screen. "Although I never became a legal light, I don't believe my years of study were wasted. I'd do it again. You get so much more out of a university than the actual mastery of courses.

"My father, who was on the stage all his life, tried to discourage my going to college.

"You have a voice—you have sung all your life. You understand show business. Why not stick to it?" he used to say.

"But no, ever since I was old enough to know there were lawyers, I had been determined to be one. So I went to Yale working my way by waiting on tables, selling programmes, doing whatever came to hand.

"To add to the bank account, I got a job singing over the radio for a small station. There was no pay at first, but presently I received £5 a week from this source. That was for one night's singing. When later I was engaged for five nights a week, the pay went up correspondingly. After I graduated from college, radio offers were so attractive I was never able to do anything with my legal training.

"Definitely, from the standpoint of those who believe my years at the university were wasted because I never became an attorney, I could have done better if I had gone, instead, to a good **dramatic** school and learned to dance and sing. But I can't agree.

"Perhaps if I hadn't gone to college I'd have insisted on going to Milan, to study voice and come home with a bogus Italian accent.

"Putting that aside, however, I wouldn't like to give up college memories or the benefits of my training there. You get so much out of books, you find new worlds that would never be yours otherwise.

"College gives you a certain poise and confidence you can't obtain elsewhere.

"As to men who wish to be actors going in for college training, I'd say 'Yes!' Men are more interesting as they grow older, and the poise of a university gives them added advantage on the stage or screen. Very young men aren't wanted in the entertainment field, and boys might improve their chances by going to college.

"Girls, on the other hand, make a mistake by putting in those precious four years at college. Youth is so precious and so brief that they are wise to take advantage of an early start in the amusement world. If a girl waits for graduation from college, she's 22 before she begins her career. She has to learn all the things the 17-year-olds are learning, and by the time she is a well-rounded actress, she discovers she's 30 and producers think she's old."

Bette Davis, who is not a university graduate, agrees with Lanny that girls who would make good on the screen have no special need of college training.

"The best education for girls, whether they intend to be actresses or housewives, or merely good citizens, is a trip around the world," she observed, with a toss of her blonde head.

"Of course, if a boy or girl wishes to be a lawyer, doctor, scientist, engineer, or professor of languages, etc., college is the only thing.

"A career on the stage or screen, on the other hand, needs specialised training, so get the kind of education that will further your career. Take up dancing, languages, deportment, voice, music, and get what experience is possible as you go along.

"I believe that any boy or girl should know what he or she wants to do or to be by the time he is ready for college, so that he can start training for his goal. Sometimes the best thing an ambitious actor or actress can do is to get into a studio or stock company and work out his training there."

"I had a year in college at Little Rock, Ark.," confessed Dick Powell, leaning back in a deck chair on his colourful patio. "I must say it was one of the nicest years of my life and I wouldn't like to give up the memory. But I can't say I regret not finishing my college course. Not graduating from college hasn't seemed to hold me back at all, for I've met collegians from every school in the country and gone around with a lot of fine fellows, having a marvellous time, and I suppose being master of ceremonies in theatres gave me the poise which you are recommended to acquire at the university.

"However, like all the other fathers in this country, I have an idea that I'd like my children to go to college. Of course, I don't expect to dictate to Normie (Dick's young adopted son) or any future sons what sort of education they shall select. But it would surely please me if my son decided to try for West Point or Annapolis. I've made pictures in both these places, and I have a high regard for the training boys get in them.

"Perhaps I don't know enough about girls to talk authoritatively about how or where they should receive education. If we have daughters, Joan will probably settle all that.

"I didn't go through college because I couldn't pass in mathematics. Instead, I attended the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York and became an actor. It's turned out very well, so why worry?"

Then there's Joe E. Brown, who never even got so far as high school.

"I can't say I regret not going to college," he said, upon consideration. "My life worked out so well for me that college education could scarcely have improved it. If I had gone to college, who knows, I might have been a broker or a teacher or something and never have gone near the stage or screen.

"Seriously, though, there are times when I feel awfully handicapped because I had so very little education. I think I was nine when school bells stopped ringing for me. I have no doubt I could be much more intelligent in the discussion of many subjects if only I knew more. Perhaps I'd be more sure of myself, have more of that thing called poise than I now possess. Perhaps not. It might be that if I knew more, I'd be more than ever certain that I knew nothing at all compared with the vast amount of knowledge I didn't have.

A former "campus wonder," Marjorie Weaver, has recently made a hit on the screen. Marjorie was a contest winner, and Hollywood always shakes its head when it thinks of the chances of contest winners in the film city.

When Marjorie spent her first college year at the University of Kentucky they made her an honorary colonel, and for three years in succession thereafter at the University of Indiana, to which she transferred, she was elected the most beautiful girl on the campus. She was voted the "girl most likely to succeed" in college.

Marjorie's room-mate at the sorority house at Indiana University was a girl named Judi Parks. It was Judi who decided that Marjorie was a "natural" for the screen and sent her picture in to a fan-magazine contest. Marjorie won the contest and after her graduation set out to take up the reward, a dance scholarship, which ultimately led to Hollywood.

"What I learned in college doesn't seem to have much application to the work I do in pictures, outside of the training it gave me in independent thought," confided Marjorie, earnestly.

"But don't forget it was college that helped me to break into screen roles. If I hadn't known Judi, and if Judi hadn't sent in that picture, I'd never have thought of entering that contest."

80%

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IN OLD CHICAGO

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ALL that was generous and sincere in the brilliant, ambitious and self-confident Dion O'Leary, went out one evening across Gil Warren's crowded saloon in Old Chicago, to Belle Fawcett behind the footlights.

Of tough, pioneering stock were the O'Learys—Molly, the widow and her three sons, Jack, prospective lawyer, Dion, gambler and real-estate dealer and Bob who worked in the home laundry.

"I don't want to see my best girl spend all her days at the wash-tub," Dion would say to his mother in the timbered house in Dekoven Street, in the poor locality known as *The Patch*.

As a matter of fact, Molly's French laundry had been the prop of the O'Learys for more than a decade. Thirteen years since, riding on the covered wagon across the prairie, Dion had egged on his father to race the Chicago-bound express. The effort of keeping the horses neck and neck for a mile or more with the snorting, clanging steam train, had cost Patrick O'Leary his life.

No weakling was Molly with her erect carriage and honest eyes. Leaving the grave on the prairie, she had driven the orphaned trio into the city of muddy streets, jerry-built homes and easy manners where she had worked ever since.

Which past was far from the mind of Dion as he gazed raptly at the incomparable creature in black-and-silver knee-length tunic and upstanding, broad brimmed hat who clearly gripped her audience with a contralto rendering of "Take Me Back to Old Virginny."

Infatuation led to a courtship involving no slight physical violence.

Taking advantage of an offer delivered from the stage for Belle's chorus to pose as living statues to the highest bidder—proceeds to go to charity—Dion bid a hundred dollars if Belle herself would agree to appear before him as Venus.

The offer was accepted. Dion paid and on his way back-stage found himself transferred to the street pavement under muscular persuasion from Gil Warren's toughest hucker-out. Half an hour later, Belle left her carriage, in which, Dion, having greased the driver's palm had secreted himself. While pointing him out her apartment on the second floor, she surreptitiously pushed her persistent admirer into a horse-trough.

Not that cold water damped his ardour.

Further encouraged by Bob's successful romance with an exceedingly pretty little German girl, Dion invaded Belle's apartment after the coloured maid had left her mistress for the night.

On the floor, presided over by the floral wallpaper and the thousand-and-one knick-knacks of the bedroom of the period, Dion kissed his lady for the first time—for the first time, in spite of her threats and shouts for the police, felt her relax in his arms.

"All this talk of loving me, but what is it you want?" she asked.

"Well, if you must know, you have a piece of property on Randolph Street. I thought if you and I were to put up a place like Warren's, only better, more class, we could make a lot of money. But I really—I really meant that I was crazy about you."

She sighed happily. "Why didn't you say so, in the first place? I'm a business woman. I'd have listened to your talk without all this foolishness."

The partnership dating from that evening, proved successful. Belle's New York connections enabling her to import artistes from the popular Niblo's Gardens, plus Dion's flair for carrying things through, brought them to opening night of Chicago's up-to-the-minute pleasure palace *The Senate*.

Dion, in evening dress, receiving his guests and turning his Irish charm on such notables as Senator Colby and his daughter, became all at once aware, at his elbow, of Gil Warren.

"Dandy place you've got here O'Leary."

"Thanks, you're not sore then."

"Certainly not. Nothing like this place in Chicago. I'm proud of you. By the way, can I have a word in private?"

"Sure, step into my office."

"You've come a long way," Gil Warren remarked, taking one of his rival's armchairs. "Times have changed. At your age I was rounding up runaway slaves and practically starving to death. You've a great future ahead, Dion. Mind you, I don't blame you for taking Belle. She's a great woman. I'd have married her if I'd had the chance. But she didn't care for me. Now what would you say if I told you I was closing down my saloon—quitting?"

"I'd say you were up to something. What is it?"

"I'm thinking of running for Mayor—I've been electing them long enough—now I'm going to elect myself—if you'll ride with me."

"How?"

"You're smart and want to get on. Now I could build a bigger place than even this and give you trouble, but I won't. I'd rather give you an open field and work with you politically. You support me and we three can run the town—and here's my cheque for ten thousand dollars and more to follow at election time."

A foretaste of the difference of opinion which bid fair to develop into open quarrel between Dion and his brother was offered in court a month later. Flushed with the victory of having won his first case, Jack conducting the prosecution against multiple voting for the City of Chicago, embarked on an opening speech. Dion, present with Belle, suffered from a mind unusually divided.

The prisoner Edward Mitchell who had been caught registering under four different names, was in Dion's pay, one of others covertly roped-in to vote for Warren. Having broken an ankle, the District Attorney had failed to keep his promise of leading the defence and providing witnesses to prove an alibi for Mitchell. A substitute occupied his place and Dion dreading the outcome of the trial, was nevertheless a quarter won over by Jack's speech.

"You know, he's really good. Someday he'll be a great lawyer," he enthused, sotto voce to Belle.

One, Carrie Donahue was called to the witness stand. Having testified to the fact that she had seen the prisoner on polling day registering under various names including that of a Bishop, Dion was mentally resigning the case to the category of the well lost, when Mitchell interrupted with an inspiring cry directed to the stand.

"That's what you get for marrying me."

"Are you married to this man?" Dion demanded of Carrie. The fact was proved. On the legal grounds that a wife may not testify against her husband, the case was dismissed. With the tact which seldom failed him, Dion overcame any antagonism Jack might have brought away from the court-room by introducing him to Belle. Jack taller than his brother with less of the dandy about him, shook hands and paid a graceful tribute to Belle's appearance before he plunged.

"You know, Dion, it seemed kind of funny our being on different sides just now."

"Oh!—when we were kids we were always fighting," Dion evaded.

"But I bet if other Irishers tried to horn in, it was the O'Learys against the world," Belle put in quickly.

"You've said it, Miss Fawcett, or may I call you Belle? And by the way, you must make Dion bring you to dinner sometime to meet Ma."

"You know, there's something almost noble about your brother," Belle remarked to Dion on the way home. "It makes me sick to think of a Gil Warren trying to run Chicago when there are men like Jack to be had. What a mayor he would make if he had the chance." No sooner out, than the words igniting an idea in Dion, took flame in a command to the coachman to drive back to the Senate. Assisted by Gil Warren's cheque, Dion saw to it that in due course Jack was approached by a responsible committee, to stand for Mayor in the coming election. No inkling of having pulled the wires was visible in Dion's manner when he congratulated Jack after a game of billiards on becoming a candidate.

"Of course I can't support you against Gil Warren, at least not openly," he said chalking his cue.

"Well, I'm on the Reform side. You know how I feel about *The Patch* and the fact that you're my brother won't mean a thing. You don't care that the houses of *The Patch* are dirty, tumble-down, disgraceful and the people in them ready to vote *en masse* for anyone who'll stand them a couple of beers. I do care. I see Chicago as a great city—a place people can be proud of. I'd wipe out all this mushroom growth and start all over on a sound basis of steel and stone.

"You don't need to make speeches to me," Dion returned evenly. Because he felt the implication more deeply than he cared to show, five minutes later he was agreeing against his better judgment, to Jack's proposition that Belle should be invited to drive with Molly that evening. Dion thought he knew his mother and as regards Belle his suppositions proved correct.

They started the evening with a sing-song. Molly at the piano mingled beer-drinking with accom-

(*Continued on page* 30)

In due course the necessary words were spoken by Jack (Don Ameche) and Dion (Tyrone Power) and Belle (Alice Fay) were pronounced man and wife.



Poor girl! she's got 'dab-itis'...

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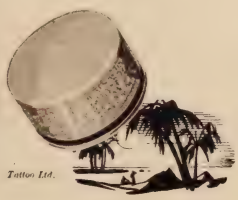
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IN OLD CHICAGO—*Continued*

panying her three sons and Gretchen in a spirited rendering of "Sweet Genevieve"; the baby and first grandchild joining in.

"I've met Miss Fawcett. She's a fine woman. You ought to know her, Ma," was Jack's contribution to opening up the subject of the proposed introduction.

"Hm—I will not. And her working in a saloon like any hussy," Molly returned.

"Aw that's not fair, Ma," Dion objected. "We're living in modern times—this is 1870."

"Well, times may have changed, but I haven't changed and I don't want any daughter-in-law of mine kicking her heels in the air for everyone to see." The buggy was announced. Dion filled his mother's mug and made her drink the contents before ushering her outside and telling her to step in.

"Ma, this is Miss Fawcett, this is Belle," Dion said, seeing that Belle in her most sober, yet attractive hat, tied under the chin and a delicate perfume exhaling from her ribands and laces, was sitting in the left corner.

Molly's Irish temper rose. "The devil I will," she cried when Dion insisted that she had to meet the lady sometime. "Let me out." He might as well not have told the driver to whip up the horses. The confusion in the buggy became appalling. Between Molly's demands to be let out, and Belle's declaring that she wouldn't be insulted, Dion wished that for once his habit of carrying a thing through, despite obstacles had vielded to his inner conviction. Finally, having deposited an infuriated Molly in a side street on her insistence that she, not that hussy, would be the one to walk home, he had to deal with an outraged Belle who desired nothing so much as the quiet of her apartment.

The climax to Dion's efforts to run with Gil Warren and hunt with Jack, occurred at the mammoth pre-election rally dance held at *The Senate* On an occasion when banners and party feeling flew high, it was easy to stage a quarrel between a couple of men at the bar with beer from the mug of one being poured on the other's waistcoat. The quarrel became a fight, the fight a general brawl which was quelled by two vanloads of specially-instructed police. Curiously enough, those rushed to gaol were, one and all prospective voters for Gil Warren. That gentleman, striding up and down in front of the crowded cells, promising that his supporters would shortly be out on bail, was destined for a shock.

"Sorry, Mr. Warren. Orders are to hold them twenty-four hours without bail, on suspicion," the sergeant informed. The polls were already open. Try as he would during the next six hours to call in commissioners, senators and judges who presumably might intervene, Warren found that none of these permitted an interview.

Finally Dion, protected by his gun, came into the open.

"Stop squawking, you're through, Warren; I've sold you out," he said bluntly. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll vote for my brother. We O'Learys are a strange tribe."

A week after Jack's election, Dion, coming into Belle's apartment, heard them in heated argument. Jack's voice was vivid and distinct. "I'm going to clean out *The Patch*, Belle and I want to be sure that Dion doesn't oppose me. Everything that's rotten comes out of that district. I'm wiping it out—condemning the property."

"But Dion's money is tied up in *The Senate*; mine too. How can you expect us to help you?"

"I know, but believe me, Belle, I mean to do it; if not with Dion's consent, then by public investigation. You know how everything underhand is operated from *The Patch*. I'll use you as chief witness."

"How will you like that?" Dion asked. His dramatic entry hardly had the success for which he had hoped. Belle might be a good actress, but she had no intention of hiding her wish to support Jack. Incapable of being the vanguard in any action, Dion turned on her.

"Since you've gone for reform, I guess we shan't be seeing much of each other," he told her and left them. Within the hour he was back.



Something of the old energy was renewed in Molly (Alice Brady) when she heard how her son had died.

He found Belle packing. She flung a vase at him, telling him to get out, shouting for the police. Ignoring the barrage, he seized her in his arms.

"Belle, I'm sorry. I had to come. Let me say one thing, then you can put me out. I won't care." Sincerity gripped him. Real urgency was in his voice.

"Please go, Dion."

"I don't ask you to forgive me, but you've got to believe I love you. We were meant for each other. Belle—marry me to-night. I've got the licence and the ring. We'll go to Jack. He can marry us. Will you Belle?" The fair head dropped along his coat sleeve. They dragged Jack out of a committee meeting in discussion of the evils of *The Patch*, to hunt through law books to discover if he could combine the duties of mayor with those of registrar. In due course the necessary words were spoken. Dion O'Leary and Belle Fawcett were pronounced man and wife.

"Now go ahead and testify against

me," Dion said at the close of kisses and congratulations. "Don't listen to him," Jack chaffed.

But least of all in this, than in any issue he had faced, had Dion thought of turning back. "You didn't think you were going to get away with it, did you?" he demanded. "Go ahead with your Grand Jury proceedings. Belle's my wife. She can't testify against her husband."

He was almost prepared for Belle with the one word "Oh!" to quit the office. He wasn't aware that Jack had it in him to give his brother the licking he deserved. Jack had however. There and then he administered a tousling which left Dion temporarily out of action with an ugly gash down one cheek.

He came to, found he was alone and betook himself to *The Senate* where, standing at the bar he received the first intimation that a big fire had broken out in *The Patch*. How big, neither he nor anyone could guess. For the flames, which actually burned for twenty-seven hours, destroying a whole city of wooden buildings, dry and parched after a rainless summer, had far from reached their zenith.

Already refugees with wagon, bag and basket were making down the streets to the north shore of Lake Michigan, meanwhile fire engines roared and screamed past and the darkness was broken by tongues of flame. The crash of blackened buildings falling in ruin, rose above the cries of the injured and the dying.

In the hurly-burly, Dion, looking for either of his brothers, came upon Bob. "Where's Ma?" he asked.

"Gone to the north side, with Gretchen and the baby in the wagon. Our house was the first to burn. Ma heard about you and Jack fighting and went to stop you. She left the lantern in the barn and the cow knocked it over."

"I thought Jack did it to burn out *The Patch*. The mob thinks so too. Unless we find him, they'll kill him. The crowd at *The Senate* is just waiting to get their teeth in him."

Aware of a hold-up at the corner of Randolph Street, Dion had to fight his way through a struggling mass of humanity, to a police barrier. Beyond, the street was empty and rows of tall fuses had been erected by the houses opposite.

"Nobody's going through—the mayor's orders to make a firebreak—they're going to dynamite. Come on, get back there," an officer ordered. Sighting General Sheridan and a party of militia, escorting Jack down the cleared area, Dion stayed where he was. He was struggling in the officer's grip as Jack came up with the command that Dion should be left to him. "Get away, you contemptible liar," he said, ignoring Dion's attempts at greeting. "I've had about all I can stand from you."

"You've got to listen to us," Bob insisted. "Gil Warren's mob is out to get you. They think you set fire to *The Patch*. They're organising against you. Look, here they come."

"It's my fault. I thought so too. I'm sorry," Dion said. Jack's answer warmed him like wine. "What the devil do I care about Warren and his gang? We're thinking alike. That's all that matters."

Gil Warren's white face and sweeping moustache showed up in the lamplight against the background of his followers armed with casual weapons, as they pressed forward.

"Men, listen," Dion shouted. "The starting of the fire was an accident. My brother had nothing to do with it. We've got to dynamite."

"It's our only chance to save Chicago," Jack added.

"Let it burn," Warren thundered. "We've got our rights. No one's going to burn down our homes to save the others. We're staying here."

"Move your men back, Mayor O'Leary," came the voice of General Sheridan. "The dynamite's set. We're ready to light the fuses."

While Warren, still arguing, was reinforcing words with blows from the mob behind him, Dion snatched a lighted torch from one of the militia and ran with it towards the fuses. A stone from a sling-shot brought him to the pavement. He saw Jack bending over him. "You're hurt." "No—just a scratch. Take this—light them."

Somehow he achieved the words before he fainted and was spared the sight of Jack pitching forward after lighting the last fuse, dying from a bullet through the heart. He came to in time to drag himself away from the area of the explosion, which ultimately became the burial ground of Gil Warren who fell backwards while attempting to climb through a second story window of the saloon he had been so fiercely determined to keep standing.

On board one of the many boats filled with refugees, on Lake Michigan, Dion after a day and night of search, found his mother. He found also Belle, but for whose persistent help, Molly, parted in the turmoil from Bob, Gretchen and the wagon, must have been trampled underfoot.

"The others are on the south shore, safe and sound, Ma—the youngster, too," Dion told her, knowing that he must also speak of Jack. Something of the old energy was renewed in Molly as she heard of how her son had died. "What he stood for will never die," were her first words. "Take your wife, Dion, and carry on for him. Belle's a good woman. We O'Learys are a strange race. What we set out to do we finish."

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WHAT DO YOU THINK? Letters from our readers

ARE WE SCREEN SNOBS?

Those £5,000-a-year Film Characters

THE trouble with British films is, I believe, their restricted subject-matter.

Have you noticed that, although the lower middle-classes are the film industry's principal customers, English films are rarely concerned with anyone earning less than £5,000 a year? Life, the real life of shop and street and market, is taboo. Instead we get glimpses of so-called society life, acted by bread-and-butter misses from the R.A.D.A.

America showed us *Dead End*. We have, apparently, no slums. At the theatre, whose patrons are largely drawn from the better-off section of the community, *Love on the Dole*, *Judgment Day* and the *Insect Play* attracted crowded houses.

But film producers haven't heard of unemployment, dictatorships or war (except as the background of a spy story)!—*Betty Richards, 12 Fairview Road, S.W.16.*

[*Producers argue that we picturegoers want to be taken out of our surroundings.—"Thinker."*]

The Power of Boost

● I am in entire agreement with Reader Livesey's views upon the ludicrousness of the publicity given out by Hollywood to Edgar Bergen's "Charlie MacCarthy," but I think the significance of such boosting has escaped him.

Surely this publicity emphasises how inadequately British films are served in this respect?

If certain of our English actors were boosted half as much as "Charlie MacCarthy," then I think we would have more stellar names this side of the Atlantic, and less actors leaving us to gain recognition in Hollywood.

Mr. Livesey talks of the credulity of the movie public in this respect, and here I disagree with him.

Nobody believes all the trash given out about "Charlie," but the publicity has served its purpose by bringing Bergen and his dummy to the public eye, and I am willing to wager that those raves over "Charlie MacCarthy" bring in at least 30 per cent. more picturegoers than would have been the case had Hollywood not given out all that preliminary boosting.—*Ron. Widdowson, 18 Dunlop Avenue, Lenton, Nottingham, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*



Edgar Bergen with his Charlie MacCarthy

Parable

● This is the story of three scenario writers who fall asleep at their desks and have the same wonderful dream.

In the dream there's a girl who's very beautiful, but not very rich—in fact, she's quite poor. Then suddenly a rumour gets about that this beautiful girl is the lady-friend of a rich, famous man, and right away things begin to happen just like in a fairy story.

The girl is overwhelmed with the most marvellous offers, cars, flowers, lovely clothes, swell hotel suites, contracts and—just at this point the three scenario writers wake up, rub their eyes, and each one dashes off to his boss with the story of the wonderful dream.

The three bosses each see the makings of a great picture.

The first one has Jean Arthur, Edward Arnold and Ray Milland on his payroll, so he decides to make the story into a crazy comedy called *Easy Living*.

The second boss has a new star, Sonja Henie so he decides to trim up the story for a skating picture entitled *Lovely to Look at*.

The third boss figures that with a musical-comedy background and a title like *Paradise for Two*, the story'll make a swell picture for Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis.

Aw, heck! I'm getting fed up with this story! I think I'll go to the pictures—maybe I'll be lucky enough to see Donald Duck!—*(Miss) Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Tub

● Why must we see all the actors in their different stages of undress? *Love is News* showed Tyrone Power in his underpants and in his shower, Ameche in a bath towel and Loretta Young in a bath full of soapsuds.

Are we to understand from this that the scenario lacked interesting action and the producer had to think of something in a hurry?

For me, *Topper* wasn't any more interesting because of close-ups of Roland Young enjoying his showerbath. Goodness knows Young is no bathing belle!

Marlene had a couple of baths in *Knight Without Armour* and I suppose that was because they had photographed her from (nearly) every other angle.

Surely displays of the torso do not help along the acting powers of the stars? Or do the producers insist upon these undress scenes because they feel the actor isn't too good anyway?

I can't imagine a bathtub scene helping Garbo with her histrionics. And there must be alternatives to undressing, surely?—*M. Howe, 41 Rawcliffe Street, Blackpool, S.S.*

[*Just to give them a helping hand with their sex-appeal.—"Thinker."*]

Grousers

● We are a nation of grousers. Through the medium of "Thinker's" page we have groused at everything appertaining to films. Cinema managers, usherettes, small-part player, stars and producers—I can hardly conceive one single cog in the great cinematic machinery which has escaped our grumbles.

Yet though we give public ventilation to our grievances in a true spirit of indignation or heavy

(*Continued on page* 34)

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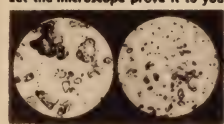
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WHO'S WHO

Anne Nagel

● Born in Boston on September 15, 1915, of Irish descent, her real name is Anna Dolan. She changed it for that of her step-father. She was educated at Notre Dame Academy in Boston and started her career as a photographer's model although she had wanted to be a nurse. She took dancing lessons and went to Hollywood with her step-father Curtis Nagel, who produced colour shorts. She married Ross Alexander who died last year. She has blue eyes and brown hair. Her recent pictures include: *Yesterday's Hero, A Bride For Henry, The Adventurous Blonde, Escape by Night, Saleslady.*

Conrad Nagel

● College theatricals turned the versatile star's thoughts to the stage and after he had gained a degree of Bachelor of Oratory he joined a stock company in Des Moines.

He comes of musical stock. His mother was a prominent concert singer and his father a famous pianist and composer.

After a season he went into vaudeville and finally arrived at Broadway where he scored a big success in his first leading role in *The Natural Law.*

During the war Nagel joined the Navy, as a seaman, and it was not till 1918 that he made his first screen appearance in *Little Women.*

Conrad Nagel takes a keen interest in social problems and is high in the councils of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. His hobby is the exploration of his father's musical genius.

He has a fine library and his favourite exercise is swimming. He has one unique claim—he was the first leading man on the screen to appear in talkies. His latest pictures include: *Navy Spy, The Gold Racket, Bank Alarm,* and *Love Takes Flight,* which he also directed.

J. Carrol Naish

● Usually cast as a villain of the darkest hue, this excellent supporting player has been on the screen for eight years. After seven years experience on the stage both in Paris and New York, he made his film debut with Fox Films. In Paris in worked with Gaby Desbys.

He was born on January 21, 1901, in New York City, and was educated at St. Cecilia's Academy theatre. He married Gladys Heaney, an actress.

He lists a number of hobbies which include cooking, athletics, tennis and golf.

He is seldom out of work and his latest films include: *Bulldog Drummond Comes Back, Thunder Trail, Night Club Scandal, Daughter of the Orient, Sea Racketeers,* and *Her Jungle Love.*

Anna Neagle

● Our gold medal winner for this year is one of the few British artistes who have been accorded real stardom in her own country and we would refer our readers to the excellent story of her life written by Richard Haestier in our issue of January 1, 1938.

Here in brief, is her biography. She was born at Forest Gate, London, on October 20, 1908. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and is 5 ft. 4 in. tall.

Actually her name is Marjorie Robertson. She took her mother's maiden name for the stage. She was educated at St. Alban's school and became a teacher of gymnastics and ballroom dancing. Once she reached the final of the All-England Ballroom championship.

Her first stage appearance was in the chorus of a Charlot revue and she followed it up by appearances with Cochran.

She went to America as a chorus girl in Jack Buchanan's *Wake Up and Dream* and on her return to London was given a leading part by that actor in *Stand Up and Sing.*

Her film career started in 1930 in *Should a Doctor Tell,* followed by *The Chinese Bungalow, Goodnight Vienna, The Little Damozel, Bitter Sweet, The Queen's Affair, Nell Gwyn, Peg of Old Drury, Limelight, The Three Maxims,* and *Victoria the Great* which won for her PICTUREGOER'S award for the best performance of 1937.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

sarcasm, we still shove our shillings through box-office pigeon-holes, and we still feel that the cinema gives us outstanding value for money.

It isn't only the "fans" who mob the stars at Waterloo station—oh, dear no! Some of our best grousers are amongst those crowds too.

One can grumble at the cinema and still be numbered amongst its most ardent supporters. The cinema is enriched by the fierce amateur critics who are often its staunchest supporters.—*L. Turvey, Pine View, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.*

[*Grouse away—we can stand it.—"Thinker."*]

The Other Side

● Reading through your very interesting and entertaining journal recently, I came across one of your readers' letters—"Managers' Duties."

He states that "Their evening duty *seems* to consist of standing in the vestibule to display their evening dress and cigarette!"

What an accusation! Apparently the reader does not appreciate the fact that it is a manager's pleasure to be on the "front" to answer any question put to him and to welcome his many friends who patronise the theatre in question.

In other words, he is the host and his patrons paying guests.

I resent his remark concerning inattention to the auditorium. A manager often visits this side of the theatre, but in an unobtrusive manner; are the staff attending to their duties properly; is the sound at the right quality, etc., and innumerable other tasks which the public neither know or care about.

Does he also realise the working hours of a manager? They are about eighty-five a week, and he has to remain on the premises during the whole time films are being shown, and until the last member of the staff leaves the premises.

But because the majority of us managers are interested and like the work, it is taken in our stride as part of the "job." Let the public think first before making criticism, constructive by all means—it is welcome—but not destructive.—*S. E. Pascoe Williams, Manager, Ritz Cinema, Woking.*

[*Always glad to hear both sides.—"Thinker."*]

Another Chance Lost

● The cost of the location trip by Warner Bros.' *Robin Hood* cast to an "English oak" forest was terrific. *They* had to travel 600 miles!

The British film companies have such a forest on their doorstep—the actual scene of the adventures.

Who better from a *British* studio than John Loder for Robin Hood? Maid Marian? Margaret Lockwood, of course! Wally Patch would be an admirable Friar Tuck.

But, it took the Americans to show *us* the possibilities of our own English legends.—*Walter Eason, 59 West Street, Arnold, Notts.*

[*It does seem a pity.—"Thinker."*]

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.



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whether their troubles are the result of blood impurity or the after-effects of other illnesses, whether manifested as Sores, Rashes, Pimples or Ulcers, and irrespective of how long they have suffered

YOU SHALL SEE YOUR SKIN DISEASE CLEARING UP BY JUNE 16 ★ OR THE TRIAL TREATMENT SHALL COST YOU NOTHING

★ *This date applies to all who write TO-DAY. If you write to-morrow or the day after you must add one or two days to the above date.*

A FEW MONTHS AGO scarcely anyone would have been imprudent enough to give you a definite guaranteed undertaking that you would see your skin trouble clearing up or not be one penny out of pocket for a 14 days' treatment.

But now there is a treatment that stands the test. And the undertaking means every word it says—that you shall receive **proof** on your own body for your own eyes to see—firm, healthy and smooth skin again, where now it is diseased, spotted, scabbed or ulcerated. And you will see your skin trouble clearing up by June 16 **or the trial treatment shall not cost you a penny.**

One fact and one fact only has made this possible—and that is the remarkable discovery by one of Germany's leading research chemists of a way of making sulphur **soluble and assimilable by the blood.** Ask any doctor what **assimilable** sulphur means and he will tell you it is something that medical research workers have been striving to find for the last 100 years. He will tell you they have long believed such a form of sulphur could end almost every type of skin suffering. And he will tell you why.

Sulphur has within itself the *power* to do three things.

(1) **It is the greatest blood purifier known and has the power to cast out all the varying blood impurities that now erupt to the surface of the skin in the form of sores, rashes, boils and acne.**

(2) **It is strongly anti-parasitic and can end the germ infection of dreadful skin diseases.**

(3) **It is the secret of cell health, and can heal open, ulcerated conditions and accelerate the building of new healthy skin cells.**

But—and it is a big "but"—till now not one-thousandth part of this power has been available to YOU. Why? Because ordinary sulphur cannot be assimilated by the blood except in the minutest quantities. Indeed, even if it were possible for you to eat a **hundredweight** of ordinary sulphur, **less than a salt spoonful would be absorbed.**

Post this NOW ☛ if you suffer from

ECZEMA
PSORIASIS
LEG TROUBLE
DERMATITIS
NETTLERASH (Urticaria)
BARBER'S RASH (Sycosis)
IMPETIGO, ACNE
PIMPLES & BOILS

But now there IS an **assimilable** sulphur. Now there IS a form **far more than a thousand times clinically effective than any known before.**

Under the name of "Sibsul" Assimilable Sulphur, the first supplies of the new treatment were brought to Britain. The immediate effects surpassed all medical optimism. Most amazing of all is the speed of recovery. Day-to-day improvement is visible in many cases. Burning irritation ends almost at once. Weeping conditions dry up. Dreadful eruptions cease. And ulcers are seen to heal and beautiful new skin speedily forms.

OVER 15,000 OF BRITAIN'S WORST CASES ENDED

During the few short months that "Sibsul" has been offered to the British Public more than 15,000 cases that had defied practically every other treatment have been conquered. They have been sufferers who have tried everything that money could buy and skill could advise. Are YOU going to wait on and on hoping against hope? Or are you going to take the first step NOW and take advantage of this remarkable **assimilable** sulphur treatment that will show you definitely how you can end your skin trouble?

What you have to do is explained in a book entitled "**The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles for Good.**" A copy will be sent to you quite free on receipt of the Application Form below.

COVERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT BUT CURED

"I am very pleased to tell you that my skin troubles have all disappeared and my skin is perfectly clear, for which I am very thankful. You can say you cured the worst type of Dermatitis. I could not even mark the chart you sent me because it was from head to foot." J. McA., Cambuslang.

APPLICATION FORM

To SOLUBLE SULPHUR LTD., ADAM HOUSE, 60 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet "**The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles For Good.**" with full details of your guarantee as mentioned above.

NAME .....
(Please print in BLOCK letters and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage it will be greatly appreciated. *Picturegoer 28/5/38*

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Max Factor's "Cosmetics of the Stars" make woman's loveliness ever more lovely because they are designed for YOU yourself. Try your Colour Harmony make-up by completing the coupon below (include a 6d. P.O. or stamps).

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Complexion	*Eyes*	*Hair*
Very Light . . . □	Blue . . . . . □	BLONDE
Fair . . . . . □	Grey . . . . . □	Light . . □ Dark . . □
Creamy . . . . . □	Green . . . . . □	BRUNETTE
Medium . . . . . □	Hazel . . . . . □	Light . □ Dark . . □
Ruddy . . . . . □	Brown . . . . □	BRUNETTE
Sallow. . . . . □	Black . . . . . □	Light . . □ Dark . . □
Freckled . . . . . □	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . □	Light . . . . □	Light . . □ Dark . . □
SKIN	Dark . . . . . □	If hair is Grey, check type
Dry . . . . . □	AGE	above and here . . . . . □
Oily □ Normal □	Over 35 . . . □	
	Under 35 . . □	

Max Factor's Make-up Studios (Dept. A.), 16 Old Bond St., London, W.1

Send this together with 6d. in stamps or P.O. to Max Factor (Dept. A.), 16 Old Bond St., London, W.1, for your personal complexion analysis, make-up colour harmony chart, samples of powder, rouge and lipstick in your correct colour harmony, and 48-page booklet on the *New Art of Society Make-up*, by Max Factor. P18

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WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of this lovely Welsh district

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies



GWR
CAMBRIAN COAST

LET GEORGE DO IT!

THE YANK'S ADMIRER.—(1) *Rosalie* released April 25, 1938. *A Yank at Oxford*, Sept. 5, 1938. (2) Edward Norris, b. Mar. 10, 1911, Philadelphia, he has dark hair and brown eyes, weighs 115 lb. and married (*a*) Lona Andre (mar. dis.); (*b*) Ann Sheridan. His films include: *Murder in the Fleet, Wagon Trail, The Magnificent Brute, Tainted Money, Mama Steps Out, Song of the City, Between Two Women, They Won't Forget, Bad Guy.* Write to him c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios (U.S.A.).

GARTH HAYWOOD (Notts.).—(1) Release date of *The Adventures of Robin Hood* not fixed yet. (2) Errol Flynn is under contract to Warner Bros. (U.S.A.), and his latest film is *Four's A Crowd* with Rosalind Russell, Patric Knowles, Olivia de Havilland and Gloria Blondell. He is also scheduled for *Romantic Adventure* with Joan Blondell, and *Because of a Man.*

J. C. (Brighton).—(1) Robert Taylor, b. Filley, Nebraska, Aug. 5, 1911, he has dark brown hair and blue eyes and is 6 ft. tall. (2) Griffith Jones was b. in London, he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, and has brown hair and grey eyes. (3) Robert Taylor's films include *Handy Andy, There's Always To-morrow, West Point of the Air, Society Doctor, Times Square Lady, Wicked Woman, Murder in the Fleet, Broadway Melody of* 1936, *Magnificent Obsession, Small Town Girl, Secret Interlude, His Brother's Wife, The Gorgeous Hussy, Camille, Man in Possession, His Affair, Broadway Melody of* 1938, *A Yank at Oxford, Three Comrades.* (4) Tyrone Power's films include *Girls' Dormitory, Ladies in Love, Lloyds of London, Love is News, Cafe Metropole, Lovely to Look At, Second Honeymoon, In Old Chicago, Marie Antoinette, Alexander's Ragtime Band.*

R. M. F. (Finchley).—Humphrey Bogart, mar. (*a*) Helen Mencken (div. 1925), (*b*) Mary Phillips (mar. dis., 1937). At present engaged to marry Mayo Methot. His latest films include: *Stand In, Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse, Crime School, Hell's Kitchen.*

READER (Blackpool).—No, Jeanette MacDonald did not co-star with John Boles in *The Desert Song*, Carlotta King played the leading feminine role in this film.

DIBS (Swansea).—(1) Birth dates: Joan Bennett, Feb. 27, 1911; Warner Baxter, Mar. 29, 1893. (2) Jeanette MacDonald uses her own name for screen purposes. (3) Spencer Tracy is scheduled for *North West Passage* with Robert Taylor and *Boystown* with Mickey Rooney after *Test Pilot.*

BOYER ADMIRER (Harringay).—Charles Boyer is making *Algiers* (*Pepe le Moko*) with Sigrid Gurie and Hedy Lamarr, and is scheduled for *The Illusionist.* (2) *Tovarich*, released Sept. 12, 1938. (3) Write to the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for a picture of Charles Boyer, price 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

C. F. R. (Haslemere).—Jane Bryan, b. June 11, 1918, Los Angeles, California, she has light brown hair and grey eyes, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 113 lb. Her films include: *The Captain's Kid, Case of the Black Cat, Marked Woman, Strange Laws, Kid Galahad Confession, A Slight Case of Murder.*

SOPRANO (Carnarvonshire).—(1) Nelson Eddy, b. June 29, 1901, Providence, Rhode Island, he has blue eyes and blond hair, weighs 175 lb. and is 6 ft. tall; is not married. He made his debut in *Dancing Lady.* He uses his own name for screen purposes. After *Sweethearts* with Jeanette MacDonald he is scheduled for *Balalaika* and *The Guardsman* with Ilona Massey. (2) Jeanette MacDonald, b. June 18, 1907, Philadelphia, U.S.A., she has reddish brown hair, blue-green eyes, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 120 lb., and is married to Gene Raymond.

J. A. (China).—(1) Joseph Calleia, b. Malta, no year given, real name Joseph Spurin-Calleia. (2) Sybil Jason, b. Nov. 23, 1929, dark brown hair and eyes, real name Jacoba. (3) Ricardo Cortez married (*a*) Alma Rubens (dec.), (*b*) Mrs. Christine Lee.

G. O. (Folkestone).—Katharine Hepburn is at present making *Holiday* with Cary Grant and Doris Nolan, for Radio Pictures (U.S.A.).

BOBBY FAN (Tasmania).—Bobby Breen, b. November 4, 1927, Montreal, Canada, he has dark brown eyes and light brown hair, is fond of all sports, but prefers baseball, swimming and horseback riding. So far as we know he uses his own name for screen purposes. Yes, his photograph is obtainable from the Postcard Salon, address previous column. You can write to him c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.), for an autographed photograph. The usual charge is 1s. 6d. which you should enclose in your letter to the star by means of an International Money Order, obtainable from your local Post Office.

JEAN (Muswell Hill).—Raymond Massey is at present appearing in *Idiot's Delight* with Tamara Geva at the Apollo Theatre, London, W.C. He is also making the film version of *Black Limelight* with Associated British Pictures.

J. L. (North Woolwich).—(1) Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone took the chief roles in *To-day We Live.* (2) Mary Pickford, Mahlon Hamilton, Marshall Neilan and Emily Fitzroy took the chief roles in the first version of *Daddy Long Legs* and Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Una Merkel, John Arledge, Elisabeth Patterson the chief roles in the most recent version of this film.

CAROL ANN (Norwich).—Kitty Clancy, b. Bridgeport, Conn. Dec. 30, 1932. Her real name is Kitty Jacqueline Clancy, she has blonde hair and dark blue eyes, is the daughter of non-professionals and has two sisters, Lois Ann, age nine, and Virginia, age thirteen. She has not made a film since *Midnight Madonna.* (2) Joan Holland took the part of Patricia Ziegfeld in *The Great Ziegfeld.*

J. M. (Glasgow).—All the music in *Captain Blood* is incidental and is not published. (2) The refrain which runs through *The Garden of Allah* is entitled "Domini." It is published in America by Irving Berlin, but their agents, Chappells, have not so far published it in England.

J. M. (Torquay).—(1) Bertie Kendrick took the part of the boy whistler in *Talking Feet.*

J. B. (Kent).—Olga Edwardes took the part of the landlady's daughter in *The Dominant Sex.* The film company have no portraits of this actress as she is only a small part player, and I am afraid she is not so far included in our Picture Postcard Salon list.

ANTONIA (Liverpool).—Music in *Victoria the Great*: Music played by Anton Walbrook on piano was "On Wings of Song" by Mendelssohn. Waltz to which Victoria and Prince Consort danced described as a "Strauss Waltz" (the film company have no more detailed information of this). The German song taught by the Prince Consort to the Queen was called "Der Nussdaum." A selection of the incidental music from this film composed by Anthony Collins has been published by Keith Prowse. It includes "Prelude," "Minuet," "Victoria and Albert," "The Queen's Caprice," and "Victoria Regina."

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

THE ALL-BRITISH FILM FAN CLUB invites Londoners and those living in nearby counties to become members. There is no age limit, but all applicants under 21 years of age must have their parents' consent. Hikes, theatre parties and socials are arranged every month. For full details, write to Fred Morrey, 95 Fortune Gate Road, London, N.W.10.

• • •

THE MERLE OBERON FAN CLUB has now nearly three hundred members, and everyone interested in Merle will be cordially welcomed as the more members there are the happier the club will be. For full particulars of this club write to either, Sydney Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, South Shore, Blackpool, Lancs., or to Jimmy Gait, 56 Overstrand Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, S.W.11.

• • •

THE FILM TROUPERS ASSOCIATION has recently been formed. This club is solely for correspondence, and Troupers, or members, are invited to exchange foreign stamps, snapshots, ideas, scrap cuttings, etc., and they may also choose their own pen friends from the list of Troupers sent to all members. For further particulars, write to Dennis Williams, 47 Yardley Green Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. If the fan club is in America an International Postal Order must be obtained from your local post office for the required amount of the return postage.

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THEY ADMIRE HER NAILS BUT THINK HER *extravagant*



There are *more* manicures in a 6d. bottle of L'Onglex than in a 1/- bottle of many other nail polishes. It wears beautifully, does not chip or peel, and its shades are lovelier and always up to date.



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In all fashionable shades, including:— Rust, Light Rust, Old Rose, Copper Rose.

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BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

May I have the next ROMANCE with you?



Love is in season all the year round for the girl with alluring lips! And your lips simply must be magnetic and glamorous if they are to make men *long* to kiss them.

You can *make* your lips invite romance and kisses if you give yourself the glamour of the Stars of Hollywood with the Wonderful Kissproof *Automatic* Lipstick—identical with those used in the Stars' dressing rooms. A shilling will buy it at any Chemist, Hairdresser or Department Store.

See also the exotic new Kissproof Baton at 6d.

Kissproof

NEW AUTOMATIC *Indelible* LIPSTICK

Women BURN POWDER PUFFS



A new *liquid* all-day make-up. Tested by 1,000 women. This advertisement written by them. Every claim taken straight from wildly enthusiastic letters.

'Stopped using powder puff' . . . 'Stays on all day' . . . 'Carries face triumphant from dawn to sunset' . . . 'Friends amazed' . . . 'Creamy, smooth matt skin' . . . 'Face no longer shiny' . . . 'Blackheads, spots, blemishes invisible' . . . 'No loose powder on handbags, clothes' . . . 'Ideal for office, home, holiday' . . . 'Perfect for evening—face, neck, arms, back' . . . 'Helped win Blackpool beauty competition' . . . 'Boy friend says skin feels like flower petals.'

GET IT. GET IT. GET IT. Be first of your set to stagger your world with new revolution in make-up.

HENRY C. MINER'S

Liquid MAKE-UP

(in five skin-toning shades)

1/3. TRIAL SIZE 6d.

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WRITE ABOUT YOURSELF— AND WIN A MONEY PRIZE. Write for details of intriguing 'beauty-letter' competition to Henry C. Miner Ltd., Dept. B 7 Brunel Road, East Acton, W.3.

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Even though the holidays fall at an "awkward" time for you, you need not miss one hour's enjoyment. Femilan offers you **lasting relief.** It does not drug the pain, but deals with the **cause** of the trouble—faulty blood circulation. Femilan takes effect in a few minutes. Pain, tiredness, discomfort—all go! You are back to **normal**—you can dance, run, play games without any ill effects. Femilan is **approved by the medical profession** because it contains no harmful ingredients and does not affect the heart. Ask your doctor—he will tell you, "Femilan is absolutely safe!"

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OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

Warner Bros.' star in ***It's Love I'm After*** says ***"Calox* has always seemed gentle and soft—pleasant to use. And it does polish beautifully. No wonder it's so popular in Hollywood."**

And gentle, soft *CALOX* will polish *your* teeth beautifully—and protect them from decay, for it releases a flood of refreshing oxygen bubbles which cleanse every crevice in the mouth! *CALOX* is sold in tins at 1/- and 2/- by all high-class chemists. Write for free sample to Ref. N, McKesson and Robbins, Ltd., Eagle House, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4

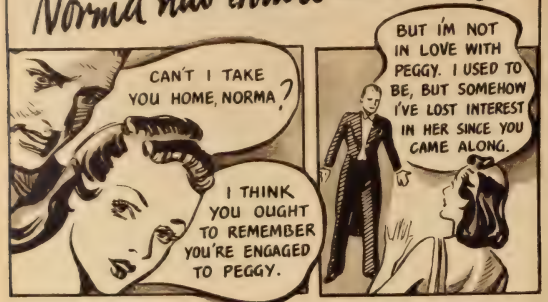
CALOX TOOTH POWDER

MAKES YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS!

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 7

Norma has trouble with George



As she got to know him, Norma found it more and more difficult to discourage George, who was acting with her in the play.



Norma decides to have a frank talk with Peggy.



Has city life given *you* "Tired Skin"? Knight's Castile will soon restore country freshness to your cheeks. *In the next episode read how Norma and Peggy become friends.*

KC 214-143 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16. Soap Makers since 1810

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

WHAT a lot of women have taken up riding these days! Staying recently near the South Downs, I was more than ever impressed by the long processions that wound their way on to the grassy rides day by day.

It is queer that the horse should have come into its own in the very hey-day of the motor car. But it is a good thing for women. Fresh air undiluted with petrol fumes is a great beautifier, and the exercise on horseback is the best tonic for a sluggish liver that can be found, and consequently a great clearer of pimples and other blemishes.

But why refer to it, some of my readers may ask. It is an expensive pastime and generally beyond the purses of girls who work for their livings.

I am not sure that it is, if you go the right way about it.

If you have never before been on the back of a horse, or even if you have a nodding acquaintance with it, riding lessons are the first essential. Otherwise you may acquire faults that are very difficult to eradicate later. Fortunately, lessons are not expensive. There are many excellent riding schools up and down the country where the average charge is five shillings for the first hour and a little less for the second hour.

This you will admit is no great outlay and no more than you would pay for tennis coaching.

What about the outfit? Surely riding clothes are terribly expensive?

That depends, of course. Naturally, you can spend a great deal. But at first until you are proficient and are absolutely sure that you are going to take up riding seriously and like it as a pastime, you can make do with comparative little outlay.

You can buy a pair of riding breeches for well under a pound. I see them advertised every Saturday in some of the small market place ads in the daily papers. They may not be of immaculate cut but they are good enough for a beginner.

With these you can wear heavy knitted masculine stockings, low heeled shoes, a jersey with a high roll collar and a plain felt hat. Even better still would be a pair of Jodhpurs, which in these days are also offered quite cheaply. With them you can wear your ordinary brown walking shoes, provided they have flat heels. Dark fawn Jodhpurs, a brown high necked jersey and a beret will be and will appear quite businesslike.

It wouldn't pass a fanatic in the matter of irreproachable riding garb, but what matter?

If you are riding in coldish weather a short leather coat such as is worn for golf will look quite well over the jersey. On the other hand, if the weather turns very warm, be cool but still be workmanlike.

On no account wear short sleeves. A cotton shirt blouse with collar and a neat tie are quite cool and smart in appearance. Always wear the plain felt hat. Windswept hair is out of place and looks terribly untidy anyway.

Jewellery must be left at home, except a plain gold pin in your tie and a wristwatch. You may powder your nose and perhaps apply a little "invisible" lipstick, but anything further in the way of make-up is in extremely bad taste. There is no need to appear uncared for as far as your complexion is concerned but when in riding kit the golden rule is to appear as inconspicuous as possible.

Remember your gloves. Proper string riding gloves are quite inexpensive.

If you are no longer young, riding is still permissible for you, but not astride, unless you have retained the slimness of youth.

A middle aged spread doesn't look well across the back of a horse. In which case, you need the more ex; ensive riding habit.

Approach your lessons with a perfectly open mind. Cast out all preconceived ideas, or odd spots of knowledge you may have acquired from friends. Choose you instructor carefully, and allow him to know best.

C.G.B. (Colchester).—Nothing can be done to remove the henna stain from your hair. It must grow out and then ends cut off. You have the weather on your side for sunlight and fresh air may fade it slightly and will encouage quicker growth. You can also help by using a good tonic with daily scalp massage.

• • •

Elizabeth (Highgate).—Rub the lumps at the backs of your heels with warm olive oil or warm medicinal liquid paraffin. Smear the oil on the heels liberally. Massage it in with a small rubber nail brush. The oil may be heated by standing the bottle in a basin of hot water.

• • •

M.M. (Ilford).—Toilet paraffin is a good remedy for lines around the eyes, provided the latter are not caused by eyestrain, in which case an oculist must be consulted. Smear it around the eyes while you have your bath. Wipe off very gently and rinse with plenty of warm water.

• • •

Vera L. (Portsmouth).—If you are intent upon growing your hair, the only possible way to keep it tidy during the awkward length is to have the ends permed. As the hair grows you can then pin it up much more easily. An invisible hair net also helps at the untidy stage. You can reckon growth at the rate of half an inch per month.

• • •

Trudy Walker.—Freckles must be faded out gradually. Anything that would take them out rapidly would be too drastic for the skin. Buy a freckle cream from the chemist.

• • •

E. G. (Mansfield).—Have you seen the new Guitare lipstick? I am sure it will solve your problem. You apply it, leave it for five minutes to dry in, and it stays on for a whole day, if desired—in fact, nothing but soap and water will remove it. You can eat, drink and smoke without fear of smudging it or of being left with an ugly "rim" around your lips. It is made in several delightful colours, and is put up in a very pretty case.

• • •

If you have a query which you would like answered, send it to me, together with a stamped addressed envelope. Send your letter to Anne, c/o "The Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Master J. H. Fitch, 6 Glensdale Road, Brockley, S.E.4, for :—

Penrod And Sam
Bottoms Up
They Won't Forget
The Housemaster

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to : Miss B. Dagnan, 74a Tomkinson Road, Stockingford, Nuneaton, for :

A Star Is Born
Easy Living
Brief Ecstasy
Dead End

M. Cooper, 13 Ripon Road, Plumstead, S.E.18, for :

The Ugly Duckling
Make A Wish
She Got What She Wanted
Lovely To Look At

Mrs. Gladys C. Hardingham, 79 Robsart Street, S.W.9, for :

To Catch a Thief
Woman Chases Man
Over The Garden Wall
Caught

John Weston, 87 Lisvane Street, Cathays, Cardiff, for :

One Sunday Afternoon
Service
The Church Mouse
A Damsel in Distress

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.





Here, there, everywhere, in the most unexpected places it is possible to buy Player's "Medium" Navy Cut Cigarettes—the favourite of millions. The vast demand which makes this possible guarantees their unfailing freshness and proves their great popularity.

PLAYER'S MILD NAVY CUT CIGARETTES are not so well known as the popular Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes, but if your taste is for a mild and very smooth smoke, ask for Player's "MILD." An old-established brand, the prices are the same as for "Medium."

Player's Please

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ELASTO (DEPT. 191), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

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THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR; EXCLUSIVE Page 6

The Picturegoer Weekly. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper. No. 367 (New Series), Vol. 8. June 4, 1938

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Popular Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Errol FLYNN & Olivia de HAVILLAND

Cigarettiquette



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BREAD FOR ENERGY

C.F.H.430



COWBOY KING

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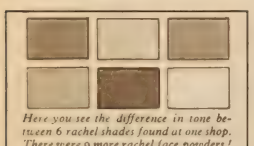
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PARTNERS, SEPIA AND COLOUR

Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo, Gary Cooper and Frances Dee, Adolphe Menjou and Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou and Deanna Durbin, Robert Montgomery and Marion Davies, William Powell and Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy and Joan Crawford, Anton Walbrook and Anna Neagle, Robert Young and Joan Crawford (2).

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CONVICT 99



WILL HAY graduates from the headmastership of St. Michaels to the governor of a prison in this, his latest comedy and succeeds in being very amusing in the type of humour he has made particularly his own.

It is not as good as *Oh Mr. Porter*—although it ranks high as a British comedy—for two reasons. One is that the story has been built too conscientiously to give the star all the limelight and secondly because it has some rather dull patches.

However, Hay is still making while the sun shines and I think you will find *Convict* 99 sufficiently amusing to bring you out of it.

The story shows how Benjamin Twist is, through mistaken identity, appointed governor of a prison. He celebrates the event and arrives at the gaol, very drunk, at the same time as a batch of prisoners. A riot breaks out and one of their number, Max Slessor escapes and Twist is mistaken for him.

After several indignities, amongst which he qualifies for solitary confinement, his identity is established.

Twist proceeds to reform the prison. His first act being to form a committee of convicts to suggest improvements.

Finally, a convicted share-pusher starts a flourishing business conducted from the prison but Max, who has been recaptured and sent back, gets a vamp to wheedle a cheque out of Twist—all the money made being credited to his account.

Max gets away with it but is chased by the Governor and a number of convicts who manage to get hold of policemen's uniforms. They catch him and replace the money in the bank and eventually get back to prison where Twist is hailed as a hero; by the prison committee for having recaptured Max and by the prisoners for having saved their money.—*L. C.*



Above: Will Hay as the prison governor and right, the convicts complain about the food but are pacified by Twist's schemes to reform the whole system.



Left : The prison authorities interview Benjamin Twist whom they mistake for a tough Australian ex-governor and appoint him to the post. Below : Twist (Will Hay) presides over the prison committee On his right Jerry the Mole (More Marriot) and on his left, the financial crook (Garry Marsh).



WHEN I SHARED







Above: Spencer Tracy enjoys a pipe and a joke between scenes.

Top left: "Spence" believes that fishing is the finest form of relaxation.

Tracy and Pat O'Brien, seen here with Gregory Ratoff at the Santa Anita races, are still good friends.

ONE thing my two years in college did for me, it gave me an aim in life. Up to that time I had no particular idea what I wanted to do. I was just sort of drifting around, waiting for something to happen or trying to stir up a little synthetic excitement.

When I first enrolled at Ripon College, I had an idea of taking a pre-medical course. The idea of doing something with my hands appealed to me, and I think I might have gone into plastic surgery if something hadn't happened to make me change my mind.

Professor Boody was the instructor in English at Ripon. His name belongs in this story because it was he who set me on the trail which was to lead to Hollywood.

"I want you to join the debating team," he told me one day.

"Me?" I asked.

"Yes, I think you'd make a good debater," went on the instructor. "You like to argue about other things; let's see how you can argue from a platform."

The idea would probably never have occurred to me. As it was, I wasn't too eager to try it. I'd never done any public speaking. I felt awkward, and naturally I was self-conscious. But the fact that I was self-conscious made me annoyed at myself and I determined to try debating and see what it would do to me.

To my vast surprise, I liked it. It helped me develop a memory for lines that has been a god-send since I started stage work. It gave me something of a stage presence, and it helped get rid of my awkwardness. Also, I gradually developed the ability to speak extemporaneously which has stood me in good stead many a time when a cue has been missed.

It was just a step from the debating team to school dramatics. Again, it was Professor Boody who encouraged me, but it didn't take much urging this time. The idea was growing stronger and stronger in my head that I wanted to be an actor; that I'd always wanted to be an actor but had only just realised it. We did the usual run of college plays, Barrie, Galsworthy, George Bernard Shaw, and more and more I was getting the itch to try it professionally.

It was partly the old wanderlust, partly the fact that I was sure now what I wanted to do, that made me leave college. I felt that I was wasting time. That if I intended to be an actor I ought to begin to study acting.

So I hoarded nickels from that allowance of mine until I had train fare for New York. Then, one day, when they called the roll at Ripon College, Tracy wasn't there. He was on a train heading for Broadway.

From the depot in New York I went straight to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. I told two of the instructors there what I wanted to do. They agreed they might possibly be able to do something with me. So I telephoned my father, collect, and told him the story.

I thought he'd fall off the other end of the wire. There was a dead silence when I got through talking. I thought he'd hung up on me.

"It sounds like a silly idea to me," said my father, "but if you're already there and have your mind set on it, I'll go half way with you. I'll pay your tuition for the first term if you can live on that $30 a month from the Government."

Probably in the back of my father's mind was the idea that a little of that life would be plenty, living on $30 a month in New York. But his offer to pay that tuition convinced me that I was on my way to big things. I took a room somewhere on West Fifty-Sixth Street, if I remember correctly. Then, within a week, I got word from my folks that my old sidekick, Pat O'Brien, was in New York, too.

Talk about coincidences! Pat, who had been attending Marquette, had decided to turn actor, too. He was picking up odd jobs here and there, so we both left the rooms we'd taken and took one together, where we found an Irish landlady we could wheedle into trusting our honest faces, in case we were late with the rent.

That $30 a month, though, didn't go as far as I thought it would. Invariably I was broke several days before the end of each month. Sometimes I could borrow a couple of dollars from Pat, and sometimes he was broke ahead of me. We've often lived for days on pretzels, rice and water.

I studied dramatics as I'd never studied anything before in my life. Always in the back of my mind was the idea that I'd never have money enough to finish the course, and that I'd better learn all I could as fast as I could. Pat and I used to read lines to each other, rearrange the furniture, and pace back and forth doing bits of business as if we were in front of the footlights, until some other roomer shouted to us to shut up so that he could go to sleep.

To look back on it now, it was lots of fun, all but tightening up our belts the last few days of every month. And I wouldn't have traded that experience for all the jobs on Broadway. There's something about going hungry that makes you

Pat O'Brien's DRESS SUIT

by

SPENCER TRACY

Continuing his life story, "Picturegoer's" great scoop, Spencer Tracy tells of the early days on the stage, when he shared a room—and a dress suit—with Pat O'Brien.



Notice the resemblance? Spencer and his brother Carroll, who acts as his business manager

discover the utmost of your resources. It makes your grey cells really turn over on all sixteen cylinders to find a way out. For an actor, it's a swell experience, because it gives you insight into characterisations that you couldn't play otherwise. And I don't know anything that gives you more sympathy and understanding of others in similar circumstances than an empty stomach.

I'd been getting a little farther into debt each month. I was too proud to write home and tell them of my financial troubles, because I knew my father probably had a good idea of what was happening, and thought it would be the best way to cure me of a crazy ambition.

I couldn't give up my dream. But at last, of course, the pay-off came. Only there wasn't any pay-off. I was dead broke. So was Pat. In fact, I hadn't seen him for several days. He'd gone out somewhere in the provinces to try and scare up some sort of a job with a stock company. I didn't know anyone who would lend me another dollar, though it was only three days until my pension check was due. I was getting plenty hungry and something had to be done about it.

I had missed eight meals in a row, but I was still attending classes. Then I simply had to get out and rustle a job. I didn't know how to go about getting a stage job, though I'd have taken anything. I hit every agent on Broadway, and just about every show-house in town.

Then, the afternoon of the third day, I went down to the Theatre Guild and applied for a job. I must have looked like a deserving case, for the directors gave me a chance. I was to be a $15-a-week robot in the play *R.U.R.*, and I drew one dollar eating money in advance. I went out and bought the thickest steak I could find. The American Academy of Dramatic Arts was going to have to part with its most impoverished pupil. But Tracy should worry. Tracy had a job.

I took to the stage like a duck to water, if I do say so myself. Less than a week after I obtained that first stage job in *R.U.R.*, I made my first professional appearance before a New York audience.

Naturally, as a $15-a-week robot, I didn't have much chance to develop stage fright. If I'd had a few lines to speak, it might have been different. But, like Johnny Weissmuller in the first of the Tarzan epics, I got a break. I didn't have to know how to speak. I was even better off than Johnny, though, because I didn't have to give the cry of the bull-apes.

Little by little I moved up in the ranks of that show until I was drawing $40 a week and feeling like a star. By the time it closed, I believe I was drawing $42.50. But the show did close. That was the trouble.

For three months I worked at odd jobs. Anything I could get.

By now, I suppose, every actor who has ever written a biography has used the old gag about the two starving actors who owned one dress suit between them and took turns trying to land a job with it.

I still insist that story originated with Pat O'Brien and me. Pat had just come back from "the sticks" with a show which had folded up, and about the only thing he had salvaged out of the wreckage was a dress suit he had been wearing. He hadn't received his pay-check, so he'd appropriated his wardrobe. Because he was broke and I had a few dollars, I bought a half interest in it.

Then one day I landed a modelling job which required a dress suit. I dashed back home to get it. It was gone. Pat had it with him. I trailed him all over town, never did catch up with him. So I went back to our room, feeling plenty sore.

About eleven-thirty p.m. Pat came home.

"Listen, guy," said I, "I had a chance to make five dollars to-day with that monkey suit. Why didn't you leave a note letting me know where you'd be?"

"What do you care?" answered Pat. "Maybe you lost a job, but I got one with it, and I drew ten dollars in advance. How do you like that? You'd better take five of it, though, because we're going out of town for a try-out."

So Pat was out on the road once more, and I was still out of a regular job. When I couldn't find anything else to do, I haunted the theatrical booking offices. I did that until I found myself locked out of my furnished room one night. I had nowhere to turn except to my folks, and I was still too proud to do that.

As usual, when I was getting desperate, something showed up. I heard of a job with the stock company of Leonard Wood, jun., at White Plains, New York. So I sent a long telegram, collect, telling of my world of experience on the New York stage and asking for the job. I got it, at $20 a week. I managed to scrape together the railroad fare and was on my way.

Out of that $20 a week I managed to save a little, against the next time I should be broke. The fact that I played nothing but bits for weeks didn't bother me. I was doing work I liked and I was happy.

My pay rose to $50 a week. That looked pretty rosy. Then I was offered a job with another stock company in Cincinnati, that promised to last longer. I jumped and took it. But all the time I kept a weather eye on New York, where I hoped to make the grade eventually.

The break came when I learned that there was a job open in Ethel Barrymore's *Royal Fandango* company. I applied for it, and once again my luck was running good. I was accepted. And I was sure I'd arrived in a big way. It was really something to be with Ethel Barrymore. If I'd known that some years later I was to be teamed with her brother Lionel in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Captains Courageous*, I would have been even more stuck up than I was, if that's possible.

My ego took an awful beating, though, when I read the notices the day after we opened. One caustic critic commented that "Tracy looked as if he had been picked up by the property man." I can laugh about that now, but did it burn me up at the time!

After the run of the show, I went to work in Pittsburgh. By this time my pay had gone up to $75 a week and I'd had enough experience to know my way about with the stock companies. I played in Grand Rapids and various other spots for varying periods, before finally returning to New York with a role in a hit show, *Yellow*.

NEXT WEEK

Condemned Cell to Fame

IN next week's instalment of his life story Spencer Tracy tells you how a prison riot ended his career and how he walked out of the condemned cell of his play hit, "The Last Mile," to the film studios in Hollywood.

Tracy also writes frankly of his early days in Hollywood, his "good breaks" and his disappointments.

This great real-life film romance, in fact, reaches its thrilling climax next week. Don't miss it.



Melvill Cooper, Montagu Love and Claude Rains in a tense moment in the Norman Castle.

Britain COMES TO HOLLYWOOD

"Basil Rathbone has become one of the most indispensable villains in Hollywood."

The manner in which British players have taken possession of the Hollywood floors is clearly shown in this article

by Max BREEN

THE film see-saw is gradually tipping. For years it has been weighed down in the direction of Hollywood, but all is not well in the film capital and a boom is on the way here, so, slowly, ponderously, the see-saw tips.

And not a moment too soon.

One sure sign of the complete resuscitation of the British film industry will be the return of the British players, now basking in the Californian sun, to play in British pictures.

Have you ever thought what would happen to some of those great Hollywood epics of English history, for instance, if the British players were all to pack their bags and catch the boat?

Hollywood claims to have a perfect right to film British history.

"Up to the fifteenth century," the Americans point out, "your history was our history also."

Agreed; but there's this matter of speech, which thrusts itself into the limelight every time a "costume film" is made.

We're really quite hazy about how Englishmen spoke in pre-*Mayflower* days; some say they spoke good strong Lancashire dialect, of which there are still traces among the hill-billies of Tenessee and Kentucky to-day; but in any case the general superstition seems to be that they didn't speak with an American twang.

That's where the British players come in.

Take *Adventures of Robin Hood*, for instance. I'll admit this is an extreme case, but it shows the way events are shaping.

Out of the eleven chief members of the cast, eight are British!

The remainder are Olivia de Havilland, playing Maid Marian, who has had to keep reminding herself that her father and mother were British so as not to feel so much "out of it"; Alan Hale as "Little John"; and Eugene Pallette as "Friar Tuck"—and each of these last two made one of his greatest personal successes in a British film, Pallette in *The Ghost Goes West* and Hale in *Jump for Glory*.

Errol Flynn, of course, plays Robin Hood, the bold Saxon who leaves the court of John Lackland and is instrumental in replacing Richard Cœur-de-Lion on his rightful throne.

We never really felt the loss of this lanky young Irishman in British films, for the simple reason that he had only been in one British film—and that a feeble Quota quickie—before being spirited away to Hollywood; but he has certainly made a great deal of money for Warner Bros. since.

His greatest successes have been in "costume," and Warners evidently mean to keep him in it.

South African-born Ian Hunter, who plays King Richard, certainly never had a fair deal in films until he left for Hollywood four years ago, since when he has played a number of important roles.

The base Prince John is played by that uncannily clever character actor, Claude Rains, who started his theatrical career as call-boy at His Majesty's Theatre, and who, apart from a trip home three years ago to appear in a film for Gaumont-British, has been playing important parts in Hollywood ever since he came to the screen (for the most part invisible!) in *The Invisible Man*; but it was his brilliant work in *Crime Without Passion* that set the seal on his film career.

The bold Sir Guy, just as villainous, but perhaps a shade less base, is Basil Rathbone (another South African-born), who has long since established his claim to these cloak-and-dagger roles; no mean hand with a rapier, he is rather like a rapier himself on the screen—supple, keen, cold, wicked.

You can't blame *him* for staying in Hollywood; the only real chance he has ever had in British studios was as the madman in *Love From a Stranger*, which was really over-melodramatised to the point of farce; whereas on the other side he has dug himself in as one of the most indispensable villains in Southern California.

Robin Hood's lieutenant, Will Scarlett, is in the hands of another six-footer, young Patric Knowles.

The Warner-First National outfit at Teddington were naturally so elated at the success of their "find," Errol Flynn, in Hollywood, that they set about discovering another one in the same class, and Patric Knowles was the candidate.

But Patric doesn't seem to have set the Pacific on fire in the way Errol did. He has figured in a number of films, his first in Hollywood being *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and a year or two ago he came home and played in a couple of British films, but somehow he hasn't hit the high spots.

His turn may come yet—possibly as a result



"Una O'Connor has helped to convert Hollywood to a faith in British actresses."



Here are Patric Knowles as "Will Scarlett" and Herbert Mundin as "Much, the Miller's son."



Robin Hood and Maid Marian in the greenwood (Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland to you).

of his work in a minor film, *Expensive Husbands*. It happens like that at times.

The comic relief in *Adventures of Robin Hood* devolves largely on Herbert Mundin in the role of "Much, the miller's son."

Although Herbert usually plays Cockney parts, he was actually born in Lancashire.

After playing in half a dozen quickies in British studios, he went to Hollywood in October, 1931, and since then he has seldom been idle. Whenever a male Cockney role comes up for casting, the casting director automatically thinks first of Herbert Mundin.

One rather gets the impression that if he left Hollywood, no more films of London life could be made there.

A face we're beginning to know by heart belongs to Melville Cooper, who plays the High Sheriff. It's a peculiarly unmistakable kind of face, which makes it the more remarkable that he is, apparently, also to be seen in the role of Sir Essex in the same film.

His earlier film roles, before he went to Hollywood, hardly amounted to a row of beans.

In that expensive calamity, *The Private Life of Don Juan*, he played the role of Leporella, which, like the film it occurred in, meant very little indeed.

After that we had a flash of him in *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, in which he played the artist, Romney, seen painting a portrait of Lady Blakeney.

He was called to Hollywood to play in *The Bishop's Misadventures*, and has stayed there ever since, his most important role to date being the employer of Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer in *Tovarich*.

He has a lovely sense of comedy, and although he is rather inclined to overdo the mannerisms, he is a great asset to any film.

Last, but by no means least, is a Briton who has done more to convert Hollywood to a faith in British actresses than all the platinum blondes or starry-eyed beauties who ever left our shores, Una O'Connor.

As her name suggests, she is actually not English, but Irish, like Errol Flynn; unlike Errol, however, she comes from the North of Ireland, to wit, Ulster; yet she is a devout Catholic.

She made her stage début at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, before ever coming to play in London's West End.

Cavalcade gave her her first big chance—I mean the stage version at Drury Lane—and she made such a success of this that when Fox decided to film the play in Hollywood (or, rather, in the outlying suburb of Fox Hills) Una went along to play her original part.

And she stayed there because she liked palm trees.

There followed a most depressing series of films for her, for somehow or other they decided to "type" her as a drunken drab, whereas not only is she one of the smartest women in Hollywood, but also a life-long teetotaller and an active temperance worker.

With Hollywood's usual topsy-turvy tactics, when she was called to work in *The Informer*, a film with a great deal of drinking in it, it was for the part of a deeply religious Irish mother.

Since they let her be sober, she's shown a versatility that is worth her weight in good American dollars to her. (Pity she doesn't weigh much!)

In this film she plays opposite Herbert Mundin, thus returning to the famous tragi-comic partnership of *Cavalcade*.

There they are, seven men and a woman on whom Hollywood has conferred fame and fortune, after most of them had failed to find a niche in our studios.

It is no exaggeration to say that British studios would jump at almost all of them to-day; but it pays them much better to stay in Hollywood, where they are all well established.

Of course, this is not the first Hollywood film in which English players have been in the majority.

The precedent was set by that monumental production, *Cavalcade*, aforesaid, for which practically every "Limey" in Southern California was employed, the chief parts being played by Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Frank Lawton, Ursula Jeans, Beryl Mercer, Irene Browne, Merle Tottenham, Billy Bevan—all British.

I happened to be in Hollywood while it was produced, and I heard the Fox production chief, Winfield Sheehan, stressing the importance of achieving a British atmosphere with as much fervour as if he considered the affair a sacred trust.

There is nothing of that sort about *Adventures of Robin Hood*; if the Warner Brothers had been sensitive to accents they would hardly have chosen an almost wholly American cast for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to say nothing of the choice of Eugene Pallette as Friar Tuck now.

No, I prefer to think that Hollywood has thoroughly awakened to the fact that our actors are *good*, despite their tea-drinking proclivities.

Unfortunately, it has become almost a tradition over there that if a player comes to England to work in a film it's a kind of last resource, just because he or she can't get a job in Hollywood.

This is a reproach that will not be removed until British films improve very considerably.

A time is coming, I believe, when all these people who are now serving under a foreign flag will compete with each other for the privilege of playing in British films.

Let it come soon.



Errol Flynn as Robin Hood. This young Irishman has made a good deal of money for Warner Bros. since he went to Hollywood.

SEX and FOREIGN FILMS

- Too Sensational Publicity.
- New Attack on Jessie Matthews.
- Mae West and Gable.
- Fashion Note for Men.



Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris, sweethearts in real life as well as on the screen, are spotted at the beach by our candid cameraman. But would your boy-friend stand for the idea of matching his bathing trunks with your swim-suit?

THE legend still lingers on in the picture business that anything Parisian must necessarily be pornographic. Film people think of the French in terms of "feelthy postcards" or, at any rate, the *Folies Bergere*.

It was interesting to watch the pathetic naïvete with which fine dramatic actresses like Danielle Darrieux and Annabella, who in their French films have always been models of modesty, were rushed off to the "still" photographers to pose for "leg art" the moment they set foot in Hollywood, for instance.

We haven't seen so much of the stellar female form divine since the bad old days before the bigger stars, backed by the Hays office, went into revolt against posing for the camera in their lingerie and bathing costumes.

Another manifestation, and this time nearer home, of the strange fixation, is the tendency to sensationalism in the exploitation of Continental films in this country.

* * *

A mild example was the advertising of *Un Carnet de Bal* when it made its first appearance at a popular cinema in London.

This French photoplay, one of the most sincere and movingly beautiful pictures of the last few years, was billed as "The sensational French film. The love-life revelations of a beautiful woman, told with daring frankness"!

This, as I have mentioned, is a mild example that does not go beyond the ordinary traditions of screen showmanship.

In some cases, however, similarly brilliant Continental pictures have been advertised here as if they were the sort of shows one is invited to see under the title of "Paris Nights" in the amusement arcade penny-in-the-slot machines.

If the people responsible imagine that they will thus create a market for foreign films they are mistaken. They are merely attracting a section of the public that is looking for smut, and that will be disappointed.

Should Jessie Show a Leg?

● Marian Squire, *Variety's* women's page editor, resumes hostilities in her war with Jessie Matthews now that *Sailing Along* has reached New York.

Jessie, she says, again "suffers sartorially." She adds: "The conspiracy to keep her public from finding out that she has one of the better silhouettes still persists. It isn't supposed to be improper for dancers to have legs, but Miss Matthews' propelling members are carefully hidden under layers and layers of opaque material.

"Ruffled jackets, fur bands and floating scarves do a good job of disguising the rest of her outlines.

"Her skirts, when short, contrive to be of unbecoming length."

Gable Versus Mae West

● So M.G.M. are going to team Clark Gable with Mae West in *New Orleans*. I'll believe it when I see it on the screen at the Empire, Leicester Square.

Mae may have been named by exhibitors among those film stars who are "box-office poison," but she can still command big money on the stage and is unlikely to relinquish any of the privileges she has always enjoyed in the studios.

I cannot see M.G.M. entrusting its Box-office Boy No. 1 to the tender mercies of a feminine star who always insists on providing her own scripts and having a large say in the direction.

For Men Only

● The film feminine fashion experts have for so long been giving advice to the girls on how to get their man, that it is a pleasant change to note that the mere male is getting a break from the stylists at last.

Gile Steele, of the M.G.M. wardrobe department, boldly steps forward this week with some advice to the lads, as he puts it, "whose thoughts at this time of the year lightly turn to love."

"It's a peculiar thing," Steele says, "but the perversity of feminine nature holds true where masculine clothes are concerned. Invariably the extremely sophisticated girl will go for the James Stewart type who wears the loose, casual cut of suit.

"If she's a 'clinging vine' try the big business man mode of dress, like William Powell wears. But be careful of the sportswoman. She may enjoy bouncing about in sports attire, but if you're serious about your chances, don't purchase the masculine equivalent of her gay togs. Go to the other extreme. Be conservative in cut and colour.

"The business girl wants romance. After

being surrounded all day long with stuffy clerks and efficient masculinity, she's ready for a bit of dash, a Robert Taylor type.

◆ ◆ ◆

Steele warns the men about the dress suit. "The quickest way to queer yourself with the fair sex is to shake the moth balls out of the dinner jacket or tails, and then crawl into it. Just because you manage to get it around your waist after six years, isn't enough.

"Evening clothes change more than any other type of masculine attire. Keep in touch with men's fashion magazines. Watch the Gables, Montgomerys, Coopers on the screen. Just because a moth didn't make a meal out of the seat of your evening trousers, is no sign that the lapels aren't too narrow, or the coat too short."

Mr. Steele falls down, however, when he suggests that we should pander to feminine judgment in the matter of neckties. Woman's taste in ties is not merely unsound—it's impossible.

Short Shots

● Mary Dees, who doubled for Jean Harlow in *Saratoga*, is to be seen as herself in *Shopworn*—We're going to have another screen Napoleon: Crane Wilbur will play the Emperor in *The Hundred Days*—Eleanor Powell's new film is announced as *Lucky Star*; same post brings announcement that Sonja Henie's next will be *My Lucky Star*. May the best girl win—Charles Farrell returns to the haunts of his former glory to appear in Shirley Temple's *Lucky Penny* (strange how these titles run in cycles) at Fox—Simone Simon has had her contract renewed by the same company.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

AN OPEN LETTER TO MARGARET LOCKWOOD

YOU'RE A LUCKY LITTLE GIRL

DEAR MARGARET,

I hope that you will have a lot of new friends next week after "Bank Holiday" has been generally released. In fact, I'm sure you will. Both the picture and your intelligent performance in a by no means easy role deserve well of the British film public.

Anna Neagle, Jessie Matthews, Gracie Fields, of course, and to a lesser extent, perhaps, Anna Lee, have for so long held a monopoly of feminine stellar honours in this country that it is as pleasant as it is an unusual experience, to see a newcomer moving so steadily to a place with them in the front rank.

There's plenty of room in the front rank, moreover. We wish there were more of you.

What pleases us most about your success is that it is being built on a sound foundation. Without extravagant ballyhoo you have advanced progressively through small parts in small pictures to big parts in big ones. Good performances in good roles in good pictures provide the only really effective basis for film fame. Without these conditions the entire publicity machine of Hollywood couldn't make anything more than just another film actress out of a Garbo.

In this respect you have an element of luck to thank as well as your own talents, and I am sure that so level-headed a young actress as yourself appreciates that.

You have been fortunate, too, in that you are under contract to a studio which seems to be determined to do right by you by following up your "Bank Holiday" success.

Time after time in recent years we have seen English girls score a brilliant individual success in a picture that has put them right in line for stardom. And time after time the studio concerned has failed to seize the obvious opportunity and has allowed them to be quietly but surely forgotten.

Some of them, like Margot Grahame, Pat Paterson and Heather Angel have gone on to Hollywood and international glory. Others have gone back to the stage or drifted into oblivion.

In each case they have been lost to the British screen, which probably explains why we have so few feminine stars.

We hope and have every reason to believe that the building up of Margaret Lockwood is a definite Gainsborough policy. At any rate, you have followed up "Bank Holiday" with another first-class performance in another first-class picture, "Owd Bob," and will be presented next under the banner of the great Hitchcock in "Lost Lady."

Keep up the good work.

THE EDITOR.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

SLAVES OF THE SOOTHSAYERS

WHEN stars refuse to appear in certain pictures, it does not always mean that the story has not met with their approval, but sometimes that an astrologer has decided that the time is not propitious!

Hence a star on strike and producers tearing their hair.

Among the Hollywood stars who turn to astrologers for guidance are John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Ruth Chatterton, Paulette Goddard, Joan Crawford, Anna May Wong, Lola Lane and Olivia de Havilland.

Olivia had a "reading" before she left for her holiday in England. She was told that the stars were right at the moment, and that she could travel safely.

The stars pay "good" and sometimes "big" money to the soothsayers.

Cocktail Aftermath

● What started out to be a pleasant evening turned out disastrously for Veda Ann Borg and Dick Purcell, jun., both young film players.

According to testimony in court, Veda says that she and Dick, after finishing work at the studio, had a few cocktails, attended boxing bouts at the American Legion Stadium, had a few more cocktails, got into Dick's car. Shortly afterwards their car collided with another car.

The young actress suffered cuts, some facial, which she said have hindered her film career, so she recently sued Purcell for $100,000 damages, claiming that he was drunk at the time of the accident.

The Wrong Taylor

● The proprietor of a petrol station in North Carolina was overjoyed when a dapper stranger, who stopped for fuel for his car, admitted he was Robert Taylor, the film star.

With an eye to business, the petrol dispensor roped off the spot where the stranger had stood, and charged 25 cents (approximately a shilling) to all who cared to stand where "Robert Taylor" stood.

All went well, as far as the tradesman's pocket was concerned, until he learned that Robert Taylor was in England, making *A Yank at Oxford* on the very day he met the affable stranger.

The ropes have been removed from the spot where "Taylor" stood, and the petrol man is busy refunding admission fees.

Costello's Complaint

● Maurice Costello, film idol of many years ago, in a complaint lodged at the failure-to-provide department at the district attorney's office, declares that his daughter, Dolores, former wife of John Barrymore, has not contributed sufficient funds for his support. Dolores says that she has, and that her father has been "misguided."

Pitying the Rich

● A young university graduate, fallen upon hard times, peddles small household articles at the homes of movie stars. He has become so familiar with the lives of the celebrities that, despite his own poverty, he feels sorry for them.

Fights over money between stars and their families, marital difficulties, grafting servants, appeals for aid from alleged friends and total strangers, constant fear of robberies or kidnappings, all tend to turn the stars' hair grey.

So the peddler, happy in the love of his wife and baby, pities the "lucky" film stars

Canny Shirley

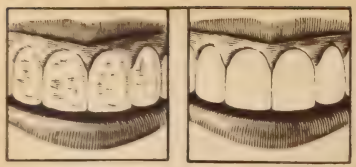
● Shirley Temple's father is a banker, and a recent incident convinced Mrs. Temple that her young daughter is a chip off the old block

Not long ago, Mrs. Temple found that Shirley was missing from the house, and discovered her in front of the Temple abode, selling mud pies to passing motorists, throwing in an autograph with each pie. She got as high as £5 for some of her sales.

(*Continued on page* 13)



Shirley Temple, seen here with Gloria Stuart in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," has been "cashing in" on her fame (see par. above)



Which of these will be a

Picture of Your Teeth?

Enamel Scratched & Scored or Sound & Spotless?—Your Tooth-paste will decide.

Cleaning your teeth can do more harm than good! If you are using a gritty, abrasive paste you are actually wearing away the thin coating of enamel which is all that keeps your teeth from decay. Sooner or later your teeth will look like the picture on the left.

Be sure that your tooth-paste is SAFE—that in years to come your teeth will still be as sound and spotless as those on the right. Compare your tooth-paste with the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. P.13), Norwich. Put both to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your front teeth. If your present paste seems the least bit gritty change at once to Odol—the tooth-paste dentists recommend because it is so safe.

Odol

Odol is also obtainable as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice Tablets. Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

Heard about this?



Everybody loves a bargain, and here's one that makes holidays more enjoyably economical than ever. Did you know that for 10/6 you can have the freedom of the line for a week in an L.M.S. Holiday District? AND take your dog for 2/8 or your bicycle for 5/3 for the same period. Write for FREE FOLDER "Holiday Contract Tickets," containing maps and full details, to Room H.C.T., 17 L.M.S. Railway, Euston House, London, N.W.1.

P.S. SEND A POSTCARD **NOW**



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"Kotalko Soap is also worthy of praise. It is better than anything I have yet used for washing my hair."—MISS M. WOODALL.

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Never before have you used anything like Kotalko. It frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all poisonous and malodorous pore cloggings: softens the hardening scalp, and restores its healthful circulation. **Kotalko** Nourishes and Feeds the hair organism, reviving **new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots. Whether your hair is thin or falling out, or full of dandruff or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—they are wonderful.**

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP —the Tonic Shampoo.

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TRUE HAIR GROWER

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 9, Percy St. (104 EB), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

TO STOP ACUTE INDIGESTION

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

When a dyspeptic patient comes to me for treatment, I know that the last thing he wishes to hear is a discourse on the percentage of acid in his gastric juice. His sole concern is to have a prescription which will stop his indigestion in the shortest possible time. Since the quickest-acting remedies for the purpose known to science are contained in 'Bisurated' Magnesia, it is my regular practice to prescribe this standard antacid—I know of no quicker or more effective indigestion remedy. Any sufferer will have convincing proof of the efficacy of 'Bisurated' Magnesia by taking a little after his or her next meal.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to above by Dr. Scott—is available at all Chemists at prices from 6d. to 2/6.

ALL the GOSSIP

The child star was hustled into the house, and there will be no more mud pie sales in future.

Grateful Memories

● A certain star, in the days when he had to fight and starve to get a foothold in the movies, was given credit at a Hollywood Boulevard drug store, tiding over very critical moments in his life.

Eventually the actor won a contract at a studio where he is now a star. As soon as he received his first cheque he started paying off his bill at the druggist's, and is now one of its best customers!

Hollywood Samaritan

● Johnny Davis, promising young actor, received a 'phone call at five in the morning, charges collect, from a girl in Newark, New Jersey (over three thousand miles away, so imagine the charge), asking him to make good a bad cheque she had written.

The lady did not know Johnny, but said he had a kind face, and she knew he would help her. When he learned the circumstances that prompted the writing of the cheque, he wired the amount to her.

Hollywood Says That

— Lionel Barrymore's water-colours and etchings have been exhibited in the finest galleries in America.

◆ ◆ ◆

— James Stewart is an expert accordion player.

◆ ◆ ◆

— Henry Fonda aspired to become a journalist, but could not get a job.

◆ ◆ ◆

— Priscilla Lane collects travel literature as a hobby.

◆ ◆ ◆

— Penny Singleton pays a salary to a girl to break in new shoes for her.

◆ ◆ ◆

— Rosalind Russell has promised to send back a daily chatter column to an American magazine while appearing in a British picture in London.

They've just been up on the Mersey getting the atmosphere (hope it smells a bit better than it did when I was a lad), and securing some location shots.

Director Carol Reed knows you can't have a film laid in or near Liverpool without an Irishman in it; on this occasion he's the mate of the *Bonita*, and blow me if it isn't little Jimmy O'Dea, who is probably about the best-known and best-loved comedian in Ireland to-day.

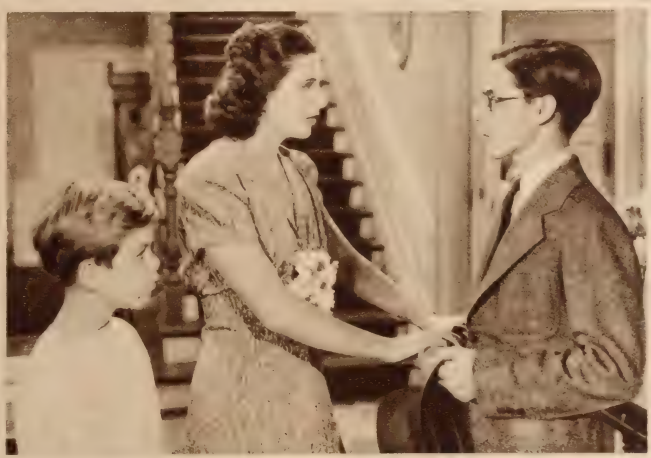
I've seen him in one or two hastily executed films of Irish wild life among the colleens, and I've always thought he would make a good asset to British films some day.

First Shot

● They've re-erected the *Bonita* with uncanny skill in the studio. I was there when Betty did her first day's work in the studio, and as she placed her foot on the bridge for her first shot her mother and her sister Freda sat on the side of the set with their fingers crossed!

Ronald Neame is photographing this. He's the young British cameraman who made such a good job of *Who Goes Next?* recently, and the fact that Carol Reed is directing is an assurance of *that* department being all right—as you'll understand if you saw his *Bank Holiday*.

So far this film is being called *Penny Paradise*, which sounds good value for money.



Kay Francis plays a mother of six in her latest picture, "In Every Woman's Life." She is seen here with Dickie Moore and Bobby Jordan.

News

● The other Ealing Green production, *It's in the Air*, starring George Formby, is still in the preparatory stage, so let's mush on to Pinewood, where, unfortunately, they've just finished *Pygmalion*, but are working on a Pinebrook picture, *This Man is News*, for Paramount release.

A stick of dynamite is directing it. I've mentioned him before—David Macdonald—and I probably shall again. That man is bound to be news.

Strong combination in the leads here—Barry K. Barnes and Valerie Hobson; so strong, in fact, that producer Anthony Havelock-Allan intends to team them in further pictures.

Genuine Journalists

● They play a young journalist and his wife in this (did someone in the audience murmur *Thin Man*? Well, well!) and are supported by Alastair Sim, John Warwick (back to villainy), Edward Lexy, and Kenneth Buckley; and, needless to say, as it's a newspaper story, Billy Watts is a reporter for the millionth time.

PICTUREGOER readers are always writing to complain about the way newspaper-men are shown on the screen—usually as drunken toughs.

Now's your chance to have a glance at the real thing; I don't say reporters are mild-mannered exactly, but they're usually moderately civilised, and that's the way they're shown in this.

Shock for G.B.S.

● I hope this will turn out well for Barry; he's a good actor, as he proved abundantly in the afore-mentioned *Who Goes Next?* In fact, I'd rather you judged him by that than by his Pimpernel, which to my mind is a role for an older man.

I'm sorry *Pygmalion*'s over. I'd like you to have caught a glimpse of Bernard Shaw's face when he heard that some new dialogue had been written into his film by some of the studio's bright young men.

It came out, and the great man himself wrote a few lines to meet the need; so all was harmony.

Cast-Iron

● Sound City? Yes, they're going strong with the Tom Walls picture *Old Iron*, the first venture of his new company, T.W. Productions.

A very fine cast indeed for this one, if you're a cast-fancier, as I am.

Cecil Parker, Eva Moore, Enid Stamp-Taylor, Veronica Rose, Leslie Perrins, Richard Ainley, David Tree (fresh from *Pygmalion*), O. B. Clarence, Hubert Harben, and Henry Hewitt.

These last three fine actors between them can account for about one hundred and twenty years of acting experience.

No Little Pigs

● By the way, before we leave Sound City, I should like to deny once and for all the rumour that a musical sequel to *Pygmalion* is to be made in Technicolor, called *Three Little Pygmalions*, with Bernard Shaw as the Big Bad Wolf.

Talking about wolves, though, can any lady or gentleman in the audience oblige me with a fox? Messrs. West End Pictures want to bring it out of a hat.

Sorry, my mistake. A hunt. A fox-hunt. But it must be a tame one. They almost had one, but it died—not from camera fright, but from natural causes, which must be quite a treat for a fox.

This is for the all-outdoor film of *Deadwater*, which Roy Kellino, James Mason, and Pamela Kellino are making.

Lovely Bess

● He (or she—a vixen will do) need not participate in a hunt. Close-ups only; but it must be under control in natural surroundings.

Well, they've found one film-star already for this production in Bessie, known as the Beauty of Bucks.

She brought her eleven sons and daughter along, which is a bit unusual for a film-star, but quite normal for a champion sow.

So far, progress on the production is reported to be "fine," and if one of you will only produce that fox, it will be finer still.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

ALL ROUND THE REST

LAST week, in our mad career round the British lots, we got as far as Elstree.

I fancy Ealing must come next; I've always thought these British studios were badly situated from my point of view, anyway. Too much dodging about.

At Ealing Green, then, Associated Talking Pictures, who first brought Gracie Fields to the screen, are doing their best to maintain the tradition with a new Lancashire discovery, Betty Driver.

Betty's made quite a number of stage appearances, but this is her first screen role. She plays the daughter of a Mersey tugboat captain.

A Fine Actor

● She's certainly started in good company, for the skipper in question is none other than Edmund Gwenn, an ornament to the British acting profession. (Take a bow, Mr. Gwenn.)

Betty'll learn a lot about technique and sincerity (those two indispensables) by watching her screen father.

LIONEL COLLIER'S *FILM* REVIEWS



A seaside beach in August—Margaret Lockwood and Hugh Williams in a scene from "Bank Holiday."

***BANK HOLIDAY

General Film Distributors. British. "A" certificate. Social and romantic comedy-drama

JOHN LODGE	Stephen Howard	WALLY PATCH	Arthur
MARGARET LOCKWOOD	Catherine	KATHLEEN HARRISON	May
HUGH WILLIAMS	Geoffrey	GARRY MARSH	"Follies" Manager
RENE RAY	Doreen	JEANNE STUART	Miss Mayfair
MERLE TOTTENHAM	Milly	WILFRED LAWSON	Police Sergeant
LINDEN TRAVERS	Ann Howard	FELIX AYLMER	Surgeon

Directed by Carol Reed. An original story by Hans Wilhelm and Rodney Ackland. Previewed March 26, 1938.

Quite one of the most brilliantly directed films of the year, this picture gives you a cross section of a typical British bank holiday, and also introduces a romantic element which is wholly human and very poignant in its implication. I have not the space to deal with it at length here; so I would refer readers to our issue of March 26, 1938, when I reviewed it at length. A striking performance is given by Margaret Lockwood as a nurse who leaves her lover during the holiday to go back to the man whom she had had to inform, before she went away, that his wife had died in childbirth. She is in time to save him from suicide. Hugh Williams is brilliant as the lover and John Lodge effective as the other man. The characters who go to make up the background against which this drama is played are all cleverly etched in and there is a wealth of comedy situations. Especially worthy of notice is Wilfred Lawson's performance as a police officer. All the action takes place on one day and the development is perfect.

★ ★ ★



Wallace Beery and Guinn Williams in Beery's latest picture, "The Bad Man of Brimstone."

**THE BAD MAN OF BRIMSTONE

M.G.M. American. "A" certificate. Period Western melodrama. Runs 86 minutes.

WALLACE BEERY	"Trigger" Bill	CLIFF EDWARDS	"Buzz" McCreedy
VIRGINIA BRUCE	Loretta Douglas	GUINN WILLIAMS	"Vulch" McCreedy
DENNIS O'KEEFE	Jeffrey Burton	ARTHUR HOHL	"Doc" Laramie
JOSEPH CALLEIA	Ben	NOAH BEERY	Ambrose Crocker
LEWIS STONE	Mr. Jackson Douglas	JOHN QUALEN	"Loco"
GUY KIBBEE	"Eight Ball" Harrigan	CHARLEY GRAPEWIN	Barney Lane
BRUCE CABOT	"Blackjack" McCreedy	ROBERT BARRAT	"Hank" Summers

Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Original story by J. Walter Ruben and Maurice Rapf.

Wallace Beery comes into his own in this melodrama, which keeps going at a pretty good pace, except for a tendency to slacken half way through. The ending, too, tends to be rather mawkish. He is cast as Trigger Bill, the bad man of Brimstone, who holds up a young pugilist and his manager, and later discovers that the boy is his son. The story shows the attempts of Bill to get friendly with his boy, who becomes a U.S. Marshal. He helps him clean up the town in his own way without revealing his identity.

Dennis O'Keefe is virile and likeable as the young, would-be boxer and Guy Kibbee is amusing as his manager. Virginia Bruce makes an attractive heroine, and good character studies are given by Lewis Stone, Bruce Cabot, and Joseph Calleia. There is plenty of rough stuff and the camera work is particularly noteworthy.

★ ★ ★



Fred Astaire has two dancing partners in "A Damsel in Distress." These are Gracie Allen and George Burns.

**A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Romantic musical comedy. Runs 180 minutes.

FRED ASTAIRE	Jerry	RAY NOBLE	Reggie
GEORGE BURNS	George	CONSTANCE COLLIER	Lady Caroline
GRACIE ALLEN	Gracie	MONTAGU LOVE	Lord Marshmorton
JOAN FONTAINE	Lady Alyce	HARRY WATSON	Albert
REGINALD GARDINER	Keggs	JAN DUGGIN	Miss Ruggles

Directed by George Stevens. From the story by P. G. Wodehouse.

Fred Astaire is very good as Jerry, an American dancer who comes to England to seek peace and quiet, and ends up by falling in love with a lady of title and winning her from more favoured rival. One rather misses Ginger Rogers, but the bright plot is neatly put over, and, of course, allows scope for Astaire's dancing and Gershwin's tunes. Joan Fontaine makes the heroine attractive and intelligent, while George Burns and Gracie Allen put over their "act" with all their accustomed craziness.

The English revue star, Reginald Gardiner, deserves notice for a suave performance as a steward who indulges in some subtle mimicry. The pseudo English atmosphere is picturesque and altogether the picture provides a bright specimen of the screen musical.

★ ★ ★



Peter Lorre, Thomas Beck, and Jayne Regan play leading roles in "Thank You, Mr. Moto."

*THANK YOU, MR. MOTO

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Oriental melodrama. Runs 67 minutes.

PETER LORRE	Mr. Moto	SIG RUMANN	Colonel Tchernov
THOMAS BECK	Tom Nelson	JOHN CARRADINE	Pereira
PAULINE FREDERICK	Madame Chung	WILLIAM VON BRINCKEN	Schneider
JAYNE REGAN	Elanor Joyce	NEDDA HARRIGAN	Madame Tchernov
SIDNEY BLACKMER	Herr Koerger	PHILIP AHN	Prince Chung
JOHN BLEIFER	Ivan		

Directed by Norman Foster. Based on a story by John P. Marquand.

Very hectic and serial-like melodrama, which is none the less of popular design. It is reminiscent of the Charlie Chan series, except that in this case the action is more melodramatic and highly coloured. Peter Lorre does well as an Oriental detective who finds a scroll which gives the key to a hidden treasure and, incidentally, consolidates a romance. The supporting cast work well as a team and put some character drawing into their parts, in spite of the general air of artificiality that covers the proceedings. It is difficult to say whether Peter Lorre can build up a screen figure of the popularity of Warner Oland. He will not, I think, do so if the stories he is given are so serial-like in design as is this one.

**THE GAME THAT KILLS

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Romantic melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

Charles Quigley	Alec Ferguson	Arthur Loft	Rudy Maxwell
Rita Haworth	Betty Holland	John Tyrrel	Eddie
John Gallaudet	Sam Erskine	Paul Fix	Dick Adams
J. Farrell MacDonald	Joe Holland	Max Hoffman, Jnr.	Bill Drake
Dick Wessel	"Leapfrog" Soule		

Directed by D. Ross Lederman. Story by J. Benton Cheney.

The thrills of ice hockey are added to a conventional racketeer story, and both are put over with a punch that makes for sound actionful entertainment which does not need to be taken too seriously. As the hero, who, believing that the death of his brother in a hockey match was not accidental, and who takes his place in the team and unmasks a first-class racket, Charles Quigley is likeable and sincere.

Rita Haworth is spirited and pretty as the heroine, who gets mixed up with the crooks and has to be rescued at the last minute. The ice-hockey matches are thrillingly staged and have a real punch in them.

★ ★ ★

*THE LONDONDERRY AIR

Twentieth Century-Fox. British. "U" certificate. Irish comedy. Runs 47 minutes.

Sara Allgood	Widow Rafferty	Maureen Moore	Mrs. Murphy
Jimmy Mageean	Sheamus	Grenville Darling	The Auctioneer
Liam Gaffney	The Pedlar	George Dillon	His Assistant
Phyllis Ryan	Rose Martha	Kitty Kirwan	The Deaf Woman
Sidney Young	Mr. O'Reilly		

Directed by Alex Bryce. From the play by Rachael Field.

A very slight plot introduces familiar village types and meanders along pleasantly enough in a naïve manner. Sara Allgood dominates the picture as the Widow Rafferty, whose servant, engaged to her son, finally elopes with a passing pedlar.

Liam Gaffney is good as the pedlar and has an agreeable tenor voice. The character drawing on which the entertainment relies is not bad.

★ ★ ★

*THERE GOES THE GROOM

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Matrimonial comedy. Runs 64 minutes.

Ann Sothern	Betty Russell	Louise Henry	Janet Russell
Burgess Meredith	Dick Matthews	Roger Imhof	Hank
Mary Boland	Mrs. Russell	Sumner Getchell	Billy Rapp
Onslow Stevens	Dr. Becker	George Irving	Yacht Captain
William Brisbane	Potter Russell	Leona Roberts	Martha
Adrian Morris	Eddie (Interne)		

Directed by Joseph Santley. Story by David Garth.

Except for one or two humorous sequences and some good character drawing by Mary Boland and Roger Imhof, there is not a lot to recommend in this comedy of misunderstandings.

The romantic angle is handled by Ann Sothern and Burgess Meredith; the latter is cast as a returned traveller who finds his old love is engaged to a doctor, but that her younger sister is ready to fall for him. There is a lot of saccharine sentiment and the hero tends to be too gauche to be effective.

★ ★ ★

*DANGEROUS HOLIDAY

British Lion. American. "U" certificate. Gangster comedy-drama. Runs 63 minutes.

Ra Hould	Ronnie Kimball	Franklin Pangborn	Dorfie
Hedda Hopper	Lottie	Grady Sutton	Max
Guinn Williams	Duke	William Newell	Solitaire
Jack La Rue	Gollenger	Thomas E. Jackson	Marty
Jed Prouty	Gifford	Olaf Hytten	Popcorn
Lynn Roberts	Jean	Jack Mulhall	Sergeant
William Bakewell	Tom	Michael Jeffrey	Jerry Courtney
Fern Emmett	Aunt Elsie	Harvey Clark	Robbins
Virginia Sale	Aunt Augusta	Wade Boteler	Police Captain
Carleton Young	Tango		

Directed by Nicholas Barrows. Original story by Karen De Wolf and Barry Shipman.

This picture depicts the unhappy lot of an infant prodigy whose earnings are mostly taken by his stepmother and maiden aunts, and who runs away, only to fall into the hands of crooks, one of whom, however, turns out to be a real pal.

He not only saves his life at the cost of his own, but helps him to round up the gang. Ra Hould is clever as the boy violinist and Guinn Williams well in character as the kind-hearted crook. There are many human and humorous touches which make for pleasant, if not outstanding, entertainment.

★ ★ ★

*SH ! THE OCTOPUS

First National. American. "U" certificate. Crazy crime comedy-drama. Runs 55 minutes.

Hugh Herbert	Kelly	George Rosener	Captain Hook
Allen Jenkins	Dempsey	Brandon Tynan	Mr. Cobb
Marcia Ralston	Vesta Vernoff	Eric Stanley	A Stranger
John Eldredge	Paul Morgan	Margaret Irving	Polly Crane
Elspeth Dudgeon	Nanny		

Directed by William McGann.

A queer mixture of craziness, crime, and the macabre, with Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins providing the bulk of the foolery. The whole thing is in the nature of a good-humoured rag more than anything else, with the action taking place in a derelict lighthouse owned by an artist, where a murder is supposed to have taken place.

The stars are cast as a couple of dumb detectives sent to investigate and the rest of the players are practically relegated to the role of stooges for them. All sorts of weird happenings occur, but the ending is weak. It all turns out to be a dream by Hugh Herbert, consequent on the shock he had had in the first reel on learning he was about to become a father.



Rita Haworth and Charles Quigley supply the love interest in the ice-hockey story, "The Game That Kills."

TALL TIMBERS

Paramount. Australian. "A" certificate. Lumber camp melodrama. Runs 74 minutes.

Frank Leighton	Jim Thornton	Aileen Britton	Claire Darley
Shirley Ann Richards	Joan Burbridge	Joe Valli	"Scotty"
Campbell Copelin	Charles Blake	Ronald Whelan	Ludwig Rich
Frank Harvey	Fred Darley	W. Lane-Bayliffe	Tom Gavan
Harvey Adams	Stephen Burbridge	Peter Dunstan	Robbie

Directed by Ken G. Hall. From a story by Captain Frank Hurley.

Rather old-fashioned story, lacking in polish, which relies for its effect mainly on its authentic Australian background and vivid lumber-camp detail.

Frank Leighton is virile as the hero who outwits crooks, who are trying to put his firm out of the running for a timber contract, while Frank Harvey makes a convincing villain.

★ ★ ★

***CITY STREETS. (Re-issue)

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Racketeer drama. Runs 72 minutes.

Gary Cooper	The Kid	Guy Kibbee	Pop McCoy
Sylvia Sidney	Nan	Stanley Fields	Blackie
Paul Lukas	"Big Fella" Maskal	Wynne Gibson	Agnes
William Boyd	McCoy	Betty Sinclair	Pansy

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Story by Dashiell Hammett.

A reprint of the criticism published in our issue of February 27, 1932, is given below.

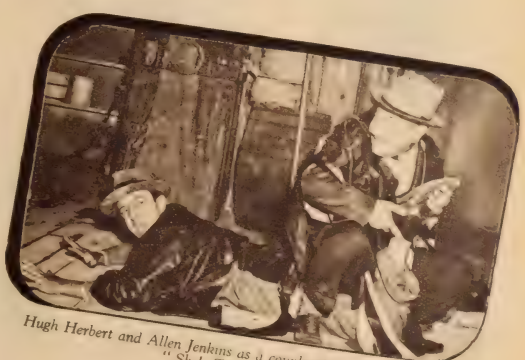
"Presenting, as it does, the seamy side of American life without any trimmings, this picture is naturally 'strong meat', but it is also exceptionally interesting. This is mainly due to the fact that Rouben Mamoulian has presented his characters very realistically, and also used intelligent and imaginative direction. He avoids sensationalism for its own sake, and also unduly sickly sentimentalism.

"True, the leading characters, after a gruelling time with their bootlegging associates—Sylvia Sidney as Nan is suspected of murder—reform.

"But for once in a way this reformation rings true; there is no maudlin sentiment about it.

"That attractive newcomer, Sylvia Sidney, does exceptionally well; she avoids being the conventional heroine. While Gary Cooper proves that his talent is not restricted to Western roles."

The picture was originally shown in 1932 and it is interesting to note the references to Sylvia Sidney and Gary Cooper.



Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins as a couple of dumb detectives in "Sh ! The Octopus."



All good pals . . . Meet the Four Musketeers of the Warner lot. Left to right: Pat O'Brien, James Cagney, Dick Powell and Frank McHugh.

SHOTS WITH OUR *Candid Camera*



To avoid confusion on the "In Every Woman's Life" set they're calling Bonita Granville (right) "Bon Bon" which leaves Anita Louise still "Nita" when they call her to work from her knitting.



Right: Richard Greene, Britain's latest gift to the heart-throb department in Hollywood pictures, takes advantage of that famous Californian climate to enjoy some tennis.



1. *Won't you come in? We'll say that we will seeing that the trailer's owner is lovely Lucille Ball.*



2. *If you could only cook, we said. "I can," said Lucille—and showed us.*



3. *Come and get it. Lucille sounds the gong for lunch.*



4. *Lucille's caravan even has a full-length mirror so that she can admire her new bathing suit.*



5. *And so to bed in Lucille's luxurious home on wheels.*

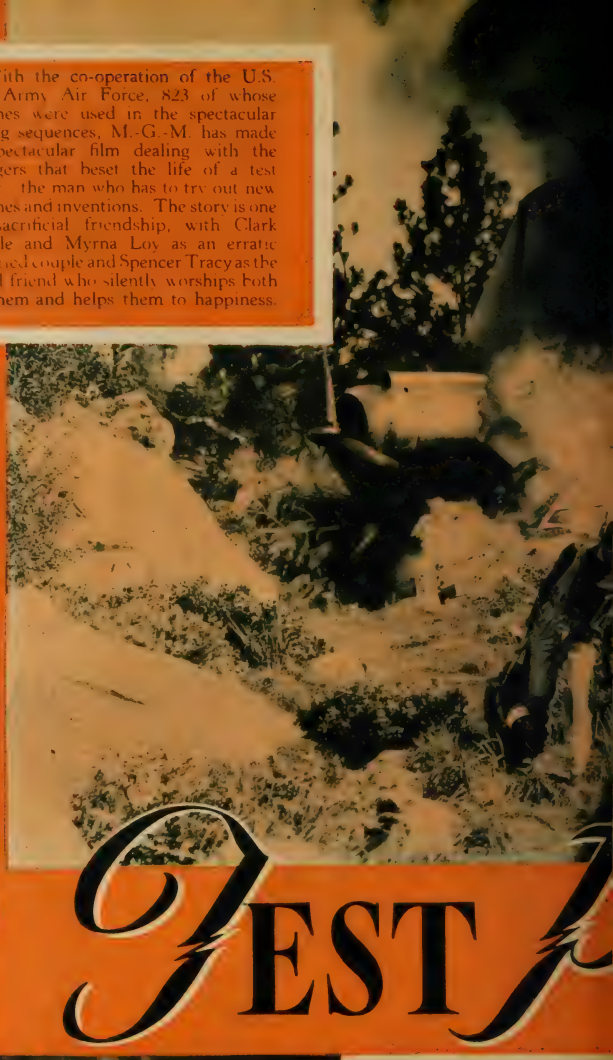
With the co-operation of the U.S. Army Air Force, 823 of whose 'planes were used in the spectacular flying sequences, M.-G.-M. has made a spectacular film dealing with the dangers that beset the life of a test pilot—the man who has to try out new 'planes and inventions. The story is one of sacrificial friendship, with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy as an erratic married couple and Spencer Tracy as the loyal friend who silently worships both of them and helps them to happiness.



A striking portrait of Spencer Tracy, who keeps his love for his friend's wife tightly locked in his breast



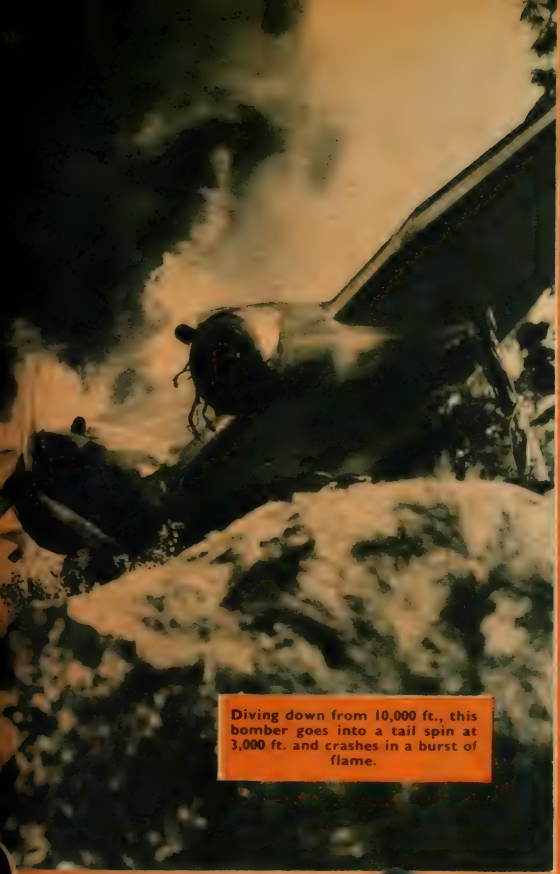
Spencer Tracy meets a tragic end whilst trying out a new bombing 'plane, which crashes, but his devo-



TEST P



Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, as the irresponsible p his wife, eventually settle down to domestic



Diving down from 10,000 ft., this bomber goes into a tail spin at 3,000 ft. and crashes in a burst of flame.



Always ragging each other, Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable find Myrna Loy more than a match for their wits in the bar on the aerodrome.



Spencer Tracy has a little trouble with girls who are chasing his friend and has to use all his tact to settle it.

ILOT

When Clark Gable goes on a particularly dangerous flight, his wife is there to give him what might well prove a farewell kiss. Spencer Tracy has difficulty in concealing his own feelings.





Virginia is teamed with Robert Montgomery again in "Yellow Jack," after their success in "The First Hundred Years."

Why

VIRGINIA BRUCE IS NOT A STAR

by Jack CHANDLER

A fine actress, possibly the most beautiful woman in Hollywood, Virginia Bruce needs only the right break to put her in the top flight.

THE first time I saw Virginia Bruce she was sitting on the set. She immediately brought to my mind a lightly tinted porcelain shepherdess or court lady, one of which at least was a necessary "objet d'art" on the mantelpieces of our grandmothers.

By this I don't wish to infer that Virginia is the least bit droll or old-fashioned in appearance, to the contrary she is a very up-to-date and sophisticated looking young lady, but the pale shade of her hair, the blue of her eyes and the matchless shell-like quality of her skin, give her an almost Dresden-like appearance.

This impression, however, is the very opposite of the Bruce character, for in reality she is a very determined young person who knows what she wants and for that matter has been out to get it, but with how much success? Virginia told me that as a young girl she never had stage or screen ambitions, her only inclinations along these lines being the study of music and singing.

Even when her family moved to Hollywood from Dakota, she gave no thought to picture work although she did have the very usual desire to get inside a studio and see them make movies.

Ironically, in view of the fact that so many "young hopefuls" meet one Hollywood rebuff after another, the studios saw Virginia first, recognised potential screen material and put her under a small contract. It was that, with a later trip to work for Ziegfeld in New York which finally aroused the desire to be a star.

She has partially achieved this, she is popular with the majority of fans, she is in almost constant demand by the studios, but why is she still in the "chrysalis" stage?

When Virginia first started work in pictures she was barely nineteen years old, already a woman, but not a woman who had lived.

It wasn't to be anticipated then that she would immediately justify starring roles. She was simply a young actress with screen possibilities, someone useful to have on the contract list, someone decidedly worth watching.

Since that time, however, Virginia has lived. She met John Gilbert and after a whirlwind courtship married him. But marriage with the colourful Gilbert wasn't an easy affair and after two years during which time they had a baby daughter Susan Ann, ended for them in the divorce courts.

Virginia, who was given custody of the child, once more turned her eyes to screen work and attempted to pick up the threads which she had dropped two years previously. A more mature woman with beauty that was breath-taking, she was given the part of Jenny Lind in *The Mighty Barnum*.

Her performance caused a sensation and for the first time Hollywood sat up and recognised that the little Dresden lady had a lot to offer besides physical beauty. Yet to-day, four years later, Virginia is still doing supporting roles and still doing them equally well.

Now as then the public apparently react to Virginia in a similar way to when she played Jenny Lind, but isn't it possible that they, like Hollywood, have grown so used to seeing her in a continuous succession of supporting role parts, that they have subconsciously grown to accept her permanently in this category.

Were she a "specialty" or "character" player this would be quite in order, but she possesses neither the individual routine of the one nor the extreme characteristics of the other.

In other words she is a "straight" actress capable of interpreting "straight" roles suitable to her individuality. Taking into consideration her recent parts in *The Badman of Brimstone* or *The First Hundred Years*, it is quite obvious that not only is she a good actress but also a versatile one, for her roles in both pictures are decidedly different. In the one picture, however, she is a "foil" for Wally Beery and in the other for Robert Montgomery.

To myself and to the average picturegoer it is sometimes difficult to understand the very fine line of demarcation between a near-star and a star.

True Hollywood uses persuasion by newspaper publicity while the rest of the world helps out with large electric signs in the theatres, in fact Hollywood even goes a little snobbish and tells us that plain Bill Jones and Mary Lee are now known as Mr. Jones and Miss Lee, but none of these things prove anything although they are apt to mislead.

But were we to take somebody who, for the sake of argument, only sees a picture once in a blue moon and never reads about them, have them see all the present pictures on the market and then ask them their reaction to the players, wouldn't we possibly find a rather comprehensive shuffle in our present set-up of stars. While Virginia Bruce with her large "fan mail" and the popularity of her pictures, wouldn't she surely be listed amongst the stellar players?

I remember talking to John Gilbert, right after their divorce and asking him why he left Virginia. "Don't let's go into that," he said, "but let me tell you that nobody could be kinder, sweeter or more considerate than Virginia." That statement coming with all sincerity from her husband probably gives us the biggest insight to her character.

Perhaps her very consideration, in the cold grim light of hard reality, is one of her greatest weaknesses, perhaps her sensitivity and lack of "push", detracts from the colour that Hollywood, above all places, associates with success. For this colour which in turn associates itself with glamour seems to be one of the biggest selling points and the thicker it is spread on and the more it dazzles the quicker its superficial qualities seem to become realities.

Why doesn't Hollywood give Virginia a chance to stand on her two feet, why doesn't it let some male player play second fiddle to her? With her unbroken succession of good performances, her general appeal, her voice and her beauty, surely it is time Hollywood stopped playing ostrich, lifted its head out of the sand and gave her a "break". With a very little encouragement she could at least have a chance to prove that she is really something more than just another "gentleman's gentlewoman"!

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Maureen O'Sullivan

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Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender POWDER-CREAM

A WIFE SHOULD NOT ACT

says Maureen O'Sullivan

Do you put on a domestic "act" or does your wife do it? Here's an article that will interest men as well as women



Maureen O'Sullivan is one of Hollywood's happiest wives. Here she is with hubby John Farrow in their garden.

A WIFE shouldn't act. If she wants to keep her marriage intact and filled with happiness, then she should, above all things, leave the element of acting out of it.

You might ask me why I don't follow my own advice. Well, I do! My acting ceases when I leave the studio at six and doesn't start again until I report on the set at nine o'clock the following morning.

Acting is all right in its place, but that place is on the stage or screen and not in the home.

People tell me that Myrna Loy personified the "perfect wife" in *The Thin Man*. That again proves my point. The character of Nora Charles was that of an *honest* wife. Never did she put on scenes in her home to drive her husband to her will. She was always herself. Perhaps that is why men so enjoyed that character, and admire Myrna on the screen, for they find in her what they want in a wife.

I've discovered that there are five types of "acting wives"; the humourless, nagging, jealous, domineering and clinging vine types.

Underneath their acquired "thespian" make-up, these wives have probably the basic principles that would make them perfect companions, but they can't seem to keep from "putting on that act," which they feel is necessary to their married life. Some find that they control their parents by acting, and therefore they believe the same plan will work with their husbands; others do it because of the ill advice of friends who claim "It's the only way to hold a man." ("Girl-friends" particularly can cause endless trouble.)

I have a friend who is a humourless wife, who thought of marriage as a "stern reality!" So humourless was she, that when friend husband would come home from the office a few minutes late, or commit some such trivial offence, and try to pass it off with a joke, she would have none of it! He might have violated one of the principles of marriage, as far as she was concerned, and make the worst of it she would! She had made up her mind that she was going to squeeze every possible dramatic situation from life.

At times when her husband would come home after a trying day with his work, how he would have welcomed a little humour from her! But no, she would put on her tragedy act, and if her husband felt badly when he walked in the door, he felt much worse by the time he left the dinner table.

Of course, the marriage failed, and all because she had been trained in the "make your husband realise that this is a serious thing, this career of marriage" school.

It is serious, but its main objective is happiness, which can never be realised without humour from both parties involved.

Close on the heels of the "humourless" wife is another "actress," the "nagger." She marries a man determined to "change" him.

This wife manages to find something wrong with everything, from her husband's ties to his friends.

Husbands as a general rule will overlook the tie situation, but their friends are among their most valued possessions.

This wife feels that after their marriage her friends should become his friends, but his friends are not good enough for her. So she starts nagging. "They are this, they are that," she says until he not only fails to bring them around, but passes most of his time at his club instead of at home.

This wife not only does the "nagging act" towards his friends but towards her husband in general. Her mother had advised that if she kept after her husband she could make him reach a business position that would in turn make her a social leader. She couldn't just sit down and talk the whole thing over with him—no, she had to nag him on to success with her weapon of acting.

When she wanted a new dress, extra money for a party or a trip, she took all the pleasure of giving away from her husband, because she figured she'd get what she wanted, not by asking, but by nagging.

She might have done very well on the screen as a character actress in a nagging role, but she failed as a wife.

Lots of wives are jealous and they can't help themselves, but the wives who make a histrionic character out of the "green-eyed" monster, seem to make not only their husbands unhappy but themselves as well.

One of these "actresses" that I heard about, gave the excuse, that this was the way to make her husband realise that she really loved him.

This wife was the type who would go down to her husband's office and look over the secretary situation. If they were at all attractive then she would complain to her husband. She would explain that she wouldn't be able to rest for a moment with the thought that he was surrounded with beautiful women. Finally, driven to change his office staff to keep his home from breaking up, she would add that she asked him to do it "because she loved him so much."

Whenever they had company at home, the husband dared not even look at the feminine guests or it would develop into a nasty husband-and-wife battle. Later she confided to a friend: "You should train your husband as I've trained mine. He's afraid to look at another woman because he knows I'll put on my 'jealousy act'."

All this woman would have to do would be to look at the average motion picture and see why a jealous woman is necessary to the plot — to make everyone unhappy, and who always loses the man in the end.

Next, let us look at the wife who plays the acting role of the "domineering mate."

It's not unusual for a wife to think and feel that "my husband is mine," but she should not play it as a role in order to bind her husband to her.

The particular wife that I heard about, acted this role because she felt that it would make her such a close part of her husband's life that he could never be without her. She thought it was a clever way to bind their marriage for ever.

Her main point was to inject her own personality into everything he had, so that she would always be on his mind.

When it came to picking out a new car, joining a club or even buying a dog, she made up "their" minds.

Then there's the example of the wife who has been told that men like their wives to portray the role of a meek, "clinging vine," for the reason that it makes the male "feel like the strong protector."

In this instance, the story was told to me from the man's angle. He was a normal husband who wanted not only a wife, but a pal and companion as well. His wife was also a regular person before she married, enjoying sports and never asking for a handicap, even when she was competing with the opposite sex.

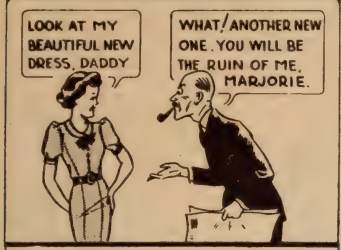
Then came the marriage and the "clinging vine" character.

She was helpless without her husband's protection. She couldn't play tennis with him, because "he was so big and strong and clever that it wouldn't be fair." Anything he suggested to make them real companions was met with a refusal for a similar reason. She only wanted to be the helpless little wife.

One wife, generally speaking, I've neglected to mention. She should be called the "all around actress." Never does she let the slightest occasion go by without turning it into a drama.

If her husband has done something especially nice, then she gushes too much. If he has done the opposite, then she's doubly angry.

Father didn't know



S-SH,—It's not really new. Marjorie knows the value of . .

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Mad ABOUT Music

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of General Films.



The Stranger (Herbert Marshall) not only allowed Gloria (Deanna Durbin) to escort him to the buggy, but agreed to her request for him to wave to the schoolgirls by bowing in their direction.

MAINTAINING the existence of an imaginary father to the point of saying that she was meeting him that afternoon at the railway station was becoming a dangerous adventure for Gloria Harkinson.

In the first place, but for her lively imagination, she might never have invented a father, least of all one who was supposed to be a famous big-game hunter. But at the Mesdemoiselles Fusenots' school in Effelberg, Switzerland, where Gloria had lived since she was tiny, every pupil talked about her parents.

Gloria had never known her real father, and her mother, known as Gwen Taylor, a rising film star who never left Hollywood, was strongly advised by her manager not to acknowledge the existence of a fourteen-year-old daughter. The situation was too humiliating to be borne.

Thus Mr. Harkinson, big-game hunter, came into being, through the medium of weekly letters sent by him to Gloria in envelopes with foreign stamps. Sometimes Gloria wrote these herself, sometimes she dictated them to Pierre, local buggy driver and organ blower, who had been entrusted with the secret. Not altogether a wise ruse, perhaps, seeing that Gloria's fellow pupil, Felice, a dark and disagreeable Paul Pry, threw doubts on the authenticity of Mr. Harkinson's handwriting and nastily compared the script of one week's letter with the next.

Further to give credence to her imaginary father's tales of rhinoceros and elephant shooting, accounts which fascinated the class to whom they were read aloud, Saturday by Saturday, Gloria begged her mother to send trophies. Elephants' tusks and antelope heads, arriving though they did from California not the Gold Coast, were too substantial to be got over. But, when Felice discovered the snapshot of an elephant supposed to have been shot by Mr. Harkinson was actually the recognised trade-mark of a cheese manufacturer, Gloria's stock fell alarmingly.

Only desperation indeed could have driven her to confess to her friend Olga, on an afternoon when the school was having an outing and Gloria was supposed to be accomplishing a penalty task, that she was going to meet Mr. Harkinson at the station. Fortunately Mademoiselle Annette, who discovered Gloria's intention, instead of being cross was excited and helpful.

"Why didn't you tell us before dear? Pierre shall drive you at once," she said.

Wearing her flowered and gauged organdi, a round straw hat on the back of her dark curls, and carrying a bunch of gift flowers, Gloria, with beating heart, climbed into the buggy.

"Take me to the confectionery store after you pass the station. No one will know I haven't been there all the time," she suggested.

"All right, but in the next letter, instead of your papa shooting the lion, the lion will have to shoot papa," the old man wisely countered. Certainly by the time the mountain station was reached, Gloria could have wished that she hadn't saddled a non-existent parent with a visit to Effelberg.

"Wait a minute while I get rid of these flowers, Pierre," she said, and darted on to the platform. She was handing them to an astonished porter when she heard her name called. Horrors! Behind the station fence, wearing holiday kit of light frocks, spotted scarves and black berets were grouped her classmates waiting, inevitably alas! to tear the imaginary Mr. Harkinson piecemeal. "I wanted to see what an explorer looks like," Felice shouted.

Snatching back the flowers from the porter, Gloria, petrified, stood rooted to the platform. The station-master's shout, "Continental Express" and the sight of the train slowly drawing in, added, if anything, to Gloria's agitation. Recklessly she stared at each descending passenger hoping vaguely for a miracle to happen.

Nothing of the kind. A sprinkling of country folk, a woman with a basket, another with a baby were all she encountered.

"What's the matter? Did your father lose his train?" Felice shouted.

Suddenly Gloria saw, emerging from a first-class compartment, a tall man, sombrely dressed, instructing a porter as to the handling of numerous pieces of luggage. Her heart beat violently. Here was the explorer. But no, she had hardly thrust the flowers at him, determined to make some impression on Felice, when another man descended from the train, younger, better-looking, better-dressed and oh, much more fatherly!

"Welcome to Switzerland," Gloria cried and throwing caution to the winds and her arms round the stranger's neck, kissed him.

"Really," he said in a delightful English-sounding voice, and added, turning to his valet, "What does one do on an occasion like this, Tripps?"

"Just, 'thank you, little girl and good-bye,' that's all, sir."

"But this is an old Swiss custom. We always welcome the most distinguished-looking visitor on the train," Gloria hurried on. "And I've a carriage waiting for me to show you some of the village and take you wherever you're going."

For some reason, the assumption that he would act on the suggestion did influence the stranger. He not only allowed Gloria to escort him to the buggy, but agreed to her request for him to wave to the schoolgirls by bowing in their direction and removing his hat. "Are you Swiss?" he asked as Pierre whipped up the single horse.

"No, I'm an American."

"Rather odd—you, an American, carrying out a native Swiss custom, to welcome me, an Englishman. What's your name? Mine's Richard Todd."

While Pierre tactfully drew up in the square opposite the Grand Hotel, she dared to ask, "How long are you staying here?"

"Five days or so."

Five days! Gloria was trying to persuade Mr. Todd that Interlaken was far more attractive than Effelberg when her heart renewed its palpitations. Down the street and into the square came those wretched classmates on their cycles, headed by Felice evidently determined to probe Gloria's secret to the uttermost.

"I bet you're a tired explorer on holiday," she ventured.

"I'm not, but I'm a very tired composer." Not so good, but good enough for Gloria, who seized Mr. Todd's arm piloted him into the hotel lobby, and, hearing that he had booked a suite, hurried him to the lift. Conscious that Felice had followed them in, she said: "Good-bye," handed the flowers for the last time and went to the reception desk.

"Mr. Harkinson doesn't want to be disturbed till after eight o'clock," she announced to the clerk. "You know, of course, about the mails coming for Mr. Harkinson, but the telephone calls, they're for Mr. Todd."

"I see. Travelling incognito," the clerk hopefully supplied.

"Yes, incognito, oh! and he told me to say he hates publicity and won't see any newspaper reporters." Ten minutes later, aided by a big box of chocolates which Tommy, an admiring compatriot from a nearby military school, bestowed on her, Gloria was driven back to the Fusenot Pension to become the heroine of the hour.

Her confidence in establishing a fictitious father was badly shaken, however, when, at the close of next morning's school, Mademoiselle Louise announced:

"Young ladies, I'm dismissing class early to-day. I want you to be ready for luncheon promptly when the bell rings. We are expecting an honoured guest, one on whom my sister and I called yesterday at his hotel, and whom you all know by name—Gloria Harkinson's father."

Though Gloria's first reaction might be one of delight, she quickly suspected snags. Supposing that Mr. Todd actually had seen the Mademoiselles and accepted their invitation, how could he play the part of an imaginary man of whom he had never heard? More likely he would treat the whole thing as a joke and not turn up. Such uncomfortable thoughts made it difficult for her to appreciate the long tables set out with an unusual array of flowers and cutlery, proudly pointed out by Mademoiselle Louise.

"There's a man coming down the drive. I believe it's your father," Mademoiselle Annette announced. Peeping over the mistress's shoulder, Gloria saw Mr. Todd. "Let me go and meet him; I'll be right back," she promised. It seemed she couldn't run fast enough to allow time for all she had to say. As she expected, Mr. Todd, as he walked back with her towards the school, looked severe and when implored to play the role of Mr. Harkinson seemed bent on

(*Continued on page* 26)

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VANISHING CREAM & FACE POWDER

C.V.P. 38/1/37

MAD ABOUT MUSIC—*continued*

taking up the matter with Mademoiselle Louise. This was terrible.

"You must, you must help me," Gloria entreated. "After all I'm an American and you're an Englishman and England's the mother country."

"H'm—that doesn't mean I have to be your father though."

Gloria felt she had scored no success by the time Mademoiselle Louise coming on to the steps made the visitor a welcoming speech.

"I wish you wouldn't call me Mr. Harkinson," was all he said and Mademoiselle replied with a blush:

"I'm sorry, I forgot you were incognito."

Gloria wished the earth would swallow her as, standing with the Mademoiselles and Mr. Todd at the top of the three steps leading into the hall, she saw the double line of girls, dressed like herself in high-waisted, dark-blue frocks white cuffed and collared

"Young ladies," resumed pretty Mademoiselle Louise, "I want to present you to Gloria's father."

Gloria looked at Mr. Todd. She was afraid to speak. "Before you go any farther," he was saying, "I think there's something that you should know. When you do me all this honour, you rather embarrass me"—Gloria's eyes were tightly closed. Only so could she keep back tears. She was beyond caring whether Mr. Todd saw the drops trickling down under the eyelashes or not. She could only listen, terror-stricken to his voice—"you embarrass me until I realise that you are actually paying honour to my daughter." Could he have said that? Gloria opened her eyes and doubt vanished. For Mr. Todd was smiling, actually smiling. Another second and he was drawing her to him to kiss her forehead.

Lunch was an enormous success.

True, while drinking coffee with the two ladies in the alcove, he found himself in difficulties on the topic of Gloria's mother, and loudly intimated that this was a case in which a man needed a little plain help.

"Daddy, you said you wanted to hear me sing," Gloria cried, coming up to the rescue.

"Of course. I haven't heard you sing since you were a baby. Excuse me. I'll play for you, dear—what's the matter, can't you sing?" he added under cover of leading her to the grand piano.

"I can sing 'Chapel Bells' if you can play it." Naturally modest, Gloria thought little of her quite surprising soprano. She only knew that she loved singing, whether "Ave Maria" in which she led the choir regularly at church, or a catchy tune such as the school favourite of the moment: "I love to whistle".

Standing with her back to Richard Todd, she missed his start of astonishment as she began to sing, though she could tell that he enjoyed their joint performance by the way he held both her hands in his when it was over.

Afterwards she was allowed to show him her room and the trophies mother had sent. "I feel quite proud of myself," Mr. Todd admitted, but you know you've told some pretty tall stories."

"But I kept my fingers crossed. When I do that, it means I don't mean it," Gloria assured him.

As frequently happens when things are going well, Gloria's happiness had a set-back. A telegram handed to Mr. Todd summoned him to Paris. But even this had its consoling side, for Gloria obtained permission to go to the hotel with her father and help him pack. She was in the sitting-room alone when a newspaper headline caught her eye. "Gwen Taylor in Paris to attend Exposition. Cinema star at Savoy Hotel. Thousands cheer film favourite on her arrival."

Concentrating on one joyous thought, that of seeing her mother, Gloria, snatched up hat and purse and made a dash for the station. The Paris express was on the point of leaving as she reached the platform.

Pushing past the ticket collector, she stumbled into a compartment and buried herself behind a newspaper, but not before she had been seen by a couple of brakemen who fetched the guard, who demanded a ticket.

Vainly, Gloria argued that she neither had one nor could pay for one, but that she was looking for her father. Locked in the porter's compartment, preparatory to being ushered out at the next station, she had a sudden idea.

Soon the entire corridor was ringing with the melody "I love to whistle". She was giving coloratura effects to the yodels and trills; half the passengers were staring at her through the glass door of her cubby hole and joining in, by the time the guard forced his way through.

"You'll go into the baggage car," he declared. "You have no ticket and you break all the rules. You can't fool me. Your father isn't on this train."

"Who says he isn't?" Once again Mr. Todd's voice was delightful to hear, his masculine presence as he came forward eminently consoling. Gloria accomplished that night journey in comfort, marred only by the difficulty of keeping Mr. Todd in ignorance of the fact that mother, as Gwen Taylor couldn't acknowledge the existence of a daughter. "Don't forget now. You have my address. Bring your mother when you've seen her and can come over," he said as he saw her into a taxi, en route for the Savoy Hotel.

"All right—I will—at least I'll try," she evaded. Inside the Savoy lobby, she went to a telephone booth and asked to speak to Gwen Taylor.

"I'll put you through to her manager," a voice answered.

"Hello, Gloria; this is Dusty," another voice with a strong American accent came over the wire. "How's everything in Switzerland?"

"I'm not in Switzerland. I'm right downstairs in a 'phone booth."

"Which one?"

"Number four."

"Then hold that door and stay right where you are. Don't move a foot." In less than two minutes, though it seemed an age to Gloria, a plump little man with a bald head, released her and hurried her past a crowd of people evidently expecting to meet someone, into a small room.

It didn't take long for Dusty, skilled in the management of human ambitions and hearts, to make Gloria understand that in seeing her mother she would spoil a great career. According to Dusty, Gwen Taylor, fast becoming a star, every detail of whose life interested her fans, must in their eyes remain

unmarried and far too young to own a child of fourteen.

"But no one would know if I just saw her for a minute," Gloria pleaded.

"If she had you in her arms," Dusty said, "even for one minute, she'd never let you go again."

Quite unaware of the compliment, Gloria to hide her tears said in a choked voice that she agreed and that she must be going.

The hotel manager claiming Dusty's attention for a moment enabled her to leave the room unnoticed. The foyer was fuller than ever and as she passed through, she realised that someone coming into the hotel was creating the excitement. Standing tiptoe Gloria saw a slender little lady, smartly but simply dressed, surrounded by people clamouring for autographs. A small child presented a bouquet. Gloria's heart pitched queerly as the lady



Gwen Taylor's (Gail Patrick) arms were round her and Gwen was exclaiming: "Gloria, my darling, my baby."

kissed the little donor. This was mother—Gwen Taylor. Dusty came forward to lead her to the lift. Gloria blew kisses and choking back sobs, struggled into the street.

Seeing Tripps at the door of Mr. Todd's suite, smiling and pleased to see her (up till now he had looked somewhat askance at Gloria's unheralded entrances) was a help in restoring composure. Mr. Todd, rising from the piano, was also kind.

Though his questions about Mrs. Harkinson's reception of her daughter were apt to be disconcerting.

"Is that a new song you were playing just now? Can I sing it?" Gloria asked, having acknowledged with fingers crossed that the meeting had been a successful one.

She was half way through Mr. Todd's lyric, "A Serenade to the Stars", when the long-restrained tears would come and she broke away to have out her cry on the sofa. A kind hand touched her shoulder. When she looked up Mr. Todd was giving her a glass of milk and offering his handkerchief.

"Now tell me what really happened with your mother?" he asked.

But, of course, even now, it was impossible to tell the truth, so first with fingers crossed and then, seeing that Mr. Todd had noticed the gesture, with one foot over the other, Gloria concocted a story of how mother, though pleased at the visit, wanted her to go back to school, and had given her the money for the fare which she had lost.

"So I came to you," Gloria finished. "I'm glad you did," Mr. Todd said gravely, and offered, since the journey couldn't be begun until the morning, to take her anywhere she liked for an evening's entertainment. She chose the kinema where Gwen Taylor was being screened in *Love on Trial*. But the drama of the concluding court scene, in which the star was accused of wilful murder, was too painful for Gloria.

"Oh! couldn't I go back to Switzerland to-night?" she pleaded tearfully with Mr. Todd who had followed her hurried exit to the foyer, where she stood by a big portrait of Gwen Taylor. He looked at her and at the picture. "I think it's time you went back where you belong," he said and took her in a taxi to the Savoy Hotel.

"I'll wait for you outside," Gloria begged.

"No, we have some business here. I'm your father remember and fathers do have to be stern sometimes."

"Miss Gwen Taylor is being interviewed by the press and cannot be disturbed," the hotel manager reported in answer to Mr. Todd's query.

"Then it's high time she *was* disturbed," he declared and catching sight, through a door which had just been opened, of a room full of obvious journalists waiting for news, hurried Gloria through. From an inner room they could hear Gwen Taylor's voice. "But I tell you, my daughter's in Paris with a man she calls her father. She has been reported to me as missing from her school. You must find them both."

"Here we are," Richard Todd announced. Gloria, dazed at the loveliness of mother wearing a black iridescent gown, nevertheless managed to protest. "It's all a mistake. I never saw her before."

But Gwen Taylor's arms were round her and Gwen Taylor was exclaiming: "Gloria, my darling, my baby," forgetting entirely the waiting press men. A hectic quarter of an hour followed. Dusty's efforts to convince the gentlemen that they were getting the story all wrong and Gloria's repeated talk of a misunderstanding, were a hopeless failure.

Nothing could prevent flashlight pictures being taken of Gloria and her father who was described in a dozen notebooks as Mr. Taylor, and of Mr. Taylor and Gwen, fictitiously described as being reunited to her big-game-hunting husband after a ten years' estrangement.

"I'm very grateful to you, Mr. Todd," Gwen said when the last reporter had left. "It was nothing. I was glad to do it," he answered and gave her mother what Gloria privately considered a positively thrilling look.

Which perhaps accounted for the fact, that Gloria at the school breaking up sang: "A Serenade to the Stars" without the need of inventing, as "among those present," her own mother and father.

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Then why do people so often say: "Oh, it's not worth paying 3s. 6d. *just* for the pictures"? Blessed if I know!—*Mary Harvey, 6 Woodbury Avenue, Winchmore Hill, N.21, who is awarded the first prize of £1 1s.*

Many Thanks

● Thanks for the memory,
Of Garbo's tragic smile,
And Zola's famous trial,
And the grin on Robert Taylor's face when he wins a classic mile.
Oh, thank you so much.
Thanks for the memory,
Of Lombard's hefty right,
And Ginger getting tight,
And Hepburn acting "Momma" and tucking her up at night,
Oh, thank you so much.
Oh, many's the time they've amazed me,
And many's the time they've amused me,
But still they have never refused me.
Entertainment grand,
To beat the band.
Oh, thanks for the memory
Of Errol's manly air,
And Lamour's lovely hair,
And I still think Tyr. and Sonja would make a smashing pair,
Thank you so much.—*I. E. R., Middlesex, who is awarded the second prize of 10s. 6d.*

D'ye Ken Juan?

● I have been following with interest the career of a certain small-part Hollywood actor called Juan Toreno.

It was in crowd scenes a few years ago, that I first noticed him. Then they gave him speaking parts in *A Message to Garcia* and *Storm Over the Andes*.

A week or two ago I saw the film, *Captain Calamity*, and discovered Juan Toreno playing the role of "side kick" to the hero. He played his part very well, and showed a good deal of acting ability.

And now I'm feeling slightly puzzled, because since *Captain Calamity* I've seen *Love Under Fire*, and find Juan Toreno again playing a one-line part, and being seen once in the entire film.

I should like to know if *Love Under Fire* was made before *Captain Calamity*, or is Hollywood keeping Juan on a "see-saw".

I wonder, too, if any other PICTUREGOER readers have noticed this actor and feel like predicting a "starry" future for him.—(*Miss*) *Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9.*

Polishing Gable

● It is high time that M.-G.-M. became alive to the fact that by making a "dude" of Clark Gable they made him ridiculous. In dungarees or sports clothes Clark Gable looks natural and manly; in the dress of a wealthy idler he looks stuffed.

That low-browed face, scowling from under a "topper!" That bull-throat wedged in a winged collar! That brawny frame encased in linen, shiny braid, and broadcloth! Those immense hands and feet in white gloves and patent leathers!

Clark Gable "got up to kill" has the flashy incongruity of a savage in spats.—*Robert Tait, 21 Lynton Drive, Heaton, Bradford.*

(*I admit I prefer Clark "rough".*—"*Thinker*".)

It is Curious!

● Isn't it curious! Hollywood is the temple of romance, the headquarters of triumphant love living happy ever after, and so on. It turns out film after film showing us how to become Cupid's star pupils. It knows everything about happy love.

Yet this same Hollywood is a byword for quickly dissolved marriages, misalliances, divorces, and false starts in the Matrimonial Stakes.

When it comes down to brass tacks, the screen's "great lovers" are sorry bunglers and raw beginners compared with their admiring fans, happy but humble Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Smith Junior, and Miss Smith.—*R. H. Hiborne, 26 The Park, Treharris, Glam.*

(*Sorry, I can't think up an answer to that!*—"*Thinker*.")

Be Fairer to the Darker

● Is it essential that the cinema should continually caricature the coloured races?

We should be the first to kick if things were reversed!

Surely all black people do not roll their eyes,

(*Continued on page 30*)



In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM . . . .

SHE steps from her morning tub fresh as a daisy, yet two hours later she's guilty of that greatest social crime—perspiration odour. But before you criticise are you sure that you never offend in this way! MUM, the Cream Deodorant, kills perspiration odour in an instant; apply a quick finger-tipful in the morning and you're safe for the day. MUM does not interfere with the natural function of perspiration and that's why it's perfectly safe to use. Take no risk this summer; buy a jar of MUM to-day.

You can use MUM at any time—after you're dressed or during the day, because MUM is harmless to fabrics.

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Easy to use—no waiting, no rinsing with MUM, just rub it into the skin—it's non greasy, like vanishing cream.

Use MUM on sanitary towels—and be sure you are free from any possible embarrassment.

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1/6 *and* 2/6
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Until a few months ago it would have been almost impossible to make an offer containing a definite guarantee like this. SOLUBLE SULPHUR, discovered by a leading research chemist, has opened up vast new curative possibilities for sufferers from PSORIASIS, ECZEMA, LEG TROUBLES, DERMATITIS, IMPETIGO, PIMPLES, BOILS, etc. You should read about this wonderful discovery and offer by posting the coupon.

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To SOLUBLE SULPHUR LTD., ADAM HOUSE, 60 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me, without obligation of any kind, in plain envelope, a copy of your booklet "**The Guaranteed Way to End Your Skin Troubles For Good.**" with full details of your guarantee as mentioned above.

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(Please print in BLOCK letters and state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose a 2d. stamp for postage it will be greatly appreciated. *Picturegoer 28/5/38*

ODOURLESS Hair Remover



At last, a depilatory that *works entirely without odour!* Bu-to, a dainty white cream, quickly removes unwanted hair — leaves your skin cool, fragrant, satin-smooth—discourages coarse regrowth. No irritation. No embarrassing odour. *Bu-to does not smell because it cannot smell.* As pleasant to use as your face cream!

MAKE THIS ODOUR TEST



Squeeze a small quantity of Bu-to on your arm. Leave 6 minutes. Note complete absence of unpleasant odour, and freedom from irritation. Now, rinse with cold water. All hair is gone as if by magic. Your skin is soft, cool, satin-smooth—*and quite odourless.*

Money-back Guarantee. *If you detect the slightest unpleasant odour — or, if Bu-to fails to give complete satisfaction, return tube and your money will at once be refunded without question.*

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odourless

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TAN WITH SKOL



THIS WEEK-END

Men and Girls! No need to wait for the holidays—start now. Tan with SKOL Sun Lotion this and every week-end wherever there is sun, wind and fresh air—in your garden, everywhere. Know that your skin is bronzing steadily, healthily with a deep rich tan. No grease to spoil clothes or fry your skin. SKOL is the perfect powder base. Don't be misled by high-speed tanning claims, but let SKOL do its healthy lasting work.

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Kotex has moisture-proofed outer edges and the sides are cushioned in a special soft, downy cotton-wool — all chafing, all irritation is abolished.

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★ ★ ★

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BROWN BOX. Super Kotex. Made to give extra protection. With and without loops. 1/6d. for 12 pads.

Prices do not apply in Eire.

KOTEX Sanitary Towels

30

MUSIC *from the* MOVIES

LOUIS LEVY'S band always manages to get real rhythm into the numbers it plays, and a selection from *Everybody Sing* on Columbia FB1942 is no exception to the rule. It is tuneful and has good vocal inserts.

Again, if you want to dance, you will find Roy Fox's rendering of "Always and Always" from *Mannequin*, and "Sweet Someone" from *Love and Kisses*, distinctly alluring to the feet. They are on H.M.V. BD5353.

For swing music I can recommend Jack Harris and His Band in "Mama, I Wanna Make Rhythm" from *Manhattan Music Box*, on H.M.V. BD5356. The other side has a tuneful number from the same film, "Have You Ever Been In Heaven?"

Jessie Matthews' latest picture, *Sailing Along*, contains two conventional but quite fairly pleasing items, "Trusting My Luck" and "Souvenir of Love," and they are featured by Harry Leader and His Band on Columbia FB1926.

Although they are not from films, a couple of comedy songs by Vine, More and Nevard, on Columbia FB1930 should appeal to film fans. One is called "O What a Fan Was Fanny," and the other "Gentle Gentleman. The first is the one that mostly applies to fans. The tunes are bright and the lyrics quite passably funny.

On H.M.V. BD545 Betty Driver gets a good deal of personality into her rendering of "I Love to Whistle," which is the popular high-spot of the film, *Mad About Music*; and turning over we find her singing spiritedly the title-song from *I'll Take Romance*—both with an orchestral accompaniment.

The London Films Studio Orchestra, conducted by Muir Matheson, is heard to advantage on both sides of Columbia's FB1934, in selections from the Jack Hulbert film, *Paradise for Two*, included in Part 2 ; being a vocal trio and a choral number ("When You Hear Music").

Popular Eve Becke sings "Who Knows?" in the first part of Columbia FB1908, on both sides of which Louis Levy and His Orchestra give selections from *Rosalie* by Cole Porter.

In Part 2 the vocalist singing the title-song is Gerry Fitzgerald.

Rosalie also is the subject of Columbia FB1932, on which the title-tune is rendered with full effect on the Columbia studio organ; while on the reverse is the title-tune from *You're a Sweetheart*, by J. McHugh, played on the same instrument.

Jack Harris and His Orchestra give you something catchy to dance to on H.M.V. BD5357—the fox-trot, "The One I Love," from the film *Everybody Sing*, with a vocal refrain by Sam Browne; and the same orchestra plays another fox-trot on the other side, "Some Day My Prince Will Come," from the Walt Disney film, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*.

However, the *Snow White* record that should appeal to everyone is Columbia DX832, both sides of which are devoted to selections from the film, played by the Orchestra of Merry Men, and sung by Nora Savage, Webster Booth, and a vocal quartette.

All the best tunes are here—"I'm Wishing," "One Song," "With a Smile and a Song," "Whistle While You Work," "Yodel Song," and "Some Day My Prince Will Come," rendered so picturesquely that one seems to be seeing the film again—which, of course, is the effect a good record *should* have.

"Thanks for the Memory," the hit song number from *The Big Broadcast of* 1938, is featured in slow fox-trot time by Howard Jacobs, with his celebrated saxophone and his Orchestra for Dancing on Columbia FB1914—a pleasing and useful addition to the dance record cabinet.

On the reverse Jacobs gives us "I Hit a New High," from Lily Pons' *Hitting a New High*, as a quick-step.

Another disc for dancers is H.M.V. BD5358, on which Henry Jacques and his Correct Dance Tempo Orchestra play "Why Talk About Love," from *The Joy Parade*, and the popular "Tears In My Heart."

If you like the piano solo, and many people still do, you'll enjoy Pembroke Davenport's selection from *Sweet Devil*, Bobby Howes' tuneful musical, on Columbia FB1912. Part 1 introduces "You Should Be Set to Music" and "It's Fun to be Mad," and Part 2, "Sleep, Little Baby, Sleep," and "What's Gonna Happen To Me."

Another film selection is from *Hollywood Hotel* on Columbia FB1941. Carroll Gibbons and His Boy Friends put over "Silhouetted in the Moonlight," "Let That Be a Lesson To You," and "I've Hitched My Wagon to a Star" in typically lively style.

On the reverse the same combination offers another version of the *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* melodies: "Heigh Ho," "With a Smile and a Song," "Some Day My Prince Will Come," and "One Song."

The music from the Disney cartoon has proved amazingly popular. "One Song" is featured again on Columbia FB1928—this time beautifully sung by John McHugh, the well-known tenor. On the other side McHugh sings "In the Still of the Night," the Cole Porter hit from *Rosalie*.

Filmgoers who saw *The Gang Show* will appreciate the "Pageant of the Boy Scout" on Columbia FB1929, which features Ralph Reader's Boys Choir in "Lift Up Your Hearts," "Farewell the Night," and "The King's Highway."

What Do You Think?—*Continued*

knock their knees at the mere mention of the word "ghost," turn terrified at the sound of thunder, and agitated at all manner of simple things as talkies would have us believe !

Neither can they be as slow and simple as movies make us imagine.

What about the thousands of coloured folk who come to these shores and graduate with various degrees?

Films should be fairer to the dark-skinned folk.—*Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.*

(*And to policemen, and to journalists and to domestic servants and labourers and so on and so on.*—"*Thinker.*")

Making Amends

● I should like to pay a tribute to Ginger Rogers.

After having seen *Stage Door* I must confess that with quite a number of others, I believe, I was wrong about the acting ability of Miss Rogers

During the showing of this film, I was almost wholly unconscious of my surroundings; I was there, at the "Footlights Club," enduring all the hardships, sharing in all the joys of those young stage aspirants and although the other players also helped largely to create this atmosphere of reality it was Miss Rogers' performance that, in my opinion, was the most unaffected and natural.

A toast to this young actress !

Frankly I scoffed when I heard of her ambition to become a dramatic actress rather than just "Fred Astaire's dancing partner." However, I humbly apologise and here's to her continued success.—*Peggy Balton, 7 Beech Avenue, Sidcup, Kent.*

(*I'm sure Ginger will accept your apology !*—"*Thinker.*")

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films ?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

5 AIR-IRRITANTS Bite into YOUR FACE



Think of it. Your face bathed in an invisible sea of stinging, biting chemicals from smoke-laden town air. 400 tons of irritating, inflaming soot *alone* are deposited every year on one square mile of London, and many other towns are even worse. This soot and other chemicals whip *your* face, choking its beauty, roughening, pitting, pocking it with blackheads, making your skin a horror to men, instead of a damask, inviting, kissable excitement.

Only OUTDOOR GIRL can save your skin from Air-irritant Damage

Ordinary powders, seen under the microscope, are composed of particles, with space between to let the *biting air-irritants in* (see figure 1). But the silky particles of Outdoor Girl powder are floated on an invisible film of olive oil that *keeps the air-irritants out*, leaves the skin soft, supple, flawless (see figure 2). Do, do save your skin. Write to-day before it's too late, for free samples of five shades of olive oil powder, and two other marvellous Outdoor Girl cosmetics. Enclose 3d. for postage and post to Crystal Products Co., Ltd. (Dept. E/20), Brunel Road, East Acton. We've another surprise for applicants, too. A personal letter from a Society man about the new 'protective' make-up. His name? Well—just write and see!

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GIRLS THAT MEN AVOID

DO you know the slang word men use for girls who offend with underarm perspiration odour? It is a very descriptive word.

The truth is, men do all they can to avoid girls who perspire. A man can detect underarm perspiration odour immediately he comes near a girl, even though she herself doesn't notice it. The easiest and quickest way to guard against offending is to use Arrid, the new cream deodorant. Because it's a *cream*, it's easier to use; no waiting for it to dry; just smooth it in and it vanishes; can't rot dresses. No stinging either, can be used straight after shaving. Stops perspiration instantly — removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days. Ask for Arrid at Boots, Chemists and Department Stores.

Arrid 6d. *and* 1 11 *a jar*





The British actor, Derrick de Marney, in Hollywood, discussing the script with Director Joseph Santley on the set of *The Muddled Deal*. The star returned from U.S.A. recently.

LET GEORGE DO IT!

VERRILYISAY (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—(1) It was Norman Foster, the actor, who directed *Thank Fast, Mr. Moto*. (2) Asterisks as follows: *Manhattan Melodrama*; *Private Detective*, and *Death Takes a Holiday*—two; *One Way Passage*—four; *Mystery of the Wax Museum, Scarface, Frankenstein*—three. (3) Both *Scarface* and *Front Page* were produced by United Artists. (4) Since *Turn Off the Moon*, Remo Vincent has made *Music for Madame, This Way Please*, and *Start Cheering*. (5) The only musical number in the film *Easy Living* was the theme piece played at intervals during the film called "Easy Living" and published by The Victoria Music Co.

M. H.—The name of the short film in which Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland appeared together was *Every Sunday Afternoon*.

MAD ON ROBESON (Essex).—(1) Ray Corrigan, b. Feb. 14, 1909, Milwaukee, Wis. He is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 199 lb., real name Ray Benard. His latest films include: *Country Gentlemen, Join the Marines, Mounties Are Coming, Ghost Town Gold, Roaring Lead, Gunsmoke Ranke, The Golden Trail, Come On Cowboys, Range Defenders*. (2) The chief roles in *Undersea Kingdom*, released Nov., 1936, were played by Ray Corrigan, Lois Wilde, Monte Blue, William Farnum, Boothe Howard. (3) Paul Robeson, b. April 9, 1898, Princetown, New Jersey; married Eslanda Cardozo, and has a son. No new film scheduled at the moment.

PICTUREGOER.—*Mannequin*, released Aug. 29, 1938.

G. W. (London).—You can obtain a photograph of Warren Hull from the Postcard Salon, 5 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each or 2s. 6d. a dozen. (2) It was Bob Livingstone who starred in *The Circus Girl* and not Warren Hull as you suggest.

A. H. (Switzerland).—I am sorry but we have no details of a fan club for Charles Boyer.

WONDERING (Northumberland). — Yes, Robert Taylor did commence his film career in "The Crime Does Not Pay" series.

PICTUREGOER (Kirkcaldy).—We have no definite news of Greta Garbo's next film. It has been rumoured that it will be a comedy but no title has yet been announced.

C. E. D. (Surrey).—Henry Daniell, b March 5, 1894, London, he has black hair and brown eyes, and is 6 ft. tall. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

READER (Northants).—Write to Robert Taylor, Greta Garbo and Spencer Tracy c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) and to Errol Flynn, c/o Warner Bros (U.S.A.).

SCHOOLGIRL.—Fan clubs as follows—George Elrick—Miss Joan Funnell, Station House, Wandsworth Common, S.W.12. Binkie Stuart—J. Adams, 10 Durham Place, Chelsea, S.W.5. George Formby—A.T.P. Studios, Ealing, London, W.5. Harry Roy —Reg Goddard, 69 Whitehorse Lane, Mile End, E.1. Chester Morris—Bradley Dix, 8 Stirton Street, Off Lindley Road, Bradford, Yorks.

LOTTIE (Devon).—Jeanette MacDonald's full name is Jeanette Anna MacDonald.

C. R. (Dudley).—Write to Syd Briggs, 27 Belgrave Road, Blackpool, Lancs., for particulars of a Myrna Loy Fan Club.

N. P.—Harry Roy, b. Stamford Hill, 1904; he has dark brown eyes and black hair, is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, is married to Miss Elizabeth Brooke, and has a baby daughter.

T. H. W. B. (Romford).—The film company has no information on the music in *Vogues of* 1938.

WEEKLY READER (Clee).—Rae Collet took the part of Betty in *Command Performance*.

F. I. H. (N.13).—(1) *Mad About Music*, released Sept. 12, 1938; *Breakfast for Two*, May 23, 1938. (2) Herbert Marshall is scheduled for *Enemy Territory*, with Virginia Bruce for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; *Always Good-bye* with Barbara Stanwyck and Cesar Romero for Twentieth Century Fox Pictures (U.S.A.) and *That Certain Age* with Deanna Durbin for Universal.

S. B. (N.16).—Bobby Jordan took the part of Angel in *Dead End*.

READER.—Release dates as follows—*A Damsel in Distress*, June 6, 1938; *First Lady* and *The Great Garrick*, June 13, 1938; *Everybody Sing* and *True Confession*, June 20, 1938; *You're a Sweetheart*, June 27, 1938. *Sweet Devil*, July 4, 1938; *Mannequin*, Aug. 29, 1938; *Bringing Up Baby*, Aug. 15, 1938; *Mad About Music*, Sept. 12, 1938; *Nothing Sacred*, Oct. 10, 1938.

J. W. D. (Wilts).—Ronald Colman's first talkie was *Bulldog Drummond*. Since then he has appeared in *Condemned, Raffles, The Devil to Pay, The Unholy Garden, Arrowsmith, Cynara, Masquerader, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Clive of India, A Tale of Two Cities, Man Who Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo, Under Two Flags, Lost Horizon, The Prisoner of Zenda*. He is scheduled for *Sometimes It's Fun*.

BERYL (South Africa)—Derrick de Marney, b. Sept. 21, 1906, London, of French and Irish ancestry he comes from a family of well-known actors. His films include: *The Laughter of Fools, Music Hall, Once in a New Moon, The Scarlet Pimpernel, Immortal Gentleman, Windfall, Things to Come, Land Without Music, Cafe Maxcot, Young and Innocent*, and he has recently been in Hollywood making *The Muddled Deal* with Joan Fontaine for Radio.

L. H. (Manchester).—Yes, you can obtain photographs of Billy and Bobby Mauch together from the Postcard Salon for the usual charge of 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen. (2) *Penrod's Double Trouble* released Sept. 12, 1938. (3) We published a centre spread of *The Prince and the Pauper* in the May 5, 1937 issue of this magazine. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., 6, Catharine Street, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, post free.

INQUISITIVE.—(1) James Ellison and the late Helen Burgess took the part of Bill Cody (Buffalo Bill) and his wife Louisa Cody in *The Plainsman*. (2) Errol Flynn, b. June 20, 1909, Tasmania, Ireland, he has brown hair and eyes, is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 180 lb. and is married to Lili Damita. His films include: *Captain Blood, The Charge of the Light Brigade, The Green Light, The Prince and The Pauper, Another Dawn, The Perfect Specimen, Four's a Crowd*. (4) Robert Montgomery is married to Elisabeth Allen. His wife is not the film star Elizabeth Allan who is married to W. J. O'Brien.

M. S. (Surrey).—Centre spreads as follows: *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, Aug. 15, 1936; *Knight Without Armour*, Dec. 12, 1936; *Anna Karenina*, July 9, 1935; *The Rat*, Nov. 20, 1937. We have published supplements of *Rose Marie* and *Anna Karenina* but unfortunately they are both out of print. Back numbers can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., address above, for 3d., post free.

MICK.—(1) Deanna Durbin, b. Dec. 4, 1922. She has made *Three Smart Girls, One Hundred Men and a Girl* and *Mad About Music* and she is scheduled for *Cinderella* and *That Certain Age*. Her photograph can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, address above, for 3d. each. Write to her, c/o Universal Films (U.S.A.). (2) David Niven's films include: *Splendour, Rose Marie, Thank You, Jeeves, Dodsworth, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Beloved Enemy, We Have Our Moments, The Prisoner of Zenda, Dinner at the Ritz, Four Men and a Prayer*.

J. B.—Release dates as follows: *Bank Holiday*, June 6, 1938; *The Buccaneer*, July 4, 1938; *Port of Lilac Lights*, July 11, 1938; *We Live*, Aug. 1, 1938; *Dangerous to Know, Of Human Hearts*, Aug. 8, 1938; *Arsene Lupin Returns*, Aug. 15, 1938; *Hollywood Hotel*, Aug. 22, 1938; *Divorce of Lady X*, Sept. 26, 1938; *Hurricane*, Sept. 5, 1938; *Tovarich*, Sept. 12, 1938; *In Old Chicago*, Oct. 3, 1938.

A. S. G. (Mill Hill).—Deanna Durbin, b. Dec. 4, 1922, Winnipeg, Canada; she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 100 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Her latest film is *That Certain Age*.

D. E. D. (Somerset).—It is quite possible that we shall publish the story of *Hurricane* in a later issue, probably in the release week, Sept. 19, 1938. (2) Reginald Foort has appeared in a colour short him *Organ Parade*.

J. H. (Suffolk).—I am sorry but the film company has no further information on the Strauss Waltz played in *Victoria the Great*.

I. R. (Windermere).—Latest film and companies: Gary Cooper, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, for Paramount (U.S.A.); Clark Gable, *Test Pilot*, for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Errol Flynn, *Four's a Crowd*, Warner Bros. (U.S.A.); Rex Harrison, *St. Martin's Lane*, May Flower Productions Eng.; Ronald Colman, *If I Were King*, for Seiznick International (U.S.A.); Randolph Scott, *The Texans*, for Paramount (U.S.A.); Fred MacMurray, *Coconut Grove*, Paramount (U.S.A.); Mickey Rooney, *Boystown*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Gloria Stuart, *Island in the Sky*, for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.); Shirley Temple, *Little Miss Broadway*, Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.).

A. H. (London).—Derrick de Marney has been working in Hollywood playing opposite Joan Fontaine in *The Muddled Deal* for Radio. He was in Sept. 21, 1906, in London. We have no details of any further scheduled films for him with Nova Pilbeam.

MRS. D. (Dalston).—I am sorry but the film Company has no information on the two small boys in *The Sky's the Limit*.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES

The May issue of the *Star Gazer*, the Official Organ of the READING SCREEN SOCIETY AND HOBBIES CLUB, is now ready. This club has been formed to bring together all those who are really interested in films and other hobbies. Full particulars can be obtained from Mr. L. Wetten, 28 Albert Road, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon, or Mr. R. Main, 36 Lamerton Road, Lower Whitley, Reading, Berks.

• • •

A club has been recently formed for JOAN BLONDELL. Each new member receives a correspondence list and in time there will be a club magazine, and hikes, dances, social evenings, etc., will be arranged. For the next three months only there is a special offer. Each new member who introduces five other new members will receive a large portrait of Joan Blondell. Write to Gerald P. Ellis, United Film Fan Clubs, 22 Sussex Place, Bath Road, Slough, Bucks, for further particulars of this new club.

• • •

THE OFFICIAL DICK POWELL FAN CLUB has now been running for five years and is the largest in the world. A photograph of Dick Powell and a copy of the Dick Powell News is sent to all new members. Write to Miss W. Jarvis, 20 Rosalie Street, Brookfields, Birmingham, 8, for full particulars.

• • •

Tea-Time with the Stars, the magazine of THE VICTOR ORSINI FRIENDSHIP CLUB, is now ready. It deals with the activities of this very interesting club during the past year. Among their guests at the monthly tea parties were Nora Swinburne, Marjorie Mars, Jack Melford, Roger Treville, Naunton Wayne, Diana Churchill, Judy Kelly, Ethel Coleridge, Esme Percy, Carl Esmond, Griffith Jones, Joan Swinstead, Arthur Margetson, John Garrick, Winifred Shotter and Douglas Byng. Arrangements were also made for many theatre parties and the shows seen included: *Parnell, Over She Goes, Behind Your Back, Cinderella, Wise To-morrow, Bats in the Belfry, A Ship Comes Home, Anthony and Anna, White Oaks, Paganinni, Yes, My Darling Daughter, Women of Property, Gertie Maude, Wanted for Murder, The Gusher, The Laughing Cavalier, It's in the Bag* and *Thank You Mr. Pepys*. This club is always glad to accept new members and give them the opportunity of sharing the many fine privileges given to the club in the theatre. Particulars will be sent on request from Miss Marion Rose Thompson, 77 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1 (stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed).

• • •

Fans of Binkie Stuart are invited to join the OFFICIAL BINKIE STUART FAN CLUB, of which Binkie is President. Mr. Stuart takes a personal interest in this club. Members' cards and a photograph of Binkie are sent to all new members. Write to Miss J. Adams, 10 Durham Place, Chelsea, London, S.W.3.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. When writing to a club in America an English stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Money Order from your local Post office for the required amount and enclose it in your letter to the club.

No. 367 (New Series) Vol. 8. June 4, 1938.

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MAGNESIA DISCOVERED TO WHITEN TEETH

How easy to have snowy-white teeth, according to the advertisements! Just use the right dentifrice, and dingiest teeth turn gleaming white. Well, it's true to-day, thanks to the discovery of what a certain brand of magnesia does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel.

If your toothpaste contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' its daily use will wash away every stain, including the deep yellow stains from tobacco. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time.

Countless people have found this to be so, because twelve thousand dentists have been advocating this new type of dentifrice to their patients. It has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities, and cause carefully filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar does not form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

But it's the amazing whitening properties that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

THIS CHARMING LINEN TWO-PIECE



YOURS FOR 5/- WITH ORDER

LOREEN. Chic little linen two-piece. Collarless frock with self buttons and inverted pleat in skirt. Box bolero coatee with semi-puff sleeves. Stone, Maize, Blue, Green, Pink, White, Navy. All sizes. **Price 45/-.**

5/- monthly

VISIT OUR MAGNIFICENT SHOWROOMS for smart coats, gowns, suits, ensembles, millinery, shoes and underwear. **Fox Furs a Speciality**

OPEN A CREDIT ACCOUNT WITH SMARTWEAR

NO REFERENCES.—We are the largest high-class credit firm in Great Britain who give credit without any references whatever, even to Non-Householders.

Please send "Loreen," for which I enclose 5/- deposit. **Money refunded if not satisfied.**

Colour.....

Hips..... Length.....

Name.....

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WRITE FOR LATEST CATALOGUE to Dept. P.G.

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Brighton: 209, Western Rd. Nottingham: 5, S. Parade Birmingham: 76, Bull Street Sheffield: 98, Pinstone Street Manchester: 47, Deansgate Leicester: 30, Market Street

YOU MUST USE THIS 2-PURPOSE SOAP



Your finest safeguard against BLEMISHED SKIN

Being a MEDICINAL *and* TOILET Soap, Cuticura serves a twofold purpose. It keeps your skin gloriously clear and rosy in spite of frequent exposure to sun, wind and rain; while its silky, emollient lather refines and beautifies coarse, sallow skin, making it smooth and supple as velvet. Start using this 2-purpose beauty soap to-day—it will endow you with a new peach-bloom loveliness, radiant with health.

If you have a tendency to pimples, rough skin or eruptions, apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. Its antiseptic action heals in a surprisingly short time. After the bath, Cuticura Talcum is delightfully soothing and refreshing.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS

Love flies out of the window when "LIGHTER" FAIR HAIR Turns Mousy

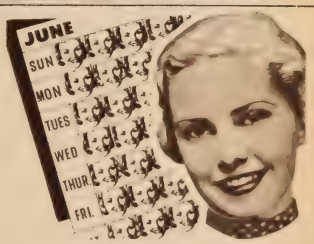


"Three years ago you said I had the loveliest hair in the world. You did! You know you did! And now you never even look at me. It's not MY fault that my hair's gone faded and mousy..."

But it *was* Joan's fault just the same. **Lighter** fair hair is the most glorious possession any woman can have, but it can't keep its light beauty unaided. To maintain its natural shimmering light loveliness you must use the one shampoo created specially for keeping fair hair light. Stā-blond not only cleans your hair and makes it soft and silky (any good shampoo will do that) but it does what no other shampoo even claims to do—**washes fair hair 2 to 4 shades lighter** and brings out the hidden golden highlights which spell breath-taking allure. **Prevents light fair hair from darkening.**

Stā-blond contains no injurious dyes or bleaches. What it *does* contain is the precious hair-vitamin "ViteF," which prevents brittleness and dandruff and stimulates the roots of the hair. Start using Stā-blond this very evening, and bring back to your hair that glamorous *lighter* golden beauty which it had when you were a child. It will keep light fair hair light always. **Now Stā-blond contains enough for two shampoos.**

STAY FAIR WITH STĀ-BLOND



NOW she smiles every day of the month

SHE used to dread her "off-days" — the awful dragging pain they brought, the lassitude and bitter depression. Other women pitied her. Now they envy! *Every* day of the month she's the same — charming, gay. Not a trace of the old, bad pain is left — no more "period drag," no more weariness. She can't help the date, but she does avoid the pain!

Her secret's simple. Every month she slips into her chemist for Baxen. Sold in tiny tablets, or in powder form, Baxen makes periods just as easy as Nature intended them to be, charms away pain and weariness. You feel your own grand self right through the "days." Made from a famous specialist's prescription, Baxen cannot disturb the function, upset the stomach or affect the heart. Your chemist sells lots of Baxen for rheumatism, neuralgia, so you need not feel embarrassed.

In slim, flat tins (containing 15 tablets) 1/3; powders 1/3 per box (single powders 2d. each).

FREE. Generous trial sample (value 6d.) will gladly be sent on receipt of a postcard to Nurse E.B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., 189, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

POWDERS BAXEN TABLETS BRAND



Always ready to refresh you—the Freshette-pad in neat, handbag-size, jaconet-lined pochette. Given free with Atkinsons Eau de Cologne.

Jaded! I don't know what it means!

But in another minute you would have. You could feel your spirits and your energy sinking, your head beginning to spin. Then you remembered! And that blessed touch of Atkinsons Eau de Cologne on your forehead and behind your ears soothed and revived you instantly. Those cooling essences renewed your vitality, called back all your gaiety and sparkle!



Take it with you everywhere

With the new Freshette-pad your Atkinsons Eau de Cologne is always available. A few drops on the pad keep their fragrance and reviving powers for many hours. The Freshette-pad is given with Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. Take it to the office, the cinema, to dances, and on journeys. It's just the reviver you need!

1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and upwards

(These prices do not apply in Eire.)

ATKINSONS

GOLD MEDAL

Eau de Cologne

AEC. 62-468

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

YOU need to have pretty arms during the summer months, for they are so often displayed. We are all agreed that pimples and gooseflesh make the shapeliest arms ugly.

Gooseflesh, when it has been acquired needs a little intensive treatment to get rid of it. But the young girl and those others who are not affected in this way, should remember that there is nothing like a daily loofah treatment for avoiding it. It keeps the circulation going and prevents those clogged pores.

Superfluous hair is another blemish, as well as too much flesh, redness, roughness and freckles.

Let us tackle the gooseflesh question first. You will need some cold cream, some Epsom Salts—the bath type which may be bought for 7 lbs. a shilling—a massage brush, and the following mixture which should be made up and kept in a covered jar in the bathroom.

Equal parts of almond meal and powdered pumice, both of which may be bought from any chemist.

First of all clear the skin by giving your arms a good soaking every other day in a deep basin of warm water in which you have dissolved two handfuls of Epsom salts. This opens up the pores and when followed by a scrubbing with a bath brush rids them of the impurities that clogs them.

The flaky looking skin that comes on the upper arms as well as redness of the elbows may be dealt with by the almond meal mixture mentioned above. Make some of it into a paste with some warm water, dip your massage brush into it, and rub it in. Do this on the alternate days.

Each day use a little Epsom Salts in the warm water in which you wash your arms, and each day, give them massage with cold cream.

A fortnight of this treatment should result in a noticeable improvement if not in complete cure. When the skin is really soft and clear once again, keep it so by a daily soaped loofah treatment, and the use of a hand cream. An oil of almonds emulsion is as good as anything for this purpose.

Underarm hair is, of course, very simply dealt with, but second thoughts should be given to the question of removing hair from the forearms. If the hair is fair and scarcely noticeable, on the whole I think it is better left alone.

If you remove it, it may cause you further embarrassment by growing somewhat stubbly. A growth of very dark hair undoubtedly is a nuisance and is better removed. Once having removed it, the best plan is to give the arms regular treatment in order to keep them smooth and free from hair.

You can use wax or a paste depilatory, or the very convenient method of the hair removing stone. The advantage of the latter is that it lasts for years and is always to hand when it is wanted, and that while it removes the actual hair, it leaves the downiness of the skin untouched. This is important, not only from the point of view of appearance—downiness giving a pleasant opalescent touch to the skin—but it does not encourage further growth. If down is taken off, and taken off repeatedly it unfortunately turns into hair. And thus the last state is worse than the first.

A little talcum powder is sprinkled on the limbs first and then the stone which looks something like a powder compact is gently rotated over the skin.

In using a wax depilatory to remove hair from the limbs a certain amount of practice is required. It is essential that the skin be absolutely dry when the wax is applied, and often a light dusting of talcum powder helps towards this end. The wax is, of course, melted, applied warm, allowed to set and then quickly stripped off.

Any redness that remains after the treatment can be faded out with calomine lotion. Beauty salons estimate freedom for about 8 weeks after the application, but personally I think this depends upon individuals. Some folks grow hair much quicker than others.

If a cream depilatory is applied to the arms, an easy method of doing it is to use a fine comb. In this way the cream reaches the base of the hairs and none is spread on the skin.

• • •

COSMETIC NEWS

One of the foremost package design artists has just designed for Poudre Tokalon and Tokalon Skinfoods, entirely new cartons in most pleasing colourings.

One of the preparations, Poudre Tokalon, is made in 12 shades. Under each box is a "window" which shows you the shade of powder inside. This is also blended with 'Mousse of Cream,' giving an alluring 'matt' finish that is waterproof, shine-proof and stays on all day.

Tokalon Skinfoods can be obtained in handy jars, or in the convenient new tube containers. The 'Biocel' Skinfood nourishes your skin while you sleep and has a magical effect on wrinkles. The Vanishing Skinfood is strongly recommended for purifying the pores, clearing up every blemish and making the skin velvety smooth. The cold cream is quite indispensable to every woman for cooling and thoroughly cleansing the skin of all impurities and "make-up" residue. These preparations, in their attractive new containers, are a really marvellous short-cut to glamour and charm of enduring, youthful loveliness.

A good plan would be to ask your chemist to show you the whole thrilling range.

• • •

Mrs. I. A. (Deptford).—I can fully appreciate the difficulty you are experiencing with your hair just now. Dandruff can be extremely annoying and will spoil the most attractive setting. Massage your head with Silvikrin lotion every morning or evening whichever you find most convenient and you will soon see a vast improvement.

• • •

WHY not send your beauty problems to me. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a postal reply. Or, if you live in the I.F.S. or the Dominions send a postage coupon instead

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Mrs. V. Dawney, 39 Courtenay Gardens, Upminster, Essex, for :

One Mile from Heaven
Pennies from Heaven
Come Closer, Folks
We're in the Money

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to : T. H. Cole, 7 Heigham Road, East Ham, E.6., for :

Bad Girl
Caught
Convicted
Unashamed

Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9., for :

And So They Were Married
The Road to Glory
Change of Heart
The Road to Reno

J. M. Punder, Oakdene, West Bridgford, Notts, for :

Sailing Along
Girl Overboard
Accidents Will Happen
Girl in Distress

F. G. Atkinson, 13 Greenhill Lane, Riddings, Derbyshire, for :

My Wife's Family
Home on the Range
I Am a Fugitive
Without Regret

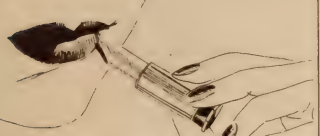
As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

GUY BEACON.

Lips that say "remember me"... glamorous, amorous, transparent redness!



Lipstick changing is out . . . Tattoo is in! Hear the loveliest persons saying it, the modern sirens praising it . . . "Tattoo's the best ever, my dear!" Tattoo's right on fashion's front page, Tattoo's the news, the rage. Glamorous, amorous redness, shades that beckon and bewitch. Transparent, exotic stain—no more greasy coating . . . the pagan South Sea maiden's secret! Stay-on-through-everything indelibility . . . put Tattoo on, rub it off, only the colour stays. For lips that say "remember me" . . . temptation-wise Tattoo!

So lovely are lips by

TATTOO

Five rapturous shades, Coral · Exotic · Natural Pastel · Hawaiian
4/6 (refills 3/6)



Tattoo Ltd.

TAKE "FULL CREDIT" FOR SMART CLOTHES

4/- monthly

buys a 37/6 model



Why deny yourself the smart clothes you would like to wear—why wait till the new fashions are already old before you buy—when you can take your choice of our delightful new season's range now? If you have 5/- to spare you can order a garment costing 50/-, if you have 10/- you can order £5 worth of clothes—and so forth. The balance is payable in small monthly sums. The smartest — the thriftiest — women are choosing this modern way of being well dressed.

"NINA" This smart Dress is modelled in soft fancy Cloque Cut on tailored lines, the straight skirt has inverted front pleat. The well-shaped bodice, with its row of self buttons, has turn-back revers, revealing a gaily-striped neck scarf. The square shoulders form into puff sleeves. Blossom, Turquoise, Lupin, Green, Honey, Navy, Black, Brown and Tan. Hip sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42 in. **PRICE 37/6. Monthly 4/-**

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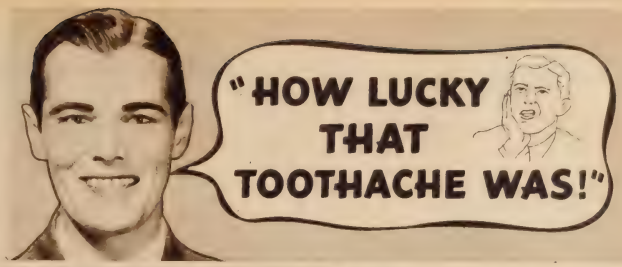
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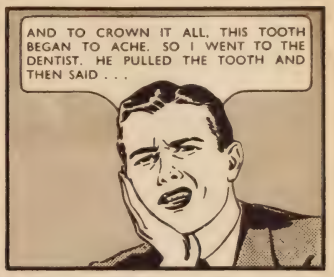
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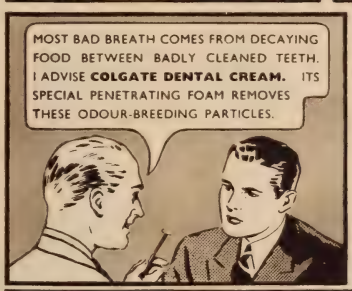
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Post in ½d. unsealed envelope













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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes the teeth sparkle!"

THREE SIZES
6d 1/- 1/6d





Small bottle 8d., post 10d.; 1/4 size, post 1/8; 2/6, post 2/9; 3/9, post 4/3.

For GREY HAIR SHADEINE

Is safe, sure and simple to use; one liquid: nothing injurious; permanent and washable; 40 years' reputation; sold in all natural tints; state colour. See Medical Certificate enclosed.

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CORNS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL

Say goodbye to clumsy corn-pads and risky razors. A new liquid called NOXACORN ends pain in 60 seconds. Dries up callouses and corns, root and all. Contains pure castor oil, corn-aspirin and iodine. Absolutely safe. Easy directions on label. 1/6 bottle saves untold misery. Money back if NOXACORN brand Corn Remover fails. At Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors and all chemists.

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Stop it!

NEW NAILS NEXT WEEK!

Free booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, secretly and permanently cure yourself of this objectionable, health endangering habit. No aloes, no auto-suggestion. New discovery. Send 1½d. stamp for postage. FILTEX LTD. (Dept. P.) 31, The Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour. The liver should pour two pints of liquid bile into your system every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

End FRECKLES



quickly, secretly and safely this new way while you sleep! Overnight in the privacy of your own home simply apply a little **TILSON'S double-strength FRECKLE CREAM.** Freckles, blotches and other skin blemishes positively disappear! Safe and harmless, this wonderful new secret formula cream contains no mercury or poisons to irritate the skin. From Boots, most other Chemists and Hairdressers, or send P.O. 2/9d. to Tilson's Laboratories, P.G. 3/38, Balfour House, London, E.C.2.

TILSON'S *double strength* FRECKLE CREAM

If IVOR NOVELLO offered you a cigarette, it would be a . . .



De Reszke

-of course!

MINORS PLAIN CORK OR RED-TIPPED

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes. **15** FOR **6d.**

'The 10-minute smoke for intelligent folk'

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly W.1 ● *Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.*

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TALENT VERSUS SEX APPEAL

The Picturegoer Weekly. Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper — No. 368 (New Series), Vol. 8. June 11, 1938

Picturegoer

The Screen's Most Po…ine

2d WEEKLY



Madeleine CARROLL & Henry FONDA

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 8

Norma makes a friend of Peggy



As the weeks went by, Peggy's manner to Norma began to change.



And everybody noticed George's renewed interest in Peggy.



And a week before the show George announced that they were to be married at Easter.

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE



4D PER TABLET U.K. ONLY

Norma Knight's secret may help you to find romance too. Norma's own romance begins in the next episode. Don't miss it.

KC 215-143 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16 Soap Makers since 1850



The CAMBRIAN COAST for carefree holidays

SOMETHING new, something strange, something restful, something stimulating, something right outside of everyday experience. That's the real thing in holidays, and nowhere will you find it so well epitomised as on the Cambrian Coast.

Stay at one of the famous resorts on this 70-mile stretch of holiday playground, and in between the more ordinary joys of bathing and basking you can enjoy the rare scenes and experiences that only the Cambrian Coast provides.





BEFORE YOU GO

Two books you should buy:—"HOLIDAY HAUNTS" 1938, containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.). "RAMBLES AROUND THE CAMBRIAN COAST" (6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

Cheap "Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets will enable you to see the best of this lovely Welsh district

All information will gladly be supplied by the Supt. of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies



GWR

CAMBRIAN COAST

If IVOR NOVELLO offered you a cigarette, it would be a . . .



De Reszke

-of course!

MINORS PLAIN CORK OR RED-TIPPED

In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large; big enough, however, to last the full 10 minutes. **15** FOR **6d.**

'The 10-minute smoke for intelligent folk'

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No 1 Piccadilly, W.1 ● Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

NEW!—THESE CREAMS NOW BRING YOU THE "Skin-Vitamin"

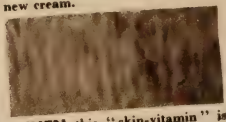


WOMEN WHO ARE NOW USING this new kind of cream—Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin"—say it does far more to make their skin beautiful than creams have ever done before! In 2 to 3 weeks it has given their complexions a bright, clear look, they say: made the skin smoother, given it finer, more youthful texture!

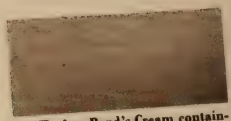
FOUR YEARS AGO doctors found that one certain vitamin healed skin quickly when applied to wounds and burns. They also knew that without this vitamin in the diet the skin became coarse, prematurely aged.

Pond's tested this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. The results were amazing. Skin that had been rough and dry, because of a deficiency of this "skin-vitamin," became smooth and supple after just three weeks' daily application of the new cream.





WHEN this "skin-vitamin" is lacking in the diet, the oil glands of the skin dry up, the cells flatten, the under-tissues become shrunken —then the skin turns harsh, dull and old-looking.



BUT when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" is applied daily, the glands become normal, the cells round out, the tissues fill out—then the skin becomes smooth, clear and healthy.

IN 3 WEEKS

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ANTON WALBROOK

WALBROOK, runner-up in "Picturegoer's" recent Gold Medal Competition, has now numerous friends as a result of his work in Britain in "Victoria the Great" and "The Rat." Readers, in fact, have been clamouring for an art plate of the actor. Here it is. Walbrook will be seen shortly, once again in the role of Prince Albert, opposite Anna Neagle's "Victoria" in "Sixty Glorious Years."



Spencer Tracy with Joan Bennett and George Raft—an informal shot in the M.-G.-M. restaurant.

I ARRIVE IN Hollywood

by SPENCER TRACY

Spencer Tracy's thrilling life-story reaches its climax in this week's concluding instalment, in which the star tells you of his early struggles, triumphs and disappointments in Hollywood and of how a prison riot had a big influence on his fortunes.

WHEN Producer Herman Shumlin opened *The Last Mile* at the Sam Harris Theatre on the night of February 13, 1930, Broadway insisted that Shumlin was flying in the face of the gods, for even the numerals in the year 1930 totalled thirteen.

But for at least four of us in that cast the show was the luckiest thing that had come our way. As John Meafs I spent night after night in Sing Sing's condemned cell section and then walked out of that cell and went to Hollywood. Also in the all-male cast was Joseph Calleia, now out here at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer since he scored later in *Small Miracle*. Then there was Bruce MacFarlane, later the popular hero of *Sailor Beware*, and James Bell, one of the three great Jeeter Lesters in *Tobacco Road*.

Luck was with me again in Hollywood. My first picture was Director John Ford's *Up The River*. Ford, you recall, directed *The Informer*, and the best thing I could have done was to get my film start with him. But even at that I never thought I'd last out there. I had come out on a one-picture contract, and the minute shooting was finished I collected my cheque and headed back for Chicago to rejoin *The Last Mile* company.

In Chicago it looked as if the show would again run on and on. One night after the show there was a knock at my dressing-room door. It was Professor Boody of Ripon, the man who had started me in the business by asking me to join his debating team, who had encouraged me to join the cast of my first school play.

"Well, my boy," he said, "you've gone a long way. The Lambs' Club ought to be proud of you. I am."

I felt rather tickled to think that he approved of my progress. His visit must have brought me luck again. The next day I got a wire telling me to come back to Hollywood. Fox was offering a term contract.

The next two years flew by. I went from one picture right into another. The list included *Quick Millions, Goldie, Six Cylinder Love, She Wanted a Millionaire, Disorderly Conduct, Society Girl, The Painted Woman*, 20,000 *Years in Sing Sing, Me and My Gal, Sky Devils, Face in the Sky, Power and Glory*, which is still my favourite, *Shanghai Madness, The Mad Game, Looking for Trouble, Bottoms Up, The Show-Off, Now I'll Tell* and *Marie Galante*. For four of those pictures I was loaned out.

By now it's no secret that working on the old home lot was no picnic for a lot of us who were hoping against hope that we'd really get something in which we could make a name for ourselves. The turnover in talent was terrific. I never knew half the people around me. But it was a job, and a good job, and it was enabling me to take care of my family in comfort, buy a place out in the valley where we'd have plenty of room and be out of the traffic, where I could keep a few horses and raise some fruit trees, and chickens and live the sort of life I'd always wanted to.

"What are you dissatisfied about?" my elder brother Carroll, who had become my business manager, would want to know. "Stick with it. What more can you ask?"

I would have felt more that I was getting somewhere if anyone on the lot had seemed to be taking any particular interest in me. But I was just another actor, sometimes getting good parts, sometimes bad. I didn't feel that I was doing my best work and I was getting a bit cynical about it.

I remember when Will Rogers, my best friend, came back from his trip to the Orient and found the studio in the process of reorganization. "Say, Spence," he drawled, "who are all these new guys around here? I seem to have lost track of people. Oh, well, I've got a couple of pictures in the bag and one more under way. And as it is, I haven't got time for my writin'. You better get you a newspaper job, too." And he scratched the back of his head and grinned as only Will could.

It was Will's death as much as anything that made me feel sort of cut off. I'd been just about to sign a new two-year contract when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered me another one, and the roles they had lined up for me looked pretty good. I'd made *The Show-Off* there with Madge Evans, and I liked the friendly feeling of the lot. So I moved on over.

MY first picture was *The Murder Man*, with Virginia Bruce, in which I was the star reporter of a New York paper. I thought about what Will had said: "You better get you a newspaper job, too." It looked like a good omen.

Then followed *Riff-Raff*, with Jean Harlow and my old pal of *The Last Mile*, Joe Calleia; *Whipsaw*, with Myrna Loy, and that double jackpot, *Fury* and *San Francisco*.

When Sylvia Sidney and I put in twenty-one hours a day with Fritz Lang on *Fury* we did it because we knew that Lang had something; that it would be something worth while. It was all the difference between that "just a job" feeling that I'd once had in pictures and the conviction that we were getting somewhere.

Interviewers have said to me: "Well, what's made all the difference to you in the last year? Do you feel better? Has there been any big change in your private life? Have your parts been better written, or better directed, or what?"

There has been no particular change in Spencer Tracy, so far as I've been able to tell, apart from the fact that he has been doing things because he liked them, which makes all the difference in the world. Just once in a while a really great part comes along that would make a success out of almost any actor, like that Killer Mears in *The Last Mile*. And when an actor hits two in a



Above: Tracy at home, another delightfully unposed glimpse of the star.

Right: Spencer pays a tribute to that fine trouper the late Jean Harlow, with whom he worked in "Riff Raff."

row, like I did in *Fury* and *San Francisco*, he's getting more than his share of breaks.

Another question that's always being put to me lately is: "Did Father Tim in *San Francisco* represent someone in real life whom you knew?"

The answer is no. I have known many priests. I was brought up as a Roman Catholic and I attended parochial school as a kid. Perhaps I may have unconsciously drawn on my own experiences, but Father Tim was just a marvellously written part. I don't think I played it any better because I'm of that faith. I just enjoyed Father Tim. That's all.

I'm not the sort of actor who ordinarily gets a lot of fan mail. No heart throbs for that Irish mug of Tracy's. But I have had considerably more than usual in the last few months, and it pleases my vanity to know that better than 60 per cent. of the letters which I received praising Father Tim were from non-Catholics.

For pure, downright fun, of course, *Libelled Lady* was the classic of all time. You can't work with Bill Powell, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy all at once, without having a continuous picnic.

To select any one person in pictures as "the most charming" or "the best actor" or any of the other superlatives, is pure prejudice, but I would like to say a few words about some of the people I've worked with.

Sylvia Sidney, Jeanette MacDonald, the late Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy—you couldn't find a group of more level-headed, harder-working, sportsmanlike, unselfish girls anywhere.

And if you think actresses are vain and self-centred, consider Sylvia Sidney, who doesn't even own a picture of herself, so far as I know. One thing I can say for Jeanette MacDonald which she can't say for me—I could listen to her sing all day and night. Jean Harlow? As regular as they come and a heap of fun. It's hard to believe that she is with us no more. And Myrna. Well, who but Myrna would have given up her honeymoon to go on location in the Sierras for *Libelled Lady*, taking her husband along with her and cooking his meals herself?

Then there are two others for whom I'd like to get in a word. Una Merkel, whom I consider one of the finest actresses in the business, and Madge Evans, who still hasn't had all the credit she deserves.

As for Gable, Bill Powell, Jack Holt, and my old pal Joe Calleia, Bruce Cabot and the others I've been associated with in pictures, you couldn't ask for finer friends anywhere. Of course, as a judge of horseflesh, Gable is terrible, but that's nothing against his personal character. Here's hoping he doesn't have the laugh on me, though, after the next season at Santa Anita. I've got a couple of two-year-olds I'm itching to try out there, but if they don't do any better than Clark's "Beverly Hills", I'll turn them out to pasture.

To my friend W. S. Van Dyke I want to hand over all the credit that's been given me for the job I did in *San Francisco*. Van's the one who deserves the applause. He and Vic Fleming, to me, are just about "tops".

Well, I could go on indefinitely telling what swell people I've met out here, and I'll probably be criticized for leaving out the names of some of my friends, but I've already given Pat O'Brien enough publicity in this series, so I'll wind up with just a couple more nominations.

Lionel Barrymore for the actor who has forgotten more than most of us will ever know. He and Walter Huston lead my personal favourites.

And Freddie Bartholomew for the most natural, best-natured actor in the business. That kid has got the stuff.

Naturally, the things that are closest to us at the moment are the things in which we're most interested, and I must admit that I did get a tremendous kick out of *Captains Courageous* not only for the role of Manuel, which I do think was another great break for me, but for the grand time we had making the picture.

For years I've been going to buy a boat. Invariably, when it got right down to cases, something else came up. I'd buy a polo pony or a racehorse instead. I've taken plenty of ribbing from Gable on that score.

But when we got out on the Gloucester schooner, *We're Here*, for location work at sea, I knew I'd never be happy until I had a boat of my own. I thought for a while of buying the schooner when the picture was finished, but she'd require too big a crew. I wanted something I could handle by myself if necessary.

Finally Olaf Olsson, one of the original members of the schooner crew, and a great guy, who had been acting as technical expert in the fishing scenes, offered to help me pick out a

(*Continued on page* 8)





It was Spence who taught Joan Crawford how to play polo. At the moment our candid cameraman caught him, however, he was busy reversing the Eve and the apple legend.

small boat that would sail anywhere, and offered to teach me how to handle it.

So we went down to Wilmington, when I was back from location, and picked out a forty-foot ketch, the *Resolute*, which I re-christened the *Carrie B.*, for my mother. She'll sail round the world, if necessary, Olsson tells me, and though she's no wonder for looks, she has got speed and she can stand a heavy squall with the best of them.

As soon as I get my navigation down pat, I'm hoping to spend all my spare time between pictures aboard her, with my wife and the two youngsters. And, since the studio doesn't care to have me playing polo while I'm in a picture, due to a spill I once took, I'm out at sea most week-ends, too. They haven't banned that, yet. I'm hoping to take a fishing trip down the Mexican coast and up the Gulf of California, with Director Vic Fleming, Christian Rub and possibly Gable and one or two others. Bob Taylor, too, if he isn't busy.

My mention of my family may make some readers wonder why, in telling my life history, I hadn't mentioned them before. Well, it's one of my peculiarities that I won't talk about my own family. An actor gets little enough privacy; that's part of his job and his responsibility. But the life I live at home I have tried to keep entirely separate from my work. I think I'm entitled to do so. It's the only opportunity I have to forget "shop" completely, and I want to keep it that way. That's why I moved way out in the San Fernando Valley, off the beaten track. I don't think that's being snooty. It's a practical method of preserving something that I don't want spoiled. Sufficient to say that we're very happy and intend to stay that way.

If there has been any change for the better in my life and in my work in the past year, it is due solely and completely to Mrs. Tracy. My wife is the finest, most loyal woman I ever hope to know.

As for my other ambitions, they're fairly simple. I'd still like to do a stage play again some time, but it doesn't look as if I'll have any opportunity in the near future.

In regard to my other plans, I merely hope to make enough money to have my ranch entirely paid for, to keep a few horses, a few dogs, a few chickens; to assure my youngsters of the best education they can get; to buy enough life insurance to make my old age fairly pleasant. Actors' lives are notoriously short, though I'm hoping to outdo the supposed five-year average.

Meanwhile, I'll continue to do without make-up, never own a hat, hope for good, masculine parts and do my best by them.

And, finally, I want to live up to the reputation of my old home town of Milwaukee. The product that city is most famous for has always carried a punch.

Oh, before closing, I want to add just a bit about my latest picture, *Test Pilot*, with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. I play the part of Gable's mechanic, which suits me right down to the ground. He's just a plain, honest-to-goodness mug and as far as I'm concerned it's the kind of role I'd like to do—with such grand people as Clark and Myrna—forever.

The Academy Award for *Captains Courageous*? I contend it's the old Tracy luck still holding good. I was in the hospital when the award was made—and the statuette was presented to my wife, who, after all, is the one who deserves it, having put up with me for all these years.

NEXT WEEK

Rosalind Russell has come from Hollywood to co-star with our Robert Donat in "The Citadel." She is "different." She is not just the usual star. In next week's "Picturegoer" you will read a revealing story about Rosalind that will help you to enjoy and appreciate her work on the screen.



Spencer Tracy did not model his role of "Father Tim" in "San Francisco" on anyone in particular, but he enjoyed the role immensely. He is seen here "in character" with his mother.

TALENT versus SEX-APPEAL

by MAX BREEN



"Norma Shearer decided not to stand any nonsense."

Do brains or legs count most in a film career? Does the "stand-off" girl stand a chance?

HOW do girls get jobs "on the films?"

Being an idealist, I should like to say: "By evincing a combination of natural talent (with, perhaps, a modicum of experience) and such physical attributes as may be rendered suitably photogenic."

A good rounded period, that; pity it isn't true.

Being a realist as well as an idealist, I'm bound to admit that for one girl who gets a chance through showing ability, ten get theirs by showing their legs—or a willingness to be suitably grateful to their benefactor.

This is where you rise in your wrath and demand: "Mean to say nine-tenths of the stars got there through unfair and even immoral means?"

No, I don't. Long before we come to the star grade they are filtered out, and as a rule —*as a rule*—only genuine ability survives.

My complaint is about the first chance, the initial "break" without which a girl can get nowhere.

How do girls get their chance?

Well, we hear a great deal about talent-searches. The scouts, we are told, comb the theatres of London and the provinces looking for new screen talent, and in America they also snoop around college dramatic societies and other places where a star is liable to be born.

There's a superstition that girls so spotted are signed-up by the talent-scouts, but that's a fallacy; generally these people have no authority to do anything more than bring the girl to the attention of the man higher-up, and the latter has, usually, no idea, except the talent-scout's word for it, whether the girl can act or not.

He has to have so many new faces a year, and if they're faces that please him, so much the better; and if they're faces that appear pleased with him, that's better still. . . .

We're always hearing about girls being "discovered"; the plain truth is that most girls have to discover themselves. They realise that to get anywhere they have to shove themselves forward, to exploit any natural advantages they've got.

Plenty of beginners I know have started out with the idea that getting a job as a film-actress was the same as getting a job as a nursery-governess or a blouse-saleswoman or an architect or a kennel-maid—by showing they could be good at their job.

And after a while they've come to the cynical conclusion that they were right—but the "job" didn't necessarily begin or end with acting.

I know at least four British girls and about a dozen Americans who made a good start in films on their looks and talent alone . . . and then fell by the wayside because a high executive wanted to investigate the "sex" in "sex-appeal," and they demurred, and the studio lost interest.

There are plenty of major feminine stars to-day who have never put up with any "funny business"; but there are a great many others who preferred to be "kind" to producers rather than go through years of waiting and hoping and practically starving. . . .

An outstanding example of the kind of girl who decided not to stand any nonsense is Norma Shearer.

Norma lived in Hollywood with her mother and sister, and rattled the studio gates in vain for months; Norma had a cast in one eye and not ideal film legs, and these don't help much when every second girl you meet in Hollywood has legs in the million-dollar class and eyes like twin stars.

However, she was pretty and thought she could act, so she persevered, and at last she stood in a line of girls to be "picked."

The other candidates stood still; not so Norma, who fidgeted and coughed and drew attention to herself and was chosen; and next day she nearly wished herself out again by "no"-ing an executive who made a pass at her.

But Norma stuck to her guns, and finally got away with her "you may look, but you mustn't touch" attitude. And then she married an associate producer, which is quite a good thing to do.

It's a pretty disgusting state of affairs that a girl can't enter a great and important profession like acting without having to run the gauntlet of the bow-fronted old men at the executive desks.

However, it's a condition that exists, and no amount of eye-shutting will cause it to disappear, and although the industry as a whole dislikes it, no one seems to know quite what to do about it, for the anxiety of the girl to "get on" at all costs gives the producer as much power as a mediæval baron.

Curiously enough, it doesn't apply to quite the same extent in the theatre.

This is partly because few theatrical managers will risk having their shows fall to pieces merely for the sake of giving their current girl friend a job.

It is done occasionally, but it is not a popular pastime.

On the other hand, far too often we find some silly little gnat-wit pushed into a film part for which she is totally unsuited because the Lord High Pooh-Bah has decreed it.

This, also, is not a popular pastime—with the production-unit.

I remember some time ago a girl arriving from Hollywood to play an important role in a British picture.

"What on earth made them send *her*?" I asked, knowing that she had played only small parts and then killed stone-dead every scene in which she appeared.

"Old boy," said the publicity-manager with tears in his voice, "she's the Great White Chief's current lady-love, and she's got to go in."

She went in, and the film went out.

I could name three British leading ladies who are in the positions they occupy to-day because they cared more for their careers than for their morals.

One of them is a talented actress, the other two are not.

I am no stern moralist; one of the few strict rules I believe in is that you can't make strict rules for other people.

But I do deplore and detest the wicked waste of money in starring girls merely because they are willing to cuddle the general manager, and the wicked waste of talent in dropping good potential actresses because they won't cuddle the general manager at any price.

I've already protested against the number of might-have-been stars who were discarded because they were not venal; but there's another side to the medal.

Hollywood and Shaftesbury Avenue are haunted by the wraiths of ex-stars and ex-featured players who had their little day and held the floor as long as they held the boss's affections.

Presently along came their successor, and no amount of "cutting up rough" could save them from performing the celebrated Humpty-Dumpty trick, and all the King's horses and all the King's men won't be bothered trying to put them together again, because, in spite of having figured in several films, they're not actresses and never will be.

But the Public has the last word. And the Public is nearly always right.

GOING TO SCHOOL WITH Deanna



"Deanna definitely didn't enjoy algebra"—
—but she'll find "maths" useful one day for totting up that astronomical salary. Deanna with her teacher, Mrs. Mary West.

by Norman PAINE

Believe it or not, our correspondent did—became a "new boy" and spent a day in school with Deanna Durbin, that is. He tells you all about it in an article that is as interesting as it is different.

I SUPPOSE you've been told the same thing. "Oh, go back to school!" I decided that as long as I had to go back, I might as well do so in interesting company. So I got Deanna Durbin to take me along one sunny morning. Mrs. Mary West, school mistress presiding over the Universal Studio School for film children, eyed me with a twinkle of amusement as I crammed my adult bulk into a smallish, cream-coloured desk of regulation school design. Next to me, in a similar desk sat my friend Deanna.

The rest of the class happened that day to be all girls. And few at that. Nan Grey, Helen Parrish, and Helen Greyco completed the assembly. If I looked half as stupid as I felt, the girls must have had a good time at my expense.

"Sometimes," said Mrs. West, "I have two dozen or more, girls and boys, but it makes no difference. Lessons are just the same and rules of behaviour too!" I flinched slightly.

Then Mrs. West half hinted at a "period" 'maths' but promised us the First Act of "Othello" as an English Grammar lesson, if we'd sing our very best during the opening ceremony. I didn't know the song they struck up to open the day, but it was one of those simple kind like "I Know a Bank Whereon the Wild Thyme Grows".

I caught Deanna's eye as the tuning fork cloncked on the edge of Mrs. West's large desk. She was ready and there was just the same look in her eye we so often see when she is about to break into one of those famous arias she sings so beautifully on the screen.

It all seemed rather silly. Deanna could have "drowned" the lot of us mercifully as far as I personally was concerned, had she wanted to. But she was just another girl in school: not the juvenile prima donna of the movies. The schoolroom, rather small I thought to hold its full quota of two dozen odd, was tucked away in a quiet corner of the studio grounds out at Universal City.

Our combined efforts left about ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent. of the actual singing to Deanna Durbin, and little Helen Greyco, the twelve-year-old red-head signed up by Universal to take up the singing rôles which Deanna has managed to outgrow even before she got started on them.

Helen has a voice something like Judy Garland and just a little like Deanna's: a kind of light cross between the two. She raised her pert little chin and glancing in Deanna's direction let it "rip".

I mouthed silently: the other girls sang sweetly but not over loudly and I suppose it didn't sound so badly as it might have done if I'd really let go.

Singing over, we got down to "Othello". Mrs. West made it quite clear that if we came across any words we didn't all know, someone had to write them on the blackboard and we had to look them up in the dictionary.

I was supposed to be "ineligible to compete" which gave me a most welcome alibi, but just in case Mrs. West should decide suddenly to pounce upon "the visitor from the press", I had my dictionary on my lap.

Deanna turned out to be a not too bad speller: an intensely good listener and a fairly average scholar from Mrs. West's point of view. From mine she was, of course, entirely faultless, in spite of the fact that halfway through "Othello" she started chewing gum and tried to inveigle me into a similar misdemeanour.

The blackboard soon shone with a nice list of difficult words. Shakespeare doubtless knew what they meant and Mrs. West said if he did, then so ought we.

There was "impediment" (the kind of thing which unaccountably afflicted my speech every time Mrs. West came upon me for an answer); there was "surfeited" (which I knew bore a distinct relation to any and every school lesson I could remember); "impotent"; "satiety"; "pestilent"; and last but not least "egregriously" which Deanna tried to define.

She didn't do badly but as I recollect her definition wasn't nearly as clearly expressed as that top "C" for which she is so famous. Then Mrs. West said "that's enough" and we all shuffled and a few of us sighed.

Deanna and the rest of the girls brought out their French books. I thanked heaven silently that being a "new pupil" I hadn't one: still more that I should never now grow "old" enough as a scholar to acquire one.

There was none of that old-fashioned singsong "j'ai . . . tu as; il a; nous avons; vous avez; ils ont," I had forgotten so long ago, but each of the girls trotted out an individual phrase, verb conjugation, or sentence.

Someone said quite faultlessly, "Il'y a quelques semaines que depuis nous etions à Paris," which I understood to mean that someone hadn't been in Paris for quite a few weeks.

The fact didn't surprise me: the accent did, but then I was always a bad boy during French lessons. Deanna doesn't give much for them either.

After all, why should she bother about speaking French when she can easily learn a simple lyric of it and sing it at say £250 a line? The same very largely applies to algebra, though on the quiet, Mrs. West would never agree.

She says Deanna and the rest of these film children must know their algebra, that 4 x plus 2 y equals 6 xy or why?

Deanna on the other hand probably feels that there is a more simple method of adding up £350 a week for fifty-two weeks and deducting agents' fees and income tax therefrom.

Anyway she definitely didn't enjoy algebra any more than I did, and I didn't. A half-hour of more or less simple mathematics brought us near to the lunch hour (oh blessed hour!) and to help to restore our digestive organs to more placid condition Mrs. West read to us a chapter from "Uncle Tom's Cabin".

Like a small army ordered to "stand at ease", we relaxed according to Mrs. West's strict injunction. Deanna found herself a shabby old plush covered rocking-chair which happened to stand in a doorway just behind where Mrs. West was sitting. I climbed out of my desk and sat atop the thing.

Nan Grey picked an armchair in the corner and the others just rested their pretty chins in cupped hands. This was obviously the most popular lesson of the morning. Deanna replenished the gum and rocked furiously, occasionally smiling blandly in my direction as though mischievously to add to my discomfiture.

On the very tick, Mrs. West looked up at the clock and life took on a new meaning for us all. "Right children," she said, "be back at two."

I started a more or less serious chat with Deanna about her films. She told me she liked making *Mad about Music* slightly more than her work on 100 *Men and a Girl*. "In 'Mad'," she explained, "there were so many other kids it sort of created a spirit of fun and we went through the whole job that way, whereas in 100 *Men and a Girl* we had to be more serious.

"Everybody felt that with Mr. Stokowski in the cast it would be more fitting to be on best behaviour, though on the quiet I believe Mr. Stokowski would have rather played around a bit more. He isn't a glum uncle you know: he's a very fine, easy going person—quick temperament of course, but then who would expect a famous maestro to be otherwise?"

Deanna had just got to the point where she was explaining why she feels each one of her pictures should be as different as possible from the others, when she thought of lunch. "Come and eat?" she queried. I was about to go when Mrs. West called me back. "Here now, didn't I understand you came here to learn something about the school?" she asked. My lessons were only just beginning!

Mrs. West, who has been teaching studio



When a unit goes on location the studio school goes with it. This class "nearly drove Teacher Mrs. West crazy."



children in various film "cities" for the past thirteen years—but mostly at Universal—is known to all the leading child stars of Hollywood. They know her as a stern, but kindly woman who "mothers" them when they need it with all the enthusiasm she can put into an equally well-needed scolding. Mrs. West has no cane.

Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Jackie Coogan, and all those nice tough little heroes of the screen, will tell you that she always could manage them just as easily as if they had been Shirley Temple. The reason? Because to Mrs. Mary West children are children and usually just plain school children at that. They never are film stars.

"I am hired—and can only be fired—by the Los Angeles Board of Education," Mrs. West explains, "and although the studio at which I am employed has to meet my salary, it is fixed by the Board of Education according to the rates paid to others of my profession. I can take no extra salary or gratuities. I can make no special rules regarding the hours and conditions the children school in or under.



Above: "Next to me in a cream coloured regulation school desk sat Deanna Durbin."

Left: Twelve-year-old Helen Greyco, a member of Deanna's class.

"I *do* have a great amount of freedom in the arrangement of our daily programmes, and I try to use my discretion accordingto the aptitude of the children who come under my care and the time which is likely to be at our disposal. For instance, Deanna has been in my school more or less regularly for over a year. I know her well enough to arrange her syllabus on a more or less permanent basis.

"It is absolutely compulsory that every child between the ages of eight and eighteen must spend at least three hours of every working day in school. Films have to come second and you can bet that at times we teachers have to put up a furious fight against personal elements in the studio system.

"After all, like myself, the studio staffs are just human, and if someone is in charge of getting, say, a couple of songs recorded by Deanna, he wants to bring in his work on time. She may be in school just when he would like to have her before the microphone. It is easy for him to locate Deanna in my school room and when he has done so it is hard for him to imagine why she cannot immediately drop her French or her mathematics in order to straighten out his burning problem by singing her song. I have to say 'NO'. Because I know that if she leaves her lessons in the middle, she cannot return to them without any impairment.

"Concentration is an important factor in education for it bears on character as well as ability. I don't want Deanna, or any other film child, to consider education a purely incidental affair to be regarded as by no means as important as career. It is more important.

"Sometimes of course a film scene may drag on for days, and a child, or even, say, a dozen children, will be appearing in it.

"We had one like that while we were filming Deanna's *Mad About Music*. There was a big scene which took us on location for best part of a week. Those children had to have their three hours a day, no failing. I have to issue and sign a certificate to every child leaving for an ordinary school, or another studio school, to prove that this has been done and the Educational authority gets a copy of that certificate.

"Well that week almost *did* have me going crazy! We would be half-way through a lesson and all the children would have to leave off in order to make the shot, perhaps taking five minutes. In a few minutes' time they were called again for another take or a re-take.

"Either we had to be kept waiting for our school children, or the studio people had to wait for theirs. We compromised. I said, 'I'll let them off just as long as they are given time to conclude any special line of argument or trend of thought. In other words, the switching from lessons to filming and back again was to be so regulated that they really had a chance to grasp a little meaning from their lessons.

"That meant the film company had sometimes to wait for ten or fifteen minutes. I was often told that it cost a thousand dollars every wait, but that didn't happen to be my problem, though I wanted to be as co-operative as possible. My job was to school children : not to film them."

I began to realise why the Los Angeles Board of Education insists that the studios shall not retain any control over them nor supplement their earnings by any special gratuities.

It is to the Mrs. Mary Wests of Hollywood the educators entrust the arduous job of taming the turbulence of the juvenile tyrants of the screen. Robbed of this restraining influence there is no telling what might happen to our favourite screen children!

There is an amusing story of the Hollywood film producer who, about to introduce at a mass meeting the mother of a famous child star, chose most unfortunately to use a well-worn simile. He said, "I am merely the producer of this child's films : what right have I to stand between you and the goose which laid the golden egg. . . . I have much pleasure in introducing Mrs. ——." The house roared!

Well, Mrs. West and her ilk have nothing to do with the laying of any golden eggs. But they do lay children film stars. Across their knees where they so often deserve to be.

HOLLYWOOD'S SECOND CHILD-HOOD

- Picture Players' Puerile Pranks
- Gable as Gagster No. 1
- But he can take it, too
- Simone's Unlucky Spell



Ginger Rogers, now hard at work on "Carefree," which re-unites her with Fred Astaire, finds time for her favourite form of relaxation.

BACK in the bad old days Hollywood used to be considered wild-ish; now it's merely childish.

As the film colony is facing its greatest crisis for a decade, its leading citizens are busy burning the midnight oil—thinking out new puerilities in the way of practical jokes to outdo the schoolroom pranks of their friends.

There is no limit to the trouble and expense to which these highly paid adults will go to ensure the success of a "rib," as this refined form of humour is technically called.

Chief evangelist of the new gag gospel was probably Carole Lombard. Carole, at any rate, was early in the field with the "hospital" party she threw for that staid flower of English chivalry, Ronald Colman, at the time she was married to William Powell.

They still talk of that party in Hollywood. The guests were seized at the door and immediately hustled into hospital cots that filled the house. The entire establishment had been fitted up to represent a hospital with medical equipment everywhere. The cocktails and beer were served in the most unusual receptacles!

Carole, of course, has also been the heroine of a series of much-admired practical jokes on her new boy friend, Clark Gable, including that St. Valentine's Day gift of an ancient car and, only the other day, a motor scooter.

Pulling Eleanor's Leg

Now everybody's doing it. Eleanor Powell, who has recently been on a personal appearance tour, received an envelope one morning containing a batch of press clippings.

Among them was a candid camera photo of the back door of her Hollywood home, practically hidden by bottles of milk.

Horrified, she thought that she had forgotten to cancel her dairy order when she left the film city.

It was not till she returned that she learned that the whole thing was a joke.

Her friends at the studio had gone to all the trouble and expense of rigging up the scene at her house, photographing it, having a block made of the picture and printing a whole fake newspaper page (no small item) to put the stunt over.

Gagster Gable

Perhaps it is the Lombard influence in his life, but Clark Gable himself is now Gagster No. 1 on the home lot at M.-G.-M.

His latest effort was to round up the studio's newlyweds, Betty Furness, Virginia Bruce, Lynne Carver and Priscilla Lawson, on the pretext that there was a special preview "in one of the projection rooms." All they saw were the "rushes" for the Pete Smith short, *How to Cook*.

Gable seems to have a weakness for gastronomical gags. He entertained Spencer Tracy to lunch in the studio restaurant. Tracy ordered his favourite dish, marshmallow chocolate sundae. By pre-arrangement with Clark, the waitress brought him one made with cold mashed potatoes, instead of ice cream. And Spencer ate it without a murmur.

Tracy's Revenge

A rubber bread roll achieved for us an almost equally gratifying reputation for wit when we were in the fourth form.

In fairness to Gable, however, it must be conceded that he can take it as well as dish it out. Quite apart from the activities of Miss Lombard, he has been ragged unmercifully about *Parnell*. His friends just won't let him forget it.

During the production of *Test Pilot* the company gave him a birthday party on the set. In the middle of the laudatory oratory there was a fanfare of trumpets and two extras, hired, it is suspected by Mr. Tracy, appeared on the scene, dressed in the costumes of Parnell and Kitty O'Shea, and presented Clark with a crown made of a walnut shell.

Joan Blondell presents . . .

First prize for the gag of the month, however, goes to Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

On the door of the nursery in the Powell home is a large sign:

THIS THEATRE
WILL RE-OPEN IN
JUNE
featuring first-run attractions
COMING : A
BLONDELL-POWELL
PRODUCTION.

Joan, of course, is expecting an addition to the family.

To Bob or not to Bob

● The things Dorothy Lamour has to do for her art and dear old Paramount.

The ballyhoo boys now have her involved in a controversy as to whether or not she should bob her long brunette hair, with executives allegedly tearing out their own scant locks in a fever of apprehension lest the Queen of the Jungle rushes off impulsively to the nearest barber's shop. Perhaps they want her to play Lady Godiva, sometime.

Dorothy has been the centre of some of the silliest publicity ever sent out in recent years. At least the hair-bobbing affair, however, is in better taste than that yarn, later admitted to be a gag story, tying up her name with that of the recently divorced sixty-eight-year-old Sultan

of Johore, who was reported to be interested in her as a result of seeing her films.

Colbert " Censored "

● Claudette Colbert has fallen foul of the censors—not one of the official bodies that look after movie morals, but the sub-editor of the American journal for whom she has been writing an account of her recent European holiday.

It seems that Claudette persisted in being too frank about the portion of her anatomy on which she did most of her ski-ing !

Following all the fuss about that spanking scene in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* the Colbert posterior is in danger of becoming as famous a feature of the film scene as the Dietrich legs once were.

◆ ◆ ◆

Claudette and her doctor husband, Joel Pressman, by the way, have formulated a "Happy Home" recipe in opposition to the Gladys Swarthout-Frank Chapman Anti-Divorce Diet :

Two nights a week they have a house rule against talking about films; two nights a week medicine is banned as a conversational subject and the other three nights are free for all.

Short Shots

● The Tyrone Power-Janet Gaynor romance is reported to be cooling—Mary Astor and Manuel del Campo celebrated their first wedding anniversary the other day—It is now revealed that Walt Disney had to kill a scene in which the witch laces "Snow White" in a tight corset; corsets are tabu under the Hays code—Frances Dee is the latest "Scarlett O'Hara" candidate—Loretta Young has become candid camera fiend.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

Phil Lonergan Sends it Hot from Hollywood

SIMONE SIMON'S TROUBLES

SIMONE SIMON is very much in the limelight these days. During the trial of her secretary, Sandra Martin, accused of taking approximately $20,000 of the star's fortune, Simone admitted that she had two gold keys made to her home, which she gave to an unnamed friend.

A café bus boy was caught as he was climbing up the porch of Simone's home.

He declared that he was in love with her and was trying to win her affections by means of three pieces of wood which he called "his magic wands."

Doctors suspect the youth of being a mental case and he has been held for observation.

To make everything even more exasperating for Simone, she visited a fashionable café with a man friend and a waiter refused to bring her a cocktail because he thought she was under the legal age, 21 !

The Wrong Car

● Myrna Loy is wondering if the anonymity which goes with station wagons, general utility cars, to you, is worthwhile.

Clark Gable persuaded the actress to buy a station wagon, clinching his argument by telling her that no one noticed people in them.

Later, while making household purchases, she parked the car near a down-town department store.

When she arrived home she found several strange bundles in the automobile. Someone had mistaken her station wagon for his own.

Myrna had to make another trip down-town to hunt up the owner of the other vehicle.

Norma Was " Different "

● Norma Shearer surprised the guests at a birthday party given in honour of William Randolph Hearst.

Everyone was asked to wear Early "American" costumes.

Norma appeared as "Marie Antoinette," the role she is playing in her latest film.

Expensive Holiday

● Joan Bennett journeyed to Louisville to see the famous Kentucky Derby run, and had $25,000 in jewels stolen from her hotel room.

The gems were insured, so possibly the insurance company is worrying more than Joan is.

George's Admirer

● George Raft is a chivalrous man, but he would gladly escape the admiration of a middle-aged woman who adores George and believes he reciprocates her devotion.

Often while George is dining at a popular restaurant, he finds the lady beaming fondly at him. He encounters her at boxing bouts and even at ball games.

The star does not care to have the police take her into custody, so he is hoping that she will soon transfer her affections to some other star.

" Hungarian " English

● Michael Curtiz, the noted director, still thinks in his native Hungarian, when trying to express himself in English, so he often is responsible for laughable mistakes.

Curtiz recently said to "Limey" Plews, his prop. man :—

"Now, Limey, we got to act quickly on this picture. When we need something done, don't do it right away. Do it immediately !"

A Devoted Son

● When Pat O'Brien bought a home in Hollywood for his parents and brought them out from Milwaukee, he forgot something very dear to their hearts.

The elder O'Briens discovered that living was not the same without the hammock and porch swings which had adorned the yard of their old home.

So Pat located the individual pieces in various Milwaukee furniture stores and storage warehouses, shipped them to Hollywood and installed them in the new home, much to the joy of the elder O'Briens.

Anita's " Husband "

● Anita Louise isn't married after all. The American Bonding Company sued Jack Jaccard, director, and his wife for $1,465 overdue rent, claiming that the actress was Mrs. Jaccard.

Jaccard quickly disproved the allegation, declaring that his wife was another blonde !

Anita says she was 13 years old, when the director married his wife in 1928 !

Honeymoon Cottage

● The house where Charlie Chaplin and his bride, Mildred Harris, lived shortly after their marriage, is now used as a research department by Cecil B. De Mille.

Considerable alterations have been made by the famous "C.B." and the place now houses a library and projection room.



Luise Rainer and Robert Young are planning an elopement in this scene for " The Toy Wife," but it's our bet that Melvyn Douglas will get the girl in the end.

Faraway Stork

● Betty Grable denies reports that she is expecting a baby in the near future, which would have made a father of Jackie Coogan, a grandmother of Mrs. Bernstein and a step-grandfather of Mr. Bernstein !

The little actress says she is still busy with her career, and is naturally concerned over Jackie's suit against his mother and step-father, but hopes, a few years later, to have several children.

A Dog Hero

● Malibu is sad these days, for one of its most beloved "residents" has departed.

Jerry, a 9-year-old police dog, who arrived in the exclusive beach resort when a small puppy, soon became very popular in the colony. He died a few days ago.

Jerry made a name for himself when he rescued two children from drowning, and, on another memorable occasion, subdued a vicious chow dog who ran amok. He slept wherever he pleased, and the doors of the finest homes were always open to him.

The dog is buried in a small grave near the Malibu Inn.

Hollywood Says That

Lupe Velez does tricks on bicycles.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jean Arthur hates pies, because they were thrown at her when she acted in two-reel comedies.

◆ ◆ ◆

Halliwell Hobbes is an expert amateur chef.

◆ ◆ ◆

Henry Fonda was a boy scout.

◆ ◆ ◆

Alan Baxter wrote "black-outs" and sketches for several New York shows.

◆ ◆ ◆

Katharine Hepburn likes to stand on her head, turn cartwheels and walk on her hands.

◆ ◆ ◆

Donald Meek, who plays "meek" roles, was a hard-boiled corporal in a Highland regiment from Toronto during the World War.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jack La Rue owns an Italian restaurant.

◆ ◆ ◆

Charles Bickford owns parking lots, service stations, markets and garages.

◆ ◆ ◆

Sylvia Sidney never forgets a face, but cannot remember names.

◆ ◆ ◆

Hawaiian music is the latest Hollywood craze and all the feminine stars are learning to dance the hula.

◆ ◆ ◆

Carole Lombard is startling the natives again by riding a motor-cycle.

◆ ◆ ◆

Jeanette MacDonald is sponsoring the career of Diane Rochelle, who is really Margaret Roach, daughter of the producer.

◆ ◆ ◆

Charles Farrell returns to the haunts of his former glory to appear in Shirley Temple's *Lucky Penny* (Strange how these titles run in cycles) at Fox.

◆ ◆ ◆

Simone Simon has had her contract renewed by the same company.

◆ ◆ ◆

Bing Crosby has presented the church of St Charles, North Hollywood, with an organ.

◆ ◆ ◆

Ralph Bellamy will be with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in *Carefree*.

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

MOPPING UP

IT certainly may be taken as a fair sign of the times when in two weeks hard running we can't get round all the floors !

Again last week we hit the southern boundary of my allotted space before we had managed to cover the lot.

We didn't get as far as Walton-on-Thames, for instance, where they were making *Almost a Gentleman*, with Billy Bennett, Kathleen Harrison, Gibb McLaughlin, Marcelle Rogez, Basil Langton, *et al.*

(*Continued on page* 15)

. . . WITH OF COURSE

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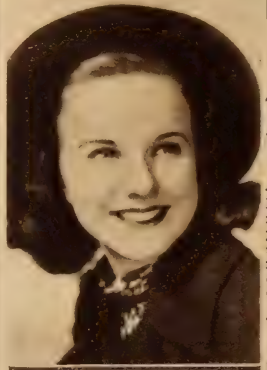
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Partners, Sepia and Coloured

Warner Baxter and Joan Bennett, Derrick De Marney and Nova Pilbeam, Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell, Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland, Jack Hulbert and Patricia Ellis, Patric Knowles and Olivia de Havilland Tony Martin and Alice Faye.

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ALL THE GOSSIP
—Continued

Well, that's finished now, but they are plunging into another production down there already.

Popular Subject

● This time it's George Smith Productions, and our old friend Maclean Rogers is "megging" on it.

Bees and Honey is the tentative title, and if you don't know that that's rhyming slang for "money" you disappoint me, after all the trouble I've taken over your education.

Claude Hulbert has strayed away from Teddington to play the lead, and with him are Winifred Shotter, Gina Malo, Aubrey Mallalieu, Athole Stewart, Annie Esmond, and Edmond Breon.

Now that's my idea of a remarkably good cast for a Quota film; but then you must remember that Quota films are a very different matter these days, when far more bees and honey have to be expended on them before they'll qualify as British pictures according to Law.

Where We Fail

● The funny thing is that where our British films of the cheaper type have usually fallen down has been in story, treatment, and dialogue; and these are all things that don't cost money, but brains.

You can't buy brains; you can engage the services of people who are credited with having brains, but that's another matter.

Speaking of Teddington, there's a production in progress there, too; in fact it's the second since the Bebe Daniels one *The Return of Carol Deane*.

But an impalpable mantle of mystery has fallen over the studio; the new production chief, Jerry Jackson, doesn't want to say anything about his productions until they're ready for showing.

Box On

● I'm sorry about this; I like Teddington and the folk down there, and after being absent from the studio for some months I was looking forward to my regular visits, and especially to my verbal sparring-matches with "Doc" Salomon, the studio manager, who is about the toughest thing in pants, and has been in the Warner Bros. service, in Hollywood and here, almost since those said Warner Bros. were in nappies.

"Doc" fondly imagines he's growing British; so he is—about as British as a dime, in spite of marrying an English girl.

Lately he and his bride took a flying trip to Hollywood, and did they tear the Burbank studio apart for him! Banners, speeches . . . boy, they sure played him in!

They like him here, too, but I can't think why. Ornery little cuss!

Go on, Doc. Now it's your turn.

Hitch Ends

● Well, we'll have to tip-toe by Teddington, and rally round the old factory chimneys down Islington way, where Gainsborough continue to turn out winners.

The Hitchcock film starring the new love-team, Margaret Lockwood and Michael Redgrave, is now completed.

This is the one originally called *The Wheel Spins*. Then, for reason or reasons unspecified, it became *Lost Lady*.

And now the Gainsborough tycoons have consulted the studio employees by means of a ballot on the comparative suitability of three other titles, of which they chose *The Lady Vanishes*.

Tatty Titles

● This is taken by the Gainsborough executives to be a proof of the respect which the production-chiefs have for their employees' opinion; to me it suggests two quite different things—(*a*) that the said employees, although undoubtedly excellent at their proper jobs, qualify for no medals in the title-picking class; or (*b*) that the two alternative titles were no great shakes either.

I still think the title of Hitch's last picture, *Young and Innocent*, was about as devoid of salesmanship as a title can be.

On the other hand, I wasn't very struck on *Said O'Reilly to McNab* as a title, but I hear it's been a winner.

So maybe I won't raise too much of a complaint about the title of the new Will Hay epic, which is *Hey, Hey, U.S.A.*! (note the change in the spelling of Hey. I don't think that's permanent, though. He's still Will Hay to his telescope.)



No, Edgar Kennedy hasn't taken to playing with dolls at his time of life—the new "chums" doll is for his little daughter Coleen in Hollywood. Kennedy is here working in the new Will Hay comedy "Hey, Hey, U.S.A."

Think Hard

● This time the comedian is Dr. Benjamin Twist again, in the capacity of private tutor to a precocious American boy, played by 12-year-old Tommy Bupp.

Bupp is credited with seventy-five screen appearances in Hollywood. What, you don't know Tommy Bupp? Well, don't be too downcast. I didn't either.

However, here's a clue. I gather one of his most important roles to date has been in *Tovarich*. Maybe you don't remember a small boy in *Tovarich*? Well, if you screw up your eyes and think hard you may just recall a gang of urchins who pinched Claudette Colbert's shopping-bag.

I gather that the one with a couple of lines to say was The Bupp. And so what?

Cast for Grace

● Well, and while our backs have been turned, there are new doings at Pinewood.

In fact, a cast has been chosen for the new Gracie Fields film *Piccadilly Circus*, which is just going into production under the direction of Monty Banks.

Roger Livesey is Gracie's new leading man; Hugh Sinclair is to team with Mary Maguire for the love-stuff (a wise move on Gracie's part, I think, for she hates doing the love-scenes herself); and Edward Rigby is to be Gracie's father.

Then there are Phillip Leaver, Monsewer Eddie Gray, the Dehl Trio (adagio dancers, and how!), and Joe Mott, who was seen as the mine manager and fight referee in *We're Going to be Rich*.

A.R.P.

● Another new production now under way at Pinewood is *Lightning Conductor*, the Air Raid Precautions film which Maurice Elvey is directing for Pinebrook Ltd.

After Maurice's brilliant handling of *Who Goes Next?* we shall watch with particular interest *What Comes Next*.

Gordon Harker and John Lodge co-star in this; Harker is a London bus conductor; Lodge plays the agent of a foreign power who steals Home Office documents relating to London's balloon barrage defences, and plants them in Gordon's bus.

Cockney will be the fashionable speech at Pinewood this season.

SHOTS WITH OUR



The candid cameraman looks in on a lesson in love-making by French Professor Danielle Darrieux to Mischa Auer. Mischa registers apprehension as he watches the dangerous glint in Danielle's eyes.



1. Holding hands, the lady explains, is the first step in the art of love-making.



2. With a simple gesture the Parisian star slips Mischa's arm about her shoulder.



3. "And then," she adds, "you place your hand under the lady's chin . . ." a man-of-the-world touch.



4. "And now you pucker up zee mouth, so." Danielle prepares to go out for the kiss and Mischa is groggy.



5. Now they've gone into the clinch. They're in the centre of the ring. . . . Can Mischa last the round?



. . . Ha! Great Lover Auer can't take it. 6. Left: He is seen about to throw in the towel. 7. Right: Danielle ministers to the K.O'd champion.



Candid Camera



Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart, friends since their early theatre days, are teamed in "The Shopworn Angel."



Left: Claire Trevor and Humphrey Bogart prepare for a scene for "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse," while Edward G. Robinson and Director Anatole Litvak look on.



Above: The decorative Dorothea Kent is a firm believer in the keep fit campaign.



Marco (Henry Fonda) and Luis (Leo Carillo) leave this scene of pastoral peace to fight in the civil war.



Left: Marco's duties bring him in conflict with Norma (Madeleine Carroll) with whom he falls in love.



BLOC



The Spanish civil war as it is n

THIS is the film about the Spanish civil war, which, although it takes no side in the conflict, has earned the august displeasure of Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini, as well as General Franco, who want it to be banned. *Blockade* stars Madeleine Carroll, as an English girl who is unwillingly drawn into the espionage system, and Henry Fonda as a peasant soldier, who is ordered to track down spies. The picture was directed by William Dieterle.



Norma, attempting to escape, is re-arrested and eventually undertakes to do secret service work for her captors. In the centre is Fred Kohler who is also a spy.

KADE



Hollywood. The atmosphere is stated to be ellent.



Marco traps and kills Basil, a spy, not knowing that he is Norma's father. He then arrests her as an accomplice.

LIONEL COLLIER'S *FILM* REVIEWS



Ray Milland regards Miriam Hopkins with suspicion in "Wise Girl."

**WISE GIRL

R.K.O.-Radio. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 70 minutes.

MIRIAM HOPKINS	Susan Fletcher	MARIANNA STRELBY	Katie
RAY MILLAND	John O'Halloran	MARGARET DUMONT	Mrs. Bell-Rivington
WALTER ABEL	Karl	JEAN DE BRIAC	George
HENRY STEPHENSON	Mr. Fletcher	IVAN LEBEDEFF	Prince Michael
ALEC CRAIG	Dermout O'Neil	RAFAEL STORM	Prince Ivan
GUINN WILLIAMS	Mike	GREGORY GAYE	Prince Lepold
BETTY PHILSON	Joan	RICHARD LANE and TOM KENNEDY	Detectives

Directed by Leigh Jason. Pre-viewed March 19th, 1938.

Crazy comedy still persists and the latest recruits to team up to support the very persistent cycle are Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland.

They make a good team, and get the utmost out of the nonsensical but nevertheless entertaining story of an artist in Greenwich Village who has the custody of his dead brother's children, and a girl, the sister of the children's deceased mother who is trying to get possession of them.

The expected, of course, happens and the pair fall in love, but it takes the girl all her time to force the artist to take seriously to painting and give up the Bohemian life he is leading and also to put herself right in his eyes for trying to take the children away from him.

It is full of bright situations and the dialogue is piquant and snappy.

Both Miriam Hopkins and Ray Milland give first-rate performances and the supporting cast does all that is required of it.



Louise Fazenda, Kay Francis and Marjorie Gateson indulge in a spot of social scandal in "First Lady."

**FIRST LADY

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Social and political satire. Runs 83 minutes.

KAY FRANCIS	Lucy Chase Wayne	HENRY O'NEILL	George Mason
PRESTON FOSTER	Stephen Wayne	GRANT MITCHELL	Ellsworth T. Ganning
ANITA LOUISE	Emmy Paige	ERIC STANLEY	Tom Hardwicke
WALTER CONNOLLY	Carter Hibbard	LUCILLE GLEASON	Mrs. Irves
VERREE TEASDALE	Irene Hibbard	SARA HADEN	Mrs. Mason
VICTOR JORY	Gordon Keane	HARRY DAVENPORT	Charles
LOUISE FAZENDA	Lavina Mae Creevey	GREGORY GAYS	Gregoravitch
MARJORIE RAMBEAU	Belle Hardwicke	OLAF HYTTON	Bleeker
MARJORIE GATESON	Sophy Prescott		

Directed by Stanley Logan. Pre-viewed February 17, 1938.

In spite of its somewhat heavy and verbose satire at the expense of Washington's domestic politics, this picture provides quite good entertainment through the polished acting of the cast and the novelty of the theme.

There are many extremely good lines and the humour, derived from the cut-throat politics of two women who are interested in seeing the interior of the White House as a temporary home, is intelligent and humanly presented.

Kay Francis, beautifully gowned of course, is in her element as the ambitious wife of the Secretary of State, and Verree Teasdale is good as the wife of a rival for the Presidency, played excellently by Walter Connolly.

Preston Foster is sound as the Secretary of State and clever cameo character studies are given by Louise Fazenda, as head of a woman's Purity League, Marjorie Rambeau and Lucille Gleason.



Edward Everett Horton, Olivia de Havilland and Brian Aherne in a period comedy, "The Great Garrick."

**THE GREAT GARRICK

First National. American. "U" certificate. Romantic period comedy. Runs 90 minutes.

BRIAN AHERNE	David Garrick	FRITZ LEIBER	Horatio
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	Germaine	ETIENNE GIRADOT	Jean Cabot
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON	Tubby	DOROTHY TREE	Mme. Moreau
MELVILLE COOPER	M. Picard	CRAIG REYNOLDS	M. Janin
LIONEL ATWILL	Beaumarchais	PAUL EVERTON	Innkeeper of "Adam and Eve"
LUIS ALBERNI	Basset	TREVOR BARDETTE	M. Noverre
LANA TURNER	Auber	MILTON OWEN	Thierre
MARIK WILSON	Nicolle	ALBERT VAN DEKKER	Le Brun
LINDA PERRY	Molee	CHESTER CLUTE	M. Moreau

Directed by James Whale. Screenplay by Ernst Vajda.

Actually this is only one episode taken from the life of the famous eighteenth-century actor and deals in a highly coloured manner with the trick that is played on him by his French colleagues when he visits the Comedie Francaise in Paris and how he turns the tables on its perpetrators.

In spite of its flimsy and legendary nature, the story is good fun and it is very well directed and set. In fact, the picturesque atmosphere is one of its greatest charms.

Brian Aherne shows to his best advantage as Garrick and brings out the genius and the gallantry of the man.

In supporting roles, Edward Everett Horton and Luis Alberni register extremely well and Olivia de Havilland is charming as a girl whom he mistakes for one of his tormentors, but with whom he eventually has a romance.

Much of the humour is of a slapstick order, but dialogue is often witty and direction generally subtle.



Jack La Rue and Jack Holt put up virile performances in the gangster film, "Trapped by G-Men."

**TRAPPED BY G-MEN

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. G-Man melodrama. Runs 64 minutes.

JACK HOLT	Bill Donovan / Martin Galloway	ROBERT EMMETT O'CONNOR	Jim
		WILLIAM BAKEWELL	Dick
WYNNE GIBSON	Alice	ELEANOR STEWART	Nancy
C. HENRY GORDON	Kilgour	CHARLES LANE	Fingers
JACK LA RUE	Drake	FRANK DARIEN	Dad Higbee
EDWARD BROPHY	Lefty	LUCIEN PRIVAL	Franz
WILLIAM PAWLEY	Grady	RICHARD TUCKER	Conover
ARTHUR HOHL	Blackie		

Directed by Lewis D. Collins. Story by Bernard McConville.

There is very little new in the theme of this picture—just the usual round-up of crooks by a G-Man, posing as a gangster, but the open-air locale is off the beaten track and the acting is good and the direction robust.

The plot is staged in a gangsters' mountain hide-out and it culminates in a thrilling ambush sequence.

Jack Holt still seems as young as ever—and as personable. Wynne Gibson makes a convincing and attractive heroine and C. Henry Gordon is as effective as he always is.

(*Continued on page 22*)

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Lionel Collier's FILM REVIEWS—

**THE LIVE WIRE

British Lion. British. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy-drama. Runs 69 minutes.

BERNARD NEDELL	James Cody
JEAN GILLIE	Sally Barton
DAVID BURNS	"Snakey"
HUGH WAKEFIELD	Grantham
FELIX AYLMER	Wilton
ARTHUR WONTNER	Montell
IRENE WARE	Jane
KATHLEEN KELLY	Phoebe
H. F. MALTBY	Hodgson
C. M. HALLARD	Sir George Dawson

Directed by Herbert Brenon. Adapted from the play, "Plunder in the Air," by Stafford Dickens.

Quite an ingenious comedy which deals with both financial and romantic matters. Bernard Nedell is well cast as a smart American adventurer who saves a business man on the verge of bankruptcy, from suicide, and proceeds to turn sixty acres of marshland into a health spa.

Of course, there are the usual array of crooks who want to rig the shares, and the girl secretary to the business man, with whom the American falls in love.

The latter is fairly well played by Jean Gillie, and the rest of the cast gives a good account of itself.

**WHO KILLED JOHN SAVAGE?

Warner. British. "A" certificate. Mystery melodrama. Runs 69 minutes.

NICHOLAS HANNEN	John Savage
BARRY MACKAY	Anthony Benedick
EDWARD CHAPMAN	Chortley
KATHLEEN KELLY	Kate Savage
HENRY OSCAR	Woolrich
ROSS LANDON	Smith
GEORGE KIRBY	Prout
DENIER WARREN	Scruggs

Directed by Maurice Elvey.

Good type of mystery melodrama in which a member of a firm of manufacturing chemists solves the murder of his employer. It is ingenious in deduction and generally holds the interest well, in spite of improbabilities. It also leads up to a really exciting climax.

A very good performance is given in a dual role by Nicholas Hannen and the principal suspects, Barry Mackay, Henry Oscar and Ross Landon successfully lay red herring trails.

Edward Chapman is well in character as the employee.

*MR. REEDER IN ROOM 13

Associated British Pictures. British. "A" certificate. Crime melodrama. Runs 78 minutes.

GIBB MCLAUGHLIN	J. G. Reeder
SARA SEEGER	Lila
PETER MURRAY-HILL	Johnnie Gray
SALLY GRAY	Claire Kane
D. J. WILLIAMS	Emmanuel Legge
MALCOLM KEEN	Peter Kane
LENEIE PERKINS	Jeff Legge
ROBERT COCHRAN	Barker
PHIL RAY	Fenner
GEORGE MERRITT	Stevens
KEN CARVEL	Under Secretary
FLORENCE GROVES	Daisy

Directed by Norman Lee. Scenario by Victor Kendall and Dorren Montgomery from an Edgar Wallace story.

The plot is very involved in this adaptation of an Edgar Wallace thriller and militates against the picture's entertainment. However, characters are quite well drawn and Peter Murray-Hill shows real promise as a wealthy youth who acts as under cover man for a Bank of England inquiry agent.

Sally Gray is adequate as the heroine and Gibb McLaughlin is good in the title role, but the rest of the cast is hindered by the story development.

*EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY

Paramount. American. "A" certificate Period comedy-drama. Runs 78 minutes.

MAE WEST	Peaches O'Day
EDMUND LOWE	Jim McCarey
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH	Larmadou Graves
CHARLES WINNINGER	Van Reighle / Van Pelton / Van Doon
WALTER CATLETT	"Nifty" Baily
LLOYD NOLAN	John Wuade
ROGER IMHOF	"Trigger" Mike
HERMAN BING	Fritz Kraufmeyer
CHESTER CONKLIN	The Cabby
LUCIEN PRIVAL	Danny the Sip

Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Previewed February 5, 1938.

Mae West undulates her contours again in the role of a stage artiste of the 'nineties who apparently supplemented her theatrical earnings by indulging in theft, blackmail, and confidence trickery.

However, she is loved by an upstanding police officer in the person of Edmund Lowe, and finally is instrumental in getting him elected mayor and overthrowing the grafting police chief, played extremely well, incidentally, by Lloyd Nolan.

It is full of the usual Mae Westicisms, and makes its appeal to those who still have visions of buxom Victorian charmers and a leaning towards the type of vulgarity which characterised them.

The period atmosphere is well caught, and the star appears both as a blonde and a brunette—as the latter when, to avoid extradition, she poses as a French actress, though it is difficult to understand how she could deceive anyone since the curves and mannerisms are so unmistakable.

*HIGH FLYERS

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Extravaganza. Runs 68 minutes.

ROBERT WHEELER	Jerry
ROBERT WOOLSEY	Pierre
LUPE VELEZ	Juanita
MARJORIE LORD	Arlene
MARGARET DUMONT	Mrs. Arlington
JACK CARSON	Dave Hanlon
PAUL HARVEY	Arlington
HERBERT EVANS	Hartley
CHARLES JUDELS	Fontaine
LUCIEN PRIVAL	Panzer
HERBERT CLIFTON	Stone
GEORGE IRVING	Police Chief

Directed by Edward Cline. Screen play by Benny Rubin, Bert Granet, Byron Morgan.

One of the most amusing things in this typical Wheeler and Woolsey absurdity is an impersonation of Chaplin; it is a clever piece of work.

For the rest, it is the sort of fooling that has always pleased the stars' fans and will, doubtless, do so again. Lupe Velez is there to give some sex-appeal to the proceedings which include aeroplane flights, stolen jewels, and gangsters. The film starts slowly but improves as it goes on.



Bernard Nedell and Jean Gillie are the stars of "The Live Wire."

*CITY GIRL

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

PHYLLIS BROOKS	Ellen Ward
RICARDO CORTEZ	Charles Blake
ROBERT WILCOX	Donald Sanford
DOUGLAS FOWLEY	Ritchie
CHICK CHANDLER	Mike Harrison
ESTHER MUIR	Flo Nichols
ADRIENNE AMES	Vivian Crane
GEORGE LYNN	Steve
CHARLES LANE	Dr. Abbot
PAUL STANTON	Chaney

Directed by Alfred Werker. Original screen play by Frances Hyland, Robin Harris and Lester Ziffen.

Phyllis Brooks puts up a good performance in this familiar gangster story which runs to the theme of crime does not pay. Hers is the artificial role of a waitress who falls in love with a gangster, accidentally kills a girl and finally gives all she has to help her man fight the law, but she makes it human and sincere.

Ricardo Cortez contributes another of his polished and well-timed characterisations as the racketeer.

Entirely moral in every aspect, it deliberately sets out to show up the folly of the "good time" girl and succeeds pretty well.

c*THE SINGING OUTLAW

G.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Western with music. Runs 56 minutes.

BOB BAKER	Scrap Gordon
JOAN BARCLAY	Joan McClain
FUZZY KNIGHT	Longhorn
CARL STOCKDALE	Sheriff Haight
HARRY WOODS	Cueball Qualey
ROY MASON	Telltoe
RALPH LEWIS	Colonel Bixer
GLENN STRANGE	Pete
JACK MONTGOMERY	Marshal Fairfax
GEORGIA O'DELL	Lucy Harris

Directed by Joseph H. Lewis. Story and screen play by Harry O. Hoyt.

Another Western with a crooner hero in the person of Bob Baker, who makes a pleasantly virile hero as well as singer. It is the old, old tale of rounding up rustlers, but is given a novel twist by having the hero suspected of murder after he has assumed the identity of a U.S. marshal. Business is as usual.

c*RIO GRANDE RANGER

Columbia. American. "U" certificate. Western drama. Runs 53 minutes.

BOB ALLEN	Bob
IRIS MEREDITH	Sandra
PAUL SUTTON	Jim Sayres
HAL TALIAFERRO	Hal
ROBERT HENRY	Buzzy
JOHN ELLIOT	Cullen
TOM LONDON	Sneed
SLIM WHITTAKER	Jack
JACK ROCKWELL	Captain Winkler

Directed by Spencer Gordon Bennett. Story by Jacques and Ceila Jaccard.

Hard riding and fighting are the orders of the day in this conventional Western dealing with the rounding up of cattle rustlers. The action is punctuated with music, comedy situations and songs.

Bob Allen is quite versatile as the hero, and Iris Meredith as the heroine and Paul Sutton as the villain are up to standard.

INTIMATE RELATIONS

A.B.F.D. British. "A" certificate. Romantic farce. Runs 67 minutes.

JUNE CLYDE	Molly Morrell
GARRY MARSH	George Gommery
VERA BOGGETTI	Jane Gommery
JACK HOBBS	Freddie Hall
MOORE MARRIOTT	Mr. Toomley
BRUCE WINSTON	Stetson
ARTHUR FINN	Goldfish
CYNTHIA STOCK	Maggie
OLIVER GORDON	Parker
LEW STONE AND HIS BAND	

Directed by Clayton Hutton.

A very conventional farce presented in an unpretentious but rather artless manner. June Clyde makes the most she can of the role of a revue star who is chased by a married man but marries his timid secretary, who in turn is being pursued by the former's wife.

Situations are fairly amusing, but direction lacks polish and ingenuity. Musical inserts are not too good.

c***FRATERNALLY YOURS (Re-issue)

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate. Domestic farce. Runs 64 minutes.

STAN LAUREL	Mr. Laurel
OLIVER HARDY	Mr. Hardy
CHARLEY CHASE	Mr. Chase
MAE BUSCH	Mrs. Hardy
DOROTHY CHRISTY	Mrs. Laurel
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD	Doctor

Directed by William A. Seiter. Previewed February 17, 1934. Below is given a re-print of the criticism published on the release, February 17, 1934.

As a rule, comedians who specialise in two-reel comedies and launch into a full-length feature are sunk before they are well afloat.

In this case, however, the craft is seaworthy, and Laurel and Hardy float in it to a really hilarious success.

As hen-pecked husbands who belong to one of the ubiquitous secret orders which so intrigue the American male, they are given hearty rollicking material, full of bright gags and ingenious slapstick.

There is nothing subtle about it, but the pace is so rapid and the chances for the famous pair to mime—they are really brilliant clowns—is so frequent that there is not a dull moment in the feature.



Mae West with Edmund Lowe in "Every Day's a Holiday."

ALL the glamour and thrills of stardom await 12 attractive and charming women who will be chosen to represent 12 great industries at Woman's Fair and Exhibition at Olympia in November.

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Clever Beauty Secrets

Revealed by a London Chemist.



This series of articles by E. W. Smith, M.P.S., a qualified registered London chemist and pharmacist, is particularly interesting because of its authoritativeness. Under this heading, most valuable information will be found relating to beauty culture. Considering the bewildering mass of toilet requisites now offered to the public, Mr. Smith's simple and homely suggestions should come as a great relief to the puzzled beauty seeker. The dispensing chemist, above all others, is in a position to judge results from long experience with thousands of cases. Mr. Smith has made a special study of the chemistry of beauty culture for many years, and the time is ripe for some such expert's clear statements, backed by the authority of experience and knowledge.

HOW TO LOSE FAT SAFELY

There is no necessity to take drastic patent medicines or endure a tedious diet in order to get rid of unhealthy and disfiguring fat. A much simpler, safer and more effective method of regaining a supple, youthful figure is to take a course of ordinary Clynol berries, obtainable from any good chemist. Clynol berries are tiny capsules which disperse superfluous fat in an entirely natural way. They are, of course, completely free from drugs or any harmful ingredients so that you can stop taking them whenever you wish without experiencing any after-effects. So if you are overweight, take just one little Clynol berry each morning and night—you'll soon be delighted with your improved figure and better health.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR UNWANTED HAIR

The humiliation of superfluous hair is too painful to be ignored, yet many women endure this disfigurement because they are rightly apprehensive of experimenting with depilatories. To these women I say, get half an ounce of pure Sipolite from your chemist and get rid of that ugly, unwanted hair safely, quickly, painlessly and for good. Mix a little Sipolite into a paste with cold water and apply to the hair. As the paste dries the hair shrivels away, leaving the skin smooth and unblemished. By using Sipolite any further growth of hair is retarded—and it is worth knowing that this simple remedy cannot harm even the most sensitive skin.

NEW COMPLEXIONS FOR OLD

You can't disguise a bad complexion—but you *can* cure it. If your complexion is inclined to be sallow, if you suffer from enlarged pores, blackheads, pimples or if your face is lined and wrinkled, don't make the mistake of trying to disguise the blemishes with cosmetics. You'll only aggravate the trouble. Instead, help Nature to carry out her own cure by removing the dried-up outer skin which is stifling the fresh, new complexion beneath. This can be easily and simply done by applying a little pure Mercolized Wax to the face each night—exactly as you would Cold Cream. Mercolized Wax has the property of absorbing the lifeless withered skin, revealing the clear, unblemished complexion beneath. All good chemists sell Mercolized Wax.

WHY HAVE GREY HAIR?

Many grey-haired men and women would welcome a safe, easy method of restoring their hair to the natural colour it was in their youth—but they are rightly dubious about using dyes. If you are one of these let me tell you of a very simple, safe and effective method of regaining the original colour and lustre of your hair. All you need is four ounces of ordinary Tammalite which you can obtain from any chemist. This simple lotion is neither sticky nor greasy. It is easily applied to the scalp with a small sponge, and you will be delighted with the way it not only brings back the look and colour of youth to your hair but improves its texture, too.

BEAUTY TREATMENT FOR YOUR HAIR

If you want a first-rate shampoo I recommend you to make up your own from this simple recipe. From your chemist get a small quantity of ordinary Stallax granules. Dissolve a teaspoonful of the granules in a cupful of hot water and your shampoo is ready to use. Applied to the scalp in the usual way this home-made shampoo gives a rich, natural gloss to the hair, stimulates the roots and preserves and enriches the colour. The use of Stallax granules as the basis for a shampoo is by no means a new idea. Our grandmothers knew the secret of glorious gleaming tresses—they always relied upon Stallax.

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When he finds himself in danger little Prince Azim (Sabu) finds help from Mrs. Carruthers (Valerie Hobson).

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of London Films.

The Drum



ABOVE the beating of the sacred drum, the sound of rifle fire and the whine of bullets broke out on the Zota pass leading to Tokot on the North-West Indian frontier. Captain Carruthers, of a Scottish border regiment, moved his horse forward a pace or two, warily scanning the hills for traces of snipers among the rocks. The whistle had already blown for the marching column behind to extend.

Satisfied that the men in their light khaki coats, kilts and topis were taking cover, Carruthers was soon to be satisfied that the shooting, never more than desultory, was about to cease. Following an order shouted in Pushtu, rounding a corner at the head of an approaching cavalcade of Pathans, rode a child of about ten, mounted on a black stallion.

Controlling the spirited creature superbly, he drew up in front of Carruthers, who forced himself to appear unsmiling. Bare to the waist except for a black-and-gold embroidered jacket and wearing full white trousers gathered in at the ankle, the boy was exceedingly attractive. Beneath the complicated swathings of a black-and-gold turban, his dark eyes flashed with intelligence and fire. In spite of his years, he looked kingly.

"My father, the Khan, has sent me to greet you, but please don't judge the warmth of his welcome by the size of his messenger," he said in good English.

"I should have judged it by the breadth of his smile, if we had not been shot at, Prince Azim," Carruthers returned.

"The dogs who let loose on you shall pay for it. I have already had them taken prisoner. I will have them killed."

"I see justice is swift in Tokot. Can I have a word with you in private, Prince? Wouldn't it be better if you found someone with a good, strong arm to give those fellows five strokes with the whip?" Carruthers continued, looking down at the boy who had dismounted and ordered a *sais* to hold the horse. "Why did you tell them to fire at us?"

"I only wanted to see if the English are easily frightened."

"Did they teach you that the English are easily frightened at the Princes' school in Ajmere?"

"No, but our people in Tokot say so and that we shall play with the English, and that there will be a fine big war."

"You'd like that, no doubt. Well, shall we tell the Khan your father about this trick of yours?"

"No. Don't tell him, please."

"All right, but you must promise me something. Will you always tell me the truth?"

"Always. That'll be very hard, but I'll try. I'll promise to, though everyone lies in Tokot."

Such naïvete, though refreshing, undoubtedly made Carruthers' mind no easier on the subject of the anti-British union of the various border states, a confederacy which it was his mission in Tokot to break up. Carruthers knew, and His Excellency, the Governor in residence at Peshawar, knew, that machine guns and other arms were being secretly conveyed to Tokot.

To establish British influence by signing a treaty with the Khan, who would undoubtedly be glad of the assurance gained that the throne would pass to his son, was the Governor's intention. All of which might look very well set down in departmental documents and translated into army orders, but Carruthers was aware of numerous stumbling blocks, formidable though they might not appear in print.

The signing of the treaty impressively concluded next day by the Khan in the presence of his counsellors, for instance, was not in itself enough to please the Captain. Having recently become engaged to Marjorie, the Governor's niece, it was natural for him to be the more zealous. He was making the best of a room in the old palace which had been assigned to him for headquarters and which didn't even boast a proper desk, when Zarullah, his batman, announced a visitor.

His Highness Muhammad Khan, a young man, Oxford educated, shook hands English fashion and cut Oriental preamble by saying:

"What's the trouble, Carruthers? You don't look too happy?"

"I don't feel it. I've been negotiating here for a week and making no headway."

"You've been negotiating with the wrong man. Not to shout it on the housetops, the Khan's brother. . . ."

"Oh, I know Ghul is the big noise here. 'Sweep the English into the sea and see the towers of the Mogul empire mirrored again in the waters of the Jehlum.' Isn't that his picturesque phrase? But you don't advise me to try and get round him openly, surely. The Khan would resent it."

"On the contrary, he would be very glad. He's afraid of his brother. And unless you worry Ghul into agreeing with you, the treaty'll never stand." They were on their way to see Ghul, when Carruthers, passing through the compound, had his second sight of Prince Azim. He was walking beside Bill Holder, the fair-haired drummer boy of the regiment.

"Good afternoon, Prince Azim. What are you doing here?" Carruthers asked, while Bill stood stiffly at attention.

"You know Bill Holder?" Azim inquired courteously.

"Only by sight or, I should say, by sound."

"Isn't he marvellous? Do you know what's he's been doing? Arranging a private signal on the drum. My very own signal. Show him, Bill."

"Well done," Carruthers smiled, as Bill obliged with an impressive and unique ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-ra.

"I shall use it," Azim continued seriously, "when I'm in danger, or need a friend, or want my friends to know I'm coming."

"A good idea—well, we mustn't interrupt your lesson. Good-bye, Prince. Morning, Holder." Leaving Bill to get over his astonishment at being wished "Good morning" by his Captain, Carruthers followed Muhammad into Ghul's private apartments overlooking the market. Magnificently robed, turbanned and wearing a short red beard and moustache, Ghul possessed besides, a strong, aesthetic face and the eyes of a dreamer. It was obvious to Carruthers in five minutes that his policy was war and that he was not to be terrorised by any existing treaty between his brother and the British Government.

"I could wipe out the Khans' forces, if I wished, in two months," Ghul declared. Thus a note had to be despatched to his Excellency, the Governor at Peshawar, to the effect that Captain Carruthers, while having no doubt that Ghul was heading an anti-British conspiracy, hoped that by the establishment of a British Resident in Tokot the danger would be averted.

So much for the official side. Carruthers, leading the column away from Tokot, had a vivid human impression of saying good-bye to Prince Azim, who mingled dignity with the eager wish for a future meeting with Bill Holder.

Carruthers had been married two months and was finding teatime in Peshawar an interesting rite, with Marjorie to pour out, when the Governor brought news.

"Trouble in Tokot, my boy. The Khan has been assassinated and his son has disappeared—probably in the same way."

"Prince Azim! Poor little devil! I'm sorry. You'd have loved him, Marjorie."

"Then your mission's been a failure, Frank?"

"Not at all," the Governor interposed. "The new Khan—Ghul—has sent an envoy to Peshawar, asking us to carry out the treaty by sending troops."

"Do you believe in him?" Carruthers asked.

"I haven't a sound reason for disbelieving him. So a Resident goes up to Tokot."

There was no more to be said, but Carruthers went about for the rest of the day dissatisfied. At dusk he came back to the bungalow, hoping to see Marjorie on the verandah, when he found her in the dining-room with a visitor.

"This is the son of the Khan of Tokot," she said as Prince Azim left the chair in which he had been tucking-in to a substantial meal.

"You said I was to come to you, Captain Carruthers, when I was in danger. You see, after my father was murdered, I should have been killed,

(*Continued on page* 26)



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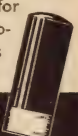
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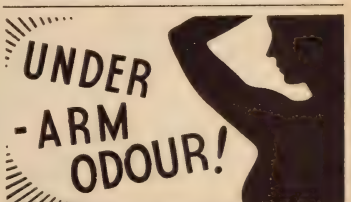


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too, but for Wafadar, my father's servant who brought me to Peshawar. Then to-day as I was running errands for Wafadar, Selim, who was groom to my uncle, set on me with a knife. I just managed to escape and get here. Mrs. Carruthers saved my life."

"Nonsense, dear. All I did was to bandage his arm and remember that small boys are always hungry." The appearance of the elderly Wafadar who corroborated the boy's story, adding many salaams and thanks, caused Carruthers to suggest that they should stay for safety for the night in the compound. Wafadar shook his head. "Our enemies would look there first, Sahib, knowing you be our friend. Now we shall have to hide more carefully than before. As for the man who wounded his Highness, he cannot be hurt by him any more."

With which significant remark Carruthers had to be content. As the new British resident in Tokot he had plenty to occupy him. It was an impressive moment when the native column with a stiffening of Scottish, lined up in the compound to salute the Raj's flag. Ghul, riding at the head of his followers and the rabble, reined in abruptly in front of the double line of men standing stiffly at attention.

"Are these your escort, Captain Carruthers—or an army of occupation?" he demanded.

"They are a promise your Highness, that my Government will fulfil its treaty and protect your country from its enemies. Our pleasure in coming here is only exceeded by having your Highness with us. I beg you to do us the honour of inspecting the troops."

Diplomacy was rewarded. Ghul's frown vanished. Later in the day, Carruthers proudly acknowledged Marjorie's help in holding a candle to the devil. Before she had time to learn her way about the ancient white-walled palace which was to be the Residency, Ghul made a ceremonial visit. Marjorie, though slightly squeamish at having to shake hands with the Khan's murderer, nevertheless contrived to smile at him and return his flattering speeches in kind. Carruthers had seen off his guest when he noticed the batman hanging about the door.

"Well, Zarullah. What is it?"

"There's something brewing in Ghul's palace. With your permission I'd like to find out what it is, Sir."

"From inside? Dangerous, isn't it?"

"Delay would be more so. I made a few useful friends when I was here before. Let me go, Sir."

"Very well. I'll look for you about midnight." Dinner time renewed Carruther's satisfaction in Marjorie's insistence on coming to Tokot. As the only woman in the mess, she made a direct hit with Colonel Bond and the officers present, who raised their glasses in her honour. She was accompanying her voice on one of Muhammad Khan's pianos, when there was a crash of falling glass by the shuttered window.

"Put out the lights," Carruthers ordered and strode over to the door leading into the moonlit garden. At the foot of the steps Zarullah lay with a bullet through his heart. Some constraint the following day, on the part of Muhammad Khan, at a polo match arranged by Ghul against the British team, added to Carruthers' anxieties and suspicions.

Muhammad who had been talking to Marjorie before play, expressing a regret that he was to leave Tokot after the match.

"Your Highness, can't you persuade Prince Muhammad to stay for a few days?" Carruthers inquired of Ghul, aware of tension existing between the two.

"I've tried," Ghul returned smoothly, "but all he would promise was to help us in the match." In the field, Carruthers was aware that Muhammad's pony was close to his and Muhammad's voice was saying sotto voce, "I must see you to-night. I'll be at the watergate at twelve." Provided with an automatic and electric torch, Carruthers was punctual at the rendezvous. A white figure in a nook of the residency wall, turretted and crenallated after the fashion of a mediæval castle, remained motionless as he passed.

"Is that you Muhammad?" Carruthers called.

"I fear not. I have come instead. Are you disappointed?"

"Your Highness knows you are always welcome. Please come in," Carruthers answered, taken aback as he recognised Ghul. Nothing to be done but introduce his guest to Marjorie, who adroitly inquired after Muhammad.

"Somehow in the long gallop in the field to-day, he wrenched a leg, Madame," Ghul returned evenly. "Perhaps, in spite of his western education, he will write a few prayers on parchment for his recovery and put it in the fire, after the manner of his countrymen. Ah! I hear the drum—the great feast of Muharram begins. For five days and nights the fires will glow, prayers will rise, pilgrims will gather and once more the great drum will beat on the Tower of Tokot; then the feast ends. Let us enjoy it."

An invitation to the troops in residence to dine at Ghul's palace, the following evening, was received at headquarters with mixed feelings.

The sergeant who addressed the men before leaving for the occasion, was a prey to no such doubts as troubled those in command. According to Sergeant Benn, his charges were responsible for the good name of the British army. Therefore they were not to expect alcoholic liquors, there would be no females present and any nosey parkering round the "'arem doors" would be met with severe and painful punishment.

Carruthers, bungling the tying of his tie which Colonel Bond eventually manipulated for him, tacitly conveyed the suggestion that revolvers were, under the circumstances, the proper adjuncts to full dress. Both men left the compound possessed of these handy weapons, a fact which encouraged Carruthers in assuring Marjorie that everything would be all right at the Palace. "When the drum sounds before midnight and the pilgrims leave, it means the feast of Muhurram will be over. Ghul is unlikely to play tricks after that. Besides Escot's being left in charge here. A note from one of our buglers and he'll bring his men into the palace courtyard," he told her.

Dinner, a lengthy meal taken at a low table generously decked with



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(Sam Goldwyn)

flowers, shining silver and crystal goblets, passed without incident. In the courtyard the Highlanders were performing the sword dance to accompaniment of a Dervish orchestra, when Ghul turned to his guests.

"In a quarter of an hour, the sacred drum will signal the end of Muharram, my friends." The words had scarcely left his lips when the sound of the drum in question broke forth. Ghul's eyes gleamed in terror. "What's that?" he rasped. Carruthers knew. He had heard that particular ta-ra-ta-ra with its halting beat played once before in Tokot, beaten out by a drummer-boy whose rosy cheeks and fair thatch, were in contrast to the brown skin, dark hair and eyes of his attentive listener.

"Azim's signal," he said beneath his breath. "Danger! Where?" Suddenly in an alcove across the courtyard, he caught sight of drapery which had moved slightly to conceal the shining muzzle of a machine gun. No time to wonder how Azim, supposed to be in hiding in Peshawar, was back at Tokot. With evidence of justification of the boy's warning before his eyes, Carruthers, whipping out his automatic and passing the word to Colonel Bond 'the bugle,' opened the balcony window, jumped and made a dash for the alcove. He reached it and knocked out the gunner. While trying to wrench away a vital part of the gun, he heard the bugle call being sounded. Escot's reply came speedily. Still grappling with the gun, Carruthers saw the rescue party entering the courtyard. But already a party of Ghul's men were upon him. Aware of a blinding pain in the arm, he shouted to Escot to retreat before losing consciousness.

He came to in the palace tower, and was taken by a couple of armed guards to Ghul, who pointed to a straw-covered couch in the room corner. Carruthers at first failed to recognise the tortured and broken figure "I promised you should see Muhammad Khan," Ghul remarked. "Do you still want to chat to him?"

"So you hadn't the decency to kill him."

"I might need him. Moreover, my friend, I might need you, for a wooden cage I have made. But before that, you will write an order to your second-in-command to evacuate the Residency."

"No."

"Carruthers, I don't want to hurt you. But in a day or two, whimpering and whining worse than that poor wretch out there, you will ask me to write the order. I shall call my executioner to see what he can do with you."

Carruthers bent his head, happening by chance to look through the narrow window on to the distant walls of the Residency. A flash lit up the night sky—another—yet another, followed by three dull boomings. Rockets from the Residency, meaning that a relief force had crossed the border!

"Call your executioner," he shouted. "Do whatever your hellish brain can invent with me, but you won't be able to harm a soul over there." In corroboration of his excitement, the officer who had been responsible for knocking him out at the machine-gun post, appeared.

"Your Highness," he reported. "British troops have crossed the border."

"So that's the cause of your cheerfulness?" Ghul rapped out. "Never mind. I'll have the road through the Zota pass blown up. Remember your first night as Resident here, Carruthers? I sent you the head of your spy Zarullah. I swear by everything in which I believe that if British troops ever come here, I'll have your head thrown in front of the horses' hoofs."

Hour by hour Carruthers waited in his prison cell. A soldier, not the hero of some colourful romance, not for him to bring off one of those spectacular deeds of bravery by which the army of the Raj was to be delivered from further trouble. His part, no less heroic, was to remain in the heat with a wounded arm and aching head, seeing nothing, and hearing through a two-foot grating, the shouts and reverberation of battle.

Aware of defeat, and determined upon flight, Ghul had given orders to his executioner to decapitate two prisoners. One, Muhammad Khan, summoning every vestige of strength, was already struggling from his pallet when the guards appeared. Grappling with them, he forced an entrance into Ghul's room. To the sound of bugles and tramp of marching feet, betokening the arrival of the relief force, he levelled a revolver and shot Ghul where he stood.

"So Bill Holder's lesson came in usefully after all," Carruthers said to Prince Azim on the day the boy Khan was to receive the golden dagger symbolising his overlordship of the peoples of Tokot.

"Yes. Spies brought news to Wafadar that you were in danger, and I told Bill, and he and I told the Governor. The Governor said he must wait to send a relief force till he was sure you would be attacked, so I jumped through his window and came here and beat the drum."

Ten minutes later, riding at the head of the column, Carruthers, his mission over, took leave of Tokot and of the boy Prince whose determination it was to unite his people in friendliness towards the Raj and in a love of peace.



Major Schmidt (Ronald Adam) felt uneasy when Prince Ghul (Raymond Massey) told Captain Carruthers (Roger Livesey) that the sacred Drum would sound in a quarter of an hour.



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BLOCK LETTERS

STORMS IN TEA-CUPS

Do They Annoy You Too?

THINGS which annoy me in connection with picturegoing include:

The sort of "class-distinction" which drives certain cinemas (usually of the more palatial sort) to insist upon a separate entrance for patrons who pay a shilling, or less, for their seats;

The attendant who, being herself used to the darkness, scurries along the gangways, carrying a wildly-waving torch, leaving the daylight-blinded film fan to stumble over feet and other impedimenta far in the rear;

The attendant who carelessly dumps me (a mere male of the slimmer variety) into a seat next to a *very fat* and elderly man or woman, although there are dozens of empty seats all around. Why not put me next to some *young* female?

The sudden fading-out of the Gigantic Compton (or the Whopping Wurlitzer) in the middle of a crescendo frenzendo, together with the immediate crashing-in of the next sound-film, making all the more obvious the appallingly distorted reproduction of the latter compared with the former;

The storm which the person next to me (usually a woman) creates in her tea-cup by violent stirring of its contents!

There's much besides, but readers can think them out for themselves!—*T. J. E. Warburton, Warrior House Hotel, Warrior Square, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.*

[*You bet they can!*—"*Thinker.*"]

To Garbo's Eyes



Deep lustrous pools of sapphire rare
Wherein a realm of beauty lies
And swooping shadows hover there
To veil the wonder of her eyes.

—(*Miss*) *Marguerite Laurie, 2 Avondale Place, James Street, Dundee, Angus, who also contributed the drawing of Garbo's eyes for which she is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Cure for Loneliness

● I have just arrived in London from the provinces. From the moment I reached Euston I was filled with a strange loneliness and a sense of my own unimportance. As I walked through the West End my loneliness grew with every step.

What I would have given for the sight of a familiar face, or the sound of a familiar voice!

I had almost decided to hurry to Euston and catch the last train back to Manchester, when the bright lights and cheerful foyer of one of London's super-cinemas attracted me, and I went inside.

There, on the screen, were the faces I had longed for—looking just the same as they did on the screen of my humble little cinema at home. I listened to voices as familiar to my ears as my own, and my heavy heart was filled with joy by the cheerful smile and dancing feet of my favourite comedian.

Two hours later as I walked to my lodgings, my step was lighter and I hummed the theme-song of Jack Buchanan's latest success. London felt fine!

It was then that I realised how much we filmgoers owe to the pioneers and producers who have made it possible for us to know these charming people.—*John W. Hill, 62 Hereford Road, Bayswater, W.2, who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

Honourable Letter

● Excuse, please. To-night I see for first time honourable detective, Charlie Chan, and number one son, Keye Luke, and am so sorry have missed earlier investigations.

Would suggest Chief Mr. Zanuck think twice before deciding to end Charlie's philosophic unravelling of further baffling crimes.

Remember, plenty cases have bred familiarity, if Honourable Charlie pack up, all will be sorry later when absence will be surely felt.

Number one son will be lost without illustrious father—please, cannot Charlie Chan carry on?—*Edward H. Nash, 92 Dunch Lane, Melksham, Wilts.*

Anns

● The name Ann and its equivalents seem to be highly successful in the film world, both in personal names and in the titles of films.

For instance: (Names) Anne Shirley, Ann Sheridan, Ann Harding, Anna Neagle, Anna Lee, Anna Sten, Ann Dvorak and Baby Ann Ibbetson. Perhaps we could even add Annabella, Anita Louise and Andrea Leeds.

Then (Titles) *Anna Karenina, Anne of Green Gables, Klondike Annie, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Tug-Boat Annie.* Again we could add, *Anthony Adverse.*—(*Miss*) *Clarice Walker, 277 Cheriton Road, Morehall, Folkestone, Kent.*

[*Anyone know another name as popular?*—"*Thinker.*"]

The Giftie Gie Us

● In this day and age we see many gift coupon collecting schemes, and it seems surprising to note that the cinema has not ventured forth on such systems.

Anyway, a definite encouragement to visit the cinema regularly during the summer months, would be to know, for instance, that one would receive an umbrella or shaving set if one made twelve consecutive visits to a certain cinema.

Such an innovation would, I am sure, prove popular and profitable to the cinema and patrons in question. If such came into being, one might see at some future date—"Visit the Colossal and furnish your home." What an idea!—"*Coupon,*" *Suffolk.*

[*And what a hope!*—"*Thinker.*"]

Bouquet for Showmen

● Fans can throng in frenzied admiration of the stars, but I reserve my cheers for the true showmen of Hollywood . . . its publicity men. Hollywood's wonderful showmanship sold films in the days when "moving pictures" were crude novelties to be seen, marvelled at and forgotten.

Its showmanship turned artistic fiascos into howling financial successes, created a mighty succession of dividend-yielding stars.

Showmanship built up film finance, helped to provide that wealth which enabled films to reach the technical perfection of present times.

From every angle I consider we owe a debt of gratitude to Hollywood's publicity men.

We may deride their blatant boasting, may occasionally gasp at the extravagance of their claims, but who will deny that they keep filmdom alive, full of interest, and far removed from stagnation?

I doff my hat to them all . . . and heartily

(*Continued on page* 30)

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WHO'S WHO

David Niven

● This young British actor has an unusually colourful background. Born in Kirriemuir, Scotland, on March 1, 1909, the son of General William Graham Niven and the late Lady Comyn-Platt, he was intended for an Army career and went to Sandhurst after a preliminary education at Stowe School.

He secured a commission in the Highland Light Infantry, but resigned after five years of peace-time soldiering and left England for South America to see if the frequent revolutions of that troubled continent would provide more excitement.

He was connected with a spot of gun-running and later became a pony race promoter in New York, a journalist, a plantation manager, and an advertising canvasser. His travels took him to Santa Barbara at the time H.M.S. *Norfolk* was in port there.

He had friends among the officers and he accompanied them to Hollywood where arrangements had been made for a round of the studios.

Among the people he met in the film capital were Merle Oberon and Samuel Goldwyn, who, impressed by his good looks, offered him a screen test which was successful, resulting in a contract. He played microscopic parts in *Without Regret*, and *A Feather in Her Hat* by way of experience before scoring in his first important role in *Splendour*. He has subsequently appeared in *Rose Marie, Thank You Jeeves, Dodsworth, Charge of the Light Brigade, Beloved Enemy, We Have Our Moments, The Prisoner of Zenda, Dinner at the Ritz*, and *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*.

Doris Nolan

● Was born in New York, July 14, 1916, and was educated in a Convent in Washington and schools in New York. While at high school she joined the dramatic club and was promptly cast for the leading role in such ambitious productions as *The Royal Family of Broadway* and *Berkeley Square*, and it is her proud boast that she has never played anything less than a leading role ever since.

Her first professional experience was at the Provincetown Playhouse in her native New York, a famous nursery of dramatic talent, and later she joined Clinton Hollow Theatre Players.

Soon after she went to Hollywood. She had a contract, but the studio concerned could find nothing suitable for her at the moment and she decided to fill in time by playing the title role in a production at a small Hollywood theatre.

Al Woods, the well-known Broadway impresario, happened to be there on the opening night and decided that Doris was just the right type for the leading role in *The Night of January 16*, a production he was about to introduce to Broadway.

With her name in lights on the famous Great White Way, the actress was deluged with film offers. She made her screen bow in *The Man I Marry*, and she has also been seen in *Top of the Town*, and *As Good as Married*. Doris has light brown hair and hazel-brown eyes.

Lloyd Nolan

● Like David Niven, Lloyd Nolan had an adventurous career before turning to acting for a living. He was born in San Francisco on a certain August 11, and was educated in that city.

At the end of his first year at college, however, he decided to go to sea and work his way round the world.

He distinguished himself as a sailor by a slight error of navigation that ran a tramp steamer on the rocks in Marseilles, but it must have been a hoodoo ship, anyway, because when it docked in New York a few months later it burned.

He returned to college to resume his studies.

One summer he and another student did a vaudeville act, but Nolan had no real theatrical experience until 1927 when he went to the Pasadena Community Theatre, where he worked with Victor Jory and others who have since become famous in film circles.

After this experience he worked for Edward Everett Horton at the latter's repertory theatre. His work there resulted in him getting a part in a road company playing *The Front Page* (he understudied Roger Pryor, who had the lead).

From there he went to the famous Dennis Theatre at Cape Cod. He worked as a stage hand, but the experience was useful as he met Alice Brady and Sir Guy Standing. Bette Davis, incidentally, was an usherette at this theatre.

He played in stock with Helen Hayes and Pat O'Brien, then in New York in *Sweet Stranger*. In the cast was Mell Efrid, who later became Nolan's wife.

In July, 1934, he went to Hollywood under contract. Since then he has appeared in a variety of roles ranging from "heavy" to handsome hero.

Recent pictures—*Texas Rangers, Devil's Squadron, Fifteen Maiden Lane, You Can't Take Money, King of Gamblers, Exclusive, Ebb Tide, Wells Fargo, Every Day's a Holiday, Dangerous to Know, Tip-Off Girls*, and *Hunted Men*.

Lloyd Nolan is 5 ft. 2½ in. tall and has brown hair and eyes.

What Do You Think?—*Continued*

wish that British showmanship in films could keep up with the cracking pace they have set.—*"Confirmed Picturegoer," Farnham, Surrey.*

Shocking!

● For the first time in my life I have been shocked by something I saw on the pictures.

Further, all my friends (boys and girls of between 20 and 25) were just as disgusted as I was.

It was in *The Girl in the Taxi*. The scene was dated 1909 and showed the beauty chorus at the Moulin Rouge. For a beauty chorus they wore lots of clothes, but what disgusted us was the deliberate way they exposed their underwear.

My friends and I think nothing of seeing each other in our bathing costumes or shorts, which are far more revealing than the drawers these beauties exposed, so we are somewhat puzzled to know why we should have been so shocked by these girls of our grandmother's generation.—*"Miss 1938," Liverpool, 15.*

[*But imagine how shocked grandmother would have been by the "nudies" of to-day!—"Thinker."*]

Lucky Film Girl

● The luck of the average girl in search of a job compares very unfavourably with that of a film heroine.

The first time the latter looks at the classified adverts. or registers at an agent's a suitable job is vacant. We poor mortals waste stamps and fares on many a "wild goose chase."

At a moment's notice the film heroine goes off for an interview in a new outfit and with her hair beautifully set. More than likely, we find a hole has appeared in our one good pair of stockings, and yesterday's wet pavements wore our heels down. Our hair is nearing its shampoo date, and to make it look worse a curler came out in the night.

The film heroine often finds the handsome hero at the firm. We find a curious male who could only be the hero of Rip Van Winkle or the history of the Ark!—*Betty Hazelton, 35 The Chase, Coulsdon, Surrey.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

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Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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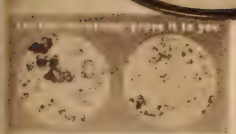
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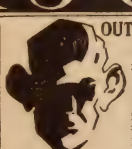
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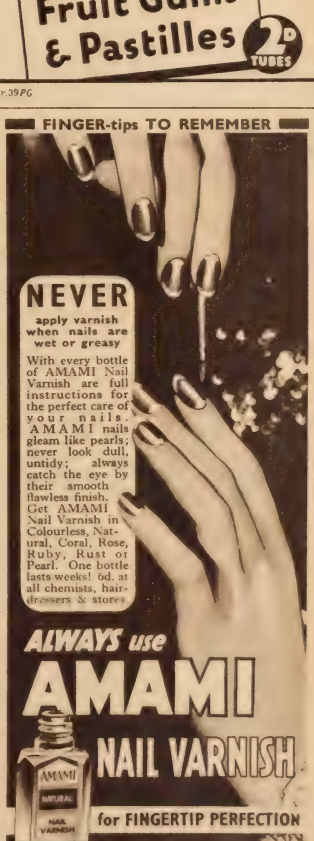
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LET GEORGE DO IT!

V. C. (Ilford).—Yes, Alfred Hitchcock, the director of *Young and Innocent*, was in the crowd scene outside the police court. (2) Some of the locations for this film were taken at Old Hertford Station.

ESSAR (Calcutta).—(1) Asterisks as follows: *Naughty Marietta, Story of Louis Pasteur, Thirty-nine Steps, Private Worlds*, three; *Alice in Wonderland*, two. (2) Deanna Durbin is scheduled for *Cinderella* and *That Certain Age*. (3) Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are now at work on *Carefree*. (4) Jon Hall, b. Fresno, California; he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 190 lb. and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He appeared in films for a short while under the name of Lloyd Crane before taking the starring role in *Hurricane*. (5) Pronounciations as follows: Marlene Dietrich, Mar-lay-ne Dee-trick; Ameche, Am-ee-chee; Luise Rainer, Loo-eese Rhyner; Schildkraut, Shild-krout.

BRISSON FAN.—(1) Carl Brisson is the son of Carl Pedersen and his wife, Kirsten Madstatter. He was amateur light weight boxing champion of Denmark and then middle-weight champion of Middle Europe and Scandanavia. He has brown hair and grey eyes and is 6 ft. 1 in. tall. His theatrical productions are as follows: first appearance on stage in 1916 as dancer with his sister in Denmark. Stage engagements commenced in London at Finsbury Park Empire, May, 1921. *Merry Widow* at Daly's, May, 1923. Went on tour and then appeared in same role at Lyceum in March, 1924. Toured in *Katja the Dancer* in Aug., 1924. Appeared in *The Dollar Princess* at King's, Glasgow, in Dec., 1924. Same part at Daly's, Feb., 1925. *Cleopatra* at Daly's, June, 1925. *Yvonne*, Prince's, Manchester, Dec., 1925. Toured in *The Apache*, Sept., 1926; and played same part at Palladium, Feb., 1927. On Tour in *The Swordsman*, Dec., 1927. *Wonder Bar*, Savoy, Dec., 1930. On tour, *Merry Widow*, Jan., 1932. Same part at London Hippodrome, Sept., 1932. Commenced film career and now working for a Danish Film Company.

K. R. (Wolverhampton).—Addresses as follows: Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power and Barbara Stanwyck, Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.); Fredric March, Selznick International (U.S.A.). A letter to America costs 1½d., but an English stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Money Order from your local Post Office, who will tell you the required amount, and enclose it in your letter to the star.

L. J.—(1) Ralph Reader is not married and is not scheduled for any more films at the moment. (2) Gina Malo, b. June 1, 1909.

FLYNN POWELL FAN (London)—(1) Yes, *Lovely to Look At* is the new title for *Thin Ice*. (2) *In Old Chicago*, released Oct. 3, 1938. (3) Errol Flynn, b. June 20, 1909, Ireland, is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 180 lb. and has brown hair and eyes, married Lili Damita. His latest film is *Four's a Crowd*, with Rosalind Russell; Patric Knowles and Olivia de Havilland. (4) Eleanor Powell, b. Nov. 21, 1913, Springfield, Mass. She is 5 ft. 5½ in. tall, weighs 122 lbs., has chestnut hair and blue eyes, is not married. She is at present making *Lucky Star*.

M. A. G. (Ilford).—Harry Roy is 5 ft. 6 in. tall.

GALAHAD'S ADMIRER (Leeds).—(1) Michael Curtiz directed *Kid Galahad*. (2) The film company have no information as to whether Bette Davis sang herself in *Kid Galahad*. (3) We have not published any articles on Humphrey Bogart or Wayne Morris before 1937. A photograph of Humphrey Bogart is obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 for 3d. each or 2s a dozen. (4) Wayne Morris, b. Feb. 17, 1914. He is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 190 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Is scheduled for *Valley of the Giants*. (4) Jon Hall, b. Fresno, California, is 6 ft. 2 in tall, weighs 190 lb. and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Scheduled for *Cardigan*. (5) Humphrey Bogart, b. Jan. 23, 1899, is 5 ft. 10½in. tall, weighs 150 lb and has dark hair and brown eyes. Latest films: *Crime School* and *Hell's Kitchen*. (6) Bette Davis, b. April 5, 1908, she is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, weighs 108 lb. and has fair hair and blue eyes. Latest film *Jezebel*. (7) Vivien Leigh, b. Nov. 5, 1913. Latest film, *St. Martin's Lane*. (8) Greta Garbo, b. Sept. 18, 1906; she is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 125 lb. and has blonde hair and green eyes.

G. T. (N. Wales).—Latest films and companies: Miriam Hopkins, *Comet Over Broadway* and *We Are Not Alone* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A); Jean Arthur, *You Can't Take It With You* and *Golden Boy* for Columbia (U.S.A.); Madeleine Carroll, *Blockade*, United Artists (U.S.A.); Gary Cooper, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, Paramount (U.S.A.); Ronald Colman, *If I Were King*, Selznick International (U.S.A.).

FLYNN FAN (Reading).—Errol Flynn's latest film is *Four's a Crowd*, with Rosalind Russell, Patric Knowles and Olivia de Havilland. He is scheduled for *Because of Man* (Sister Act) and *You Can't Escape Forever*.

TAYLOR FAN (Winchmore Hill).—Robert Taylor is scheduled for *Give and Take*, *Hands Across the Border* and *Northwest Passage* after *Three Comrades*. (2) David Tree's films include: *Knight Without Armour*, *Paradise for Two*, *The Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel* and *The Drum*. Write to him c/o London Film Productions (Eng.).

HENRY HULL FAN (Cork).—Birthdates as follows: Henry Hull, Oct. 3, 1890; William Hall, March 4, 1909; Francis L. Sullivan, Jan. 6, 1903; Ralph Richardson, Dec. 19, 1902. (2) Clifford Mollison, Zelma O'Neal, Renee Houston, W. H. Berry, Edward Chapman, Edmond Breon, Finlay Currie and The Western Brothers took the chief roles in *Mr. Cinderella*.

ROBESON FAN (Kent).—(1) Paul Robeson, b. April 9, 1898, married Eslanda Cardozo. (2) Nelson Eddy, b. June 29, 1901. Their photographs can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, address above for 3d. each or 2s. 6d. a dozen.

DIANE AND GILLIAN (Tiverton).—(1) George Sanders' latest film is *International Settlement*. (2) Ray Milland, b. Jan. 3, 1905, Neath, Glamorganshire, Wales. He is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, has dark hair and eyes and is married to Muriel Weber. (3) Kenneth Howell, b. Los Angeles, Nov., 1917. He has fair hair and dark blue eyes and is 5 ft. 9 in. tall, latest film *Love on a Budget*. (4) Anthony Bushel has not made a film since the *Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel*.

GENE AUTRY FAN (Norfolk).—Gene Autry is married to Ina Mae Spivey. Write to him, c/o Republic Studios (U.S.A.).

INQUISITIVE (N.16).—Robert Taylor is scheduled for *Give and Take* with Maureen O'Sullivan; *Hands Across the Table* and *Northwest Passage* after *Three Comrades*.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or actors' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

THE BRITISH DEANNA DURBIN FAN CLUB welcomes new members of all ages. This club has a magazine and a signed photograph of Miss Durbin will be given free to all new members with a correspondence list. During August and September there is a special offer to all members who introduce six new members. The member will receive a 10 x 8 Portrait of Deanna Durbin. The club also has a special department for film problems and also one that enables members to buy goods at wholesale prices. For people living in London and Birmingham the following branches have been started—Miss R. Jarvis, 20 Rosalie Street, Brookfields, Birmingham and Mr. B. Clay, 37 Montague Road, Dalston, London. Branches are required in the following towns, Slough, Brighton, Dundee, Exeter, Glasgow, Maidenhead, Windsor and also in America and South Africa. For further details write to the Secretary, Gerald P. Ellis, 22 Sussex Place, Bath Road, Slough, Bucks.

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The Hon. Sec. of the Wolverhampton Branch of the BILLY COTTON CLUB will be pleased to hear from all readers who are interested. Write to Sidney S. Wootton, 78 Bilston Street, Wolverhampton for full particulars.

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The latest issue of the Gee Magazine, the official organ of THE GEORGE ELRICK FAN CLUB is now ready. All enquiries re this club should be addressed to Miss Joan Funnell, Station House, Wandsworth Common, S.W.12.

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It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. When writing to a club in America an English stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Money Order from your Local Post Office, who will tell you the required amount, and enclose it in your letter to the club.

No. 368 (New Series) Vol. 8. June 11, 1938.

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Picturegoer 28/5/38 .....



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Think about the beauty box first. It is an advantage to have an actual box for your accessories—either the kind you can buy in the shops in a pretty pastel tinted tin, or one of your own devising. It keeps all the stuff together—a great consideration in a small cabin shared with another girl—and prevents any mishaps whereby your best evening dress gets mixed up with a pot of face cream.

First is the question of sunburn, even if you are going northwards for your cruise. There is a lot of reflected light at sea which can burn just as surely as Mediterranean sun. If you wish to tan swiftly and evenly, a bottle of a non-oily sun lotion is probably the best investment. It is important that it is a non-greasy variety so that it will not spoil your sun suit or your swimming suit.

If your skin is sensitive, you could use one of the cream preparations that come out of a tube. Used in moderation they help to give you tan without reddening first, or used more generously they prevent tanning altogether and preserve a milk-and-roses effect.

Yet another alternative is the foundation cream, containing protection against the burning rays of the sun. This, of course, is a space economy as one pot does the work of two things.

If you are going southwards, a bottle of some preparation against gnat bites can make considerable difference to the enjoyment of your holiday. Remember a pair of sunglasses, or an eye shade. You will need one or the other to prevent the harmful effects of glare which not only produces headaches but wrinkles and crows-feet as well.

Sun wear and evening clothes come first in considering your outfit. You will dance every evening, and so need several evening dresses. However attractive the fashionable full-skirted period frock may be, it is not suitable for shipboard dances. It packs badly and takes up a lot of room and needs a lot of attention in the way of ironing to keep its pristine freshness.

Choose good-tempered dresses. Lace, for instance, is the best cruiser, I know. It never creases and it never suffers from damp and heat. You will need an evening coat as well. The tight-fitting waisted coat of to-day is slim and attractive, and you will find it very useful next winter in the dancing season.

Take two swimming suits, and buy the very best you can afford. If your figure is not as good as you would like, you can get a suit in which lastex yarn is incorporated, or, alternatively, if you are frankly plump, a swimming girdle and a brassiere for wear beneath the swim suit will give you a much trimmer appearance.

For wear between your cabin and the swimming bath, and for use before and after swimming, you need an attractive wrap. A printed fabric with a terry lining is practical, because the lining takes up the dampness and leaves the outer layer unbedraggled.

Do choose a linen suit for going ashore. There is nothing quite so practical and smart. You can always wear a dainty ultra-feminine blouse with it. With a light-weight felt hat, your shore-going kit is comfortable and irreproachable.

See that your shoes are comfortable. If you are going to some of those none-too-clean North African cities, avoid open sandals. Keep your sandals for deck wear, and be sure to take a pair of rubber soled shoes for the deck sports—not sponge rubber, however, for decks get wet and sponge rubber is slippery.

Take a pair of slacks for deck wear with some attractive jumpers and shirts, and a little sporting jacket to go over them. Pyjamas are better than nightdresses for sleeping wear. Include a nice patterned silk handkerchief to tie over your head when breezes make a hat uncomfortable.

◆ ◆ ◆

When you spread Yardley's cream upon your skin, dip your powder puff into their powder, or outline your lips with a Yardley lipstick, you may be perfectly sure that the product is the best that can be made.

I spent a fascinating afternoon last week going over their factory. I saw the beauty aids in the making and marvelled at the infinite care and regard for hygiene that characterises the whole production. Powder is carefully blended to formula, including the colours for tinting it. It is then milled and drawn by suction into drums, from whence it passes through incredibly fine silken screens as the interiors of the drums revolve. And so to the automatic fillers, which pack the boxes from the base, the lids being already in place, and a final sealing with an airtight cover.

The lipstick laboratory reminded me of a dairy with its great pans of creamy colours, waiting to be transferred to the small silver pots in which they are finally heated and smoothed and then passed to the machine which shapes them.

But it isn't all machinery. Yardley's are firm believers in the personal touch, and each product receives a good deal of personal inspection before it is finally passed out as worthy of the name it bears.

◆ ◆ ◆

Traveller (Clapham).—Use Phillips' Magnesia Texture Cream as a foundation, and you will not need to worry about sunburn or freckles. This cream cuts out the burning rays of the sun and affords an excellent protection against sun and wind alike.

◆ ◆ ◆

Seventeen (Manchester).—A cream mascara is kinder to the lashes. It keeps them soft and silky, is tear-proof and non-smarting.

◆ ◆ ◆

Two heads are better than one, and if we can help you solve a beauty problem we shall be delighted. Send your letter to Anne, c/o "Picturegoer," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Talkie Title Tales

THIS week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to M. Cooper, 13 Ripon Road, Plumstead, S.E.18, for :—

Grand Hotel
Handy Andy
Leave It To Me
Hotel Haywire

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to : Miss E. Lewis, 31 Duncan Street, St. Helens, Lancs, for :—

My Wife's Family
They Gave Him a Gun
The Crime Nobody Saw
Seventh Heaven

K. G. Bowles, 40 Lowther Road, Barnes, S.W.13, for :—

The Devil is Driving
The Edge of the World
Over She Goes
There Goes My Girl

Miss D. Thompson, 48 The Ropewalk, Nottingham, for :—

The Gorgeous Hussy
Lovely to Look At
The Awful Truth
The Imperfect Lady

Miss Jessie Whitehead, 6 Williams Terrace' Higher Bebington, Cheshire, near Birkenhead' for :—

Pennies from Heaven
Caught
Just My Luck
Counterfeit

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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Picturegoer

The Screen's [illegible] Magazine

2d WEEKLY



Rosalind RUSSELL

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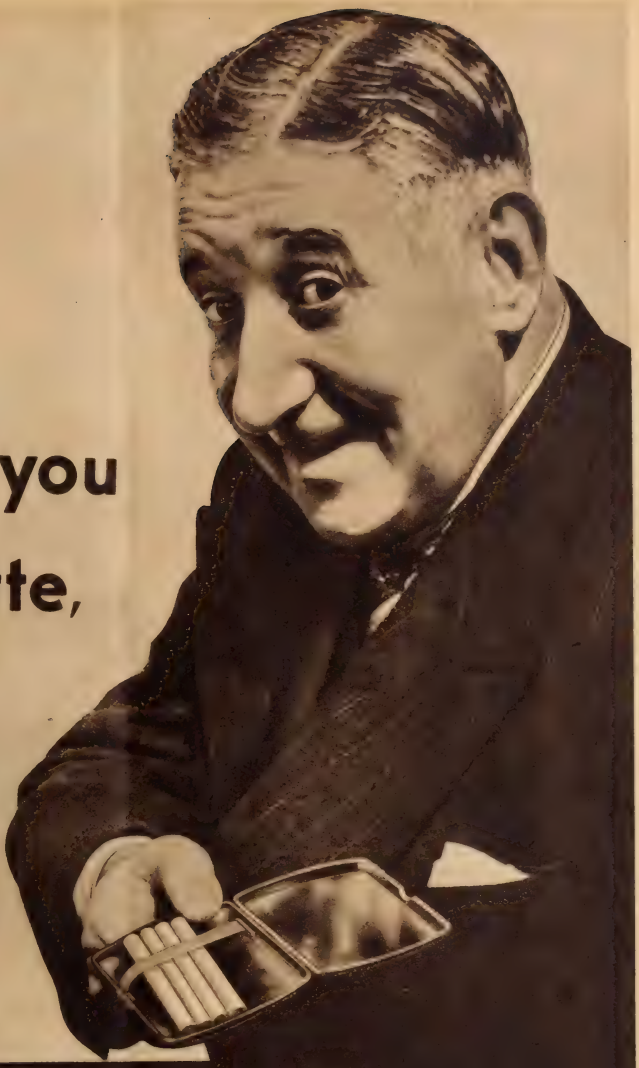


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DERRICK DE MARNEY

THE subject of this week's "special request" art plate is one of the white hopes of the British screen, though if we're not careful Hollywood may get him for good. He recently made "The Muddled Deal" in the American film capital, following his success in "Young and Innocent." He is now at work here in "The Flying Fifty-Five"

She Made up Her Mind to be AN ACTRESS

I'VE just been interviewing this Russell girl, and she's grand!

You may subscribe to the popular view that the star is at the mercy of the interviewer—which, if I may say so, is the most ineffable piffle.

Actually the exact reverse is true. If a star is good to interview, we get a good interview. If she's bad, not all our art or sweat can make the article a readable one. We might as well pack up and call it a day.

So with the usual gloomy foreboding I tracked her to her mountain erie (actually a suite of rooms in a West End luxury hotel; but why should I give it a free puff when it's never given me as much as a cigar-band? Fair's fair).

I'd gleaned from Rosalind Russell's films a curious idea that the girl was . . . well, not exactly high-hat, but just the titchiest bit snooty.

Maybe supercilious is what I mean.

Anyway, take it from me now and for always, she isn't. She's a genuine dyed-in-the-wool hundred-per-cent down-to-earth good fellow.

What is this "charm" we talk so much about? I rate it so high among the human attributes that I should like to find a satisfactory definition of it.

Perhaps the nearest we can get to it is the assumption that other people and their views and their wishes are as important as oneself and one's own.

In other words, charm is a manifestation of the rich vein of human sympathy which lightens the dross of life.

If that's it, Rosalind has quartz of charm.

In fact, her only drawback as an interviewee is that she's more interested in the interviewer than in herself . . . or subtly appears to be so. I guess that's where the actress comes in, said he modestly.

She talks, lightly, rapidly, animatedly—and she gives you the facts. You don't need a crow-bar to get her story. She hands it out to you. No wonder the Press boys and girls have given her a good break . . . out of pure gratitude.

Rosalind Russell is tall, but not so very tall; slim, but not thin; conversational but not garrulous.

She has winning manners, cordiality, and a handshake like Jean Muir's (that's as good as a passport to me), and the kind of clothes that warm the hearts of women's page editresses—which suggests that she must be acutely clothes-conscious, but I must say she gives no indication of being a clotheshorse. Far from it; she wears her clothes, instead of letting them wear her.

I don't know whether she's beautiful or not; if Dietrich's beautiful, I dare say Rosalind is not; all I know is, she completely revives the jaded glance.

We meet a lot of people in this business who seem to have strayed into it by chance; like the matador in *Carminetta*, they intended to be a picador, but they picked the wrong door.

Nothing like that about La Russell. No sir! She had it all taped right from the start.

Maybe to give you the background I'd better go back to the prosperous Connecticut lawyer and his family of seven children, of whom Rosalind was the fourth.

Prosperous I said; but not so prosperous that he could have seven hefty kids growing up to live on Dad. They had to earn their keep or else. Mamma Russell, who seems to have been



The cameraman snaps Rosalind Russell as she is being interviewed.

the Orphan's Dream of a mother (i.e., perfect at the job) had pretty decided views about what a young gentlewoman might or might not do to earn a living; and actressing came high among the might-nots.

What, dressing in rooms with gas-jets, gin-bottles, and swearing women? she said, when Rosalind tentatively broached the subject; and that was that—except insofar as Rosalind had already made up her mind to be an actress, and she is not of the breed of women who unmake their minds as readily as all that.

Much publicity capital has been made of her study of theology.

"Actually," she explained to me, "we had a theological professor, a young Jesuit who for family reasons had had to renounce priesthood, and who was terribly keen on his job; and I used to argue back at him for hours . . . which pleased my fellow-students because it gave them a chance to write letters or renovate their complexions.

"And as I had to graduate in something, I thought it might as well be theology; so I did.

"'And what,' I asked when I received my diploma, 'is the practical value of this to me?'

"'It might,' they said hopefully, 'get you a post as teacher.'

"'It won't,' said I definitely. I knew there was no money in school-teaching, and I wanted to be paid a lot of money for doing something."

As acting seemed to be about the highest-paid job, commensurate with energy expended, Rosalind set about becoming an actress . . . by guile, to circumvent the parental veto.

So she obtained permission to attend a dramatic school . . . ostensibly so that she could learn to teach elocution, deportment, and whatnot.

I grieve to admit it, but it's just such conscienceless, unprincipled little wretches who become the mainstay of the Theatre; they've got to act, if they have to perjure themselves into it!

When her six months' course was finished, she was offered a stage engagement in New York.

"How much?" she asked.

"A hundred dollars a week," they said (which is twenty good Christian pounds).

"Not enough!" she said. "I wouldn't think of it!"

How beautiful to be young, and cool, and competent, and confident, and completely crackers! (She admits she must have been completely crackers.)

Immediately after this she had another offer; her mother said: "Do you really mean they want to *pay* you a hundred dollars a week?"

"Yes, of course, Mother," said Rosalind loftily. "Why not?" And mother, shattered, withdrew her opposition.



(Right) Another of our cameraman's pictures taken in her hotel suite in London.

Rosalind Russell, here to play in "The Citadel" for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, told her mother she was going to be an elocution-teacher, and on this lie she based her career.

by

Max BREEN



In "Night Must Fall" the star showed that she had been wasted on straight "nice-girl" roles. Here was her chance to build up a character.

So Rosalind went off with a "tent show," and enjoyed every moment of it. She seems to have been a born trouper and a genuine "mixer"—which is part of what you get for having six brothers and sisters.

"The first time Mother came to see me in my dressing-room," she told me with wicked glee, "I said: 'Well, Mother, I'm afraid we've no gas-jets or gin-bottles, but I'll see if I can't rake up a couple of swearing women!'

"Mother denied she'd ever said it; but how could I possibly have invented a thing like that?"

Her next job was in *Garrick Gaieties* in New York, which later went on tour; and after a long and gruelling experience in stock she played with Mady Christians in the successful play *Talent*, and with Bert Lytell in the Theatre Guild's production of *The Second Man*.

This led to a screen test for M.-G.-M., and they signed her up, realising that here was that rarity—an American society girl who had not lost her natural polish in the hurly-burly of carving a career for herself.

The first part they gave her, in *Evelyn Prentice*, was not a prominent one, but it served to introduce her to picturegoers as a newcomer to watch.

From that point she has made steady if unsensational progress. In *The Casino Murder Case*, *The President Vanishes*, *Forsaking All Others*, *West Point of the Air*, and *China Seas*, she received increasingly important roles, until at last she was cast opposite William Powell in *Rendezvous*.

I have a feeling that it was this fact as much as anything else that gave rise to the inevitable rumour of her being "a second Myrna Loy."

I admit there is a faint resemblance; but there is only one Myrna Loy, and only one Rosalind Russell.

Then she was teamed with Robert Montgomery in *Live, Love and Learn*, and there followed *Man-Proof* and *Trouble for Two* before she came to *Night Must Fall*, which was very far from being trouble for the two most concerned—herself and Robert Montgomery.

Bob established himself as a first-class character actor instead of a wealthy screen playboy. Rosalind put into the part of the repressed "companion" a wealth of sympathetic characterisation which showed she had been wasted on straight nice-girl roles—"which, incidentally," says Rosalind, "are far more difficult to play."

In another characterisation, the title-role of *Craig's Wife*, she showed a comprehension usually exhibited only by much more mature actresses. To play a wholly unlikeable part in a manner that exacts unwilling sympathy from the audience is an achievement that marks a girl down as being exceptionally gifted.

Suicide Club and *Under Two Flags* gave her few opportunities for exhibiting her talents; let's hope she will have more scope at Denham in *The Citadel*, in which she will play opposite Robert Donat.

The Russells certainly seem to be a talented family; the eldest sister is editress of "Town and Country"; her youngest, Mary Jane, was assistant-principal of a girl's college at 20; and the others in between seem equally successful.

By the way, despite rumours to the contrary, Rosalind assures me that Mary Jane has no ambitions to become an actress. One in the family seems to be, if not enough, at any rate as much as we're going to get!

John Boles, who should know, declares that Rosalind has a fine natural singing voice; Rosalind says firmly: "I don't sing in public,"—so firmly that I didn't insist on a demonstration.

She does own up, though, to being a budding playwright; she and another girl have collaborated on a play which is in process of being "polished up," and which she hopes will see the light of day before long. She has no intention of playing in it herself, but she confided in me that she would love to play on the London stage if an opportunity occurred.



An outdoor girl, Rosalind Russell numbers riding amongst her favourite hobbies. Since childhood she has always had a horse of her own.

Rosalind is very fond of dogs, and is so devoted to her wire-haired terrier, Cracker, that she may be said, in a sense, to be still Cracker's.

An outdoor girl, she is good at most sports, but prefers riding; as a child, like her brothers and sisters, she had a horse of her own. "We looked like the Connecticut Cavalry going into action," she told me.

The chief difference between Rosalind and other Society girls who have gone into films is that most of them have expected to walk straight into success without having to work for it.

Rosalind saw what was ahead of her in the way of hard work and possible disappointment, weighed up the chances, and decided it was worth while.

I've had occasional grouches about the players Hollywood has sent us, but I have no complaints about Rosalind, who is a distinct asset to our studios.

If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have any more like Rosalind, let 'em come.

We can take it.



And here's Melvyn with his lovely wife, Helen Gahagan, and their son, Peter.

I Hate

Melvyn Douglas with Marlene Dietrich, to whom he made love in "Angel."

ON the sound stage where *There's Always a Woman* was in the making, I was treated to the stirring spectacle of Melvyn Douglas in bed. In the companion twin bed was collapsed Joan Blondell. Neither of them looked very pretty. Knowing but little of the laugh-every-minute script of this new rib-tickler, I was easily persuaded that Melvyn and Joan had been night-clubbing it hilariously and were now, supposedly, sleeping off the results for the camera.

The process, I repeat, was not pretty. Joan's hair was tumbled and tousled. Melvyn's hair, unbrushed, plain *straggled*. He didn't aid glamour any by making disgusted-by-the-way-he-was-feeling faces. One of his feet protruded from beneath the blankets. Now if there is one aspect of the male less enticing than another it is the sight of the male foot, unshod. Melvyn accentuated this slap-in-the-face-of-romance by continuously wiggling his big toes.

The scene was shot. The director called "Let's print it!" Joan arose, as from heavy slumber and, still in character, tottered over to her portable dressing room. Melvyn stretched, groaned, spied me on the side lines, shrugged into a robe, flapped over to his dressing room with me, trying ineffectually to protect his bare shanks from a driving rain.

He muttered, "I'll never get used to the state of dishabille one sees and in which one is seen on any studio lot."

A handsome, well-set-up man, six feet two and one half inches tall, tan hair, hazel eyes, plenty of masculine sex appeal, the look of one who belongs to the Best Clubs and knows the Best People, Melvyn was not, at the moment, looking his best.

I tried to start something by saying, "You don't look so very pretty——"

"Thank God!" cried Melvyn, gratefully. "Thank God! You flatter me where I need flattery the most. I do not look pretty, huh? Fine! But I do look like a chap getting over a nasty hang-over, don't I?"

I said that he did, indeed.

"Swell!" said Melvyn, exhaling satisfaction. "That's just what I'm supposed to be doing. And what a relief it is to be allowed to look like and act like the character I'm playing. The screen has too many beautiful men who are paid to be aphrodisiacs, not actors.

"I hate romance," said Melvyn over the lunch trays in his dressing room where, as a slight concession to what is expected of an actor, he had slicked back his hair, "I'm sick of romance, fed to the teeth with it. I hate the prettying-up process which is part of Hollywood. Sentimentality, lush sex-appeal, too much 'production value' are the fungi which eat the life out of the good solid wood, the sound medium of pictures.

"I hate scenes in pictures where, after battling the elements for hours, the stars turn up, the girl manicured, permanently waved, the man done up in What the Smart Man Should Wear in a Blizzard, shaved and sleek.

"Too much of the general publicity about Hollywood stars is of the same sticky sort. The actor, it seems, *must* talk about his heart-throbs, his love-life, his marriage, why his marriage is successful or, better still, why it is not. Or we are uplifted by double-page art spreads showing the actor in his best act of Being Good To His Mother or hanging over a garden wall chucking his wife under the chin. It is conceivable that an actor may be a versatile fellow with ideas about politics, Surrealist Art, economics, fine sewing. I don't believe that the fans want to be deluged with sugar-drip and treacle. And if they do, they shouldn't.

"Of course, there's a difference between sentiment and sentimentality. There is nothing finer in the world than the right relationship between mother and child. But when this relationship is exploited for the commercial purposes of, say, Mother's Day, it becomes sentimentality sold down the river and is abominable. I'll say this for the fathers of America," laughed Melvyn. "Father's Day has been an admirable flop—they've never been able to pull it off.

"I don't want to paint myself an *Old Scrooge* when it comes to sentiment. That's just it. I don't want to paint myself at all and I don't want to *be* painted. I want fans who buy me over the ticket counter to know what they are buying. I want to tell the truth about myself, and by criminy, I'm doing it now. I have a reasonable amount of sentiment, I hope. I always remember to send my wife flowers on our anniversaries. I remember the time and the place we first met, the colour of the gown she wore, the music we danced to. But we do not always dance to that music—and that's what I mean. I may not be an A. A. Milne to his *Christopher Robin* in relation to my son, but I do read him nursery rhymes and play with him on all fours, and Peter seems to feel that I give satisfaction as a father.

"After all, my youthful dreams were all of becoming a poet, dwelling in an Ivory Tower. My father wanted me to become a musician like himself; my mother hoped I would be a lawyer. My father took me to every concert in whatever part of the world we were in, steeped me in Brahms and Beethoven; my mother took me to hear great jurists plead and argue. Somewhere between the two extremes, between the softness and sentiment of music the passionless precision of the Law should be. I think, the right attitude toward life.

"Sentiment, romance, love are parts of life, of course, essential and in their places, exquisite. But we cannot spend all of our life perpetually striking one pose, for ever posturing as idiot *Eroses* in the pale-blue moonlight. There are other things to do and other things to be."

A complex personality, this Douglas, with many other things in his life; many talents, many moods, many convictions and passions and prejudices. There is nothing naive about Melvyn Douglas. He has asked all of the questions and made most of the answers. A sophisticated man, with a thorough knowledge of the world, he naturally prefers to be a knowledgeable person in his work.

The son of Edouard Hesselberg, internationally known concert pianist and composer, and of Lena Shackelford, of Kentucky, who traced her English-Scottish ancestry back to the Black Douglases of Scotland, the boy was born with rich, conflicting strains in his blood, with impulses toward a variegated, rich-textured life. Born in Macon, Georgia, he spent his early





Romance —says MELVYN DOUGLAS

Who, in one of the frankest star interviews ever published, denounces Hollywood's synthetic sex appeal, gimcrack glamour and its "too many beautiful men who are paid to be aphrodisiacs not actors."

Whether he likes it or not, Melvyn Douglas is handsome enough for any hero role—a recent studio portrait.

years there. He spent, later, a year in Germany; attended schools in many parts of the United States and Canada; knew the War years in a medical corps stationed at Fort Lewis, Washington; became an actor because, at loose ends after the War, he chanced to run into an old acquaintance, an actor, in Chicago, who persuaded him to join his school of acting. So, with this troupe, there were some years of repertory in the Middle West, two seasons with Jessie Bonstelle, later his own stock company. He ultimately arrived on Broadway in the stage production of *A Free Soul*, in the role Clark Gable later was to do on the screen.

He had, during those repertory years, a thorough training in Shakespearian roles and loved and still loves Shakespeare "because he's lusty and eloquent." Catholic in all of his tastes, he also enjoys the antics of W. C. Fields and Jimmy Savo; loves Shelley's poetry, reveres the memory of the late great Eleanora Duse, believes that Garbo is "the only one in the film colony who is genius-touched," has yens for symphony concerts topped off with nut sundaes in a corner drug store.

A restless soul, his interests are as avid as they are different. He might have become a doctor, a lawyer, a musician, an engineer, a poet. Failure couldn't pin him to the scene of the crime nor can success clip his wings when he feels like trying them. Even after he scored in such screen successes as *As You Desire Me* and *She Married her Boss*, he kept disappearing from the Hollywood scene; going back to the stage, producing plays, taking long sea voyages until the Town Criers of Hollywood began to speak of him as "an enigma," a rising star who wouldn't stay "riz."

Melvyn believes that the screen is an Art. He disagrees with the captious critic who once wrote that pictures leave you nothing to remember them by, that you forget any picture three days after you have seen it. He said, "I have seen pictures I shall never forget, performances which are as vivid to me to-day as on the day I first saw them—*Broken Blossoms*, *The Birth of a Nation*, *Intolerance*, *Sunrise*, and more recently Spencer Tracy's *Captains Courageous*, Garbo's *Camille*. But, people say, pictures become old-fashioned so soon. What of it? The mechanics of pictures may be dated, but again what of it? Does a Dickens manuscript lose value because the binding is antiquated?"

Melvyn cares more for the critical appreciation of the few than for the uncritical adulation of the many which can offer incense to a profile as well as to a performance. He distinguishes sharply between notoriety and that rarer stuff which may honestly be called Fame. He would, like Bob Montgomery, prefer to play a murderer, an idiot, an uncalcimined human being, however glamourless, than to be the idol of a million mooning maidens. He has the makings of a fanatic, but will never become one because his sense of humour is as strong as his sense of wrongs to be righted. "Besides," he said, "I would look so out of place on a soap box."

He is spur-of-the-moment, too, when he meets people. He takes immediate and violent dislikes or likes to people on sight. He always notices the hands and eyes of new acquaintances first and is at once attracted or repelled. . . . "I've been right lots of times on these hunches," he says "and wrong, ditto. . . ."

His studios, Columbia and MGM, call the rather dignified Mr. Douglas "a pet." This seemingly incongruous label is fastened upon him because the girls in the studio publicity departments told me "he is so co-operative and so nice about being co-operative. He'll talk about anything. He's never pompous. He never acts 'important.'"

The call came for Melvyn to return to the set. He rumpled his hair, said good-bye, sighed "and so to bed," and was gone.

"How did you like Melvyn?" asked the girls in the publicity department.

"Melvyn," I said—and meant it—"is a pet."



A "Toy Wife" and her husband. Luise Rainer is Douglas' wife in the new film of that title.

★ All the Gossip

TWILIGHT of the GOLDEN AGE



The cry now is for "new faces" (see this page). Eleanor Hansen supplies a decorative one—and those legs might make even Marlene jealous.

- No More Big Money Stars
- Hollywood's "New Faces" Policy
- Mary Meets New Mrs. Fairbanks
- Wedding Bells for Carole?

HOLLYWOOD is now engaged on its biggest star-building programme for years. The reason is the falling off in attendances and the heavy slump in present stellar stock.

Faced by disaster, the film kings have at last been compelled to tackle those astronomical production costs. The use of moderately paid unknowns in the place of highly paid established players will, they consider, not only reduce expense considerably, but will provide new faces to stimulate the wilting box-office.

This move marks the end of the epoch of fabulous film salaries. When the existing contracts of the big stars run out the Golden Age will be over.

The contracts now being given to their probable successors call for far smaller increases as the artiste grows in popularity.

None of the newcomers will ever get into the £30,000-a-picture class; most of them will not exceed a top of £5,000 a picture.

So while the four-figure-a-week stars wait apprehensively for the coming of their next option day, screen youngsters are getting chances for which they would have had to wait for years in the past.

Extra Makes Good

● Leading exponent of the new policy is veteran Adolph Zukor, of Paramount. His studio has promoted Harriet Hilliard from the stock school to the feminine lead opposite Fred MacMurray in *Coconut Grove*, and the virtually unknown Erin Drew to the heroine role in Bing Crosby's *Sing, You Sinners*. Louise Campbell appears opposite Ray Milland in *Men With Wings*, probably the most ambitious picture on the company's present schedule. In an important role in the same film is Cheryl Walker, a Pasadena college girl and beauty queen, who has never before appeared in a picture.

Bob Hope is starred in *Give Me A Sailor*. Other players who are being groomed for stardom on the lot are Dorothy Howe, an extra six months ago, Florence George, John Howard, Tito Guizar, and Donald O'Connor.

The studio reckons that the £50,000 a year it is saving as a result of the departure of Marlene Dietrich will practically cover the salaries of all the new players mentioned.

Make a Note of These Names

● Here, for your notebook, are the names the rest of Hollywood is relying on to carry it through the present crisis :—

M.G.M. : Dennis O'Keefe, Ilona Massey, Lana Turner.

Warners : Marie Wilson, the Lane Sisters, and John Payne (who took Dick Powell's place when that star refused to make *Garden of the Moon*.

Twentieth Century-Fox : Marjorie Weaver, Richard Greene, Arleen Whelan, Lynn Bari and Lurline Uller, a former extra who used the money she earned "in the crowd" over a course of five years to take dancing lessons.

Selznick : Margaret Tallichet, Paulette Goddard, Toni Noviska and Alan Marshall.

Radio : Ann Miller, Lucille Ball.

The cry to-day is not only for new faces, but for radiant youth. As one producer said recently: "Ask young people what they think of some of the stars who have been before the public for ten years or more. Half a dozen famous stars I know would get a shock if they heard the reply which is usually : "'That old lady, why, she's as old as Methuselah !'"

Film Party Drama

● Not since the days of the famous Gloria Swanson-Marquis de la Falaise-Constance Bennett triangle has Hollywood enjoyed so tense a situation as that which arose at a recent party, thrown by Gloria herself.

Most of the leading lights of the film colony were present, including both Mary Pickford and the present Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, sen.

The two women had never previously met. Nobody undertook the task of introducing them. All the other feminine guests held their breath and wondered what would happen. Mere males edged nervously towards the exits.

Mary handled the situation coolly. Walking over to the ex-Lady Ashley she smiled, held out her hand and said : "I think we ought to know each other."

New Deal for Gargan?

● I wonder if his reappearance on the M.G.M. lot in Robert Taylor's *The Crowd Roars* will mean a new deal for William Gargan.

An attractive screen personality and a first-class actor, Gargan is one of those players whose neglect by producers makes one more than

unusually impatient with the movie kings' eternal cry for new talent.

They say that he got off on the wrong foot in films. His advent at Metro in *Rain*, some years ago, was accompanied by fanfares, but he left amid chilly silence at the end of the production.

The reason, according to the gossips, was indiscreet comment on the qualifications of Joan Crawford for the role of Sadie Thompson. His theories on the subject were subsequently confirmed by the critics, but from that time on his career has strangely failed to progress.

His return to the M.-G.-M. fold would suggest that all has been forgiven and forgotten.

Petticoat Averts Panic

● There's an interesting story behind the fact that June Lang wears a cotton petticoat in her latest picture. June, it seems, is fond of sun-bathing, but whenever she basks too long her body gets full of electricity.

When she reported to work after a week-end devoted to sun worship she discovered that the electricity made her clothes cling to her figure.

Executives took one horrified look at her, thought about the Hays office and decided that something must be done.

Someone suggested that the only solution was the cotton petticoat, cotton being a non-conductor of electricity.

This particular type of garment is hardly the current rage in Hollywood. It took them two hours to find one—the property of one of the wardrobe women, who was persuaded to do a "strip" in the cause.

Typed as Corpse

● Without knowing anything about the plot we laid a bet last week that Robert Young, M.-G.-M.'s forgotten man would have to yield Rainer to Melvyn Douglas when the time came for the fade out on *The Toy Wife*.

If any of you took us on it is time to pay out; Bob dies in the last reel.

Young has had to be a corpse in two successive pictures prior to this and he's worried about it. Says he's afraid he's being typed.

Luise Rainer, by the way, is now the occupant of the late Jean Harlow's dressing-room.

Luise, apparently is not superstitious. The dressing-room was redecorated for Margaret Sullavan, but Margaret, after it had been announced that she had accepted it, never moved in; she was afraid, it was stated, of the "hoodoo."

Luise has a new contract under which she will work in films only six months every year—from April to October.

Hollywood's Best-Dressed Women

● There are still indomitable souls with courage enough to compile lists of the "ten best-dressed women stars." Latest is Dolly Tree, the well-known gown designer.

"Hollywood is filled with well-dressed women," she says. "But it is naturally impossible for every woman to wear every type of gown equally well. For that reason I feel it is only fair to select those few who stand out in their particular class :—"

NORMA SHEARER : For her impeccable grooming, the faultless suitability of her costume for the occasion to which it is worn.

JOAN CRAWFORD : For her smart individuality and daring.

MYRNA LOY : Her knack for being extremely smart, without being bizarre.

ROSALIND RUSSELL : The perfect sports-woman. An ideal example of clean-cut womanhood. Excels everyone in the manner she wears tweeds.

CAROLE LOMBARD : The last word in sophistication and sleekness. She puts her clothes on, and then forgets them.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN : A perfect example of the piquant type of woman. Her clothes show infinite good taste in their simplicity of line, and uniqueness of colour combination.

JANET BEECHER : The perfect example for matronly woman to follow. Pays strict attention to grooming. Hair and finger-nails always faultless. Chooses colours to blend in with her own colouring, rather than vivid hues. Dresses with becoming charm.

KAY FRANCIS : For the manner in which she carries extremely rich fabrics and luxurious furs. Especially superb in evening attire.

CONSTANCE BENNETT : The ultimate in smart sophistication for any occasion.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS.

If you came home and saw your wife in lover-like conversation with another man what would you do? Warren William, Gail Patrick and William Lundigan in a dramatic moment from "Suspicion."



Phil Lonergan Sends It Hot from Hollywood

Clark and Carole for Altar

CAROLE LOMBARD and Clark Gable will trot to altar—or a justice of the peace—before end of year, according to reliable information.

Marriage may even take place within next fortnight.

◆ ◆ ◆

Ten dimes may make a dollar, but it took only one to make a dollar for Bill O'Toole.

The Beverly Hills youth was standing outside a market watching Clark Gable do his shopping. As the order was filled, star turned toward Bill, thinking him to be a grocery clerk, and asked him to carry the bundles to his car. At the same time he handed the boy a dime.

Bill eagerly obeyed. He was immediately bombarded with bids for the "Clark Gable" dime. It went to the highest bidder for a dollar !

◆ ◆ ◆

Herbert J. Yates, president of Republic Pictures Corporation, was guest of honour at banquet at which he was presented with a 500 dollar imported watch, purchased from contributions made by his employees.

Mr. Yates left the watch beside his plate while he danced. When he returned the watch was gone, and, up to this writing, has not been recovered !

◆ ◆ ◆

Hollywood celebrities participated in a soft ball game at Fiedler's Sunset Field in Hollywood. The receipts were turned over to the Hollywood Guild, which does philanthropic work among film people.

The players included George Raft, Henry Fonda, Lanny Ross, Jackie Coogan, George Murphy, Frank Albertson, Benny Rubin and Bob Burns.

◆ ◆ ◆

Merle Oberon is back from England, greatly surprised to learn that she and David Niven are "madly in love."

Actress says she is devoted to her career.

David appears to feel same way. He was week-ending in Palm Springs at the time, evidently uninterested in the actress's return.

◆ ◆ ◆

Richard Phillips, 112-year-old extra appearing in *The Valley of the Giants*, asked to be taken over to an adjoining set to meet the Busby Berkeley beauties filming *Garden of the Moon!*

The ancient was amazed at the girls' pulchritude, and exclaimed that they were prettier than Lotta Crabtree. Lotta was a stage belle of 90 years ago !

◆ ◆ ◆

Picture celebrities are enthusiastic racing devotees, and many attended recent Kentucky Derby at Louisville.

Attracted to the city by the stars' presence were many thieves.

The result was that Joan Bennett had $25,000 worth of jewels stolen from her hotel room, whilst David Butler, director, and Mrs. Butler, lost $5,000 in gems. Butler jewellery was recovered when police arrested man from Miami, Florida, who was attempting to sell them.

◆ ◆ ◆

Anita Louise has hit back at American Bonded Finance Company, which declared she was wife of Jack Jaccard, actor and director, and thereby jointly liable for unpaid rent of apartment owned by company.

Anita proved she was not Jaccard's wife, has sued the company for $100,000 damages, charging malicious prosecution, and declaring she was held up for ridicule and injured in her profession.

◆ ◆ ◆

William Powell has purchased love birds, two female and one male, and has established them in ornamental cage outside one of his living-room windows.

Now he has more love birds, he does not know how many, although he has heard chirps in both nests, but the entrances are so small and the nest houses are so dark that he cannot see inside them.



Daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll. Lady Rosemary has golden-brown hair, blue eyes and a pink and white skin.

The Lady Rosemary Gresham

"MY DISCOVERY ABOUT FACE POWDER

. . . and how it solved my make-up problem"

"I USE the shade of face powder called Rachel," Lady Rosemary Gresham told us. "And after trying this shade in 7 or 8 different brands of powder, I'd picked the one that seemed best for me.

"Then Pond's brought out their new face powder. And when I heard that their shades were scientifically blended to give true skin colouring, I was so interested that of course I got Pond's—the Rachel 2 shade.

"In the box it looked very similar to the shade I was using. But on my face it gave the creamy, velvety look of lovely brunette skin. My complexion was smarter and younger than with the other face powders I'd tried. And it no longer had the faded look I'd noticed often before. From that time I've used Pond's Rachel 2, of course."

Now—scientifically blended shades—an amazing new effect!

See what a difference there is in *your* looks when you use Pond's Powder in your shade. For at last your skin has the true beautiful colouring of your type—a clear, fresh tone—younger—smarter!

Here's the reason. *Until recently, all face powders have been made without scientific knowledge of skin colouring.* But Pond's had scientists study the complexions of 200 beautiful girls under the colourscope. Then Pond's made 5 shades—each scientifically blended with hidden tints to create the perfect colouring of one type.

Try your usual shade—in *Pond's* Powder. You'll like its texture—so fine that it goes on more smoothly and clings longer than other face powders. You'll like its delicate perfume. Boxes at 1/9, 1/-, 6d.



15 RACHEL SHADES IN ONE SHOP!

Here you see the difference in tone between some of them. But only the Pond's Rachel shades were scientifically blended to give true lovely skin colouring for this type of skin.

HIDDEN TINTS! *The colourscope revealed that there is* bright blue *in glamorous blonde skin,* brilliant green *in beautiful brunette skin!*

POND'S
FACE POWDER



★ To keep your spirits up, your energy at full sail—the new Freshette-pad, given you with Atkinsons Eau de Cologne.

Jaded? what does it feel like?

The modern generation of women doesn't know what it's like to feel jaded. And none of us need *ever* know, if we keep Atkinsons Eau de Cologne always at hand. The merest touch on your forehead and behind your ears when you feel your energy fading, your spirits sinking, when you feel conscious of your nerves—and in a few moments you're soothed, refreshed, revived.



NEVER BE WITHOUT IT NOW!

And now the handy Freshette-pad is given to you when you buy Atkinsons Eau de Cologne. Sprinkle a few drops on the pad and twenty-four hours later their fragrance and freshness, their wonderful reviving powers, will still be strong enough to coax back your gaiety and sparkle. Take your Freshette-pad with you everywhere—you'll find it worth more than its weight in high spirits!

1/6, 2/6, 4/6 and upwards
(These prices do not apply in Eire)

ATKINSONS
GOLD MEDAL
Eau de Cologne

AEC 63-468

All The Gossip

(continued from page 11)

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

They're Off!

LATELY I witnessed in one day the start of two British films, each of which may in its way have a far-reaching effect on the prosperity of our studios.

One was at Denham. Now this in itself is news, because for some weeks past Denham has been as empty and echoing as a catacomb. One girl who has been down there all through the lay-off period told me if she saw anyone at the other end of one of the interminable corridors she would run towards him or her, so as not to die of loneliness.

Royal Secrets

● Now Herbert Wilcox has started work on *Sixty Glorious Years*, the companion picture to the phenomenally successful *Victoria the Great*.

Anyone who imagines that the first picture covered the great queen's reign has several more guesses coming.

This one will portray domestic incidents in the life of Victoria and Albert which the general public doesn't dream of; Herbert Wilcox tells me that as a result of the first picture he has been given far better facilities for filming the necessary State premises and much freer access to State archives.

As far as possible the same players have been cast in the same roles—Charles Carson as Lord Peel, for instance, Felix Aylmer as Lord Palmerston, and Walter Rilla as Prince Ernst, the Prince Consort's brother.

1000 Pities

● The Consort himself, needless to say, is again Anton Walbrook.

I think the fact of this being entirely in Technicolor will prevent any feeling of sameness from creeping in.

Certainly it would have been a thousand pities to have lost the brilliant colours of the scene at the royal wedding. The scarlet tunics and white knee-breeches of the men, the ladies' Court dresses, the blazing jewels, the rich draperies . . . I'll bet that scene cost something to dress!

It made a fine send-off for the picture; and an interesting ceremony took place at the altar, when, on behalf of PICTUREGOER readers, the Prince Consort presented to Anna Neagle the Gold Medal which you awarded her for her performance in *Victoria the Great*, as you can see on our centre pages this week.

Lunching and Launching

● That was in the morning; and after lunching in the Club at Denham with Anna Neagle, Anton Walbrook, Aubrey Smith (as the largest Duke of Wellington you ever saw), and Herbert Wilcox, I repaired to Welwyn Garden City to watch the launching of my second film for the day.

Lately in these devoted pages I gave honourable mention to Victor M. Greene, who has been producing Quota films for Paramount with conspicuous success, inasmuch as all but one had shown a handsome profit.

This warrior, who has established a reputation rare in film circles, I grieve to say—of getting twenty shillings' worth of value on to the screen for every pound spent, now has many more pounds to spend.

I think I've already explained to you that under a grandmotherly Government a Quota film has now to cost about double as much as it did before; we shall now see what kind of films those men make for £30,000 or thereabouts who used to make good ones for—well, very considerably less.

I Gotta Norse!

● The first thing I saw when I went into Victor Greene's office was a couple of steeplechase saddles.

I thought at first I'd wandered on to the Sandy Powell production, *I've Got a Horse*; but Mr. Greene informed me he was just getting under way with a film version of the Edgar Wallace racing story, *The Flying Fifty-five*.

This is one of the old maestro's that I never got round to reading, but it's all about owners and trainers and such.

Now this, I may tell you, is right into Victor Greene's lap, because he himself is a breeder of bloodstock (both here and in Australia), and he actually has some of his own horses working in this picture.

Him and Her

● He's certainly spreading himself on this one; look at the kind of cast he's got.

We start off with Derrick de Marney, which is a bit of a scoop, because Derrick, having made a film in Hollywood, has now to go back there and make three more; he has only time for one British picture, and this is it.

With him is Nancy Burne, who excels at being the world's conception of an English heroine of the peaches-and-cream type; she is also a good actress, and better in almost every picture I see her in.

Edgar Slipped

● Curiously enough, Victor Greene tells me, Edgar Wallace, with his encyclopaedic knowledge of racing matters, slipped up in this story by making his heroine a trainer, whereas in England no woman can hold a trainer's licence.

Marius Goring plays Nancy's young brother, given to inebriation in a gentlemanly way (i.e., without hiccoughs). If you saw young Goring as the schoolmaster who was found hanged in *Dead Men Tell No Tales*, you'll want to see him again.

There are also D. A. Clarke-Smith (such a good actor!), John Warwick (whom my colleague Max Breen interviewed a few weeks ago); Amy Veness, one of the most celebrated of screen mothers-in-law; Peter Gawthorne as Derrick's uncle; that inspired Cockney Ronald Shiner; and one of my favourite comedians, the good-natured Hay Plumb, whom I haven't seen for some time and I can't think why.

Wait for It!

● Reginald Denham is directing this one, for release by Pathe, and I'm very much looking forward to seeing it, because it's the first of the new type of Quota picture—bigger, brighter and, I confidently believe, better.

Derrick de Marney told me it was about the best script he'd had in his hands for quite a long time, and Derrick knows.

Next week I shall have a whole lot of future films to tell you about—films that look like setting a new high standard and really starting that boom we've heard so much about and we're all so anxious to see.



Lassie from Lancashire. Marjorie Browne has the title role in the new film of that title. She is seen here with Mark Daly.

Flashes from the New Films

Under his Hollywood contract Charles Boyer is only allowed to make one picture a year in France. The first one under this scheme is *Orage* which is appearing currently at the Curzon Theatre, London.

It is a brilliant study of a married man's passionate love for another woman which ends in tragedy. The psychology is excellent and the whole theme human and sincere.

Boyer's acting is excellent but it is nearly surpassed by the performance given by Michele Morgan, a newcomer to the screen, as "the other woman." She plays with a sensitiveness which is emotionally moving and possesses a personality that is particularly magnetic.

◆ ◆ ◆

Edward G. Robinson, once the grimmest of gangster portrayers, goes in for crazy comedy in *A Slight Case of Murder* and plays the role of an ex-beer racketeer who goes straight and finds himself with four corpses in his respectable house and a half a million in stolen money.

How he manages to get rid of them and make his near bankrupt business prosper as well as look after the romance of his daughter with a wealthy man's son who has become a policeman makes for riotously amusing entertainment.

Edward G. Robinson is in great form. Ruth Donnelly is excellent as his wife, and Allen Jenkins most amusing as the chief of his gang now turned respectable. Jane Bryan supplies the romance very gracefully.

Something new in crazy comedies and well worth seeing.

◆ ◆ ◆

I have never seen Shirley Temple better than she is in the very much modernised version of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Her songs—particularly one in which she recalls her former successes—and her dance routines are alike excellently put over.

In this version Rebecca is a child who shows great promise as a radio turn but has to overcome the opposition of her aunt and her scheming stepfather before she finds success.

The action is breezy and the juvenile's stars support is all that could be desired. Particularly noteworthy are Helen Westley as the Aunt and Gloria Stuart as her daughter.

Randolph Scott and Jack Haley both give good performances.

LIONEL COLLIER'S *FILM* REVIEWS



Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in the crazy court scene from the delightful comedy "True Confession."



Fanny Brice, Henry Armetta, Judy Garland and Allan Jones have a good laugh in "Everybody Sing."



James Cagney comes into his own again in "Something to Sing About." His partner is Evelyn Daw.



Glenn Morris is the latest Tarzan with another swimming champion, Eleanor Holm, as his heroine in "Tarzan's Revenge."

***TRUE CONFESSION

Paramount. American. "A" certificate. Crazy marital comedy. Runs 83 minutes.

CAROLE LOMBARD	Helen Bartlett	EDGAR KENNEDY	Police Officer Darsey
FRED MACMURRAY	Kenneth Bartlett	RICHARD CARLE	The Judge
JOHN BARRYMORE	Charley Jasper	LYNNE OVERMAN	Bartender
UNA MERKEL	Daisy McClure	JOHN T. MURRAY	Otto Krayler
PORTER HALL	Prosecutor	FRITZ FELD	Krayler's Butler

Directed by Wesley Ruggles.
Previewed January 8, 1938.

The gentle art of lying is admirably illustrated in this crazy comedy in which Carole Lombard, conscientiously keeping her tongue in her cheek, lies her way to success, having narrowly escaped being found guilty of a murder she did not commit. She has to lie some more at the end to win back her lawyer husband who has got rather sick and tired of her habit of weaving imaginary romances.

It is delightful entertainment and, although crazy in design, it is human and plausible in detail.

Carole Lombard, as the wife of a struggling young lawyer, is wholly disarming and Fred MacMurray sound, but a little heavy as her long-enduring husband.

John Barrymore provides one of the hits of the piece as a slightly demented criminologist, and clever supporting studies are given by Porter Hall, Una Merkel, Edgar Kennedy and Lynne Overman.

★ ★ ★

**EVERYBODY SING

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate. Musical extravaganza. Runs 90 minutes.

ALLAN JONES	Ricky Saboni	HENRY ARMETTA	Signor Vittorino
FANNY BRICE	Olga Chekaloff	HELEN TROY	Hillary's Secretary
JUDY GARLAND	Judy Bellaire	MONTY WOOLLEY	John Fleming
BILLIE BURKE	Diana Bellaire	ADIA KUZNETZOFF	Boris
REGINALD OWEN	Hillary Bellaire	MICHELETTE BURANI	Madame Le Brouchette
LYNNE CARVER	Sylvia Bellaire		
REGINALD GARDINER	Jerrold Hope	MARY FORBES	Miss Colvin

Directed by Edwin L. Marin.

Judy Garland sings swing songs with the air of a veteran in this crazy musical comedy in which she plays the role of a girl expelled from school who saves the family from debt by making a hit in a revue. There is no doubt that this young lady will go far.

The show itself is thin in story value, but it is cheerful enough stuff with several good individual acts and situations.

Billie Burke and Reginald Owen score, for instance, as the heroine's dithering mother and temperamentally artistic father.

Allan Jones sings excellently as a chef who is a cabaret performer in his spare time, and Fanny Brice puts over her own particular brand of humour as a maid.

★ ★ ★

**SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy. Runs 91 minutes.

JAMES CAGNEY	Terry Rooney	RICHARD TUCKER	Blaine
EVELYN DAW	Rita Wyatt	GENE LOCKHART	Bennett O. Regan
WILLIAM FRAWLEY	Hank Meyers	CANDY CANDIDO	Fuzzy
MONA BARRIE	Stephanie	PHILIP AHN	Ito
HARRY BARRIS	Pinky	DWIGHT FRYE	Easton
CULLY RICHARDS	Soloist	WILLIAM DAVIDSON	Café Manager
MAREK WINDHEIM	Farney	KAPHLEEN LOCKHART	Miss Robbins
JOHN ARTHUR	Daviani	JAMES NEWILL	Soloist with Orchestra

Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Original story by Victor Schertzinger.
Previewed February 26, 1938.

This is the best picture James Cagney has made for some time, and his ebullient personality comes over in it exceedingly well. It is back stage Hollywood stuff with music, but there is a good deal of novelty in it and it is put over with a wealth of spirited comedy.

James Cagney has the role of a successful dance band leader, Terry, who is taken to Hollywood by a talent scout. The producer's idea is not to allow him to think he is too good, so he gets disheartened and after the finish of the picture joins his girl friend, Rita, in New York, marries her, and disappears.

The studio panics, but eventually Terry is persuaded to come back and sign a contract; it stipulates that his wife must pose as his secretary.

A temperamental actress is persuaded by her publicity man to pose as his sweetheart, and this throws a monkey wrench into the machinery of matrimonial bliss. However, things are cleared up satisfactorily and Terry goes back to his dance band.

Not only does James Cagney give a good character study, but he also tap dances brilliantly. Evelyn Daw is good as his wife, and excellent support comes from William Frawley, Gene Lockhart and Mona Barrie.

★ ★ ★

c*TARZAN'S REVENGE

Twentieth Century-Fox. American. "U" certificate. Jungle melodrama. Runs 70 minutes.

GLENN MORRIS	Tarzan	HEDDA HOPPER	Penny
ELEANOR HOLM	Eleanor	GEORGE MEEKER	Nevin
GEORGE BARBIER	Roger	CORBET MORRIS	Jigger
C. HENRY GORDON	Ben Alleu Bey	JOSEPH SAWYER	Olaf
		JOHN LESPER JOHNSON	Koki

Directed by D. Ross Lederman. Story by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

The latest Tarzan is Glenn Morris, the Olympic decathlon champion, who is as athletic as one could wish, and that is what this picture calls for rather than acting.

The heroine, *vice* Maureen O'Sullivan, is another athletic champion, Eleanor Holm, the American swimming ace. Her swimming is fine but her voice and acting are not remarkable.

The supporting cast, especially C. Henry Gordon, George Meeker and Hedda Hopper, make the most of their melodramatic roles.

Fights with lion and crocodile supply excitement, and the production is technically good.

It is just the stuff for juveniles and will intrigue the not-so-grown-up as well.

c*SATURDAY'S HEROES

Radio. American. "U" certificate. Romantic melodrama. Runs 60 minutes.

Van Heflin	Val	Walter Miller	Coach Banks
Marian Marsh	Frances	Crawford Weaver	Baker
Richard Lane	Red Watson	George Irving	President Hammond
Alan Bruce	Burgeson	John Arledge	Calkins
Minor Watson	Doc Thomas	Dick Hogan	Freshman
Frank Jenks	Dubrowsky	Al St. John	Andy Jones
Willie Best	Sam	Charles Trowbridge	President Mitchell

Directed by Edward Killy. Story by George Templeton.

Another American football story in which commercialism in the game at American colleges is exposed. Neither the game nor the financial considerations are of much interest here, but the by-play provides fair entertainment of an unsophisticated order.

America's idea of sport is somewhat strange. The hero, Val, a star university football player, takes money for his services by selling complimentary tickets at a big price. He is sent down and goes to a rival college where he is engaged as coach. He clears up the financial situations by giving the players open payment, and succeeds in beating his old college.

Van Heflin is virile as the star footballer, and Marian Marsh makes the romantic element attractive.

The match scenes are well staged, although they remain quite incomprehensible to me.

★ ★ ★

c*DANGER PATROL

RKO-Radio. American. "U" certificate. Oilfield melodrama. Runs 59 minutes.

Sally Eilers	Cathie Street	Paul Guilfoyle	Tim
John Beal	Dan Loring	Solly Ward	Julius
Harry Carey	"Easy" Street	Ann Hovey	Ada
Frank M. Thomas	Rocky Sanders	Richard Lane	Pilot
Crawford Weaver	Eric Trumble	Walter Miller	Smokey Nelson
Lee Patrick	Nancy Donovan	George Shelley	Tommy Hayes
Edward Gargan	Gabby Donovan	Jack Arnold	Ed Novak
Herman Brix	Joe		

Directed by Lew Landers. Screen play by Sy Bartlett.

Excitement and suspense of a popular order are contained in this ingenuous melodrama in which Sally Eilers appears to advantage as the heroine.

The story has the advantage of novelty in that it deals with the highly dangerous but well-paid job of transporting nitro-glycerine to American oil-well centres but its plot intricacies are conventional.

John Beal gives a good performance as Loring, a "soup handler"—as the workers are called—but the honours go to that veteran Harry Carey as the heroine's father, who takes over the very dangerous assignment of transporting nitro-glycerine by air, having first knocked out Loring who had volunteered for the job.

The subsequent air crash provides a good thrill and is well photographed.

★ ★ ★

*MEET THE BOY FRIEND

British Lion (Republic). American. "U" certificate. Romantic comedy and drama. Runs 62 minutes.

David Carlyle	Tony Page	Smiley Burnette	Orchestra Leader
Carol Hughes	June Delaney	Leonid Kinskey	Dr. Sokoloff
Warren Hymer	"Bugs" Corrigan	Syd Saylor	Buddy
Pert Kelton	Neulah Potts	Selmer Jackson	Madison
Andrew Tombes	J. Ardmore Potts	Cy Kendall	Walters
Gwili Andre	Vilma Vlare	Robert Middlemass	McGrath
Oscar and Elmer	Oscar and Elmer	Mary Gordon	Mrs. Grimes
	Beverly Hill Billies		

Directed by Ralph Staub. Based on a story by Jack Raymond and Robert Arthur.

Somewhat scrappy show with a radio studio as a background and the inevitable crooner as a hero. It lacks conviction but is tuneful enough and has its fair share of laughs.

David Carlyle, as America's most popular crooner who falls in love with an English actress but is separated from her because his contract forbids marriage, is fair. His crooning is good.

Carol Hughes proves a versatile heroine as the attractive employee of an insurance company who is given the job of attracting the crooner and keeping him out of mischief. She succeeds so well that the marriage clause is washed out.

Comedy is supplied by Warren Hymer, Pert Kelton, who can always be relied on, and Andrew Tombes.

★ ★ ★

cWALLABY JIM OF THE ISLANDS

A.B.F.D. American. "U" certificate. South Seas melodrama. Runs 61 minutes.

George Houston	Wallaby Jim	Syd Saylor	Jake
Ruth Coleman	Allison	Juan Torena	Pasca
Douglas Walton	Norman	Nick Thompson	Carneli
William von Brincken	Richter	Kenneth Harlan	Haage
Mamo Clark	Lana	Edward Gargan	Morgan
Colin Campbell	Limey	Wilson Benge	Macklin
	Chris Marpin	Mike	

Directed by Charles Lamont. Story by Albert Richard Wetjen.

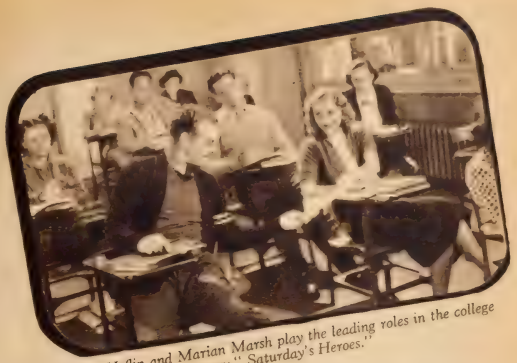
The spirited adventure in this picture is likely to appeal to boys but it is an artless affair, with more fights than surprises, ending in a hectic free-for-all.

Set in a not very convincing South Seas environment it deals with Jim, the captain of a brig, who is loved by the natives.

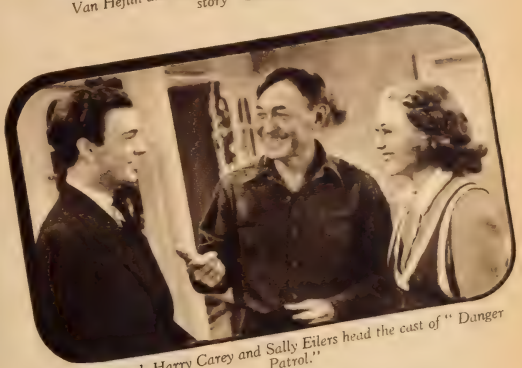
He finds a rich pearl bed but before registering it takes a girl, Allison, back to her sweetheart, Norman, his partner. On arrival he finds that Norman has gambled away his funds and that a rival, Richter, has invaded his fishing grounds.

Richter persuades Norman to help him to jump Jim's pearl fishing claim but Allison discovers the plot in time and Norman redeems himself by risking his life to save Jim.

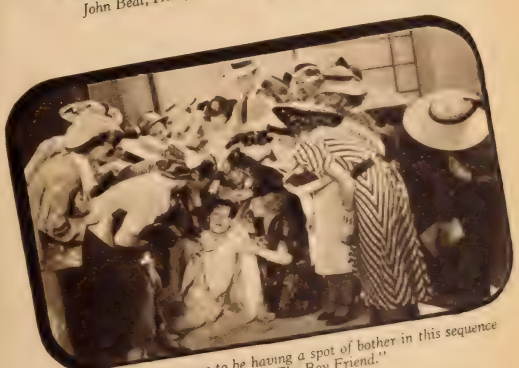
George Houston is melodramatically sound as Jim and finds time to sing amidst the fisticuffs. Ruth Coleman is adequate as the heroine, as is Douglas Walton as Norman.



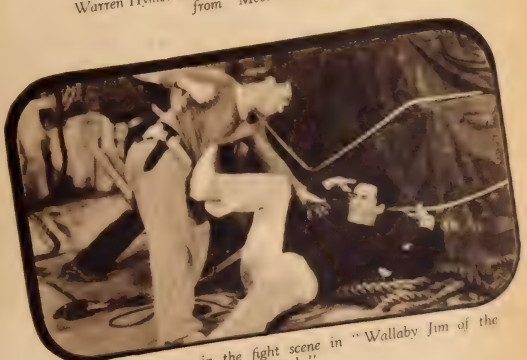
Van Heflin and Marian Marsh play the leading roles in the college story "Saturday's Heroes."



John Beal, Harry Carey and Sally Eilers head the cast of "Danger Patrol."



Warren Hymer seems to be having a spot of bother in this sequence from "Meet The Boy Friend."



George Houston in the fight scene in "Wallaby Jim of the Islands."

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I WANT A HOME and BABIES — says OLYMPE BRADNA

From early childhood Olympe has been trained to be a star. Her real ambition, however, is to be a wife and mother.

BABIES are more important than movie stardom in the opinion of Olympe Bradna.

For that reason the 17-year-old French girl, who has just been elevated to stardom by one of the major studios, intends to give up all the applause and glamour of Hollywood just five years from now.

"Marriage and a movie star's career," Miss Bradna said she was convinced, "do not mix. At least not for me. And while I'm thrilled at being given stardom, my big ambition in life is to become a good wife and mother."

The dark-eyed French girl also has definite ideas on the type of man she intends to marry, although she has not yet been allowed by her parents to have a "date."

Many of Hollywood's romantically minded young men have tried to pay court, but they have been told that Olympe will not be privileged to accept their attentions until after next August, when she will be eighteen.

"I don't know exactly the type of man I'll marry, but I do know he will not be in the show business, and most definitely he will not be an actor," explained Olympe.

"It's not that I disapprove of show people," she hastened to add. "My mother and father are show people, and so were my grandparents before them.

"They're the finest people in the world. My objection is that they find it very difficult to have a normal home life. I intend to marry a doctor, business man, lawyer, or architect; or somebody like that."

Miss Bradna said that her early life may have something to do with her opinion of desirable pursuits for husbands. She said that she wants the man she marries to live in one place and to be endowed with stability.

"As a little girl I moved from Paris to Berlin to Stockholm, and so on," she recounted. "All the time we were denied the pleasure of having a garden or being surrounded with our own furniture."

She said that one of the fine things about the show business as represented by Hollywood is the fact that it affords an opportunity to settle down and live a normal life. Actors and actresses can build homes and have families.

"A movie star in Hollywood can have a nice residence, she can work in her garden, she can even cultivate a desire for fancy pastry making," said Olympe. "I'll even say that an actress has a splendid opportunity to raise a family in Hollywood, because of these unusual circumstances.

"But," emphasised Olympe, "after I have my babies—and I hope there will be more than one—I don't want to have anything to distract me, and I can think of nothing more distracting than an acting career.

"It's all a matter of preference, however. I can well understand how another girl might feel differently about it."

Miss Bradna explained why she intended to retire in favour of babies five years after being raised to stardom in *Stolen Heaven*, which made her the first star born in 1938, because the picture went into production on January 2.

"I think that five years in front of the camera is enough for anyone," she said. "I am 17 now. That will make me 22, and I want to have my babies before I'm 30.



Olympe with her mother, who has guided her career and who tells you about the new star on this page.

It is Olympe's background that makes her "five-year plan" an unusual one.

Olympe was born and reared to be a star. The idea was kindled in her mother's mind 17 years before it occurred to Hollywood. It was she who converted the idea into reality.

Olympe's name testifies to the start of her rearing for stardom. She is named after the Olympic Theatre in Paris.

Her mother and father were appearing there in their own vaudeville act, and Olympe was born between the matinée and evening performances.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bradna come from families in which the show business is a tradition.

"It was natural that I should start at once to bring Olympe up as a future star," Mrs. Jeanne Bradna explains. "Because of my background I perhaps knew more about it than the average mother.

"There were many things I was able to teach her myself. I knew what she should read and in which subjects she should be tutored.

"First of all—and this was easy, because we were on the stage—I set about to expose Olympe to the influence of the theatre as much as possible.

"When she was just a tiny child I allowed her to toddle about back-stage and to become familiar with grease paint, mirrors, costumes, hairdressers and curtain calls.

"At this point I received help from Olympe, without which I would have been forced to give up my plans for her. She showed me plainly that she loved it all. Her greatest interest in life was the players about her. Her first words were used to comment on their conduct and performance.

"Shortly after she learned to walk, I started her dancing lessons. She took to them naturally. One day she and I were walking through the Marchée des Fleurs in Paris. I stopped to make a purchase. She walked on ahead.

"When I started walking again, I saw a crowd. As I approached I saw that they had gathered around Olympe. She was dancing. A woman at one of the flower stalls thought she was cute and had told her she would give Olympe a flower if she would dance. Olympe danced, and the crowd liked it so much they applauded.

"I was embarrassed and proud at the same time. I knew that Olympe was meant for the show business. She liked to entertain, and she liked an audience. I made it a point always to cultivate her self-confidence, because without it an actress finds it much more difficult to be natural. Olympe has always had a tendency to be shy.

"She developed best as a dancer, so I concentrated on that. When she was seven, she started dancing on the stage. At once she achieved success.

"Meanwhile, I made her study music and diction. We went to see all of the best shows. For a long time we lived on the French Riviera, and the best in the French theatre always appeared there.

"I made her read literature, concentrating on the great playwrights.

"There are certain fundamental things like health and social life that I watched over closely. For example, I have never allowed her to diet to the point of becoming thin.

"She has seldom been allowed up after midnight, and I haven't allowed 'boy friends,' unless with her mother and father. There will be plenty of time for those things later.

"When I first started this star-building programme, I met with opposition from Olympe's father. He had seen so much of the uncertainties of the show business that he wanted to spare Olympe that sort of life. He wanted to train her for the business world and a more substantial position. But I persisted, and now, when I see my faith confirmed in Paramount's elevation of my daughter to stardom in *Stolen Heaven*, I'm very happy."

But in five years' time, Olympe declares, fame can take a back seat. "I want," she says, "a home and babies."

SHOTS *with our* CANDID CAMERA







(1) *Spurred by McCarthy's success, James Cagney decides to put over a ventriloquial act with the help of Marie Wilson.*

(2) *"We're off. Just because I have to twist my mouth there's no reason why you should."*

(3) *"Darling! Don't look so dumb, think of your public, think of anything—or something!"*

(4) *"Naughty now. Remember the censor and don't forget this is a public place."*

(5) *"Was I in time? It looks as if I shall have to use the old Cagney technique with Marie."*

(6) *"Oh, that explains everything! After all, to the pure all things are pure."*











Olympe Bradna, an article on whom appears on another page in this issue, snapped near her Malibar Beach home with her dachshund, Fritz.



Joan Bennett, currently appearing in "The Texan" choose this new two-piece suit in navy blue and mustard for summer wear. The pill box hat is of shiny coarse straw.



(Right) Basil Rathbone is quiet and retiring, quite unlike the usually bumptious roles he has to play. He is seen here in his "den." He is currently appearing in "Confession."



Producer and Director Herbert Wilcox announces the presentation to the assembled players and production-unit.

"QUEEN ANNA" receives our Medal

After the opening shot at Denham of *Sixty Glorious Years*, Anton Walbrook, playing the Prince Consort, presented to Anna Neagle, as Queen Victoria, the PICTUREGOER Gold Medal for her performance in *Victoria the Great*.



"Look, there's something written on the back!" Herbert Wilcox looks as pleased as Anna.



And so to luncheon. No, I'm sorry, that's not a letter of congratulations Anna's studying so delightedly. It's the menu.



Herbert Wilcox hands the precious object to Anton Walbrook.



"Ooh!" said the Queen. "What a beauty!" while Aubrey Smith, as the Iron Duke, looks on approvingly.



"May I have a look at it?" Well, bless my soul, Your Majesty, it's yours!







A general view of the impressive wedding scene, with the clapperboy looking even more out of place than usual.



Duke Sargent (Cesar Romero), famous band leader, and his manager, Jimmy (Don Ameche), have a forced aeroplane landing in Norway, where the former makes love to Trudy (Sonja Henie), to her father's (Jean Hersholt) delight.

HAPPY LANDING

THREE exceedingly well-staged ice ballets are the main feature of Sonja Henie's latest film. The story is slight and conventional, but contains some amusing situations and the skating sequences are augmented by some tuneful numbers from a cabaret band.

Cesar Romero is cast as an American band leader, Duke Sargent, who, having to make a forced landing in his 'plane in Norway, wins the heart of Trudy Erickson, but finding she intends marriage, makes a dash for it with his manager, Jimmy Hall.

Cesar Romero gives a fine comedy characterisation as Duke, and Don Ameche is very good as his business manager who eventually wins Trudy's love after she has come to America and found out that Duke's intentions can always be relied upon to be strictly dishonourable.

As Trudy, Sonja Henie looks attractive and skates magnificently, but she has little to do in the way of acting. However, that is not so important since the plot is deliberately built up to exploit the ballet scenes.

Ethel Merman not only puts over hot rhythm very well, but also gives an amusing performance as a girl who is determined to marry Duke and who eventually traps him into attending the marriage ceremony.

Settings are very good and the band numbers and songs well put over. Backgrounds, too, are well varied. Directed by Roy Del Ruth, it is good light-hearted entertainment with a special appeal for those who are interested in skating.—*L. C.*

(Right) In the concluding sequences Sonja Henie does a sloo skating act which displays her skill to the utmost advantage.



Duke introduces his speciality singer Leah Ray.

One of the spectacular ice ballets, which are notable not only for the brilliant skating of the star, but for their artistic arrangement.











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(Above) *She can cook, too. Mrs. Korda puts the final touches to the preparation of the evening meal.*

(Left) *Gardening over for the day and David safely in bed, Joan relaxes in the library*

Gardener Gardner. Joan dons slacks to tackle some heavy spade work in her Hampstead garden.

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It's THE LIFE

The popular comedian is as amusing off the screen as he is on and he proves it in this revealing article.

by

Frank MORGAN



Left: Frank Morgan in a typical pose.

QUITE a long time ago, or perhaps it was just recently, because I have no memory for dates. Faces, perhaps, but not dates. Not even when I've been living in Palm Springs could I remember dates. Anyway, I was reading something about "Lives of a Bengal Tiger." It is tigers that have nine lives, isn't it? Quick, like a tiger, I said to myself, if a tiger has nine lives, what about me?

Things come to me sometimes like that in a flash. But they're no flash in the pan. I said to myself, Frank, I said, what has a tiger got that you haven't? Because, as a matter of fact, I have more lives than a tiger.

Nine lives is practically the only thing a tiger is notable for, so in one way I've got it all over a tiger. I never knew a tiger yet that was any good in front of the microphone. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's lion, perhaps, but not a tiger.

To get back to what we were talking about in the beginning. Are you that way, too? Does your mind travel so fast that your fingers can't keep up with it? At the typewriter, I mean. That has always been my difficulty. My thought waves flash around so much and so quickly that I just can't get it all down on paper.

I have had a lot of lives in my time and am still having them. And, for that matter, I've had a lot of times in my life. Good times and bad.

There was the time when I was the best boy soprano in New York. There was the time when I was a brush salesman. And there have been other times when I was a real estate salesman, a cowpuncher, a fireman on a tramp steamer. Ah, the things I did to try to avoid being a success!

Right now, I do my little stunt in films, and if I don't get a vacation soon I shall go berserk, which means that I shall lead still another life; I relax every Wednesday and Thursday at the broadcast studio as much as possible, but due to being mistaken for Robert Taylor so much, I find that I can't relax with any degree of comfort.

You see it was this way. I noticed Bob having an awful time signing his name for everybody, so to be helpful I started grabbing autograph books, too. When I signed "Frank Morgan" everyone seemed quite put out, so I began signing "Robert Taylor" instead.

Now half the people at the broadcast studio think I'm Taylor. In fact, Bob was almost thrown out just last Thursday, because the man on the door said Mr. Taylor had already gone in and he wasn't going to let any impostors in.

Now where were we? Oh yes, my business life. Well, once a year I have to attend a meeting of the board of directors of the Angostura Bitters Company (advt.) but I try to arrange to have the board call the meeting while I'm in the middle of a film. Or better still, in the middle of a broadcast.

So if, some Thursday, I have to break into the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer *Good News of* 1938 (advt.) radio programme to vote on some matter of Angostura policy, you'll understand. You see, bitters runs in our family. It will run in almost any family if you give it a chance, but we own the copyright. Or we did up to the last board of directors' meeting.

If I seem to be rambling, or if you've heard any of this before, stop me.

Somewhere, I think it's in Louisiana, I have some oil wells. I used to have an antique shop in Palm Springs, too, but the Indians proved very poor customers, they having so many antiques of their own. And everybody else I approached in Palm Springs said they'd either just opened an antique shop or were just going to, so I decided to concentrate on my film work, my radio work, my directorship on the Angostura board, my private life and the fact that ever since I sold my boat I wished I had another.

Because when you have a boat you can always sell it, and there's nothing more satisfying than just having sold a boat. But when you've sold a boat you have no boat to sell so that you can get that satisfaction out of selling it, if you see what I mean. The whole thing is a very, very vicious circle that will probably never get solved until I have the time to go into it seriously.

About the oil wells. Oil wells have a habit of either gushing and making a terrific mess of everything, or else not coming in at all and making an even bigger mess of everything. So it may reach the point where I have to sell the oil wells, too.

I was going to take a trip to Europe this year and I'd almost decided to sell the oil wells to pay for the trip, but now I can't take the trip because I can't get time off from these film and radio commitments, so I might as well keep the wells. Since I can't go to Europe I'd thought I might go to Palm Springs. So I might as well have kept the antique shop, too, because then I'd have a place to sleep.

The more you look at it, the more life becomes tremendously complicated.

There's nothing much more to say about motion pictures, because anybody can tell you about motion pictures. Ask your barber, your milkman, your family. All I know is what I read in the script, and they keep popping new scripts in front of me, with Wednesday and Thursday afternoons off for the broadcast. Fortunately, you don't have to memorise your lines for a broadcast because there's always someone to stick them in front of you as you step up to the mike. That means that I can get my ten minutes per week sleep on those two days; five minutes on Wednesday and five minutes on Thursday.

The only drawback is that I went into radio work so as to get back before an audience. A comedian needs an audience. And for five years I hadn't been back to the stage. Well, it didn't seem quite the thing to sleep in front of my radio audience, the only audience I have now, so I'm having to give up that ten minutes a week, too.

Lots of people get terrific mike fright when they step in front of a mike. But not Morgan. Once, years ago, I stepped in front of a guy by that name, but he had his back turned and was a little deaf, too, so he didn't hear that I called him. And I've never been afraid of Mikes since.

I think that covers pretty well all the topics I was supposed to discuss here except my social life.

Well, we don't have very much social life, we Morgans. It used to be that the telephone would ring all Sunday, with people wanting me to come over and be the life of the party and do card tricks, or sleight of hand, or readings from Louisa May Alcott, but I leave that sort of thing now to people who need the exercise. With all the other lives I lead, I can't be the life of the party and really give it my undivided attention.

Besides, the time I have left from pictures, and radio, and bitters, and oil wells, and Palm Springs and a yacht, I have decided to give up to golf.

"GERT AND DAISY" COMEDY

Film fans will be glad to hear Elsie and Doris Waters, of "Gert and Daisy" fame, may soon appear in their first straight comedy film.

They have received a number of offers from British companies.

Elsie and Doris Waters are among the 28 famous "turns" in the "Daily Herald" great £2,500 Ideal Concert Party Competition, which offers entertainment lovers a golden opportunity to use their skill and judgment to win a first prize fortune of £2,000.

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Bluebeard's Eighth Wife



Inside five minutes Nicole (Claudette Colbert) was giving Michael (Gary Cooper) good advice on how to get to sleep, offering, as a variant to sheep-counting, the suggestion that he should spell Czechoslovakia backwards.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams with permission of Paramount.

WHEN Michael Brandon, of Hannibal, Michigan, expressed a wish, in a shop on the French Riviera, to buy the top half of a pair of pyjamas, he was prepared to enter into an argument which he had carried on over half the civilised globe.

It was evident that Nice was to offer him no exception to the rule. Both the assistant and the floor-walker, a most voluble salesman of side lines, were suitably shocked.

"I'm sorry, monsieur, but we don't sell the jackets without the pantalons," the assistant explained.

"But I don't sleep in pantalons, and I don't buy stuff I don't use. You say this pair is two hundred francs. Take a hundred and wrap up the coat for me."

"It's a case without precedent," the floor-walker declared "Really, we have no authority. If it's a question of price, there are cheaper pyjamas."

"It's not a question of price; it's a matter of principle. This pyjama business is a racket, and I don't fall for it. Ninety per cent. of the male population don't sleep in pyjama trousers, don't want pyjama trousers, yet buy pyjama trousers. Be honest, Mr. Floor-walker. How about you?"

"I'm an exceptional case, monsieur. I sleep in just a muffler; but yours is a revolutionary request. I must consult my superior." The consultation took place by telephone —another of those instances where a subscriber may be grateful for the absence of television.

No knowing, indeed, what might have happened had Michael looked in at the floor-walker's conversation. For he would have seen the president of the store denouncing his request as rank communism, having got out of bed to take up the transmitter, clad only in a pyjama coat.

"Tell your president that if I can't buy the pyjamas without trousers, I'll——" Michael had got thus far when, out of the blue, came a charming feminine voice: "I'll buy the trousers." The owner came forward to the counter. She was young, attractive, wearing white. "How d'you do? I'm looking for pyjamas for a gentleman, and for his purpose the trousers are enough," she said practically.

"A very fortunate solution," the floor-walker breathed. "It certainly is," Michael seconded, looking at the face beneath the upturned hat. "Now as to colour. What about this blue pair?"

"Heavens, no! Too dark. I like to see something gay in the morning, don't you?"

"Not too darned gay," Michael negatived hurriedly. "There's not a laugh in me before breakfast." Which was certainly true, though his taciturnity deserved some excuse, for he suffered from insomnia. Not that he would have dreamed of telling the lady so, but she proved one of those artless, friendly souls who invites confidences. Inside five minutes she was giving him good advice on how to get to sleep, offering, as a variant to sheep-counting, the suggestion that he should spell Czechoslovakia backwards.

By the time he had objected that he couldn't spell it forwards, and had agreed to pay a hundred and twenty francs for the top half of a pyjama set, in white crêpe de Chine, with pink stripes, he felt an increasing urge to know for whom the other half was intended.

"Must be pretty nice for a husband to have a wife who picks up bargains for him. Kind of restores your faith in marriage," he ventured, as they awaited their respective parcels.

"Sorry to shatter your illusions, but I'm not buying these for a husband. If you really want to know, I'm not married."

"Kinda hard for me to believe that anyone as dainty and pretty—as you French say, 'petite'—could have such a big brother. I'm six-foot three myself."

"I have no brother—but there are other tall men in the world, monsieur."

With this, Michael had to be content. The lady departed; nor could the floor-walker say who she was. Following a night more sleepless than usual, in spite of trying out the experiment with Czechoslovakia, Michael requested to change his hotel suite for one higher above the sea. The management obliged. Michael, going through the communicating doorway into the new bedroom, was startled at seeing, propped up by pillows in the ornate bed, an elderly man with a moustache.

"Does he go with the place?" he inquired.

"No, monsieur. It's nothing; a slight misunderstanding."

Having ushered Michael back into the living-room, the management had embarked upon a dignified protest to the elderly gentleman, when the telephone rang. Michael heard his name mentioned over the wire—not once, but twice. Obviously the caller wished to speak to him. He strode into the bedroom, sat on the end of the bed and, from the hand of its occupant, took over the receiver. "Thanks! Hello! Brandon speaking." For a couple of minutes, Michael schemed to augment his considerable income by ordering his New York broker to buy steel, sell oil, and subsidise a tin factory.

"Just a second," the elderly gentleman remarked, when the conversation was over. "I am the Marquis of Loiselle—L-o-i-s-e-l-l-e—you remember my writing you about a business proposition?"

"Oh, Mr. Loiselly! Sure I remember, now. Your idea was great; millions in it, but it isn't worth a nickel unless handled right, and your bank overdraft is overdrawn above ten thousand francs—always check up when about to do business—investigate."

"An excellent idea. The world is full of scoundrels—such as these hotel people—wanting to turn me out of my suite simply because I haven't paid my bill. No, don't go. Since you're not interested in financing my scheme, would you consider buying a bath-tub?"

"A what?"

"I have in my possession one of the glories of France: the one and only bath-tub of Louis XIV." Quite useless for Michael to state, which he did, that he always used a shower. Not to be put off, the Marquis capped his eagerness to sell by getting out of bed and revealing, with disorganising effect to the viewer, a black-and-white spotted pyjama coat and a pair of white crêpe de Chine trousers with pink stripes. Michael, it may have been guessed, knew not the meaning of the word preamble.

"Aren't you ashamed?" he said to the Marquis. "A man of your age fooling around with a sweetheart—one look at those pants of yours and I know everything."

"My pantalons? Ah, I must apologise! Certainly they do not match; moreover, they are too long, but, you see—the financial situation. My daughter tries to economise. Nicole bought these for me yesterday. My coat's still good, you see."

"The girl who bought those trousers is your daughter. Is she married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"In love with anyone?"

"No, no, no!"

"I'll buy the bath-tub." Having bought it, obviously the next thing was to find Nicole and propose to her. That Michael found her on the beach in the company of a good-looking but somewhat spineless young man, attired in shorts and a dark jumper with zipp fastening, was only an incentive to the Brandon follow-through.

First he looked covertly at Nicole, enchanting in a jazz bathing dress, then beckoned the young man with a "Hey, you!" He came over. With one look, Michael made mincemeat of the other's attempt at truculence, contradicted him when he suggested that they had met at the races, and loftily declared his career was an open book.

"You're Albert, Count de Regnier, clerk at the Paris branch of the New York Discount Bank, and you spend most of your time looking out of the window," Michael reeled off.

"Are you a detective?"

"No, I own the bank. Now you're here, you might as well act as my secretary." He dictated a letter to the Museum of Fine Arts at Hannibal, warning the curator to expect delivery of a Louis XIV bath-tub, told the Count to go to the hotel and type the communication, and gained a place at Nicole's side.

Later, lying on her back on the swimmer's raft undulating gently under a sky of cerulean hue, Nicole, hitherto so companionable, refused to marry Michael, first, on the score that he didn't possess fifty million dollars, and, secondly, because he faithfully promised to make up his assets to that amount.

(*Continued on page* 30)

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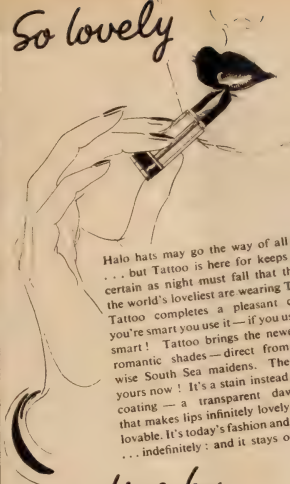
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Medium. . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown. . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . . ☐	Light . . . . ☐	Light . . ☐ Dark . . ☐
SKIN	Dark. . . . . ☐	If hair is Grey, check type
Dry . . . . . ☐	AGE	above and here. . . . . ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Over 35 . . . ☐	
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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Bluebeard's Eighth Wife

(*Continued from page* 28)

"I'm sure you will—any time before breakfast," she agreed, and, remarking that she wished someone would voice what she really thought of him, pushed him gently into the ocean.

Nevertheless, following his invitation to Nicole to dine (note, dictated to Albert while seated in the famous bath-tub, which promptly came in half), Michael proposed again and was accepted.

As far as he was concerned, events moved too rapidly towards the afternoon when the engaged couple were to be photographed in the presence of some twenty members of the de Loiselle family. It is safe to say that few men over six feet, wearing striped trousers and a carnation in the buttonhole, really delight in facing a camera. Michael's ordeal was made frantic by one small omission.

"I haven't worn this suit for quite a while," he remarked, with an effort to appear casual as rice, with the emergence of a handkerchief, popped repeatedly from the breast pocket.

When Nicole, to whom he explained the use at weddings of this cereal, inquired if it had brought the bride and groom luck in this instance, he was obliged to answer: "Well, we had a pleasant six months."

The photographer's request that the principals should smile had to be obeyed, but Nicole's suspicions had been roused. Excusing themselves, she took Michael into the adjoining room.

"You've been married."

"That's all right. My decree's final. Do you mind? I thought your father was very well informed about me."

"Oh, he only knows about your bank account, and all I know about you is I liked you in a shop, hated you on a float, and fell in love with you over a bath-tub. What was your wife's name?"

"Marjorie. I used to call her Mug."

"Why did you divorce her?"

"Oh!—er—well, she got a little jealous of Linda."

"Then why didn't you marry Linda?"

"I did." In the end he had to confess. Seven times he, Michael, had been married, and divorced six, one spouse having died a natural death. In vain he begged Nicole not to take the situation too seriously. Before the afternoon was over, he was to discover that the young woman whom he proposed to make his eighth wife was not only far beyond the seven in charm, but possessed a business head.

In front of the Count de Loiselle, who fainted on hearing of a likely break between the affianced, it was, perhaps, rash of Michael to state that it was his practice to make a clean-cut pre-marriage settlement to his wives and to offer fifty thousand dollars as such to Nicole. While the Count and Aunt Hedwige, the august head of the family who had taken a fancy to Michael, argued for and against a mercenary outlook on Nicole's marriage, she silenced their arguments.

"After all, it's my life that's being decided," she affirmed. "I'll make my own decision. I refuse your fifty thousand dollars, Michael. I want a hundred thousand guaranteed in the marriage contract, and I'm Mrs. Michael Brandon. You can leave me whenever you wish."

"That'll never be, I hope," he said, and meant it. With customary directness, he had already told Nicole that she had got him on the spot and that he was crazy about her, yet the marriage bells jangled.

In Venice there was no harmony and in Czechoslovakia he was still spelling the name backwards. In Paris they certainly inhabited the same apartment, but strictly in separate suites; so much so that only through the medium of Nicole's maid and his valet did Michael discover that his wife's boudoir had been done up in blue and silver. Moreover, a chauffeur, leaving Mrs. Brandon's employ and mistaking Michael for a candidate for the job, warned him that if he obtained it he would never be home before 3 a.m.



The Count de Loiselle (Edward Everett Horton) did not emerge until he had bought the Sanatorium and was able to let Nicole in himself.

Michael meditated on this cogent fact. Nicole in beach wear might be alluring, but in sophisticated hats and luxurious furs, not to mention glamorous evening frocks, she was enough to seduce a bust of Abraham Lincoln. Michael's nerves, never very stable, went increasingly to pieces. In various ways he tried to win Nicole's approval. One evening, with the help of caviare and champagne for two, served in the suite which the maids had vacated for the time, he all but succeeded in making the bedside books ordered by the doctor superfluous. Indeed, had it not been for the spring onions which, at one sentimental point, Nicole crammed into her mouth, husbandly jealousy might have been completely stilled.

As it was, an anonymous note, suggesting that he, Michael, was the last to know of his wife's gallivant-

ings, roused him ultimately to action. Mr. Pepinard, detective, was called in. A large man, with untidy hair and a seedy-looking coat, he reported most emphatically that Mrs. Brandon's conduct left nothing to be desired.

"Listen! I'm in a hurry. I have to catch a train for Brussels. What is the meaning of those anonymous letters?" Michael demanded.

"Simply that Mrs. Brandon writes them herself. Here is one posted this morning in the apartment mail-box at eleven-fifteen. Addressed to you at the Hotel Metropole, Brussels, intended to greet you upon your arrival. Perhaps you would care to read it now." Michael read :—

"To-night at your business conference, when you are trying to put something over on your associates in Brussels, your wife will be putting something over on you. Too bad you didn't stay at home.—A friend."

"Perfectly simple," Monsieur Pepinard supplemented. "Neglected wife wants to make husband jealous."

"Jealous nothing! She's after a divorce. She told me so once. That's why she married me. Now she wants to shake my nerves to pieces so I can't attend to my business. But I'm going to fool her. I'll go to Brussels. At least, that's what I'll tell her—only I'm not going. I'm coming back unexpectedly in the middle of the night and surprise her with this mysterious Mr. X."

"But there is no Mr. X."

"That's just it. I'm going to laugh at her. I'm going to have some fun. I'm going to make her embarrassed—feel small. Thank you, Mr. Pepinard."

It occurred to him to ask Monsieur Pepinard whether Madame Brandon suspected that she was being followed. Better, however, if he hadn't taken the detective's word for it that the lady was not even aware of his existence. Hardly, indeed, had Monsieur Pepinard left Michael's suite than Nicole, crossing the threshold of hers, was inviting Monsieur Pepinard in for a heart-to-heart talk. The result transpired about midnight, at which time Michael, having journeyed exactly as far as the local cinema, returned to the apartment. He found Nicole adorable in clinging satin and white fox, but decidedly overdoing the surprise act.

"You don't think for a moment I've anything to hide," she counter-accused his statement that she was nervous.

"No, I don't; but let me tell you I'm going to fool you. I'm going into that bedroom of yours."

"No, no, Michael! You can't do that." It dawned on Michael that she was really egging him on towards an entry, when her door opened and a curiously delapidated-looking figure appeared in shirt and shorts. "Quiet, please!" it entreated.

"Albert de Regnier! You miserable little pip-squeak! I'll kill you!" Michael vociferated.

"Please, don't hurt him," Nicole entreated. She might have added that he had been sufficiently hurt already, having sustained, in the course of an exceptional chain of circumstances, two knock-outs in the last hour.

As far as Monsieur Pepinard was concerned, he had, at Nicole's request, merely provided her with a prize boxer who was intended to put Michael a-sleep on his arrival. Unfortunately, Albert had appeared first and received the k.o. before Nicole could warn the heavyweight that he was socking the wrong man. At first she had only thought of hurrying Albert off, but, when brought to, he had seemed incapable of going anywhere. She had decided to make the most of keeping him. Better that Michael should have something to think about than that he should dream of those flying fish and Japanese gardens which the prize-fighter had assured her had been his experience while lying senseless in the ring. A smart tap on the jaw, where Albert, lying weakly back on the couch, alleged he had been hit, had achieved her design.

Alas! Unaware that he was supposed to be fitting into any picture, Michael's air of a tiger about to consume a mouse alarmed Nicole into reiterating :—

"Michael, don't hurt him! He only came to bring a handbag I left behind in the taxi this morning. I met Albert and gave him a lift. He doesn't mean a thing to me, I swear."

But Michael was beyond the power of entreaty. "Now look here," he cried, seizing her by the shoulders. "You made a nervous wreck out of me—you tortured me—you took my pride away—and my self-respect, and I stood for it; but if you try and tell me he just came here to bring your handbag, I'll brain you. As for you, get out!" "I can't," Albert protested. "You're sitting on my pants."

Nicole had won. Having ushered Albert, complete with trousers, into the hall, Michael admitted it. He promised to send round a lawyer in the morning to arrange for a divorce and retired, beaten. The opening day of the trial coincided with his nervous breakdown. In his private room in Professor Uganzeff's sanatorium, he could constantly be heard repeating the phrase, "I'm feeling fine."

Confronted even with his lunch of Irish stew, of which he verbally claimed to be very fond, his face never lost its set expression of gloom. When he was told that Nicole had called to see him, he became violent. The use of a strait-jacket was indicated.

Here it was, however, that the Count de Loiselle nobly stepped in. Or, rather, Professor Uganzeff, having refused to see him, he stepped up to the front door and barked like a dog. Whereupon a nurse, trained to recognise such eccentricities as properly belonging to prospective patients, let him in; wherefrom he did not emerge till he had bought the sanatorium.

Picture, therefore, Nicole, lovelier than ever in short-sleeved black frock, arriving at Michael's door and seeing him in the dreaded strait-jacket, attempting to talk on the telephone to his broker, raising the receiver to a convenient height.

"Get away!" he commanded. "I'm trussed up like this all because of you."

"You're sure it's not Albert that's troubling you?"

"No; I know it was a put-up job. But it's just as bad. You got your money; that's what you wanted."

"It wasn't. But I didn't mean to be just another girl in the Brandon Follies. I had to break you down—but I love you."

"Stop tickling me. Wait till I get out of this." Five minutes later, the Marquis put his venerable head inside the door. "What is it?" Nicole asked from the arms of Michael, whose desperate struggles to release himself had been rewarded.

"Oh, nothing," the Marquis replied.

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Identifying Yourself with the Characters

MY chief reason for going to the cinema is because I like to escape for a few hours from the humdrum life which circumstances force me to lead into an entrancing world of make-believe.

To do this, whether I blush to admit it or not, I must be able to identify myself with the hero, who must be handsome, accomplished and sincere. The heroine must be beautiful, natural and lovable, rather like the girl who has promised to marry me, in fact. The villain, on the other hand, must be a really detestable individual, rather like my manager, for instance.

Well, my complaint is that heroes are no longer heroic, heroines have ceased to be natural or lovable, and villains are too indefinite to be really villainous. Let's have more natural acting in our films, and the illusion of reality will be much easier for chaps like me to believe in.—*R. N., Notts., who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*



The caricature of Fred Astaire is contributed by a reader, Eric Butt, of 168, *Oldfield Road, Salford,* 5, *Lancs., who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

(*Please note that pencil sketches cannot be accepted, and drawings cannot be returned unless postage is enclosed.*—"*Thinker.*")

Paul Muni *must* play Charles Dickens!

● Dicken's life—vice-reform, humanity, miserable youth and other well-known highlights—even exceeds in dramatic material Muni's memorable films, *Zola*—*Pasteur*—*Scarface*—and *The Good Earth.*

Paul Muni's authenticity genius is best fostered by real-life roles. His acting stirs our emotions by its qualities of heart and soul and intellect—rather than by the mere outward show of Hollywood's more "Taylored" idols. He is at his best when portraying the mellow, humorous philosophy of a very human "Great Man."

What, then, could be more mutually apt, than Muni in "The Life of Charles Dickens"—which itself clung so obviously to human realities?

Muni has startlingly pygmalionised Pasteur and Zola.

Now let him bring Dickens to life!—and Beethoven, Pepys, Socrates, and Wagner too! The whole world would flock to see *them*!

For in his acting, Paul Muni himself is that rare bird in this century—a great man.—*Eve Piccadilly,* 25 *Oxford Terrace, London, W.*2.

(*And why not Alfred the Great, Crippen, Guy Fawkes, and the Venerable Bede?*—"*Thinker.*")

Boosting America

● In establishing a studio in this country M.G.M. have been astute enough to recognise the enormous potentialities that lie in England, most of which has yet to be put on the screen, while America has little that is new to offer us. But their first two efforts do not bode well for British stars or the boosting of British films abroad.

Why bring over big American stars for films about themselves which could easily have been made in America? Take a *Yank at Oxford;* it contained little or no actual Oxford atmosphere; even Robert Taylor admitted he did not even visit Oxford. In *The Citadel* the lead goes to an American in preference to an English girl.

It appears that America will not accept first-class British films unless they possess a strong Yankee element, and therefore M.G.M. has no intention of creating and developing British stars as they have done American.—*Joyce D. Willett,* 10 *Evelyn Road, Walthamstow, E.*17.

(*Yet such films will result in British players—such as Griffith Jones—being introduced to American picturegoers.*—"*Thinker.*")

Realism

● Directors of to-day are lauded to the skies for their imagination and realism. I can't see the realism but I can appreciate the brilliant imagination in films where:

Typists are afflicted with wooden fingers yet control the firm's destinies and live in apartments worthy of millionaires.

Official detectives look and behave like Simple Simons yet unofficial sleuths are brainy enough for the Big Five.

All super reporters are introduced as just returning from a mysterious grand binge.

Orthodox theatre stages in musicals miraculously change into gigantic arenas and endless vistas.

Servants bully everyone and drop nothing but their aitches—and those incessantly.

Truth certainly is stranger than screen fiction.—*C. D. Robinson,* 47 *Cochrane Park Avenue, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.*

(*Personally I don't think anything could be stranger than screen fiction.*—"*Thinker.*")

Tea!

● Last week at my local cinema a notice was flashed on the screen that orders for tea should be given to the attendant.

Two old ladies next to us decided to order.

After much beckoning and calling, the attendant came. The ladies had to stand up so that numbers of seats could be taken (*pity those behind*). Then *sat down with much noise.* Tea arrived, was put in my hands to pass along the row. Cups rattled and tea was drunk.

Then the empty cups were passed back, and ladies started fishing for sixpence. Usherette leaned across my seat and flashed the light on handbags. Money found. What a wonderful evening!—*Terry Don Buckley,* 25 *Gloucester Crescent, Regents Park, N.W.*1.

Starchy

● Whenever I see a Hollywood epic of the operating theatre, I realise that the U.S.A. is again one up on the Old Country in possessing a machine which can sterilise operation "gowns," —and simultaneously iron them!

On the screen, surgeons, nurses and assistants invariably don snowy "gowns," which hang in

(*Continued on page* 34)

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By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

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WHO'S WHO

Edward Norris

● One of the most promising young actors this writer has seen for a long time, Norris was born in Philadelphia and celebrates his birthday on March 10.

He was educated at Penn Charter School and Culver Military Academy.

He ran away to sea, and went to California, and later returned to Philadelphia, where he was a newspaper reporter for two years. It was while in Philadelphia that the acting bug got him and he began his professional career with a little theatre group in that city.

Having learned some of the rudiments of acting, Edward boldly struck out for Hollywood. Hollywood was not impressed.

Faced with starvation, he took odd jobs.

His luck changed, however, when he got a part with a Los Angeles Theatre Group and happened to be seen by Rouben Mamoulian, the director.

Mamoulian was about to make *Queen Christina* and thought Norris could play the leading man to Garbo.

When photographed, he appeared too young and had to be content with a small part in the picture.

But he was rewarded by a long-term contract.

So far he has not had the "breaks" many consider he deserves. A lot of his time has been spent as the studio's "test-actor"—that is, doing scenes with feminine actresses being tested by the studio.

He seized his big chance in *They Won't Forget*, for another company; with both hands and turned in a memorable performance.

His other films include *The Magnificent Brute, Tainted Money, Mama Steps Out, Song of the City, Between Two Women*, and *Bad Guy*.

Norris is married to Ann Sheridan. He is 6 ft. tall and has dark hair and brown eyes.

Ramon Novarro

● Who has achieved a come-back in *The Sheik Steps Out*, after an absence of several years from the screen, was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1899.

His father, Dr. Sameniegos, was a dentist.

A revolution in 1913 forced the family to flee to Mexico City, and their fortune was wiped out at the same time.

Ramon and his brother arrived in Los Angeles with ten dollars between them. Ramon got a job singing in a restaurant and he later went into "small time" vaudeville.

Once he was reduced to becoming a waiter to tide him over and he also worked as an attendant in the wine cellar of a big hotel.

What money he could save he devoted to singing lessons. He entered pictures as an "extra" and was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Rex Ingram, then one of Hollywood's leading producers.

Ingram cast him in *The Prisoner of Zenda* and he scored a sensational success.

His career in silent films reached its zenith in *Ben Hur*.

Other big pictures in which he was starred include *Scaramouche, The Student Prince, In Gay Madrid, Daybreak, The Call of the Flesh, Son of India, Mata Hari, The Impossible Lover, Son-Daughter, A Night in Cairo, The Cat and the Fiddle, Laughing Boy*, and *The Night is Young*.

Novarro is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has black hair and brown eyes. He is still one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors.

Jack Oakie

● Jack Oakie is one of those people who "have to be shown"; in other words he's from Missouri. He was born on November 12, 1903. On leaving school in New York he "went into Wall Street" as a very lowly clerk in what he describes as "a very busy office."

He didn't like the work, but he established a reputation in that very hard-boiled thoroughfare for wit and humour. As a result he was given a comedy part in a charity show.

And as a result of that Lulu McConnell, a famous vaudeville star, suggested a stage partnership that introduced Oakie as a professional funny man, and lasted from 1919 till 1927.

They appeared in the *Ziegfeld Follies* as well as doing the variety circuits.

Then he decided to leave the stage and try his luck in films. He had a letter of introduction to a director in Hollywood and on the strength of it was cast for a small part in Laura La Plante's *Finders Keepers*.

His early days in the film city, however, were by no means prosperous. His luck changed when he met Director Wesley Ruggles, who took the unusual step of putting him under personal contract. Later Ruggles doubtless had reason to question his judgment.

It was eight months before Oakie got a break.

It came in the shape of a role in Clara Bow's *The Fleet's In*. A contract resulted.

When the talkies came Oakie, with his considerable stage experience, was much in demand and he has been one of the screen's most popular comedians ever since.

Recent films include *The Texas Rangers, Champagne Waltz, That Girl from Paris, The Toast of New York, Super Sleuth, Fight for Your Lady, Hitting a New High* and *Radio City Revels*.

The actor is 5 ft. 10 in. tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. He is married to Venita Varden.

What Do You Think?—*Contd.*

smooth, uncreased folds—on their heads they wear caps which almost appear to be starched. In real life no surgeon would operate in one of these gowns because they could not possibly be sterile.

Gowns, caps, towels, etc., which are used in a real operating theatre, are washed, dried and packed in "drums" (steel boxes), which are sterilised by steam under high pressure, then dried in the steriliser. The drums are taken out and put in the theatre on stands which open by means of a foot operated pedal. The gowns, etc., are taken out with forceps and emerge, a *mass of creases*. These show up well in ordinary photographs taken at an operation.

I have often wondered that, with the modern passion for accuracy in everything, this point has not been noticed before.—(*Miss*) *C. Pope, 22 Upper Mount Street, Dublin*

(*Are the producers' faces red?—"Thinker."*)

Housewife's Angle

● Just a few words in answer to Miss Richards' letter re films of lower middle-class life.

In the first place, the cinemas *must* cater for the majority. Secondly, do the majority *want* films of lower middle-class life?

I was always under the impression that entertainment with relaxation was the main object of the cinemagoer. Now who the dickens wants to be "entertained" by films of social and economic problems? *Not* the tired business-man who has probably spent his day trying to work out those very problems; *nor* the busy housewife who has spent her day struggling with housework, cooking, and babies!

I think it would be safe to say that the majority desire a film of good entertainment value; well-produced, well-acted, with a good plot or story and just a nice leavening of romance that is not too sloppy, with a dash of humour here and there. No. We most certainly do *not* want films about "unemployment, dictators, and war."—(*Mrs.*) *C. Biddle, 1028 Stratford Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.*

(*It depends upon whether you go to the cinema for mental rest or mental stimulus.—"Thinker."*)

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

● What do you think about the stars and films?

Let us have your opinion briefly.

£1 1s. and 10s. 6d. will be paid for the two most interesting, and 5s. for every other letter published each week. Letters should be written on one side of the paper only and should not exceed 150 words. Address to "Thinker," "The Picturegoer Weekly," Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, W.C.2.

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"It blends perfectly with the skin, which becomes wonderfully smooth and lovely.

"What I like about it as well is that when you've used it you are certain of looking your best for many hours."—(Signed) Lesley Brook.

The most wonderful thing about Velouty is that it enables you to apply cream and powder at the same time and so perfectly that it transforms the most colourless complexion into one of ravishing beauty. As Lesley Brook says, it BLENDS with the skin instead of merely covering it like make-up. This is why a Velouty complexion looks so marvellously natural.

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DIGESTION

--- starts in the mouth

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving Indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like and enjoy it.

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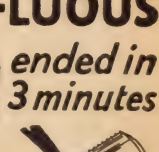


secretly and quickly, while you sleep! TILSON'S double-strength FRECKLE CREAM applied overnight, banishes freckles. Prove how marvellous this new secret formula cream is, and if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, your money refunded. Get a jar from Boots or most other Chemists and Hairdressers, today, and start the treatment right away, or send P.O. 2/9. TILSON'S LABORATORIES, P.O.6 38 Balfour House, London, E.C.2.

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR *ended in 3 minutes*

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The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface.* No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores. 6d. and 1/3.



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Evening in Paris FACE POWDER

There is no luxury equal to the gracious fine texture of this powder with 'skin affinity'! It gives the face a fragile velvety finish that lasts for hours.

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BOURJOIS

LET GEORGE DO IT!

F. W. G. (Southend on Sea).—Yes, Kay Francis appeared in *Wonder Bar* with Al Jolson, Dolores del Rio, Ricardo Cortez and Dick Powell. (2) Francis Farmer has not appeared in a film with Al Jolson.

D. A. (Swansea).—(1) Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth are scheduled to appear in a film for Universal Studios (U.S.A.)—no title announced yet. (2) Ruby Keeler to make *Mother Carey's Chickens* for Radio. (3) Last film made as follows: Joan Barry, *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, Harold Huth, *Take My Tip*; Anita Page, *Footlight and Shadows*; Bessie Love, *Live Again*; Mary Brian, *Affair of Capry Ricks*; Evelyn Knapp, *Three of a Kind*; Polly Moran, *Two Wise Maids*.

J. W. K. (Finchley).—Violet Jennings, 7A Thayer Street, Marylebone, London, W.1, is the secretary of the FRANCIS LEDERER FAN CLUB, and Joan Drummond, 67 Hodford Road, London, N.W.11, is the British representative of the WORLD PEACE FEDERATION, run by Francis Lederer.

J. E. (Middx.).—Anne Shirley, b. New York, 1919; married John Payne, Aug. 22, 1937. She is scheduled for *Crime and Mother Carey's Chickens*.

R. V. A.—Write to Cesar Romero, c/o Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.); and to Ray Milland, c/o Paramount (U.S.A.).

J. W. (Denbigh).—Griffith Jones' films since 1937 include: *The Mill on the Floss*, *Wife of General Ling*; *Return of a Stranger*; *A Yank at Oxford*. Rex Harrison's films since 1937 include: *Men Are Not Gods*, *Storm in a Teacup*, *School for Husbands* and *St. Martin's Lane*. Write to him, c/o Mayflower Productions (Eng).

READER (Hants).—Latest films and companies: Barbara Stanwyck, *Always Good-bye*—Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.); James Stewart, *Shopworn Angel*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.)

READER (Hants).—Barbara Stanwyck, b. July 15, 1907, Brooklyn, New York; real name Ruby Stevens; she is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, and has auburn hair and dark blue eyes, married Frank Fay (mar. dis. 1935); has an adopted son, Dion. Latest film *Always Good-bye* for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.). (2) Loretta Young, b. Jan. 6, 1912, Salt Lake City; real name Gretchen Young. She is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, has brown hair and blue eyes, married Grant Withers (mar. dis.), has two adopted children, a boy and a girl. Latest films: *Four Men and a Prayer*, *Three Blind Mice* and *Suez* for Twentieth Century-Fox Studios (U.S.A.) (3) Merle Oberon, b. Feb. 19, 1911, Tasmania, she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 7 st. 7 lb. and has brown hair and eyes; real name Merle Estelle O'Brien Thompson. Latest film: *Greenstark* for Goldwyn Productions (U.S.A.). (4) Ronald Colman, b. Feb. 9, 1891, Richmond, Surrey; he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 160 lb. and has black hair and brown eyes, married Thelma Raye (sep.). His latest film is: *If I Were King* for Selznick International (U.S.A.). (5) Bette Davis, b. April 5, 1908, Lowell, Massachusetts; she is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, has fair hair and blue eyes, weighs 108 lb., real name Ruth Elizabeth Davis; married Harmon Nelson, jun. Latest film *Jezebel* for Warner Bros. (U.S.A).

QUERY (N.15).—*Street of Forgotten Men* was produced in 1925.

JUVENSIS (Surrey).—Release dates: *Jezebel* and *In Old Chicago*, Oct. 3, 1938; *Owd Bob*, Aug. 8, 1938; *Count of Monte Cristo*, Feb. 25, 1935. (2) Latest film: Deanna Durbin, *That Certain Age*; Shirley Temple, *Little Miss Broadway*.

NEW PLAYERS FAN.—(1) Tyrone Power, b. May 5, 1914; he has raven black hair and brown eyes, is 6 ft. tall, weighs 155 lb., is not married. Latest films: *Marie Antoinette* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) and *Suez* for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.) (2) Deanna Durbin, b. Dec. 4, 1922, Winnipeg, Canada; she is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 100 lb. and has blue eyes and brown hair. Latest film: *That Certain Age* for Universal (U.S.A.). (3) Betty Furness, b. Jan. 3, 1916, New York, she is 5 ft. 4 in. tall, weighs 108 lb.; married Johnny Green, Nov. 26, 1937. (4) Mickey Rooney, b. Sept. 23, 1921, Brooklyn, New York, real name Joe Yule; he has fair hair and blue eyes and he is making *The Boy from Barnardo's* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.) (5) Robert Taylor, b. Filley, Nebraska, Aug. 5, 1911; real name Spangler Arlington Brough, he is 6 ft. tall, has dark brown hair and blue eyes; is not married. Latest film: *Three Comrades* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.)

KENTIE (Wilts).—(1) Don Stannard is twenty-two years old. (2) James Bush, b. Ohio; he graduated from Los Angeles High School and had some stage experience before appearing in films. (3) *A Tale of Two Cities* released Oct. 5, 1936. (4) Yes. Kay Francis sang herself in *Confession*.

L. N. H. (Holland).—(1) Maurice Murphy, b. Oct. 3, 1913, Seattle, Washington; real name Maurice Meehan Murphy; he is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has light hair and violet eyes and weighs 144 lb. (2) Robert Douglas, b. Nov. 9, 1909, Bletchley, Bucks; he is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, has fair hair and blue eyes and is married to Dorothy Hyson. (3) Brian Aherne, b. May 2, 1902, King's Norton, Worcestershire; he is 6 ft. 1 in. tall, and has blond hair and blue eyes. (4) A photograph of Brian Aherne is obtainable from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, 2s. 6d. a dozen.

READER (Surrey).—Judy Canova took the part of Ida Lupino's room mate in *Artists and Models*.

N. R.—(1) Release dates as follows: *Trader Horn*, Oct. 19, 1931; *Thirty-Nine Steps*, Nov. 15, 1935; *Top Hat*, Feb. 10, 1936; *Swing Time*, Dec. 28, 1936; *Dance of Death* (Vengeance of Kali), Sept. 12, 1938; *Shooting Stars*, April 4, 1938; *52nd Street*, March 7, 1938.

J. T. (Devon).—Latest films and companies: Ginger Rogers, *Vivacious Lady* for Radio (U.S.A.); Fred Astaire, *A Damsel in Distress* for Radio (U.S.A.); Bing Crosby, *Sing, You Sinners* for Paramount (U.S.A.); Clark Gable, *Test Pilot* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Lew Ayres, *King of the Newsboys* for Republic (U.S.A.); Jessie Matthews, *Sailing Along* for Gainsborough (Eng.); Shirley Temple, *Little Miss Broadway* for Twentieth Century-Fox (U.S.A.).

BERYL (Somerset).—(1) write to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, c/o Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures (U.S.A.). (2) Release dates: *Rosalie*, April 25, 1938 and *Girl of the Golden West*, Sept. 12, 1938. (3) Write to Miss Freda Wakeling, 123 Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.7, for particulars of a NELSON EDDY FAN CLUB and to Harry Marlow, 53 Kensington Park Road, Notting Hill, London, W.11 for particulars of a JEANETTE MACDONALD CLUB. (4) The charge of 1s. 6d. for an autographed photograph from a star in America usually includes the return postage.

YOUNG AND INNOCENT (E.15).—I am sorry but we have no details of a DERRICK DE MARNEY FAN CLUB.

CURIOUS (Sunderland).—Yes, Phyllis and Zena Dare are sisters. Phyllis was b. Aug. 15, 1890 and Zena Feb. 4, 1887.

READER (Dublin).—(1) Yes, the late Jean Harlow appeared in *Red Headed Women*. (2) Supplements as follow: *Riff Raff*, April 11, 1936; *Wife Versus Secretary*, Sept. 12, 1936; *Libelled Lady*, April 10, 1937.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

At the invitation of John Paddy Carstairs, a vice-president of the IMPERIAL FILM CLUB, a party of club members visited the Welwyn studios during the production of the British National film *Lassie From Lancashire*, directed by Mr. Carstairs. The club members were introduced to Miss Marjorie Browne, who plays the title role, and a good time was had by all. Write to F. W. Minde, IMPERIAL FILM CLUB, 107 Dartmouth Road, London, N.W.2, for full particulars of this club.

• • •

Readers who are interested in JAMES STEWART should write to Carl W. K. Anderson, 1109 South 22nd Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., for full particulars of his fan club.

• • •

THE NELSON EDDY FAN CLUB welcomes new members. Write to Miss Freda Wakeling, 123 Huddleston Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.7, for details of the club.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. When writing to a club in America an English stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Money Order for the required amount of the return postage from your local Post Office.

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The girl who never misses a day at the office — the dancing teacher who is always bright and cheerful — the chorus girl who never misses a show or a rehearsal — the shop assistant who is always willing and energetic — *these* are the women who get on in life! They are the popular, successful girls. Yet they are threatened by "off days" just like the rest. They, too, feel the beginnings of pains and deadly lassitude. But *they* know how to put these pains to sleep. *They* know how to cast off that awful weariness.

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And how simply they do it! They just take a couple of tiny Baxen Tablets (or one Baxen Powder) with water as soon as they start feeling uncomfortable. This specialist's prescription does not disturb the function, the digestion or the heart. It *does* charm away that harmful and *unnecessary* pain and exhaustion in a remarkably short time. Ask your chemist for Baxen and be your own sweet self whatever the date. He sells lots of Baxen to sufferers from rheumatic pains, neuralgia, etc., so you will not appear conspicuous. Slim, flat tins containing 15 Baxen (Brand) Tablets, 1/3; Powders 1/3 per box; single Powders 2d. each.

FREE Generous trial sample (value 6d.) will gladly be sent on receipt of a postcard to Nurse E. B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., 239, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.

Choose your tooth-paste and you

Choose Your Teeth!

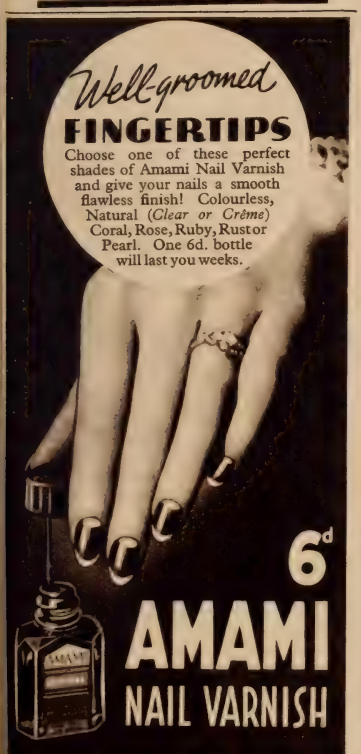


Which of these will be a picture of your smile?

Think! Parts of your teeth have less than 1/1000th of an inch of enamel to protect them from decay. Yet some tooth-pastes only whiten teeth by using abrasives which help to wear enamel away! Make *sure* about your tooth-paste. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least sign of grittiness change at once to the smoothest, finest tooth-paste you can buy—and that means Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. P.14), Norwich.

Odol

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.



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Because Cuticura is a MEDICINAL *and* TOILET Soap, it does two essential things to your skin. It maintains radiant skin health in spite of frequent exposure to sun, wind and rain; and it gives harsh, flaky, blemished skin the clear, fresh beauty of youth. In Cuticura Soap the unique soothing, healing and antiseptic medicaments of Cuticura are combined with the most exquisitely refining and beautifying ingredients ever devised. The result is a soap with a superlative cleansing and beautifying action. To relieve sore, rough, red skin, also to heal pimples, and skin injuries, use Cuticura Brand Ointment. After the bath enjoy the cooling, refreshing fragrance of superfine Cuticura Talcum. Sold by all chemists and stores.

Cuticura PREPARATIONS



YOU may be a bit of a "rabbit"—but quite the most attractive "rabbit" possible, when you come into your own *after* the game! Not for you the shiny nose, the perspiring brow. *You're* not one of the skin-shine brigade, because you're sensible about cosmetics. *You* choose a make-up that stays "put." How wise you are!

SCIENTIFICALLY BLENDED TO MATCH NATURE

Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream contains the exact amount of moisture to match the natural moisture of the skin. Whilst acting as the perfect powder base it enables the skin to retain its suppleness and elasticity. It smooths the rough patches of skin back into position, ready to form the perfect powder base.

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Californian Poppy Face Powder is gossamer-fine. It lies *evenly* on the skin, and unlike heavy powder it never clogs or "rides" into the pores. It actually improves the complexion because its fineness allows air and sunlight to filter through to your skin.

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Vanishing Cream and Face Powder



Here's your chance to prove for yourself that Californian Poppy Beauty Aids prevent skin-shine. Go to your chemist—buy a 6d box of Californian Poppy Face Powder. You will receive in addition to the Face Powder a generous FREE sample of Californian Poppy Vanishing Cream, the two packed in an attractive box. This offer is for a limited period only. These thrilling Beauty Boxes are obtainable at all good chemists and stores.

(This offer and price do not apply in Eire)

CVP 4-605

LEAVE IT TO ANNE

OF course, you are very busy just now making plans for that precious annual holiday. Maybe you are going to take a trip in Europe for the first time and will be spending a night on the train. You are wondering what you should pack for the journey in order not to arrive at your destination looking travel worn.

Here are some tips which you should keep in mind: in fact, why not cut out this page for future reference?

Of course, if you are travelling "soft" with a sleeper, you will be all right any way, but I take it that few of us have pounds to spare for that kind of luxury, and that it will be sitting up in an ordinary carriage that will fall to the lot of the majority?

The best possible travelling kit is a neat suit over which is worn a long coat with large and capacious pockets. You have no idea how handy those pockets will be. You can push into them your passport, your keys, your odd change and your gloves when you are in a hurry and they can stay there till you are settled in your place and have time to put them away properly.

A neat laced shoe is a better proposition than a court or fancy type. A spare pair of stockings is worth considering, for it is nice to change in the morning, and you will need some of those soft folding slippers that tuck into a little case. A very soft silk handkerchief to tie around the head gives more protection from train dust and grime than a sleeping-cap.

If you are wise you have invested in one of those large travel handbags that fasten with a zip, for into it can go all the little odds and ends of toilet accessories that ease a long train journey.

A tube of shaving soap is handier than a tablet of soap. It lathers so easily and it isn't messy after use. A sample tube of toothpaste (most manufacturers offer them for a stamp or so) takes up less room than a regulation size, a wee bottle of mouth wash, such as glycerine of thymol, some eau de Cologne, a face cloth, brush and comb and a good supply of handkerchiefs, and some paper towels.

A pillow and a travelling rug may always be hired at the station before the train leaves so there is no need to lumber yourself up with these.

A loose pair of old washleather gloves are excellent for train wear. They save your decent ones for arrival; and also save your hands from becoming dry and grimed, and your nails from being broken when wrestling with the locks of suitcases at the customs.

A small bottle of sweets is useful. If you suffer from thirst and the tepid sweetish drinks available on railway stations are distasteful to you, take some acid drops or something similar.

On the other hand, if you tend to suffer from travel sickness, some barley sugar will be very helpful in holding the unpleasant symptoms at bay.

There is nothing like glucose as a remedy for travel sickness whether of the train or sea variety. If you really are a martyr to it, start the treatment several days before your journey. Use Glucose D which may be bought from all chemists at 1s. 9d. a tin. You can use it with your food and beverages instead of sugar and it may also be taken with fruit juices.

On a rolling ship you can keep down glucose and water when all else fails.

Too often, of course, at holiday time, washing facilities are distinctly limited.

In which case, a make-believe wash, though not so refreshing will work wonders with your appearance. If you are carrying with you a little bottle of cleansing milk, and some skin tonic, and the paper towels, you can work a miracle. If you cannot find any water to clean your teeth, and I doubt if you will, soda water or a spa water will be found to mix quite well with toothpaste. Or, alternatively if you do not mind carrying yet another little bottle, the glycerine of thymol I mentioned previously, can be taken already mixed with its proper quantity of water.

That enormous handbag I suggested at the beginning with its two compartments will hold all these little toilet accessories that make so much difference to your travel comfort.

It is not worth the bother of carrying food with you. Sandwiches however carefully packed get dry and unappetising before you can eat them. Besides it is fun to have a meal in the dining-car; it passes the time away, and introduces you to other ways of cooking. By the way, before I close, have you seen the special new offer Allen Foster are making on page 4?

◆ ◆ ◆

"Newcastle."—There is no simple cure. A special lotion will help. Send stamped addressed envelope for prescription.

◆ ◆ ◆

Reader (Hull).—Electrolysis treatment, in the hands of an expert, is the best for superfluous hair on the face; the roots are killed by a weak electric current. On arms and legs use a good depilatory, then rub daily with a well soaped pumice stone. When hair reappears, use depilatory again.

◆ ◆ ◆

Evelyn (Matlock).—Apply cuticle remover to your calloused heels. Leave it on for five minutes; wash, and rub heels with rough towel.

◆ ◆ ◆

Eva (Uxbridge).—You are very right in hating to make up every so often. Have you tried "Guitare"—the New Parisian Lipstick? You put it on in the morning, wait five minutes, remove it gently from your lips—and you need not worry any further for the whole day. It won't show on cup, cigarette—you can swim, dive, wash—only a cleansing cream will remove it. And know that your lips are as lovely at night as they were when you just made them up. A cleaning cream before bed-time removes it. It is made in many different shades—and comes in a pretty case.

◆ ◆ ◆

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Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss Eileen Burnett, High Cliff, Nevilledale, Durham City, for:—

A Yank at Oxford
All at Sea
Found
Another Language

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to: J. Eaton, 40 Cromwell Street, Coventry, for:

The Man Who Made Diamonds
Big Business
Pennies from Heaven
Easy Living

Miss J. Price, 5 Greenhill Avenue, Tenby, Pembs., South Wales, for:

The Happy Family
The Lodger
Afterwards
A Bill of Divorcement

Ronald Kelly, 22 Clarendon Place, Dover, Kent, for:

The Farmer Takes a Wife
Bringing Up Baby
The Milky Way
Mother Knows Best

Miss Diana Webber, 25 Sheaveshill Avenue, Hendon, N.W.9, for:

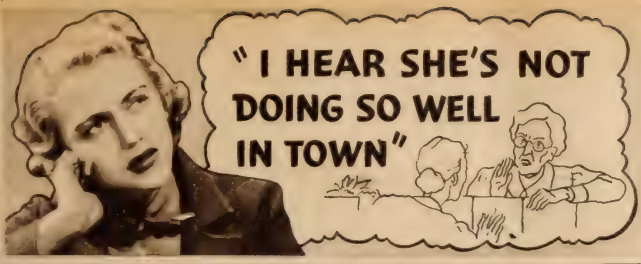
Nine Till Six
Travelling Saleslady
Afterwards
Home on the Range

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Martlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrace fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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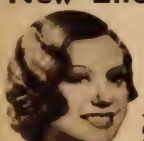
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KAY FRANCIS FIGHTS FOR HER GLAMOU

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Picturegoer

The Se[illegible] Magazine

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Kay FRANCIS

SUMMER PIE

6D. 100 PAGES



Look Out for this Big Event

LOOK OUT—for a new and gay splash of colour on all bookstalls and newsagents—"Summer Pie," the biggest and brightest Holiday Annual of all, will be on sale everywhere next Wednesday. Look out especially for the brilliant Gilbert Wilkinson coloured cover design of the Girl with the Ball (reproduced here in monochrome). When you see "Summer Pie"—its 100 lively pages, its complete, enthralling stories, its irresistible Joke Drawings—you'll wonder how such marvellous value can be given at such low cost. The reason is that all profits from the sale of "Summer Pie" go to charity, and so 50 of Britain's most famous authors and artists have contributed to its pages—and have by their generosity made it possible to give you a feast of reading otherwise unobtainable for the modest sum of sixpence. That's why this year, as always, there'll be a rush for "Summer Pie." Make sure of your copy by asking your newsagent now to supply it to you on June 29.

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COVER DESIGN BY GILBERT WILKINSON

OUT WEDNESDAY-JUNE 29TH



CHARLES BOYER

An unusual shot of the French star, who has practically a monopoly of the distinction of having held his own with Garbo in a film. It is from "Orage," his latest French talkie, which has won much applause and prestige at the London Curzon. Boyer's next will be Hollywood's version of "Pépé le Moko," "Algiers."

If WILL FYFFE offered you a cigarette, it would be a



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COCOANUT GROVE

While there are some very amusing sequences in this picture, the general effect is rather drawn out and scrappy, and many of the tunes played are very reminiscent.

On the other hand, it has a touch of originality and one cannot complain about its technical qualities, which are good in every department.

It deals with an unsuccessful dance band leader, Johnny Prentice, a role played capably by Fred MacMurray—incidentally he ought not to be encouraged to croon—who, with the help of a schoolmistress and the boys of his band, eventually gets engaged at the famous "Cocoanut Grove" restaurant in Hollywood.

Some of the most amusing sequences are those which deal with his efforts to get himself and his band to California. They eventually pack into a trailer drawn by an old crock of a car, and when that breaks down, by a goods train conveying a consignment of cars.

The whole thing is interspersed with band numbers, vocals, and dancing turns; actually these, with some comedy interludes, are the best part of the picture; you do not have to worry about the story.

Harriet Hilliard is good and knows how to put over a song as the schoolmistress engaged by Prentice to look after a little boy he has adopted, while the child is precociously but brightly played by Billy Lee.

The Yacht Club Boys are in excellent form and do a number. "Four of the Three Musketeers," which is great. L.C.





Above: Ben Blue and Eve Arden put over some burlesque dancing which is one of the features of the show. Below: Fred MacMurray as the band leader and Harriet Hilliard as the schoolmistress turned band vocalist.

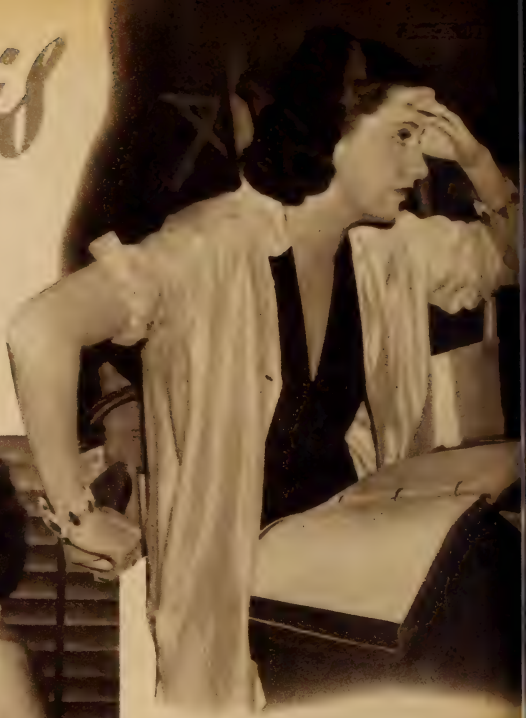


Above: Harriet Hilliard suddenly bursts into song and astonishes the boys in the band by her excellence. Below: Harry Owens, Billie Lee, Harriet Hilliard and Fred MacMurray.



KAY Francis FIGHTS FOR HER GLAMOUR

By
NORMAN PAYNE



CAN a Hollywood glamour queen play "mother"? Without losing her glamour I mean. We all know she may play as many fathers as she likes—play them for all they've got as you may say—without losing an inch in moral stature out Hollywood way. But the moment she becomes, on the screen, an ordinary common or garden mother, she drops in Hollywood's estimation from the realm of sex and beauty to the basement level of shop-soiled goods.

You may feel like picking a quarrel about all this, but if you do, pick it with Hollywood and not with me. I know how I feel about mothers who feed their families, work cheerfully in their own homes and mind their own business. I can't help it if Hollywood considers them rather too ordinary to be glamorous, or even interesting. I wouldn't have brought up the matter at all, but for the fact that it places, right side up on the table, a nice little Hollywood problem story. You ought to know all about it. Especially if you like Kay Francis.

For Kay Francis is fighting a silent bloodless battle against the political tyranny of Hollywood. She is striving bravely to retain her glamour and play a screen "mother" at one and the same time. Oh, I know quite well that she has been a film mother before. Several times in fact.

But she hasn't been a kind of middle-aged grass-widow with four huge children. Especially in what Hollywood calls a "B" picture. When the Hollywood producers label a picture "a 'B' effort" they aren't being even the mildest bit blasphemous, although it often seems to amount to the same thing. They merely admit that it is not a film of the tip-top class in the sense of cost.

Sometimes—frequently, in fact—they happen to discover after the picture has been made that it is much better than one which cost them four times as much. At such times they cough uneasily, reach out for the cuspidor and the telephone. The 'phoning is to tell their publicity departments to spend more money putting over the expensive film, and "pipe down" on the "B" picture in case the wrong one succeeds most at the box offices!

However, that is getting into Hollywood politics: deeply I mean. Actually we have to uncover a few political irons to get to our story which is interesting enough as an example of what can happen in the mad scramble for film fame and fortune.

It has never been settled which came first, the chicken or the egg. Neither has anyone ever proved whether film stars came as a result of good screen-plays or good screen-plays as a logical result of film stars.

On this reckoning, who can say whether Kay Francis first flashed to fame on the strength of a good screen yarn, or whether the actress which is undoubtedly in her, made the public fall for her until she passed from a £100 a week actress to a £850 a week star?

Kay thinks it is a safe bet that whether or not a star is made famous by any particularly lucky performance in any specially suitable story, if she is to remain famous she has to get a fair sprinkling of good roles in reasonably credible stories. That was the jagged rock of contention upon which she came to grips with the Warner Brothers. She began to struggle so hard that she toppled off that same rock into rather dangerous waters. How she will come out—or whether she will—remains to be seen.



Kay Francis looked glamorous enough in her role in "Another Dawn."

Over a year ago Kay told me over tea one day that she would feel happier if Jack Warner would permit her occasionally to go to some other studio to make a film. "I have been here at this Warner studio so long I must have gotten in to people's hair. It works this way, you know. After a while a kind of personal machine builds itself around a star limited to working in only one studio. Largely the same writers work on her scripts: the same handful of directors are assigned to her films: the same 'front office' conditions bear on each film she makes and even the same designers do her gowns. She is apt to become a 'stock' property. There is less opportunity for her to break new ground occasionally and that is what any star has to do if she is to keep on year after year.

"I got a spell of suffering mother roles, until I was driven almost mad. But the studio people said 'that is the kind of stuff the public wants from you, Kay; look at the returns from the box offices.' Well, I argued that a change would send those figures still higher. Even if it was me the public so kindly went to see, there was a limit to the number of times, a certain type of story or motif could be repeated."

That was the way Kay felt about things.

Warners, on the other hand, said: "We are not going to loan out Kay Francis to any other studios. We have made her what she is and we pay her one of the topmost salaries any Hollywood star ever got. Why should we 'cut in' any other producer on our profits? Kay Francis



Headache? Anyway this is how the candid camera caught her while talking to George Brent on "Secrets of an Actress" set.



Director William Keighley discusses the script of "Secrets of an Actress" with George Brent and Kay Francis, while the prop-man keeps busy in the background.

is our A1 star and she will appear only in *our* own productions."

Just when the Warners came to the conclusion that Miss Francis could no longer be fairly described as their "A1" star, no one in Hollywood seems quite sure, but it is not secret history that just over a year ago she began to rail furiously against the stories the studio was giving her.

Such pictures as *I Found Stella Parish* hadn't kept up the merry tinkle at the box office, said the Warner executive. To which Kay was apt to reply "do you wonder?" Perhaps you agree with her. But then no sustained improvement followed. The Kay Francis picture began gradually to lack the startling dramatic quality it had always had when first she emblazoned her name among the leading glamour stars of Hollywood. *Another Dawn* was just another story; *Confession*, a poor imitation of something once acclaimed as the great screen-play *Mazurka*.



An unusual picture of Kay Francis made up as a blonde, taken a few years ago.

By the time *First Lady* arrived and Kay was shown as only Americans can be, statuesque and chipper in high social circles, just like a Park Lane mannequin who suddenly had become wife of the President of U.S.A., we began to feel certain something had gone seriously wrong somewhere. Though it was a change to see Kay Francis as a chatty, wisecracking society dressmodel—that's really all she was although her husband was supposed really to be in the running for the Presidency—we began to feel in sympathy with Kay herself when she had said, "this is a devilish lot worse than playing in sob-stuff."

Kay grew daily more and more bitterly opposed to starring in expensive disappointments.

The Warner Brothers argued it was not their fault if her films were not as good as they used to be.

Kay replied that it certainly wasn't her fault either.

Somewhere a doubt crept in.

Suddenly the Warner Brothers announced that Kay Francis would star in a couple or three "B" class films.

Hollywood was stunned. What at 4,000 dollars a week? Doing the kind of story they usually gave to young actresses waiting to be stars and drawing perhaps less than 400 dollars a week? What the dickens! Would Kay Francis stand for that? Wouldn't she most likely walk out on the Warner Brothers? Hollywood held its breath.

Then the miracle happened. Flame scorched dynamite but there was no explosion!

Kay Francis who through the years of her fattest Hollywood success has not earned the reputation of being one of the easiest stars to get along with, was as docile as a child.

She had never been especially temperamental but she hadn't been too ready to see the Press; she had a trace of that Garbo habit about her. Now she was changed. She received the Press with open arms. And when she talked to the film writers she said not one single word against this new Warner idea that she should star in cheap films. When the news went round Hollywood that her first "B" class role would introduce her as a mother with a daughter almost old enough to be married, and several other children besides, people wise to the wonderful ways of filmtown, gasped and said, "de-glamourising her, eh?" Kay didn't turn a hair.

She announced that as and when her present contract is through—in September of this year—she will marry Count Erik Barnekow.

"After that," she added, "I shall place career second to personal peace and happiness . . where it belongs."

Kay definitely has declared she will sign no new contract with Warners. It is a foregone conclusion that if she were to negotiate such a contract, she would not be offered her present salary over a long period unless Warners had plans once again to take her out of "B" class films and put her back among their avowed glamour stars.

But the fact that Kay will not again sign a long-term contract with Warners—nor probably with any other company—doesn't mean she will carry out her threat to become "nothing but a good housewife." She will sign up picture by picture, as and when she can do so with a certain conviction that the story she is going to make will be as good for her career, as her cooking may well be for the Count. Hollywood may have its own peculiar standards by which to judge the virtues of womanhood. But Kay Francis, woman of the world, traveller, ex-political-secretary and glamour star, knows that the outside world—particularly the women of the outside world—often refuses to be bamboozled by publicity into accepting Hollywood standards.

Kay intends to show, not only that she can stand her ground and do her bit of acting just as well in a £30,000 picture as in one which costs £200,000, but that she can play a real woman—a family woman—and still keep her glamour.

One of the cheap films Warners have caused Kay to make is titled, tawdrily, *The Secrets of an Actress*. Hollywood said, "that's a nasty title." Kay said, "if I am an actress my secret will be revealed about next October."

What is that secret? That she will, after all, retire for ever from the screen?

Or that she has designed a plan whereby to regain her place among the most highly paid and highly popular "glamour" women of Hollywood?

Is she going to prove to the world once and for all, that feminine beauty, grace and charm, said to be inherent in the glamour woman, can survive motherhood and even the drudgery of the kitchen? As a bride for the fourth time, will Kay Francis prove that glamour is not made of the stuff women pack away with scented orange blossoms and brides dream about as part of a past and faded glory?

"SUMMER PIE," the great sixpenny holiday annual, will be on the bookstalls on Wednesday, June 29.

You must not miss this wonderful feast of romance, thrills, adventure and humour.

Nearly 50 famous authors and artists have helped to fill its 100 pages with exciting long complete stories and lively jokes.

All profits from this grand holiday annual go to charity.

"Summer Pie" is a wonderful tonic for the holidays, and as the demand will be tremendous you should avoid disappointment by ordering your copy at once.

The character actors of Hollywood are happier as they are, according to the writer of this article.



Sh ! Please don't disturb Mr. Treacher. He doesn't want to be a star just now.



You may not recognise Christian Rub above, but glance at his portrait on the left.



These Want

SUPPOSING you were offered film stardom—a place right in the centre of the limelight, with all the things that go with it; wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, universal fame, an enormous world-wide following, fan-mail by the truck-load . . . would you stretch your hand out and say "Thank you very much," or would you back away with deprecating gestures?

Don't lie to me ! I'd do the same myself.

Especially if you were already an actor, you might regard it as the fitting crown of your career, and bask in the limelight, revel in the golden dollars . . . and so would I.

But that, let me tell you, is because we don't know enough about the game. The men who *do* know the film game inside and out—the character actors—wouldn't have stardom at any price; not because of any extra work it might entail, but simply because they're happier as featured players.

They have before them the Awful Example of one of the most brilliant of their number, Edward Arnold, who succumbed to the insidious temptation of stardom, and whose stock is now lower than it was when he was first starred.

One advantage of keeping your feet firmly on the ground is that you can't slip down from there.

It's important here, by the way, to distinguish between starring and playing the lead.

An actor may play a leading part without much danger to his reputation; if it's a failure, it's the film that's bad, and he's regarded as being out of luck.

But if he stars, he's bigger than the film, and the whole blame is attributed to him.

John Halliday, for instance, played the lead in *Hollywood Boulevard*; Jean Hersholt took the leading part in *Sins of Man*.

Both these fine character actors—two of the most distinguished in Hollywood—added greatly to their laurels by their performances, although in neither case was the story anything to write home about.

What if there is a good deal more dough in starring? Taxation in America nowadays is so arranged that Uncle Sam grabs half of the major stars' salaries; and out of what's left they have to "put up a front"—that is to say, own an imposing house and cars and dress in a manner befitting their station, and be seen about at the night spots. The studio insists it's all part of the star's publicity.

The featured player has no such worry. He can afford to live a quiet, retired life, and put money in the bank. He can choose his friends, and his wife can choose hers; and his kids are under no threat of kidnap.

The Hollywood featured character players make an impressive line-up when you get 'em on parade, as we're just going to do.

Mind you, I'm not pretending for a moment that this is going to be an exhaustive list of the Hollywood character actors; that would be exhausting as well.

All I propose to do here is to remind you of a few—three dozen, perhaps—many of whom could probably be stars if they wanted to, but who don't want to, not being partial to the headaches involved.

Let's do a spot of sub-dividing into two bunches—those who always look the same, so that you couldn't possibly mistake them, and those who never look the same twice running, so that it's very difficult to identify them.

The two I've already mentioned are divided fifty-fifty into these classes. You always know John Halliday, but I'm blowed if you can often spot Jean Hersholt at first sight.

Of course, the recognisable ones are very greatly in the majority; disguising make-up is much less frequently needed on the screen than on the stage, because the screen makes less demand on the skill of its players, and consequently it is possible to employ "types" to a much greater extent.

Nevertheless, it's a joy to see a really fine character actor change his personality completely for different roles; Reginald Owen, for instance (British, please note).

If you saw him in *Call of the Wild*, *Tale of Two Cities* and *Suicide Club*, to name only three of his numerous roles, you saw three totally different personalities.

An interesting example of a man who always



Two of Hollywood's stand-bys—Reginald Denny and Leo Carillo, in "Blockade"...



... and on the right are Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns.

MEN *Don't to be Stars*

By MAX BREEN

looks the same and unmistakable on the screen, and yet is wearing a complete disguise all the time, is Christian Rub, who nearly always appears as a gardener, forester, janitor, and so on. You may remember him in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Girls' Dormitory, Sins of Man, Mad About Music*—but I would confidently challenge you to know him in real life.

He is one of Hollywood's great Foreign Legion, being of Austrian origin.

Hersholt is, of course, a Dane by birth. You wouldn't think Russians would be particularly happy in California's sunny clime, but among a not inconsiderable Russian colony we have Mischa Auer, of the enormous length and lugubrious features, Akim Tamiroff, one of the most select gangsters, and Vladimir Sokoloff.

Although Sokoloff assumes different disguises (as, for instance, in *Alcatraz Island* and *Blockade*) he's easily recognisable by his curiously slit-like eyes.

Italy is volubly represented by Henry Armetta, Spain by the dignified Luis Alberni, who graduated from the University of Barcelona, and usually plays hotel managers.

Leo Carillo, though of South American ancestry, was actually born right on Hollywood's doorstep—or at any rate in the State of California.

Some actors specialise in a certain type of role, with which they become identified.

For instance, when I think of Eric Blore I think of butlers, and when I think of butlers I think of Arthur Treacher.

It would be difficult for Treacher to disguise himself, seeing that he stands 6 ft. 4½ ins. in his socks—about the tallest regular actor in Filmland.

Although he specialises in playing English butlers, by the way, his own is a Brazilian, who was formerly employed by President Hoover, and stands about five-foot-nothing.

Talking of feet—and butlers—the most flat-footed and ham-thumbed of all screen butlers is old Otis Harlan, whom we don't see nearly often enough nowadays.

One might almost envy a Hollywood casting-director the supply of character-actors at his command.

Does he want a banker? There's tall, stooping, cynical Claude Gillingwater; large, robust, prosperous Walter Connolly. A soldier? Cool, stern, distinguished Lewis Stone, or Henry Stephenson from the British West Indies.

A policeman? Here are "Slow-burn" Edgar Kennedy and wise-cracking William Frawley—though Frawley escaped from uniform to play the film-star's manager "Dusty Rhodes" in *Mad About Music*. (I like his latest crack "We wear diamonds to make folk jealous who can afford 'em.")

A newspaper editor? What's the matter with Robert McWade or Charley Grapewin? (They tried to alter Charley's name to Charles lately, and did he blow up! Said he'd played as Charley for forty years, and it would do for the next forty.)

A hen-pecked husband? There are matter-of-fact Roland Young, meek Donald Meek, shyly sly Edward Everett Horton, delicate Charles Butterworth.

A pretty wit has Charles. Do you remember his remark when he and his wife were at a party once? The charming Mrs. Butterworth was bored and said "Come on, let's go home."

"Why," said Charles in mild surprise, "what's going on there?"

There are plenty who can be relied upon for almost any kind of characterisation. Dudley Digges, for instance, the Irishman who was formerly George Arliss's stage manager, has been anything on the screen from a company director to a Cockney house-agent (you remember *Payment Deferred*?)

Donald Crisp is another such (and another Briton, please note); if you saw him as a mutineer in *Mutiny on the Bounty* and an implacable Irish politician in *Beloved Enemy* you'll appreciate that.

These English actors are pretty good!

Consider Alan Mowbray, for instance—always to be depended upon for a first-rate character-sketch; and the same may be said of Reginald Denny, who from being the handsome hero has gravitated pleasantly into "Charles, his friend" or even less conspicuous roles, but always with complete success.

On the other hand, there's nothing much wrong with these Americans either; I must admit I never realised the genius of Charles Winninger until I saw him in *Show Boat*.

Those Morgans, too, are a tower of strength—two towers—though personally I prefer Frank to Ralph. Have you learned to distinguish them yet? Ralph has a small mole on his left shoulder-blade.

Similarly, many people seem unable to distinguish between Hugh Herbert and Frank McHugh, especially as they both appear in Warner pictures; but so long as they both make you laugh, that's the important thing.

There are two character players who bob up repeatedly and always unmistakably—of widely different styles; Andy Devine is "dumb" and bucolic, Roscoe Karns is loquacious and "smart-alec"; but I must confess they make me laugh with equal immoderation.

Allen Jenkins is an actor who seems capable of sinking himself in his roles; and conversely the part seems to fit itself to Humphrey Bogart, who nevertheless has a knack of seeming exactly right for the role.

No one will ever be able to estimate in terms of hard cash just what the efforts of these men have meant to the film industry.

Most, if not all of them received their training on the stage and came to the screen as fully-fledged and capable actors; they needed precious little training, have no "nerves," no jitters, no temperament, no exhibitionism. All they want is good roles in good pictures, and leave to live their lives as they desire.

Long may they enjoy it—and long may we enjoy them!

ALL THE GOSSIP

- Hollywood's New Ice Queen
- Margaret Sullavan Reforms
- Stewart Wants a Wife
- Return of Nazimova.



RIVAL for SONJA HENIE

Francisca Gaal, Hungary gift to the movies, has been holidaying at the beach while waiting to start work on "Paris Honeymoon" with Bing Crosby.

IT looks as if Sonja Henie is to have some serious competition. The girl's name is Bess Erhardt.

Miss Erhardt has been giving exhibitions in Hollywood and many members of the film colony are declaring that she is a better skater than the Norwegian blonde. Sonja, though invited, was not present at Bess's show.

Another potential "ice queen" is Irene Dare. Irene is only five years old and she makes her bow in support of Bobby Breen in *Breaking the Ice*.

Screen's New Star

● Marie Wilson, who is confidently expected to achieve stardom as a result of her work as the "girl" in *Boy Meets Girl*, once won a "Jean Harlow Double" contest.

She still complains that she never received the prize—a visit to Jean's home and a free trip to Catalina. She only had two days to spend in Hollywood. No one seemed to know how to get her out to the Harlow house, and it rained both days.

Marie subsequently rose from the extra ranks to "bit" parts, usually "dumb" blondes. Like all the best comediennes, she has an ambition to do *Camille*.

And, in case you're interested, she has the longest eyelashes in Hollywood; longer even than the fake affairs worn by the glamour stars.

Quiet Young Turks

● The Young Turks of the talkies are less in evidence these days. Frances Farmer is firing her broadsides against films from the New York stage. Katharine Hepburn, released from her Radio contract, has discovered that the "public-be-damned" attitude might be all right for the famous Commodore Vanderbilt, but is bad for film stars.

Even Margaret Sullavan has capitulated. Margaret, explaining her previous superiority towards the movie medium, declares that it was all due to the fact that she felt that she had never had a proper chance in the theatre.

Now she has had her stage fling she believes that films are not so bad after all.

Hollywood's leading rebel at the moment is Sylvia Sidney, who in one of the bitterest attacks on the film colony ever publicly made by a star, says that she would get out of pictures if she could afford to. "I can't get out," she adds, "because of the relatives and friends who have needed my help ever since I got into the big money. Hollywood has given me so many financial responsibilities that I don't dare leave." *Picturegoer* has secured this sensationally outspoken interview for its readers. Watch for it next week.

Women Are More Beautiful To-day

● Women are more beautiful to-day than they were fifteen years ago. The author of that statement is Oliver Marsh, and he ought to know—for twenty-seven years he has been photographing the film lovelies.

Among the stars he has "shot" are Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, the Gish Girls, Geraldine Farrar, Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and Myrna Loy.

Main lesson his experience has taught him is the futility of women trying to be "second Crawfords and Garbos."

All great beauties, he says, have been individualists. "They have made the most of their beauty by not copying others. Every woman has innate beauty. She should strive to develop what natural beauty she has."

Stewart Wants a Wife

● James Stewart is looking for a wife. He says so himself, and adds that Hollywood is the worst place in the world to find one, chiefly because there are too many gorgeous girls to choose from.

"I've been looking around, more or less seriously, for the past three years," Stewart admits, "but you get spoiled in this atmosphere.

"Not only are there more better-looking girls to the square inch than any other place I can think of, but there are more brains and talent, too.

"Well, let's say I step out with so-and-so some evening because she's got wit, personality, charm, looks, and can play the piano like a million dollars. Then the next evening it may be someone else equally as charming who can dish up a wonderful meal. My bachelor heart is touched again. But the next time I find someone with a marvellous voice, and it appeals to something else in me. Say, if I married any of those three, I'd probably always regret that the other two weren't around. So what do I do? I stay single."

Nazimova Returns

● Old-timers will be interested to learn that Alla Nazimova is back in the studios, even though she returns not as an actress but as a "production consultant."

She is helping Director George Cukor on the new version of *Zaza*, which, first announced as a vehicle for Carole Lombard, will now star Paramount's Italian discovery, Isa Miranda.

It is thirteen years since Nazimova retired from the screen. Her big successes included *Salome, Madonna of the Streets, A Doll's House,* and *My Son.*

Life in the Hollywoods

● Eddy Brandt, the song-writer-crooner, who recently hit the headlines when he brought a £50,000 alienation of affections suit against Herbert Marshall concerning Mrs. Brandt, has just written a new song, which may or may not be going round the world in the next few weeks.

It is titled "Lovers Out of Love"!

It is not generally known, by the way, that Mrs. Brandt is the sister of Rosalind Russell, now at work here on *The Citadel.*

Sarongs v. Suffocation

● Dorothy Lamour is not so sure now that she really wants to get away from sarongs after all. In her latest picture—*Spawn of the North*—she has to wear heavy Arctic fur costumes, and the film is being made in a heat-wave!

"I think I'd rather be typed than suffocated," she says.

Short Shots

● The stand-ins are standing up on their hind legs and demanding a title change; they want to be known as "focus artistes"—Ginger Rogers is to be teamed with Errol Flynn in *You Can't Escape for Ever*—Dick Powell and Priscilla Lane are to be starred in a new version of *Sally*—Luise Rainer goes glamorous in *The Toy Wife*; in most of her films her costume budget has not exceeded more than a few pounds, but in this one she has twenty-eight changes—The Dionne Quins will speak intelligibly for the first time on the screen in their new picture, *Five of a Kind,* and they also have a song-number called "All Mixed Up"—The Hays office has banned the word "infidelity" from screen dialogue—Gail Patrick has been going to a Hollywood fortune-teller for six years and at each visit he tells her that some day she'll be in pictures—Claudette Colbert busy denying "blessed event" rumours—Tom Walls declaring, in front of witnesses, too, that he'll eat his hat if Richard Ainley "doesn't soon find himself in Hollywood with a fat contract"—Tyrone Power has taken up cycling in a big way; he has ambitions to win a few cups.



There goes the bride—in this case Caroline Fisher, of Chicago. Bridegroom is Rodin Rathbone, 22-year-old son of Basil Rathbone.

They Must Deliver The Goods

● The resumption of normal production the British studios under the new Quota Act has started with the usual barrage of stupid ballyhoo from the daily press writers.

There is something almost ominous in the way that all the old familiar phrases: "biggest boom in British film history," "Hollywood is doomed," etc., etc.—that previously have heralded nothing but disaster are being trotted out again all over the film pages.

One hopes that this is not a sign that we are to suffer a new campaign of extravagant press encouragement of mediocre movie-making in this country.

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No one is more anxious to see a British film revival than we are We refuse to believe, however, that it can be achieved by giving a mandate to incompetence by hailing bad British films as world-beaters or misleading the public with exaggerated ideas of the potential importance of our production programmes.

Many of our film kings have yet to show that they have really reformed. Let them deliver the goods and PICTUREGOER will shout their praises from the house-tops. In the meanwhile the industry needs to be saved from its friends.

"Series" Cycle

● It looks as if the screen will soon be swamped with "series" pictures. Producers who have seen the box-office returns from the "Charlie Chan", "Jones Family", "Mr. Moto" and "Judge Hardy" pictures are out to grab their share of the spoils.

Twentieth Century-Fox, which already has several profitable teams in the field, has now brought out another one. Series will revolve round the adventures of two big-city girls and the first, appropriately enough, is titled *Meet The Girls.* Claire Trevor, Hollywood's forgotten woman and June Lang will be co-starred.

Warners who have done quite well with the "Torchy" Blane talkies are introducing another new screen character to feature Bonita Granville. The initial effort will be *Nancy Drew Gets Her Passport.*

At the same studio writers are busy building up a series round the work of America's treasury agents for Ronald Reagan.

Virginia Bruce's Ten Taboos

● We all have our pet peeves. Women who smoke in the street, and men who grasp a woman's arm as though it were the last straw, are two of Virginia Bruce's.

The actress has just formulated ten taboos for men and women.

Four other items in her feminine list are:

Boisterous laughter in public which attracts unwelcome attention.

Wearing slacks in the street. She believes that slacks are all right for the house or beach, but thinks women lose their femininity when wearing them in the street.

Applying make-up in public places.

Baby-talk should be confined to infants. Women who affect it are not only ridiculous, but silly.

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The men come in for the following additional four items:

Some males constantly refer to their personal possessions with the tag: "And it cost me twenty dollars" or "fifty dollars." They can't resist the temptation to put a value on their property.

Jealousy not only makes a man appear ridiculous, but cheapens him in the eyes of a woman.

The habit of some men who allow women to climb into a motor-car unassisted while they step on the starter and impatiently await their companion.

Last, and most important, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress dislikes those men who show no consideration for anyone but themselves, failing to observe the courtesies which should be a part of their character.

MALCOLM PHILLIPS

Phil Lonergan sends it Hot from Hollywood

Martha Sues Magazine

MARTHA RAYE does not care to have her mouth compared with that of a monkey, so sought an injunction in Los Angeles Superior Court, preventing Look Magazine, of Des Moines, Iowa, publishing a photograph showing Martha and an ape with their mouths wide open.

Actress declares that her shapely legs are now her chief physical asset.

When the case was heard the Los Angeles judge ruled that he had no jurisdiction over an Iowa publication; Martha's lawyers are studying new moves to halt publication of the offending photograph.

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Jackie Coogan was in little demand in the movies or on the stage until he started his famous suit against his mother and his stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bernstein, who are still holding grimly to the fortune earned by the youth in the films.

The young actor has teamed with Bob Hope, singing comedian, and will play six weeks in the theatres, for which they will be paid $8,000 per week, half of which will be received by Jackie.

The Bernsteins cannot claim any of this money, as Jackie is now of age.

◆ ◆ ◆

Errol Flynn demonstrated that he can be as much of a "he-man" in real life as he is in the films.

While cruising on his yacht near Cuba, with his wife, Lili Damita, he visited Havana. A male friend became embroiled in a quarrel at a night club, and the affair soon became a battle royal, with Errol belabouring his antagonists as effectively as he handled Sir Guy of Gisbourne's men in *Robin Hood.*

Order was eventually restored. The star was unmarked, but someone had stolen his valuable cigarette holder.

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Freddie Bartholomew must think that life is just one law-suit after another. His relatives fought for his custody and a share of his earnings, and lawyers battled for large fees.

The latest development is a suit for $30,000, *brought by Myron Selznick and Co., actors' agents, who claim that Freddie owes the company this amount as commissions on his earnings under a seven-year contract signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer last year.*

◆ ◆ ◆

Virginia Bruce is one wife who, instead of selecting her husband's clothes, is quite willing to take advice from him on hers.

Her husband, J. Walter Rubin, known as one of the best dressed men in Hollywood, has been advising Virginia on clothes, particularly on her tailored outfits, ever since their marriage last December.

◆ ◆ ◆

Barbara Stanwyck evidently intends to protect her lawyer, Charles W. Cradick, in the event he loses a suit brought against him by the actress's former husband, Frank Fay.

Fay has sued Cradick for $25,000, claiming that he loaned this amount to the attorney. Miss Stanwyck has asked to become a third party to the suit, declaring that she was Fay's wife at the time the money was said to be loaned, so is entitled to half of any verdict Fay may receive.

Cradick represents Miss Stanwyck in a suit in which she seeks to prevent Fay from ever seeing his five-year-old son, Dion.

◆ ◆ ◆

The grandmother of a prominent actress has been writing letters to her numerous relatives in the Middle-West, telling them of the wonderful home the star has given her, and inviting them to visit her, never dreaming that they would accept.

Not long ago a young niece, with her husband and three babies, visited the elderly woman, whilst other groups of relatives have announced that they will soon accept her hospitality.

Panic-stricken, the generous lady is considering closing her home and moving to a hotel!

All The Gossip

(*continued from page* 11)

E. G. Cousins Covers the British Studios

Steam Up

STEADILY, every week, we are getting more and more back to normal; that is to say, plenty of productions on the floors, bustle in the studio corridors, call-sheets pinned up on the notice-boards, commissionaires putting on their jackets and brushing the cobwebs off the studio gates. . . .

Soon life won't be worth living to an honest spider.

It does my old heart good to see a bit of activity; Denham, for instance, two or three weeks ago was a Sahara; now they have two major films in production there and a third on the verge of starting.

This Looks Good

● Mind you, only one of these is a London Film. One belongs to Herbert Wilcox (who is making *Sixty Glorious Years* about which I have already told you) and the other, in the last stages of preparation before taking the floor, is M.-G.-M.'s *The Citadel*.

The London Films one is *Prison Without Bars*, and this looks like being one of the most interesting productions to take the floor in a British studio for many a long day.

Mary From Fiji

● The adventures of one of the leading players alone would almost make a film story.

She is 21-year-old Mary Morris, who was born in the Fiji Islands, and was tested some months ago by a London Films talent-scout.

Nothing happened at the time, but M.-G.-M. sent her to Hollywood; and as far as I can discover nothing much happened there either.

Then London Films began casting for *Prison Without Bars*, and Mary's successful test was suddenly remembered. Cables were sent to Hollywood, but she had sailed for the Pacific the day before.

Then the ship she had sailed on was identified, and a radiogram was sent to her on board. She had not enough money to land in Honolulu, and for some reason which does not seem quite clear her luggage was confiscated.

Back Again

● She then travelled via Japan and Siberia in a desperate effort to get back to London in time to be in the picture, finally arriving with no money to speak of and only the clothes she stood up in.

Which just shows how intelligently this film-business is run. No wonder production costs far too much!

Mary is a petite brunette, if you'll excuse all that French. She plays one of the reformatory inmates; and another prominent one is Corinne Luchaire, seventeen-year-old Parisienne, who has had three years in a dramatic school, and has done well in French films. She is slim, blonde, and blue-eyed, and is an expert swimmer, dancer, and fencer.

Clash

● This is an unusual type of story, about the clash between an old-style reformatory supervisor, grim and forbidding, and the new superintendent, sympathetic and kindly.

The former is Margaret Yarde, and the latter Edna Best, who trained for this part by being the sympathetic school-teacher in *South Riding*. I can't imagine better casting for either part.

Speaking of *South Riding*, little Glynis Johns, who played "Midge Carne" in that film, is one of the more prominent reformatory inmates in this one.

Sole Male

● This film is simply chock-full of women and girls—hundreds of them; but so far there is only one man—Barry K. Barnes, who plays the reformatory doctor; and if he doesn't fall for Edna Best I lose my tanner.



Nice work if you can get it. Walter Pidgeon finds an admiring audience among M.-G.-M.'s dancing girls. He's probably telling them about the days when he was a musical star.

The *locale* is France, and to round the matter off it has a French cameraman, Georges Perinal; and to round it off still rounder, so to speak, it is being directed by Maxwell Wray, who was the talent-scout who first discovered Mary Morris.

There is generally a good deal of drama to be found in prison and reformatory stories, in which human emotions are apt to come uncorked. I hope this one will be no exception to that rule; we can certainly do with some good strong meat in our films.

Bergner Back

● A few miles away at Pinewood they are getting busy on a film called *Stolen Life*, which is important for several reasons.

First, Elisabeth Bergner is playing the lead in it; this is her fifth British film, and she has been absent from the screen for a year and a half.

Secondly, the film-story is by Margaret Kennedy, who wrote the novel *Escape Me Never* from which one of Bergner's most successful films was made.

This isn't an original of hers, however; she adapted it from a best-selling novel by K. Benes which received the Czechoslovakian Academy Prize last year.

Thirdly, young Michael Redgrave is playing opposite Bergner; this is the young man about whom the British film industry seems to have gone completely haywire before he is even seen on the screen.

Split Indefinite

● It has been rumoured that Miss Bergner was to play a dual role in this, but the studio is not splitting about that.

This film had better be good, for it is costing a trifling matter of £90,000, and will take three months to do, with all the location-work in Cornwall, Switzerland, and probably the South of France as well.

By the way, Wilfred Lawson is in this too; remember the name. It's going to be a very important one in films in the near future; so far you have very likely seen him only as the police-sergeant in *Bank Holiday*; I have a feeling that when he turns up in *Pygmalion* we shall be hailing the birth of a new star.

Dr. Paul Czinner, who has a very distinguished wife, is directing this film; and his wife is Elisabeth Bergner, which I think rounds off *that* production very nicely.

Canny Canine

● Another important production which has just been launched at Pinewood is *Piccadilly Circus*.

You have probably seen plastered all over the papers the glad tidings that British films were to be saved by the arrival from America of an actor named Asta who appeared with William Powell and Myrna Loy in *The Thin Man*.

You read about his state-room on the luxury liner which transported him, his gilded basket, his extensive wardrobe, and the teeny-weeny little silk hankies for his nosey-posey.

And I hope you weren't sick.

Chicken-Feed

● The enormous sums mentioned as the cost of bringing this wonder-actor to England have been whittled down to a mere £1,000, so who has the audacity to mention "over-spending?"

And what does this amazing animal do? He obeys orders by signal, instead of having to be bawled at; almost, you will say, like the two amazing dogs in *Owd Bob*.

It's all very amazing.

By the way, in the midst of all this amazement, don't overlook the fact that in this film there is also a woman of the name of Fields; Gracie to you and me.

There are also such not-inconsiderable people as Roger Livesey, Hugh Sinclair, Mary Maguire, Edward Rigby, Jack Donahue, Phillip Leaver, Eddie Gray, Dehl Trio, and Joe Mott.

But presumably they all have to be shouted at; and so what?

Strong Combination

● Talking about not-inconsiderable people, Mayflower Productions may now claim to have about the strongest producer-director-star-scenarist combination in the world.

Their producer is Erich Pommer, who seldom makes a mistake; their director is Alfred Hitchcock, from whom we expect (and usually get) an extremely high standard of work; their star is Charles Laughton, who needs no eulogy from me; and their scenarist is Clemence Dane, who ditto.

And their new film is *Jamaica Inn*, from a novel by a brilliant author, Daphne du Maurier.

So look out!

LIFE in the RAW



There is a savage fight in this picture between Richard Arlen and Lyle Talbot for possession of Beverley Roberts as a novelist who is gathering material for a novel at first hand.

EVERY once in a while, Hollywood makes a film in the outdoors with wild animals and includes a couple of well known stars, to provide the human interest. Quite often the animals dominate the picture from start to finish. That is the case with the new film *Call of the Yukon*, in which Richard Arlen, Beverley Roberts, Lyle Talbot and Mala play the leading parts, but it is the animals who are really the stars. The animals are named "Swift Lightning," a half dog half wolf, "Firefly," a Collie, "Roughie" and "Toughie," two bears, "Buck," a St. Bernard and "Winkie," a talking raven.

Call of the Yukon is a triangle drama of two men and a woman in the North, which reaches a climax when they are making a long trek by sled over frozen countryside.

It was entirely filmed in Alaska, and it is the animals who give the film "punch" and a "different" atmosphere. They seem so completely at home in their parts that it is difficult to believe that some of them are not really wild animals. Actually the dogs are all Hollywood trained, but on the screen they seem the wild, savage beasts which they are supposed to represent.

Life in the raw is the basis of *Call of the Yukon* and a novel parallel is struck between the primitive passions of the animals and those of the human beings who live in the frozen waste lands.

The outdoor sequences were filmed at Juncsu in Alaska, only 120 miles from the rim of the earth. Some of the loveliest shots ever obtained of Eskimo and Arctic life and the beautiful majestic backgrounds of Alaska, form one of the main points of appeal in the film.

A complete self-contained unit was stationed there for four months shooting the outdoor scenes amidst the reindeer herds, packs of wolves, bears, and half wild dogs. Most of the trained animals were taken to Alaska with the location crew under the care of their various trainers. To film a scene in which ice completely covering a river, cracks, they had to spend weeks on the spot, just waiting for the right moment to start turning the cameras. Hollywood fakes many things—but you can't fake the moment when Winter turns into Spring. So the camera crew waited patiently for Nature. And the result is the real thing.

It was hard work making the scenes in which "Swift Lightning" and "Firefly" appear, particularly as the two dogs had so many other interesting things around them which they had never seen before. To the dogs making the film, it was an entirely new type of life. They had never seen snow or ice before, having lived most of their lives in warm and sunny California. Elaborate precautions were taken so that they did not catch cold.

The two bear cubs were natives of Juncsu, and according to B. Reeves Eason, the director, they proved the most difficult to handle. Eventually when the time came to film the interior scenes the two bears had grown so big and fat that two new cubs had to be found, or otherwise continuity would have suffered.

It must be emphasised that no cruelty was used in the making of *Call of the Yukon*. The company was bound by the usual regulations in the production of the picture.

One of the scenes which the unit found particularly hard to film was the mass spectacle of hundreds of Eskimos leaving their village on sleds drawn by dog teams, in a last effort to get South before the Winter sets in and they are starved to death.

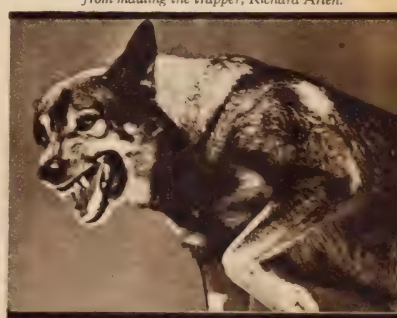
Eskimos seem to have heard the myth about Hollywood's enormous salaries and they thought that if they were going to work in the picture they would have to be paid—and paid plenty for the privilege of filming Ma, Pa and little Eskimo. Consequently—an almost record number of candles were paid over in salaries for the big scene!



Beverley Roberts in Eskimo dress. Her romance with Richard Arlen as a trapper is parallelled in the animal sequences.



Beverley Roberts prevents "Swift Lightning," a cross-bred wolf, leader of a pack of wolves, from mauling the trapper, Richard Arlen.



A close-up of "Swift Lightning," who off screen is an amiable creature, quite unlike the snarling wild thing he depicts.



The stars with the dog team in which they are shown as travelling back through the wastes to civilization.



SONJA HENIE

The subject of this week's "request" art plate is practically unique among film favourites—a "freak" star who got into films on her reputation as a skater and established herself as a front-rank box-office personality. Sonja has scored again recently in "Happy Landing."

IT'S FUN TO "Go Hollywood"

by JANET BEECHER

Who made her Broadway stage debut eighteen years ago in *The Concert*, is one of the few actresses to transfer allegiance to motion pictures without benefit of screen test. She admits this phenomenon has tempered her critical valuation of Hollywood.



A new picture of the author of this article, who is one of the front-rank character artistes in the film capital.

"EVERYBODY smoothed my way when I arrived in Hollywood. It was so different from my reception on the stage that it has coloured my appreciation of motion pictures."

Janet Beecher embarked on a stage career at the age of sixteen. Her earliest memories are of hard work, long hours, and little appreciation of her efforts.

"But I had decided to become an actress," she continued, "and I knew enough of the theatre to realise that early discouragement was not necessarily indicative of failure. Those early days of 'one-night stands' were grand experience for a young girl who had thought that romance was the principle thread in the web of the theatre."

She played two seasons with that first stock company, two years of bit parts, continuous toil and heart-break. Showing promise, she was promoted to leading roles late in the second season.

She remained with the stock company three more years, accumulating knowledge of the theatre, assimilating tricks and practices which were to prove invaluable in years to come.

"I'll never forget the first time a scene was stolen from me," she smiled. "It was done by another woman, and I guess I looked pretty silly, for even the drama-starved audience realised what had happened. It almost made me give up, for treachery was something I had not anticipated. A kindly old gentleman in the cast took pity on me, led me aside and gave me a complete repertoire of scene-stealing. I have been on my guard ever since."

The determination which had kept her plugging along in a mediocre stock company, finally won recognition. A Broadway producer saw her and induced her to take a small role in *The Concert*.

"It didn't take much inducing," she remembers. "I almost fell over myself jumping at the opportunity.

"To my surprise, I didn't burn Broadway up. In fact, I couldn't even find my name at the bottom of the reviews. But I had been trained in a hard school and was accustomed to disappointment."

Recognition for this tenacity of purpose was slow in coming. Four years passed before she won acclaim as the mother in *Fair and Warmer*. She was established as a comedienne.

It was as a comedienne that she made her bid for fame in New York. Occasional dramatic roles broke the monotony of farce and comedy, but she preferred the light, gay and breezy roles of *A Bill of Divorcement* and *Call the Doctor* to the more dramatic characterisations in *Courage* and *Men Must Fight*.

"The years following my first stage success were happy ones," she admits. "I was riding the crest of the wave and looked forward to a long succession of comedy impersonations on a street I loved. Then I made what my contemporaries called a mistake. I signed a motion picture contract at a time when the cinema was still frowned upon by the intelligentsia.

"I was playing the middle-aged wife who falls in love with a young writer in *Candida*, when a talent scout, with all the earmarks of a successful agent, breezed into my dressing-room, flourished a contract in one hand and a fountain pen in the other. He seemingly could not understand my reluctance to write Janet Beecher on the line at the bottom. It wasn't until he told me I would play in *Gallant Lady* and that Ann Harding, whom I respected and admired, would play the leading role, that I succumbed. I've often wondered what would have happened if I had failed to sign.

"I've been happy in Hollywood, appearing in motion pictures. There were moments in the beginning when I had a deep nostalgia for the breathless moment before the curtain rose, or longed for the peace that came at night with the completion of a good performance. I've outgrown that now, or have grown away from the memory."

Janet Beecher's first appearance on the screen was heralded as a triumph. She was given a contract, and a succession of important roles. She became a motion picture actress.

"Everything was perfect for me during those first days before the camera. Fortunately, I was enacting a role in a stage play which had been transferred to motion pictures. Then I saw the rushes of the first day's shooting. I almost fainted. I was ashamed and embarrassed. I had over-acted all over the place. I 'mugged' in close-ups, rushed around like a giddy girl in scenes which should have been played sedately.

"I was learning the wisdom of advice proffered by friends, who told me the camera picked up every detail, and that the projection machine made gargantuan images on the screen.

"They were forced to cut me out of those first scenes, re-shooting some, leaving the rest of them and me on the cutting-room floor. I was awful. But I had learned my lesson: I went to the dramatic coach at the studio and took lessons in acting. Imagine! After a dozen years on the stage, I was taking lessons in acting."

Miss Beecher's flair for comedy, exploited by astute stage producers, was utilised by motion picture producers, but gradually she was given more serious parts. She enacted dramatic roles in *The Mighty Barnum*, *So Red the Rose*, *The Good Old Soak*, and *Between Two Women*.

"In explaining this, the actress admitted her happiness that she had not been typed as a comedienne.

"Motion picture audiences tire of seeing the same person portraying the same type role in every picture. I feel that I was fortunate in being able to break away from strictly comedy parts, dividing my time between serious and comic roles. It made my services more desirable to a studio.

"I've learned what motion picture technique I could during my five years in Hollywood. Experience has taught me to under-act rather than over-act, to govern every gesture and movement with discretion.

"Now I have a part in *Yellow Jack*, which is bringing me a lot of happiness. Included in the cast are Robert Montgomery, the star, Virginia Bruce, Henry Hull, Lewis Stone, Charles Coburn, and Stanley Ridges. I know most of them well, have played with three of them on the stage.

"It is fun to sit on the set, reminiscing over the 'good old days,' but every one of us has a guilty feeling deep down inside. We like to think of opening nights, and dress rehearsals and the pomp of Broadway. But we've come to feel that motion pictures offer the greatest opportunity for recognition, that by appearing in pictures we reach a thousand people where before we could only reach one.

"Most of all, we are all happy in our work. It's fun to 'Go Hollywood'!"



There is something Victorian about this charming evening dress of white and silver metallic cloth with its white fur cape.



An ideal slack outfit. The star's shorts and blouse are of white sharkskin. The fullness makes for comfort and ease of movement.





Shots WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA

Joan Fontaine acts as mannequin for "Picturegoer" readers and displays some of the latest summer fashions. Below she is seen in a peasant dress of cotton. The top is white, the skirt yellow and the sash green. The ensemble is completed with brown leather sandals.





Stars arriving at the first presentation of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood. (1) Don Ameche; (2) Richard Greene, Alice Fay and Tony Martin; (3) Ethel Merman and Cesar Romero; (4) Dr. Joel Pressman and his wife, Claudette Colbert.



Joan Fontaine wears this dress in "The Muddled Deal." It is made of white chiffon and is notable for its flowing, graceful lines.



Right, Slacks are substituted for the shorts which the star is seen wearing on the opposite page. The material is the same.



Let me get at her! James Stewart holds back "One-Round" Rogers left, while in the lower right-hand corner "Fighting Frances" Mercer strains at the leash—represented by Charles Coburn.



'CAVE WOMAN' GINGER

GINGER ROGERS and Frances Mercer stage the battle of the century, over James Stewart, in *Vivacious Lady*—a real primeval, knock-'em - down - and - drag - 'em - out fight with no holds barred. The film, in which Ginger appears as a cabaret girl who marries into a rather stuffy scholastic family, just about makes her Hollywood's champion feminine scrapper.

It was freely rumoured in Hollywood that the affair, as is frequently the case where fistic clashes between women artistes are concerned, quickly developed into the real thing. Frances, at any rate, emerged from the melee with a black eye worthy to be photographed in Technicolor.



Right: It won't be long now and Ginger, having got her opponent where she wants her, like most fighters, cannot resist the temptation to play to the gallery.





The cause of the trouble—a man, of course. Frances think's she's engaged to Stewart. Ginger knows better; she's secretly married to him



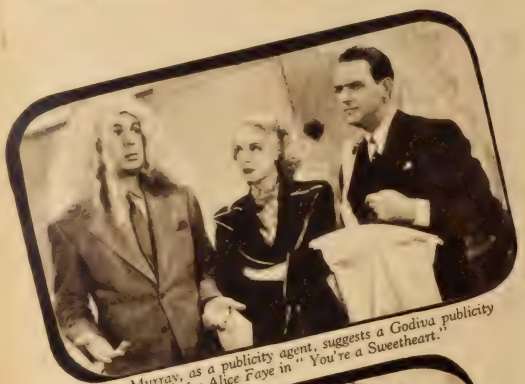
Above: The girls get to grips, with Ginger doing most of the gripping. Note the smile on the face of the tigress as she applies a wicked head lock to her rival.

Gets Her Man



Left: Rogers wins with a magnificent example of what is known technically as a forward body slam and it's all over bar the shouting, most of which seems to be coming from the aggrieved and defeated Frances. She says her dignity is hurt!

LIONEL COLLIER'S *FILM* REVIEWS



Ken Murray, as a publicity agent, suggests a Godiva publicity stunt for Alice Faye in "You're a Sweetheart."

**YOU'RE A SWEETHEART

General Film Distributors-Universal. American. "U" certificate.

ALICE FAYE	Betty Bradley	DAVID OLIVER	Yes Man
GEORGE MURPHY	Hal Adams	CHARLES WINNINGER	Cherokee Charlie
KEN MURRAY	Don King	DONALD MEEK	Jeeters
OSWALD	Oswald	CASPER REARDON	Casper
FRANCES HUNT	Penny	ALSO EDNA SEDGWICK, A. A. TRIMBLE, BOB MURPHY, RENIE RIANO, BEN LEWIS, BOBBY WATSON, THE FOUR PLAYBOYS, MAIDA AND RAY, THE NORVELLE BROS.	
FRANK JENKS	Harry		
ANDY DEVINE	Daisy Day		
WILLIAM GARGAN	Edward		

Directed by David Butler. Story by Warren Wilson, Maxwell Shane and William Thomas. Previewed March 19, 1938.

Both Alice Faye and George Murphy give good performances in this thin and rather discursive romance with music.

It deals with a publicity stunt, in which a young man, Hal Adams, poses as a millionaire and is supposed to buy up all the seats for the first week of a show in which an actress, Betty Bradley, is appearing. This is to stimulate public interest in the production and also to avoid an opening clash with a charity benefit.

The inevitable happens. Hal falls for the girl and has to confess he is a fake.

The plot is interspersed with turns and stage presentations which are quite well done, but, as a whole, the picture does not hold the interest very firmly.

Ken Murray is quite good as a producer, but the humour of Oswald, his stooge, did not strike me as being of a particularly bright variety.

Andy Devine scores, however, as a bodyguard provided for the phoney millionaire.



Jane Carr and Margaret Lockwood with the ever-resourceful Alastair Sim in "Melody and Romance."

c**MELODY AND ROMANCE

British Lion. British. "U" certificate. Musical comedy-drama. Runs 70 minutes.

HUGHIE GREEN	Hugh Hawkins	MARGARET SCUDAMORE	Mrs. Hawkins
MARGARET LOCKWOOD	Margaret Williams	HUGHIE GREEN'S GANG including BOBBY PRICE AND AUDREY FOSTER, JOEY HOPKINSON AND MARY KELLY, JOYCE CANNON AND GERALDINE, CONNIE RUSSELL, REX ROPER AND MAISIE.	
JANE CARR	Kay Williams		
ALASTAIR SIM	Professor Williams		
GARY MARSH	Warwick Mortimer		
C. DENIER WARREN	Captain Hawkins		
JULIEN VEDEY	Jacob.		

Directed by Maurice Elvey.

Designed to exploit Hughie Green, the popular radio and musical-hall juvenile, this picture has a little of everything palatably presented. It is unsophisticated stuff mostly of a light order—in fact, the serious ending comes as something of a shock—with variety turn interludes.

Hughie Green is certainly able and versatile as a young bargee who fancies himself as a musician and eventually gets a hearing. During a rehearsal of his act at the Crystal Palace, the fire breaks out, and the bargee and others are trapped. Needless to say, Hughie does the necessary, and not only finds romance for himself, but also heals another lovers' quarrel. Margaret Lockwood is good as Margaret, sister of a popular radio star, played excellently by Jane Carr.



James Stephenson, D. A. Clarke Smith and Betty Lynne in a British crook drama, "Dangerous Fingers."

**DANGEROUS FINGERS

Pathe. British. "A" certificate. Romantic crime drama. Runs 78 minutes.

JAMES STEPHENSON	Fingers	D. A. CLARKE-SMITH	Inspector Williams
BETTY LYNNE	Doris	GEORGE MERRITT	Charlie
LESLIE PERRINS	Standish	BRYAN HERBERT	Sherlock
NADINE MARCH	Mabel	FLORENCE GROVES	Maud
SALLY STUART	Molly	PHIL RAY	Ben

Directed by Norman Lee.

Ingenious crime story with plenty of punch and a plot that keeps one's interest alive. Basically it is a reformation drama, but it is treated unconventionally. The leading character, "Fingers," excellently played by James Stephenson, is a crook who seeks to avenge the death of his girl, who had committed suicide while he was in prison. He goes back to safe-cracking and neglects his genius for the piano which he had hoped at one time to exploit. He falls in love with the secretary of a wealthy man whom he intended to rob, and discovers that he was morally responsible for his girl's death. He has to face a murder charge before he finally finds happiness and reforms.

Betty Lynne is quite good as the heroine and Leslie Perrins puts over a subtle character study as the wealthy man.

Pianoforte interludes are logically introduced and help to enhance the various moods of the plot, which is rounded off by a spectacular man hunt.



Robert Young falls for a millionaire's daughter, Florence Rice, in "Romance for Three."

**ROMANCE FOR THREE

M.G.M. American. "U" certificate. Farce. Runs 78 minutes.

FRANK MORGAN	Rudolph Tobler	REGINALD OWEN	Johann Kesselhut
ROBERT YOUNG	Fritz Hagedorn	HENRY HULL	Sepp
MARY ASTOR	Mrs. Mallebre	HERMAN BING	Mr. Polter
EDNA MAY OLIVER	Mrs. Kunkel	SIG RUMANN	Mr. Bold
FLORENCE RICE	Hilde Tobler	WALTER KINGSFORD	William Reichenback

Directed by Edward Buzzell. From a book by Erich Kaestner.

While the humour in this farce of mistaken identity is rather forced, it provides good, light entertainment, is well directed, and produced.

Frank Morgan is the mainspring of the action in his role of an eccentric soap millionaire who enters one of his own slogan competitions under an assumed name and wins a prize—a trip to an Alpine resort. He decides to remain incognito and take the trip, but his housekeeper, who has learnt of his escapade, phones the hotel and reserves special rooms and service for him. Unfortunately, the other prize-winner is mistaken for him, and he is put in a leaking attic whilst the other penniless competitor is treated like a millionaire.

Frank Morgan gets involved with an adventuress and is helped by the other prize-winner, brightly played by Robert Young, who has a romance with his daughter.

Florence Rice makes an attractive and intelligent heroine, and Edna May Oliver, as the housekeeper, Reginald Owen, as a valet, and Herman Bing, as a hotel manager, shine in support.

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Lionel Collier's FILM REVIEWS

*THE JURY'S SECRET

General F.B.-Universal. American. "A" certificate. Crime drama. Runs 63 minutes.

LARRY BLAKE.....Bill Sheldon
FAY WRAY.....Linda Wood
KENT TAYLOR.....Walter Russell
NAN GREY.....Mary Norris
SAMUEL S. HINDS.....Brandon Williams
HALLIWELL HOBBES.....John, the Butler
JANE DARWELL.....Mrs. Sheldon
FRITZ LEIBER.....John Morrow
GRANVILLE BATES.....Judge Prendergast
LEONARD MUDIE.....District Attorney
TED OSBORNE.....Reporter Thompson
BILLY WAYNE.....Reporter Baker
ROBERT SPENCER.....Reporter Smith
HARRY C. BRADLEY.....Jury Foreman
EDWARD BROADLEY.....Williams' Butler
BERT ROACH.....Juror Hackenmier
VIRGINIA SALE.....Miss Montague
JOHN MILLER.....Juror Simms
LILLIAN ELLIOTT.....Mrs. Muller
DREW DEMAREST.....Fourth Reporter
FERRIS TAYLOR.....Attorney Appleby
DICK RUSH.....Bailiff

Directed by Ted Sloman. Story by Lester Cole.

Honour before love is the theme of this picture, which, in trying to escape being conventional, becomes rather discoursive and distinctly theatrical.

It deals with a journalist who writes editorials on behalf of a big business man with few scruples and who eventually murders his employer. Another man is suspected—an agitator—and to save his life the journalist confesses to the crime.

Kent Taylor makes the most of his role as the journalist and Larry Blake is sound as the agitator. Fay Wray is quite adequate as the heroine.

*QUIET, PLEASE

First National. British. "A" certificate. Crime comedy. Runs 68 minutes.

REGINALD PURDELL.....Algernon Beresford
WALLY PATCH.....Bill
LESLEY BROOK.....Margery Meadows
JULIEN MITCHELL.....Holloay
IAN MCLEAN.....Woods
WINIFRED IZARD.....Lady Winterley
IAN FLEMING.....Dr. Craven
BRUCE LISTER.....Dr. Faversham
CLEM LAWRENCE.....Johnson
BRENDA HARVEY.....Tyler
BOBBY LAWRENCE.....Edgar

Directed by Roy William Neill. Screen play and dialogue by Reginald Purdell and Tony Hankey.

Reginald Purdell scores in this impersonation comedy, which develops into somewhat wild slapstick, by his performance as a street entertainer who is used by crooks to try to rob a rich patient in a sanatorium of her jewels; he is in turn a nervous wreck, a solicitor and a housemaid.

The whole thing is very extravagant, but it scores laughs by its hearty ingenuousness.

Wally Pach is good as the busker's friend, who has to impersonate first an old lady from Lancashire and secondly a specialist from Vienna.

There is a sound surprise element and a touch of mystery for good measure.

*SCANDAL SHEET

Paramount. American. "U" certificate. Comedy drama. Runs 61 minutes.

JEW AYRES.....Joe McKnight
LOUISE CAMPBELL.....Nora Langdon
ROSCOE KARNS.....Austin Brown
PORTER HALL.....James Wilson
EDGAR KENNEDY.....Daniel Webster Smith
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.....Ada Smith
CECIL CUNNINGHAM.....Maybelle Murphy
VIRGINIA WEIDLER.....Wilma Murphy
JAN DUGGAN.....Vera Veazey
LARAINE JOHNSON.....Peg Smith
LOIS KENT.....Marilyn Smith
GEORGE OFFERMAN, JUN.....Jerome Murphy
ESTHER HOWARD.....Birdie Brown
VERA EMMETT.....Lillian Johnson
LOUISE BEAVERS.....Clarice
LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD.....Robert Johnson

Directed by James Hogan. Based on a story by Vera Caspary.

Small-town gossip is responsible for involving a girl in a murder charge. The characters introduced are true to type, but the plot is very slight, and neither the murder nor the confession of the culprit are at all convincing.

The show is practically stolen by Virginia Weidler, who, as the small child friend of the heroine, is instrumental in making the murderer confess.

Lew Ayres has little to do as the hero, but Louise Campbell makes the most of the leading role in a sincere and attractive manner.

*MADEMOISELLE DOCTEUR

United Artists. British. "A" certificate. Spy melodrama. Runs 79 minutes.

DITA PARLO.....Anne Marie Lesser
JOHN LODER.....Lieutenant Peter Carr
ERICH VON STROHEIM
Colonel Mathesius, Simonis
CLAIRE LUCE.....Gaby
GYLES ISHAM.....Lieutenant Hans Hoffman
CLIFFORD EVANS.....Coudoyan
JOHN ABBOTT.....Armand
ANTHONY HOLLES.....Mario
EDWARD LEXY.....Carr's Orderly
ROBERT NAINBY.....French General
BRIAN POWLEY.....Colonel Burgoyne
MOLLY HAMLEY CLIFFORD
Proprietress of Blue Peacock
RAYMOND LOVELL.....Colonel von Steinberg
FREDERICK LLOYD.....Colonel Marchand
CLAUD HORTON.....Captain Fitzmaurice

Directed by Edmond Greville. Based on a story by George Neveux and I. Cube.

Heavy-handed spy melodrama, in which the protagonists chase each other half way over Europe before tragedy ends romance.

The whole thing is very hackneyed and conventional, and it is difficult to believe in the characters or their environment.

Dita Parlo is fair as a German girl who becomes involved in espionage in order to revenge the death of her fiance, and John Loder is sound, if rather heavy, as Peter Carr, an English officer.

Erich von Stroheim is very artificial as a German Secret Service Agent.

Technical qualities are, however, quite good, and there is plenty of action and variety of setting.

*THE ADVENTUROUS BLONDE

Warner. American. "A" certificate. Murder mystery. Runs 61 minutes.

GLENDA FARRELL.....Torchy Blane
BARTON MACLANE.....Steve McBride
ANNE NAGEL.....Grace Brown
TOM KENNEDY.....Gahagan
GEORGE E. STONE.....Pete
NATALIE MOORHEAD.....Theresa Gray
WILLIAM HOPPER.....Matt
ANDERSON LAWLER.....Hugo Brand
CHARLEY FOY.....Dud
BOBBY WATSON.....Mugsy
LELAND HODGSON.....Harvey Hammond
RAYMOND HATTON.....Maxie
FRANK SHANNON.....Captain McTavish
VIRGINIA BRISSAC.....Mrs. Hammond
GRANVILLE OWEN.....Dr. Nolly
JAMES CONLON.....Dr. Bolger
GEORGE GUHL.....Sergeant
WALTER YOUNG.....Lawyer
AL HERMAN.....Herman
CHARLES WILSON.....Mortimer Gray

Directed by Frank MacDonald.

Another of the "Torchy Blane" series, with Glenda Farrell as the sob-sister who always outsmarts her fiance, a police detective. She gives a sound performance, but, as a whole, the picture is very verbose and extravagant in plot.

It deals with a hoax on the part of rival reporters who hope to make Torchy and her fiance look silly, which turns into a real tragedy which does not make the reporters look too bright.

Barton MacLane is adequate as the detective, but the rest of the cast have rather a hard struggle with the spate of dialogue.

DIAL 999

Fox. British. "A" certificate. Crook drama. Runs 45 minutes.

JOHN LONGDEN.....Bill Waring
ELIZABETH KENT.....Margot Curtis
NEVILLE BROOK.....Hicks
IAN FLEMING.....Sir Edward Rigg
PAUL NEVILLE.....Inspector Morris
IVAN WILMOT.....Gelder
VICTOR HAGEN.....Braudon
HOWARD DOUGLAS.....Davis
JON GODFREY.....Blake
CECIL BISHOP.....Baker
JO MOTT.....Lang
PAUL SHERIDAN.....Mario

Directed by Lawrence Huntington. From an original story by Lawrence Huntington and Gerald Elliott.

This story of the trailing of an international counterfeiter has little to recommend it. The acting is not particularly good—John Longden is fair as the hero and Ivan Wilmot good as a private detective agent—and the development is scrappy.

There is a certain amount of suspense, but the characters are not intriguing enough to keep one continually interested.

SILVER TOP

Paramount. British. "U" certificate. Crook drama. Runs 67 minutes.

MARIE WRIGHT.....Mrs. Deeping
DAVID FARRAR.....The Babe"
BETTY ANN DAVIES.....Dashka Vernon
BRIAN BUCHEL.....Flash" Gerald
MARJORIE TAYLOR.....Hazel Summers
BRIAN HERBERT.....Jem Withers
POLLY EMERY.....Martha Bains
ALICE BOLSTER.....Miss Puckridge
ISOBEL SCAIF.....Aggie Murbles
FRED SINCLAIR.....Daddy" Murbles

Directed by George King. From a story by Evadne Price.

The number of crooks who have found redemption on the screen is legion. In this case an ex-convict, "The Babe," quite well played by David Farrar, sees the light.

The plot shows how Dashka Vernon an adventuress, and Flash Gerald, a confidence man, conspire to rob Mrs. Deeping, owner of a small country general store, of a £20,000 legacy. It is arranged for "The Babe" to pose as Mrs. Deeping's long-lost son, but soon after he takes residence in the Deeping home, environment and romance with Hazel Summers, the vicar's daughter, cause him to refuse to go through with the plot. Mrs. Deeping shows her appreciation by adopting "The Babe."

Marie Wright is sincere as Mrs. Deeping and Marjorie Taylor is quite pleasing as Hazel.



Spy meets spy in "Mademoiselle Docteur," in which John Loder and Dita Parlo are starred.

QUICK MONEY

RKO-Radio. American. "U" certificate. Business comedy-drama. Runs 59 minutes.

FRED STONE.....Jonas Tompkin
BERTON CHURCHILL.....Bluford Smythes
PAUL GUILFOYLE.....Ambrose Ames
GORDON JONES.....Bill
DOROTHY MOORE.....Alice
SHERWOOD BAILEY.....Freddie
DOROTHY VAUGHAN.....Mrs. Tompkins
HARLAND BRIGGS.....Barnsdall
DICK ELLIOTT.....Walker
FRANK M. THOMAS.....Clark
JACK CARSON.....Football Coach
FUZZY KNIGHT.....Peter Potter
KATHRYN SHELDON.....Mrs. Otis

Directed by Edward Hilley.

Although characters are well drawn, there is little else in this comedy drama, which is pedestrian in construction and ends in slapstick. The best performance comes from Berton Churchill as a share pusher who tries to swing it on his home town. Fred Stone is fair as the local mayor who manages to block the scheme with the help of his little son, Freddie, well enacted by Sherwood Bailey.

The plot is very weak, but some of the detail work and small-town atmosphere is not bad.

PAID TO DANCE

Columbia. American. "A" certificate. Gangster melodrama. Runs 56 minutes.

DON TERRY.....William Deanis
JACQUELINE WELLS.....Joan Bradley
RITA HAYWORTH.....Betty Morgan
ARTHUR LOFT.....Jack Miranda
PAUL STANTON.....Charles Kennedy
PAUL FIX.....Nifty
LOUISE STANLEY.....Phyllis Parker
RALPH BYRD.....Nickels Brown

Directed by C. C. Coleman, jun. Story by Leslie T. White.

American dance-hall racket with reference to white-slave traffic is exposed in this melodrama, which is not too pleasant in theme, but has some broad humour and a touch of romance to relieve it.

Gangsters are bumped off wholesale and Don Terry proves himself a he-man as the hero, a stage agent who stops the unsavoury trade of a dance-hall proprietor, effectively played by Arthur Loft.

RELEASES FOR THE PAST TWO MONTHS

For the benefit of readers from whom we have had numerous requests, we publish below a list of films awarded two, three or four stars during the past two months. The stellar rating is given in brackets after the title of the film.

Angel (3)	*April 23*
Bad Man of Brimstone, The (2)	*June 4*
Bank Holiday (3)	*June 4*
Bee, Borrow or Steal (2)	*May 21*
Breakfast for Two (2)	*April 23*
Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo (2)	*May 28*
Damsel in Distress, A (2)	*June 4*
Danger—Love At Work (2)	*May 14*
Ebb Tide (2)	*May 14*
Everybody Sing (2)	*June 18*
Expensive Husbands (2)	*May 7*
Fight For Your Lady (2)	*May 14*
First Lady (2)	*June 11*
Forty-Five Fathers (2)c	*May 7*
Game That Kills, The (2)	*June 4*
Girl With Ideas, A (2)	*May 7*
Great Garrick, The (2)	*June 11*
Hero of Pine Ridge, The (2)c	*May 7*
Hitting a New High (2)	*May 21*
I'll Take Romance (2)	*May 7*
Jungle Adventure (2)	*May 7*
Last Gangster, The (2)	*April 30*
Live Wire, The (2)	*June 11*
Man-Proof (2)	*May 14*
Music For Madame (2)	*May 28*
Mutiny on the "Elsinore" (2)	*April 23*
Paradise For Two (2)	*April 23*
Perfect Specimen, The (2)	*May 28*
Prescription For Romance (2)	*May 21*
Range Defenders (2)c	*April 23*
Rosalie (2)	*April 23*
Rhythm in the Clouds (2)	*May 14*
Second Honeymoon (2)	*April 23*
Sheik Steps Out, The (2)	*May 21*
Something to Sing About (2)	*June 18*
Submarine D.1 (3)	*April 30*
Thunder Trail (2)	*April 30*
Trapped by G-Men (2)	*June 11*
Trigger Trio, The (2)c	*May 7*
True Confession (3)	*June 18*
Wells Fargo (2)	*May 28*
Wise Girl (2)	*June 11*
Who Killed John Savage (2)	*June 11*
Young and Innocent (3)	*April 30*
You're Only Young Once (2)	*May 28*

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Summer time and holidays are the sportsman's paradise. Golf—cricket—swimming—tennis, etc., are popular all over the country. Steady nerves are the keynote for success in sport, especially where the sight is the main consideration. 'ASPRO' soothes the nerves—it induces a feeling of confidence and security. Furthermore

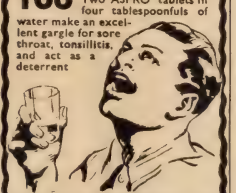
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JUST TRY 'ASPRO' FOR—

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER EFFECTS
OR INSOMNIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
NEURALGIA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
SCIATICA	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA
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USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE TOO Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent



AND PROVE IT FOR YOURSELF

HEADACHES DUE TO EYESTRAIN DISPELLED

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I feel it is my duty, both to you and the general public, to tell you how the marvellous properties of 'ASPRO' have helped me, and still continue to do so, from terrible headaches due to eye-strain. Not only are the pains active in my head, but they often come down either side of my face, with the result I get awful bouts of neuralgia. If it were not for the soothing effects of those wonderful little tablets—'ASPRO'—it would be almost too much to bear.

Very gratefully yours,
J. EVANS (Mrs.).

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Dear Sirs,—I find that 'ASPRO' does all that you claim for it, and I recommend it with confidence. I have tried it in cases of simple neuralgia where it acts like a charm. I have also found it to be efficacious in cases of rheumatism, neuritis and common colds and frequently use it myself for sleeplessness, lumbago and headache.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) . . . . . .
M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.P.H.
(Name withheld for professional reasons.)

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Lancs.

Dear Sir,

I am writing once again to let you know of our change of address. We left Wales over a year ago and have now gone into a small house of our own and we are hoping that it will be the last move now for Mother is nearly 72 years of age and too old to be moved about. Now once again I shall be among strange people and so shall lose no time in speaking of the wonderful value of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I have had many things to worry me since I left Wales but when my head and back are often aching I always know where to find comfort and that is in your tablets. They have been a wonderful friend to me for I go about such a lot, but I've always got a packet in my handbag if it's only a 3d. one, and I always tell everyone I meet just how good they are.

I remain, Yours truly,
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HENRY C. MINER'S *Liquid* MAKE-UP

in five skin-toning shades
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NO MORE REGULAR PAINS

There is positively no need for women to suffer any longer from period pains. A way has been found to counteract the conditions which cause these pains and the accompanying exhaustion and discomfort. Its name is Femilan and it is not a mere analgesic—that is to say it does not merely drug the pain and offer temporary relief. Femilan deals with the *cause* of the pain—faulty blood circulation. Femilan restores the blood circulation to *normal condition*. It acts in a few minutes. Pain goes, tiredness goes, discomfort goes! You are back to normal—you can dance, run, play games without any ill effects. Femilan is a wonderful scientific discovery **approved by the medical profession** because it contains no *harmful ingredients* and has *no harmful reaction*. Your doctor will tell you, "Femilan is absolutely safe!"

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FEMILAN *Brand* TABLETS

AT ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & STORES, 1/3 & 3/-

FREE *You can prove our statements without cost. Write for generous Free Sample to Nurse Hall, Allied Laboratories, Ltd. (Department P.G.), 8&10, New Bond Street, London, W.1.*



McAdam (Will Fyffe) handed the cup to David feeling that never had moment been so bitter.

Freely adapted from the film by Marjory Williams by permission of Gainsborough Films.

"Owd Bob"

WERE he never so ill-tempered so confirmed a toper, no shepherd, worthy of of the name on the Cumberland fells at the beginning of the present century, could be found to think ill of his dog without overwhelming cause.

Adam McAdam was no exception. A hard-headed, surly Scot, addict of the whisky bottle, he loved, in order of merit, his pure-bred Alsatian and his daughter, Jeannie. To McAdam, Black Wull, winner two years running of the challenge cup at the Lee Ghyll sheep trials, was without fault.

Notwithstanding, the neighbours thought differently. Hardly a week went by since Black Wull's coming to the glen but an animal was mauled, or a shepherd crossing the fell would find in some hollow or on a slope of grey screes, the inert body of a sheep with a wound at its throat—sure sign of the existence in Meredale of that terrible anomaly among dogs—the sheep killer.

Well, indeed, did McAdam realise when he called one evening at the local inn for his glass of Scotch and a bottle to take home, that he and Black Wull, at whose entrance every sheep dog present growled, or raised a bark, were the subjects of unfriendly discussion. Time for the year's sheep trials had come round again and the date had been fixed for about a fortnight ahead.

Despite the notice on the inn wall "Betting Strictly Prohibited," the making of a book proceeded, with McAdam taking in bets what he lacked in approving words from his fellows.

"I'll have a pound on Owd Bob," Mrs. Winthrop, the landlady offered.

"Good even, McAdam," remarked Owd Bob's owner who had just come in. "You'll be glad to hear my sheep got home all right."

Beneath the tam-o'-shanter pulled to one side and above the grizzled moustache and semi-circle of stubbly beard, the old man looked cannily at the speaker. Young David Moore was the new tenant of the farm adjacent to that which McAdam had named *Bannockburn* and added the glaring notice "Keep Out". Only that morning he had shown an un-neighbourly attitude in sending Black Wull to prevent David's sheep from using the right of way through the McAdam property.

"It's lucky for you I have a good dog," David continued. McAdam ran an appraising eye over the points of the handsome collie who lay with tongue out, near his master.

"Aye, some folk fancy his chances for the cup. How about you and me having a wee bit at even money? What would you say to twenty pounds—or maybe that's too much for your pocket?"

"All right—twenty pounds." The somewhat sensational bet was hardly registered before a shepherd by the name of Thwaites, coming up to the bar, tackled McAdam in no uncertain terms. "Two of my sheep were missing this morning. I've found them with their throats torn out. They'd been worried by a dog and a strong one at that."

"It wouldn't be a sheep dog," David said quickly.

"I'm not so sure, Mr. Moore," McAdam countered. "It wouldn't be the first time a sheep dog has taken a wrong kind of liking for the sheep. Can you think of any new dog that's come to the glen lately?"

"You know which dog I mean, McAdam," Thwaites protested. "Two of my sheep are dead and there's only one dog in this dale that would kill sheep. Jake—get him outside."

"Wull—to me—over," McAdam ordered, getting back of the counter. The black dog obeyed. Then and there the fight started. The barking of dogs added to the tumult of breaking bottles, falling glass and the crash of a china cask as the outraged shepherds tried to get the better of the Scot. Above the clamour, Mrs. Winthrop called desperately over the old-fashioned wall telephone for Walter, the local policeman, to leave his bed and come to the rescue. Before his arrival, Thwaites, owing to David's intervention, having failed in an attempt to shoot the Alsatian through an open door, the fighting had died down. McAdam, whose aims and blows had been more accurately timed than those of his assailants, emerged from behind the counter and declared that it was "Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee" before ordering his night-cap from the disorganised barmaid.

It was a different matter when he came up the following day before the magistrate, who happened to be the local veterinary surgeon, to answer to the charge of damages to Mrs. Winthrop's stock to the value of £11 5s. 4d.

Wisely McAdam pleaded guilty, knowing that if his dog didn't run at the trials, the bets would be off.

"Fined thirteen pounds ten and tenpence or fourteen days," the magistrate stated.

"Come on, Walter; out with the handcuffs," McAdam winked. His cheeriness, based on a knowledge of human nature was not at fault. Before the magistrate could leave the manor-house room which served as a court, he was approached by Hodge and another shepherd who expressed willingness to ensure McAdam's presence at the trials, by paying the fine.

"Mr. Parker! Mr. Parker, there's summat outside for you to judge," a farmer at the entrance to the court-room announced.

Two more dead sheep in a farm cart outside gave McAdam an uncomfortable chill down the spine, especially as Thwaites broke out with: "We want an order against McAdam's tyke. This is his work all right—gashed in the throat just as he did to my sheep."

"Aye, and the way he did to my dog," Jake contributed.

"Every sheep-killer goes for the throat of a sheep. That dog of yours proves nothing," David Moore contradicted. He spoke with energy and without apparent regard to Jeannie who stood near. But McAdam remembered how it had been David who had seized the barrel of Thwaites' gun when he had tried to aim at Black Wull in the inn.

"You seem to know a lot about sheep-killing, Mr. Moore. Come on Jeannie," her father said brusquely.

The day of the sheep trials, McAdam was far too interested in the bookmakers' takings on Black Wull to worry about Jeannie's possible romance. As the owner of the championship Black Wull was listed to run last. After watching the first competitor perform and remarking that he had nothing to learn, McAdam departed for the refreshment tent where he solitarily slaked his thirst. His confidence in Wull, on the ground beside him, increased with every glass of Scotch. The silver challenge cup was still on the mantelpiece at home, although five minutes ago, the magistrate had reminded him that it should have been handed in. Drinking in silence, McAdam thus missed a very pretty performance by Mr. Gibson's Sally who, though a collie, had shown herself to be somewhat of an admirer of Black Wull. He also missed an even more exciting performance by David's Owd Bob completed in the record time of eight minutes forty-five seconds. He was still drinking when the bellman called, "Mr. McAdam's Black Wull," and kept the crowd waiting for a full two minutes until Wull was flagged to start.

The black dog streaked away across the fell. His task was to find five sheep, drive them through a gate, over a wall, round a post, in and out of a farm cart, across a wooden plank over a stream, and finally into a pen.

Obeying his master's whistles,

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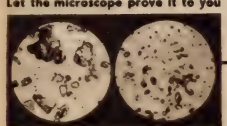
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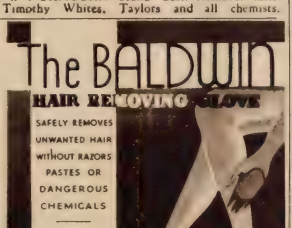
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Kotex down in price!



Now available with and without loops

HERE is news of greater comfort and ease-of-mind for women everywhere. You can now have the benefit of the "Can't fail—can't chafe—can't show" protection of Kotex, no matter what form of belt or tape you are accustomed to use—and you can have it, too, at lower prices than ever before! *Kotex is now made with and without loops*, and, though the same high quality is maintained, prices have been lowered to 6d. for 6 pads, 1/- for 12. (In the Blue Box with loops—in the Green Box without loops.)

6d FOR 6 PADS
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Can be worn with any form of belt or tape.

Prices do not apply in Eire.

KOTEX Sanitary Towels



He used to sheer off when she was around

—but she uses Odo-ro-no now!

BEST be sensible about this, though it is unpleasant. Perspiration does go stale, and does become offensive—so quickly—*and it is impossible to detect it yourself.* It is a sin that men cannot forgive: frankly, they would rather not be with a girl who is careless about this.

No girl can say 'I am safe'—unless she does something about it—unless she uses Odo-ro-no *regularly.* Make a toilet routine of it—like cleaning your teeth—that's what really smart women do.

And what of your clothes? What about those underarm patches *ruined* after only an evening's dancing? Odo-ro-no will save them, too, for besides banishing all unpleasant odour, it checks that excessive unhealthy perspiration that does the damage. Be sensible—be civilised—start using Odo-ro-no to-day!

DISCOVERED BY A DOCTOR

A surgeon invented Odo-ro-no to keep his hands from perspiring while he operated. His daughter immediately saw what a boon it would be to women—to check underarm perspiration. So when it had been proved *safe* she began to use it—and now it has its recognised place in the toilet routine of practically every civilised woman.

ODO-RO-NO

prevents underarm perspiration and saves dresses

2 KINDS OF ODO-RO-NO—TRY BOTH—FREE!

1. INSTANT (or 'clear') Odo-ro-no gives protection for two or three days.
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Send 3d. in stamps for trial bottles of both—use coupon

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1/6 also larger and smaller sizes

Both bottles carry, attached to the stopper, a convenient sponge 'applicator.'

OWD BOB—*continued*

Wull made a good start. He collected all five sheep from the hollow instead of having to go back for one which Owd Bob had done, but in rounding the post he earned Jeannie's swift, agitated comment, "He's left it till too late." In hustling the flock over the narrow bridge, worse occurred. Wull, as though he had heard Thwaites' muttered: "See how he worries them. Yon's a killer all right," drove one sheep over the edge into the stream. Grasping his crook, McAdam walked waist deep into the water and to a burst of applause pulled the creature to the bank. Notwithstanding, time was lost. Yet, at the pen, he thought the precious minutes more than made up.

In herding the sheep into the pen Wull was magnificent. "He's done it," cried Tammas, the fat boy, who had been acting as an amateur referee with the help of an alarm clock.

"Time: 8.47," Lord Meredale announced from the judge's stand. "The winner is Mr. Moore's Owd Bob."

Leaving Lord Meredale to worry about not having the cup to present, McAdam walked alone across the fields with Black Wull. It had been a disastrous day. He had gambled away the rent which he should have paid to Lord Meredale's agent, another factor in putting his lordship's back up. He had lost the cup and was in no position to pay betting dues. Of human beings, only Jeannie was left to side with him. Though she habitually frowned on his drinking, he knew that she would forgive him for losing the rent and help him to scrape it together again.

With this thought, McAdam was trying to console himself with a pipe in the deserted kitchen, wondering what had happened to Jeannie when he saw the shepherds coming across the fell heading for Bannockburn. Seizing his gun he fired a warning shot through the window. Footsteps were followed by the sound of Thwaites' voice shouting through the closed door. "McAdam, you'll save yourself a lot of trouble if you'll put away that gun. Come on, pay up those bets."

"You'll all be paid in time, but I canna pay you the night."

"Open that door." Behind it, bolted and barred, McAdam remained obdurate. Tammas, the fat boy, putting a hand through the open window to release the catch, was bitten by Black Wull for his pains. "I'm warning you. Trespassers will be prosecuted," McAdam shouted. The rattle of stones impinging on wood, the crash of a ladder being forced against the door, were suddenly interrupted by Jeannie's voice. "Father open the door at once."

He let her in. David Moore was with her and behind them, Thwaites, Jake, Samuel and the others crowded in. "There's money owing and they want it," Thwaites asserted.

"You'll all be paid to-morrow. Away you go," Jeannie ordered.

"Stop!" McAdam raised a right hand. For a man who seldom spoke and then in curt phrases, he made a speech, an eloquent speech which went right to the heart of his hearers. He spoke of his heartbreak owing to the loss of the cup, of his only resource in throwing himself on his enemies' mercy.

The group at the door listened and turned to one another. "There's no need to worry about them bets, McAdam. Pay when you want to," Samuel offered, and with mutterings of agreement from the others, shepherded them out.

"That goes for me too," David said as McAdam rebarred the door.

"So you swallowed it, eh?" The old man's face lit up. "Swallowed it down like the best butter. Surely you don't think I meant that nonsense."

"McAdam, where I come from, if we say a thing, we mean it."

"You English think you're a soft-hearted lot. But it's your heads that are soft."

"I sometimes wonder where your softness lies," Jeannie struck in. "It might interest you to know that Davey here wanted to help you with the rent."

"Davey—ah! And he's no call to—I wonder, Mr. Moore if you're thinking that settling my debts is the right price for my lassie. That's the best part of a hundred pounds—a big price to pay for the daughter of the village drunk——"

"Father!"

"McAdam, if you were sober I'd know how to deal with you. As a matter of fact I do want to marry Jeannie, but that's not why I offered to help."

"No. You did it out of fondness for me. Mr. Moore, you've forgotten the cup—sorry you had so much trouble over it."

He handed the shining thing without looking at it or at the young man, feeling that never had moment been so bitter. Jeannie capped it by saying. "I'll see you to the gate, Davey."

"Jeannie, you'll bide here."

"But, father——"

"You heard what I said. If you put one foot outside the doorstep, you'll stay there. You needn't come back." Of course he didn't mean that either, but when five minutes later, Jeannie tapped, he was furious with her for seeing through him.

"You didna mean to tell me a lassie of mine would humble herself and sneak back again after what I said?" he accused. "I thought the young man a wee bit impetuous when he blurted out his proposal. He didn't think he'd be taken at his word before the night was out. Not that I blame him altogether. I ken fine who did the tempting."

"You've no right to say that."

"Listen to me. You take this straight. I don't want any stray bairns about the place. I'm very earnest about that and if ever you clap eyes on that young upstart again—out of my house you go; pack up your traps and away. Fancy his going back on his word. Why, Wull, many a man in my position would have got a gun and driven him to the kirk."

He saw by Jeannie's blazing eyes that he had gone too far. Without a word she ran upstairs and was down again inside ten minutes, carrying a suitcase.

"You'll find eggs in the cupboard and enough bacon for your breakfast. I'll be in now and then to do a bit of tidying up," she said before the door closed.

"Jeannie!" he cried aghast.

Morning brought Thwaites, Samuel and Tammas, supported by the police sergeant, with a further report of sheep killing. Tammas declared that he had seen Black

Wull on the far side of Black Pike; knew him without doubt for Black Wull on account of the white hairs on his tail.

McAdam shouted: "Wull, to me. Wull, Wull, Wull!" for a quarter of a minute before the great dog came bounding in. Politely McAdam, with a glint in his eye, turned to his uninvited guests. "There you are, gentlemen. All the way from Black Pike in ten seconds and one of these days we'll have a competition counting the white hairs on my dog. Aye, and I'll give you a pound for every one you can find. Good day."

He was prepared to greet David Moore ten minutes later with scantier courtesy. David was followed by his recent purchase, Sally, the collie, who had distinguished herself at the sheep trials, and was not to be put off by a lack of welcome. "The postman gave me this for you, McAdam," he said cheerily, handing a package, "and Jeannie thought you were short of sugar, so here it is."



In the morning dog and man went out together on the craggy fells for the last time.

"She knows very well I don't take it."

"She'd like you to know that she's all right and stopping with Mrs. Saunders for the present. I've been talking to Jeannie and we thought as things are at present we might run these two farms together."

"So you'd like Bannockburn as well as Fellsgarth—well, you can tell Jeannie from me that Wull and I have always wanted a bachelor life. Breakfast, Wull." He tossed a bone on the floor. "And the only thing I'm worried about you, Mr. Moore is, that you dinna take too long to make an honest lassie of her."

"You needn't worry about that."

"I'll believe you when the banns are up." After David had gone, McAdam, shouting for Wull, found him by the stream at play with Sally, looking most coquettish and in possession of the bone.

"Away, you wee Jezebel," he told her. "You no ken this is a bachelor's establishment—and mind, not a word to Owd Bob or his master. There's enough scandal round here already."

David, however, proved as good as his word. The banns were put up and the marriage solemnised. McAdam who had parted with his sheep to Lord Meredale in lieu of rent, visited the inn where the celebrations looked like lasting till the small hours, and was offered a drink by David. Protesting that he hadn't come for that, McAdam was nevertheless enjoying a full glass when Sergeant Musgrave reported by telephone about midnight that Black Wull had been seen galloping on Mr. Moore's fell.

"Come on, lads," Thwaites encouraged.

"Did you hear that, father?" Jeannie cried agasht.

"Aye, lassie, I heard him. I hope they didna forget to count the white hairs on his tail," he said imperturbably.

Out with the men on the bare moonlit slopes, by Fellsgarth, among the shepherds, McAdam looked down at a dead sheep while the dogs howled mournfully.

"The killer's been here all right," David said. A moment later, Owd Bob, rounding up stampeding sheep appeared over the edge of the fell and came to his master. David lifted the collie's paw and turned away from the blood left by the contact, "You know what to do?" Thwaites said.

"I'm sorry, lad. I'd feel the same if it was my dog," McAdam added.

"It can't be Bob. He's not a killer," David broke out. "He found the sheep scattered and before rounding them up, got blood on his paws from the carcase." A prolonged howling from the dogs followed his words, a howl which froze McAdam's marrow. Silhouetted against the skyline, deliberately stalking a sheep which ran ahead bleating in terror, was Black Wull.

"Wull—Wull—you've no need to be afeard. It's only me—Wull, Wull to me——" McAdam called with the choking in the throat of a strong man who knows defeat. The black dog came and cringed while the shepherds remained silent. "We canna stop here all night. We'd better go home," McAdam said.

Black Wull knew that he was to die. He knew very well in the lonely cottage kitchen while McAdam talked to him as one who talks to his best friend, that he must pay the price of being born a killer. In the early morning man and dog went out together on the craggy fells for the last time. Presently a shot rang out. McAdam had killed the thing he loved.

Time passed and dealt not too unkindly with Adam McAdam. His farm and furniture, sold by auction, were bought by David. With Jeannie he was glad to keep the old man whose knowledge of farming would help them run the joint properties.

"I want you to choose one of these puppies," David said coming to him with a basket of Sally's progeny. They're not quite what I expected, but they're bound to grow all right with a mother like Sally and a father like Owd Bob."

McAdam raised the blackest-looking of five wonderfully dark-haired pups and touched it tenderly with his cheek. "I'll have this one, Davey."

"I think you've made a good choice—if he's half the dog his father is——"

"Aye," murmured McAdam, thinking proudly of the record which never would be penned: "By Black Wull, out of Sally——"

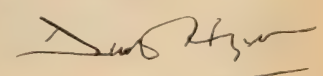


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It Depends on the Point of View

AS a girl out for an evening's entertainment I go to see *Stolen Heaven* :—

It's delightful! Interesting story—beautiful music—excellent photography—Olympe Bradna is lovely—Gene Raymond just right as the hero—altogether romantic. I *did* enjoy it!

As a hard-boiled critic I go to see same film :—

Story's quite novel but plot's weak in parts. Detective held up in crowd *just* misses thieves—Headquarters don't issue description of wanted man so two officers



Olympe Bradna and Gene Raymond

can't recognise him posing as a butler—servant is conveniently deaf—Detectives are made to overlook obvious suspects though their modern clothes against the others' national costumes are so outstanding it seems incredible!

Both criticisms are right in their way, yet one gives four stars and the other two. Depends on one's state of mind as to how films are viewed—we're out to enjoy and find bouquets; we're out to criticise and it's brickbats!—(*Miss*) *Mary Harvey*, 6 *Woodberry Avenue, Winchmore Hill, N.*21, *who is awarded the first prize of* £1 1*s.*

Awakening

● When I go to see a film
I'm the heroine
I'm the girl with golden hair
And dimpled chin.
My hero's dark and handsome
A Taylor or a Gable
It's me he leans to kiss
Across the table.
My butler waits on us
Impeccable—discreet
My hero turns to me,
"Darlingest—you're sweet."

Eventually when I reach home
I'm the last one in
I hang my hat and coat up
And tell Pa where I've been
And Bert looks spotty after Gable
There's cold meat pie upon the table
And Bert—he doesn't lean across
To kiss my velvet cheek
But "Tuck in lass, come on its late,"
It's good-bye glamour till next week.
—"*Make-believe*," *Colne, Lancs., who is awarded the second prize of* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Innovation

● At last, a murder mystery, without rain or thunder or howling dogs! The producers have actually found a way to create horror omitting the obvious. It is of *Night Must Fall* that I am speaking. It was gruesome and horrible! But there were not any banging shutters, no black clouds rolling ominously toward the fated house, no flashes of lightning; and in the quiet countryside, no mournful howl of death.

They did use one black cat, but it did not scurry across the floor with the fur bristling on its neck, and its eyes were not pictured glowing in the darkness. Yet what a thrilling, chilling picture that was, even without the usual characteristics, for it was mostly left to the imagination.

Congratulations to the people who made this picture so refreshingly horrible.—(*Miss*) *B. Spence*, 3 *Victoria Lane, Maindee, Newport, Mon.*

(*If only a few more producers had the courage to break away from tradition—"Thinker."*)

Irritating

● I am one of those film fans who are very easily satisfied. I generally go to the pictures just to be taken out of myself, and not to pick faults and criticise people who are harder workers than myself.

But—there is one tiny fly in the ointment of my enjoyment of pictures. It is the continual using of characters' names in films that grates on me.

The outstanding example of this that I call to mind at the moment is Jeanette MacDonald's "Nicolai" this and "Nicolai" that in the otherwise enjoyable *Maytime*.

Now in everyday life we do not find it necessary to begin or end every sentence with somebody's name. So cannot something be done about this, you all-powerful producers? I am sure I am not the only picturegoer who has noticed this annoying little habit.—(*Miss*) *R. Walden*, 8 *Methwold Road, North Kensington, W.*10.

(*You are not!—"Thinker."*)

Not in Our Stars

● So the star system is doomed, is it? I wish I could believe so. The big stars of to-day are truly a tedious lot, but the fault is not altogether theirs.

Crawford, for instance, was quite possible in a small part in *Grand Hotel*, and might in time have learned her job; but she lost herself in delusions of grandeur. Incidentally, Metro would not now be fighting a plagiarism suit over *Letty Lynton* if they had cast it intelligently and kept to the book, instead of turning it end-to-side in order to suit Crawford.

The only stars I pay to see, regardless, are Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, and Muni (and *he* is beginning to overdo things).

I admit that Garbo is Great, but she is a depressing woman. Supporting players such as Bogart, Claire Trevor, Joseph Schildkraut, and the amazing lads of *Dead End*, are the real stars of the films they illumine by their presence.—*Brenda Jodnson*, 10 *Sandringham Street, York.*

No Woman-hater, But . . .

● Who is it that makes the screen, for the most part, no more than a fashion parade and a glamour exploitation industry? You have printed some frank letters on your page but I have never seen the real answer given—*Woman.*

(*Continued on page* 30)



DITA PARLO and JOHN LODER in "Mademoiselle Docteur" (Trafalgar Film Productions Ltd.)

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MUSIC *from the* MOVIES

WHATEVER may be one's opinion of the film *Girl of the Golden West*—and opinions have certainly been divided—few people have any fault to find with the Man of the Golden Voice; and on H.M.V. DA1633 we have Nelson Eddy's fine baritone employed to full effect on the song "Who Are We to Say."

On the reverse he is heard again in the stirring "Soldiers of Fortune" from the same film, and in both the orchestral accompaniment is under the baton of Leonard Joy.

Still they come, the selections from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. If everyone has not by this time some part of this record-breaking film in his home, don't blame the record-makers.

Here, by way of a change, we have it on the organ of the Gaumont State Cinema at Kilburn, played by Torch.

On Part 1 is "Whistle While You Work," "With a Smile and a Song," and, of course, "Some Day My Prince Will Come"—which last, for good measure, is included in Part 2 on the other side, together with "One Song" and the Dwarfs' marching song "Heigh Ho."

Then there is Henry Hall and his Orchestra, who do full justice again to "Heigh Ho!" played in patrol style on Columbia F.B.1960. On the reverse they play "I'm Wishing," one of the most charming numbers in the film.

Another film which is turning up repeatedly on the discs is *Mad About Music*. It appears again on Columbia's F.B.1954; this time Adamson and McHugh's deservedly popular "I Love to Whistle" is played in fox-trot time, to dance to, by George Elrick and his Music Makers, with an effective vocal chorus.

Columbia's F.B.1953, which also is devoted to *Mad About Music*, is free from the ubiquitous "I Love to Whistle"; this time we have "Serenade to the Stars," played in slow fox-trot time by Howard Jacobs and his Orchestra for dancing, under the personal supervision of Alex Moore; and on the reverse a quick-step, "It's Wonderful," by the same performers.

Another version of "I Love to Whistle" is excellently rendered by Roy Fox and his Orchestra. Some brilliant whistling is introduced and a touch of yodelling. The companion number is "Serenade to the Stars," a not very worthy number which Deanna Durbin had to sing. These are on H.M.V. BD5367.

H.M.V. BD557 affords us selections from two recent films, both played by the Paramount Theatre Orchestra, London.

On one side we have *Sally, Irene and Mary*, introducing "Half Moon on the Hudson," and "Sweet as a Song"; and on the other, from *Swing, Teacher, Swing* are "How'dja Like to Love Me?" "I Fall in Love With You Every Day," and "Moments Like This"; the chief impression this record creates is one of the startling similarity of modern film tunes. Both these are accompanied by Al Bollington at the organ.

Roy Fox is always prominent in the H.M.V. releases, and in addition to those numbers already mentioned, he supplies two records which are excellent for dancing and ingeniously orchestrated. They are H.M.V. BD5359 on which he plays "I Could Use a Dream" and "Sweet As a Song" from *Sally, Irene and Mary*—the latter features the saxophone tunefully—and "Good Night Angel," a rather stereotyped number from *Radio City Revels*, and "My Heaven on Earth," a delightful tune from *Start Cheering*. The vocals are all good.

The Shirley Temple film *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* introduced an excellent number in "An Old Straw Hat," but it is put over without the appeal Shirley gave it, on H.M.V. BD5368. It strikes a too sophisticated note for its content. On the other side Bunny Berigan and his Band give a good rendering of "Lovelight is Starlight" from *Her Jungle Love*.

Betty Driver, who is billed in the provinces as a second Gracie Fields, has a voice and vocal mannerisms extraordinarily like those of Britain's most popular star. The resemblance is particularly noticeable in her rendering of "The Sweetest Song in the World," the tuneful song number from *We're Going to Be Rich*, on H.M.V. BD556. The same singer is featured on the reverse in "I Fall in Love With You Every Day," one of the hits of *Swing, Teacher, Swing*.

If you liked the music of *Radio City Revels* you will enjoy H.M.V. BD555, which offers an excellent selection from that film, including "Take a Tip from the Tulip," "There's a New Moon Over the Old Mill," "Swingin' in the Corn" and "Goodnight, Angel."

Medleys are also featured on Columbia F.B.1952 with Carroll Gibbons and His Boy Friends playing selections from *Love and Hisses* and *Manhattan Music Box*. Al Bowlly sings "I Can Dream, Can't I?" on H.M.V. BD5363 and, on the reverse, "Half Moon on the Hudson," from *Sally, Irene and Mary*. This is a disc that should appeal to dancers.

What Do You Think?—*Continued*

Heaven knows I am no woman-hater, but it is no use closing one's eyes to the facts. Women are very much the fly in the cinematic ointment. They demand in their films the exclusion of realism. Sloppy, illogical final scenes must take the place of more probable endings. Real men must take second place to beautifully groomed Prince Charmings, while all dramatic values must go by the board to make way for Cinderella stories and exotic close-ups.

All this is due to the villainesses of the piece—*Women*. Meanwhile we mere males suffer. All we are allowed are occasional glimpses of genuine artistry in our films.—*J. Hamilton, 6 Grosvenor Road, Wallington, Surrey.*

(*Let battle commence!—"Thinker."*)

Players Who Peck

● Perhaps it's because they're on a diet—but most stars seem unable to eat properly. Admittedly screen meals are unappetising blobs of unknown black stuff served on silver plates, but a star able to act should be capable of expressing an appetite. They merely wiggle the cutlery, prod the food languidly, and toss a few epigrams from between gently moving lips.

There are a few rare exceptions. The finest meal I have ever seen in films was partaken with gusto by George Arliss in *Old English* some years ago. My mouth still waters at the thought of it. Edward Arnold chawed with enjoyment in *Diamond Jim*. Carole Lombard really enjoyed a great sandwich in *True Confession*. Charles Laughton's chicken-tearing act in *Henry VIII*, of course, ranks with Tarzan's appetite after a day's hunting.

But most stars at the dining-table look as if they need Charlie Chaplin's mechanical feeder to go to work on them.—*A. Thomas, 16 Heol Madoc, Whitchurch, Cardiff.*

YOUR VIEWS WANTED

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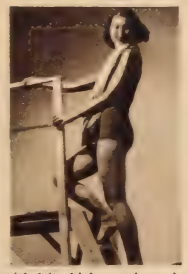


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LET GEORGE DO IT!

REGULAR READER (Leeds).—*Mad About Music* will be released Sept. 12, 1938. Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

V. M. P. (N.I.).—(1) No, Derrick de Marney is not married. (2) Latest films: Billy Milton—*The Last Chance*, Hugh Williams—*Dead Men Tell No Tales*, Emlyn Williams—*A Night Alone*. (3) Emlyn Williams married Molly (Shaun and has two sons. (4) No, I am sorry but photographs of Leonard Penn are not yet obtainable from the Postcard Salon.

ARDENT ADMIRER (Eire).—Ronald Colman born February 9, 1891, Richmond, Surrey, he is 6 ft. tall, weighs 160 lbs. and has black hair and brown eyes. Married Thelma Raye (mar. dis.). He is scheduled for *If I Were King* for Selznick International Pictures (U.S.A.).

WORRIED TEMPLE FAN.—The song from *Heidi* was "In Our Little Wooden Shoes", composed by Lew Pollack and Sidney Mitchell.

E. M. (Walthamstow).—(1) Keye Luke was born Canton, China, he is 5 ft 6 ins. tall, has black hair and eyes, weighs 137 lbs. His father was a merchant and art dealer. He was educated at the Pacific grammar school, Franklin High School and a Chinese Academy, Seattle, Washington, also entered University of Washington. He worked as an artist in the studios and served as a technical advisor on Chinese pictures before commencing his film career in the *Charlie Chan* series. (2) Your request has been passed on to the Editor.

OLIVIER FAN.—Yes, a photograph of Laurence Olivier can be obtained from the Postcard Salon, 85 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, for 3d. each, or 2s. 6d. a dozen. (2) *The Divorce of Lady X* released Sept. 26, 1938. (3) Chief players as follows: *Autumn Crocus*, Ivor Novello, Fay Compton, Muriel Aked, Esme Church and Frederick Ranalow. *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Richard Cromwell, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue, Kathleen Burke. (4) Your request has been passed on to the Editor. (5) I am sorry but we have no details of a fan club for Laurence Olivier.

N. V. M. B. (Sussex).—The music in *Charge of the Light Brigade* was specially composed for the film by Max Steiner and is not published.

J. C. (S.E.3).—(1) Write to Leonard Williams, 29 Jubilee Road, Bridgend, Glamorganshire, for full particulars of a FRANCHOT TONE FAN CLUB. I am sorry but we have no details of a club for Tyrone Power. (2) Release dates of *Three Comrades* and *Marie Antoinette* are not yet settled.

L. D. (Leyton). The birthdate of Sept. 21, 1906, given previously on this page for Derrick de Marney is quite correct. Write to him c/o Radio Pictures, (England).

MUSICAL (Seven Kings).—(1) Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., took the part of Barnabas Barty, (John Beverley) in *The Amateur Gentleman*. (2) Jeanne Ellis takes the part of The Girl (Mary) and Bill Cody, Jnr, that of Gringo in *Girl of the Golden West*. (3) Music from *Girl of the Golden West* as follows: "Sun Up to Sundown," "Senorita," "Shadows on the Moon," "Soldiers of Fortune," "The Wind in the Trees," "Girl of the Golden West," "The West Ain't Wild Any More," and "Who Are We To Say," composed by Romberg. "O Dream of Love" and "La Galandrina," composed by Liszt. "Ave Maria" and "Marva Chic," by Gounod. "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn.

P. K. (Berks).—Nelson Eddy, b. June 29, 1901, Providence, Rhode Island. He is 6 ft. tall, weighs 173 lb. and has blonde hair and blue eyes, is unmarried. His latest film is *The Girl of the Golden West* and he is at present making *Sweethearts* with Jeanette MacDonald for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CHILD STAR FAN (Wallasey).—(1) Films since 1935—Sybil Jason: *Barnacle Bill, Little Big Shot, I Found Stella Parish, The Singing Kid, The Captain's Kid, The Great O'Malley*. Jane Withers: *Bright Eyes, Ginger, The Farmer Takes a Wife, This is the Life, Paddy O'Day, Little Miss Nobody Pepper, Can This be Dixie? The Holy Terror, Wild and Woolly, Forty Five Fathers, Checkers* and *Little Gypsy*. Deidre Gale has not made a film since *Song of the Plough*. (2) Sybil Jason, b. Nov. 23, 1929

PAT (Southampton).—(1) Billy Halop took the part of Tommy in *Dead End*. He was born Brooklyn, Feb. 11, 1922, is an excellent swimmer and tennis player and was educated at the Professional Children's School. He appeared on radio and stage before playing first film role in *Dead End*. (2) "Twilight on the Trail" was sung during the funeral scene in *Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, by Fuzzy Knight and chorus.

MOLLY (N.4).—(1) Wayne Morris, b. Feb. 17, 1914, Los Angeles; he is 6 ft. 2 in. tall, has blue eyes and brown hair, weighs 190 lb., real name Bert de Wayne Morris. His latest films include: *Love, Honour and Behave, Men Are Such Fools* and *Valley of Giants*. Write to him, c/o Warner Bros. (U.S.A.). (2) Billy Halop was born Brooklyn, Feb. 11, 1922.

NOLAN LOVER.—Doris Nolan was born July 14, 1916. She is at present making *Holiday* with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. Write to her c/o Radio Studios (U.S.A.).

ADVANCE NEWS (Hartlepool).—Latest film, and co-stars as follows: Margaret Sullivan *Shopworn Angel*, with James Stewart for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A); Rosalind Russell, *The Citadel*, with Robert Donat for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Eng.); Madeleine Carroll, *Blockade*, with Henry Fonda for Twentieth Century Fox Studios (U.S.A.); Fred MacMurray, *Sing, You Sinners*, with Erin Drew and Bing Crosby for Paramount (U.S.A.); Barbara Stanwyck, *Always Goodbye*, with Herbert Marshall and Cesar Romero for Twentieth Century Fox (U.S.A.); Anna Neagle, *Sixty Glorious Years* with Anton Walbrook, for Herbert Wilcox Productions (Eng.); Luise Rainer, *Frou Frou*, with Melvyn Douglas for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (U.S.A.); Charles Boyer, *Algiers*, Sigrid Gurie and Hedy Lamarr for Paramount (U.S.A.); Joan Bennett, *The Texans*, with Randolph Scott for Paramount (U.S.A.).

NEWCOMERS (Hants).—(1) Olympe Bradna appeared in *Three Cheers for Love, College Holiday* and *The Last Train from Madrid* before *Souls at Sea*. She was born August 12, 1920, Paris, is 5 ft. 3 in. tall, has dark brown eyes and dark hair, weighs 115 lb. She uses her own name for screen purposes. Her latest film is *Stolen Heaven* with Gene Raymond and she is scheduled for *Air Raid* with George Riguad. (2) Dorothy Lamour, born about 24 years ago, New Orleans, married Herb Kay. Latest film is *Spawn of the North*.

F.M.R. (Co. Durham).—Patricia Barry took the part of Kim as a baby, Marilyn Knowlden—Kim, as a child and when grown up, Sunnie O'Dea played the part in *Showboat*. (2) Whitney Bourne took the part of Norma in *Head Over Heels*.

ASKIT (Littlehampton).—Yes, Joan Bennett is separated from her husband Gene Markey. Her latest film is *The Texan*, with Randolph Scott for Paramount, and she is scheduled for *Artists and Models*. Joan has two children, Adrienne and Melinda. (2) Constance Bennett is at present married to The Marquis de la Falaise. She has an adopted son, Peter. She is scheduled for a sequel to *Topper* called *Topper Takes a Trip*, for Hal Roach.

• • •

Owing to limited space and the enormous number of letters received from readers each week, the only queries answered on this page will be those of general interest to all fans. In future, if you want casts of films, release dates or stars' addresses, please send a stamped addressed envelope for reply by post. Write to "George," c/o The Picturegoer Weekly, Martlett House, Martlett Court, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

FAN CLUB NOTICES—

THE A.A. MOTION PICTURE SOCIETY invites new members. Particulars on application to the Secretary, Box No. 1, 129 Jersey Street, Manchester 4.

• • •

THE BOBBY HOWES FRIENDSHIP CLUB is open to welcome new members so write for particulars to Miss J. Dorling, 20 Nigel Road, Peckham Rye, S.E.15.

• • •

ALASTAIR SIM has given permission for a fan club to be formed in his honour, and all readers who are interested in this star are invited to write to W. F. Riordan, 75 Westfield Road, Dagenham, Essex who will be pleased to furnish full particulars.

• • •

A JACK JACKSON Club has been formed by Ernest Hignett, 1 Water Street, Wallasey, Cheshire, and all readers who are interested in this popular band leader should write for full details. Jack is presenting an autographed photograph of himself and a photograph of the band to each new member and a quarterly journal will be issued in the near future. Competitions will be held regularly and Jack will judge the entries.

• • •

It is advisable to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your letters to fan clubs to ensure a reply. When writing to a club in America an English Stamp is of no use for a reply. You must obtain an International Money Order for the required amount of the return postage from your local Post Office.

No. 370 (New Series) Vol. 8. June 25, 1938.

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Deanna Durbin (2 poses)	Ivor Novello	Simone Simon
	Lawrence Olivier	Ronald Sinclair
Patricia Ellis	Maureen O'Sullivan	Shirley Temple (9 different
Errol Flynn	Lilli Palmer	
"Our Gang"	George Raft	

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The girl who never misses a day at the office — the dancing teacher who is always bright and cheerful — the chorus girl who never misses a show or a rehearsal — the shop assistant who is always willing and energetic — *these* are the women who get on in life! They are the popular, successful girls. Yet they are threatened by "off days" just like the rest. They, too, feel the beginnings of pains and deadly lassitude. But *they* know how to put these pains to sleep. *They* know how to cast off that awful weariness.

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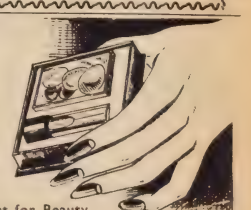
Fair hair frequently loses its beauty after a shampoo, but NOT when Harlene Camomile Shampoo is used. Harlene Golden Hair Wash and Golden Wave Set also make fair hair gleam with gold. Test these wonderful preparations by completing and posting the coupon below for Trial Samples of all three preparations.

3 FREE GIFTS COUPON

Send this Coupon with 4d. in stamps for postage and packing for Free Samples of Harlene Camomile Golden Hair Wash, Harlene Camomile Shampoo and Harlene Golden Wave Set to Edwards Harlene, Ltd. (Dept. G.S. 932), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

(*Stamp your envelope with* 1½*d. stamp.*) This offer does not apply to Eire.

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LEAVE IT TO ANNE

ARE you afraid of the hair brush? I know so many girls are scared of it and it all comes of a mistaken notion that they are preserving their set.

First of all we tell the hairdresser not to comb out the hair after it has been set, and we leave the shop with those hideous little corkscrews all tightly pinned to our scalps, thinking that if it is left until to-morrow, the set will last longer.

Now I wonder if I can convince you that this idea is a fallacy and that the postponement of combing out will in no way prolong the wave. This is especially true in the summer. You leave the hairdresser feeling somewhat hot and your scalp perspires. The perspiration, instead of freely evaporating, gathers under those little corkscrews and may be mixed with brilliantine and congeals in your hair. So that when finally you find courage to brush it out, the wave is already spoiled.

I cannot emphasize too often that if hair is properly set, brushing merely deepens the wave, to say nothing of adding that much-to-be-desired burnished look to the hair.

This is particularly true of the present delightful fashion for wide natural-looking waves with a broad unwaved but well burnished sweep of hair next the parting.

If you are having a perm in anticipation of your holiday be sure to make it clear to the operator that you want the hair to be smooth at crown and parting. Cheap perms are never wise. Employ the best hairdresser you can afford. Even the cutting by an expert makes all the difference in appearance. Hair that is correctly thinned out and tapered keeps the wave much longer than ill-cut hair. The very weight of hair that is insufficiently tapered tends to pull out the wave.

If you cannot afford to have your hair re-set as often as you would wish the next best thing is to learn to do it yourself. Watch the hairdresser carefully and copy his or her little tricks. If you wear curls, brush them over the fingers in the true professional manner.

Then use a light setting lotion for the waves. Sprinkle the straight part of the hair with the lotion and then do a lot of finger work in coaxing back the wave.

The longer hair must be treated with curlers. They need to be left in quite a short time. An hour or so is better than leaving them in all night, which only tends to produce frizzy curls rather than soft ones. If your hair tends to wave naturally, water will be sufficient to damp it into curls with the curlers or wavers.

If your hair is of the obstinate variety that really needs an all night set, I can recommend those little round net curlers such as may be obtained at the 3d. and 6d. stores. Set the hair in snail-like curls, and pop each one inside the net and clip it. Or if you are light fingered you may fix the same type of curl with an invisible hairpin as the professional hairdresser does.

Be careful not to overdo exposure to the sun. A little is good for your hair, but too much makes it brittle and dry, and spoils the colour. And, of course, salt water is the very dickens. When you bathe be sure your hair is well tucked up inside a cap that is really watertight.

It pays to give your hair a little special treatment each night while you are at the seaside. Buy an atomizer for brilliantine, and use it on your hair each night. Hold it well away from the hair before you spray—at least 18 inches, then brush the hair well, comb it well, and coax the waves into place.

• • •

Seventeen (Leicester).—You may treat your rough, horny elbows with cuticle remover. A good tip this. Damp a swab of cotton wool with liquid remover, and saturate the skin of elbows with this. Give it two or three minutes to soak in. Then rub gently with a circular movement to rub off dead skin which has been loosened. Rinse with cool water, dry, and massage with cold cream. Keep your elbows off your desk. A little warm oil worked in every night, and a daily treatment with a well-soaped loofah will prevent this scaly skin from forming.

• • •

Ann (Gloucester).—I consider it essential that your daughter should be taught to use a deodorant regularly. Perstik would be an excellent one for her and she cannot say it is too much trouble as this one comes in a lipstick-like case and can be carried in her handbag and used just whenever necessary.

• • •

Wondering (Portsmouth).—The tiny white marks on your nails are caused by bruising. The injury produces a tiny air cavity between the scales that make the nails. Often caused by knocking the tops of the fingers before the nail grew out. A common trouble with typists who tend to knock their fingers on the keys of the typewriter. May also be done by treating the cuticle too roughly when manicuring. Nourish your nails with a special cream, or treat daily with some warm olive oil.

• • •

Betty (Nottingham).—To obtain an even tan while on your cruise I suggest you use Nurona sun tan cream regularly. It will protect your skin and also help you to acquire a natural tan without painful burning or blistering. It is non-greasy so will not stain your clothes.

• • •

Esther (Edinburgh).—You should see a dentist. He can tell immediately if you are suffering from pyorrhoea. Its outward sign is the infection of the narrow space between the tooth and its socket. The gums are red, sometimes with signs of oozing matter, and a receding of the gums from the teeth so that they look very long and the roots show.

• • •

MAY I help you to solve your beauty queries? Send your letter, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, or if you live in the dominions or the I.F.S., by a postage coupon, to Anne, c/o THE PICTUREGOER, *Marlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.*

Talkie Title Tales

This week's prize of half a guinea is awarded to Miss W. Wakefield, 79 Pemberton Road, Harringay, N.4, for :—

Next Time We Live
The Moon's Our Home
Just My Luck
You Only Live Once

Prizes of half a crown each are awarded to :—

Mrs. M. Fordrey, 135 Norroy Road, Putney, S.W.15, for :

Night Must Fall
Call It a Day
Make Way for To-morrow
Wake Up and Live

K. Holland, 59 King Edward Road, St. Helens, Lancs., for :

Make Up
Lovely to Look At
Behind the Make Up
Funny Face

Miss Isabel Lawson, 12 Henson Path, Kenmore Park, Kenton, Middlesex, for :

The Thin Man
Reducing
Where's George?
Gone with the Wind

S. Hanumantha Rau, G. Joshi Buildings, Chhota Dhantoll, Nagpur, India, for :

Big Brown Eyes
Dreaming Lips
Dancing Feet
Devil's Squadron

As you can see, the idea of "Talkie Title Tales" is to link three or four talkie titles in order to make a short, short story.

Address your entries to me on a postcard, c/o PICTUREGOER, Marlett House, Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

There is no entrance fee, and there are no other rules, except that I must insist on your "titles" being submitted on a postcard, and only one attempt on each card.

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"I attribute my recovery from rheumatoid arthritis solely to Elasto."
"Now free from piles."
"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
"Elasto has cured my bad leg."
"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."
"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."
"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."
"I was in terrible agony with arthritis, almost crippled, but Elasto cured me."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone, I have never felt better."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"No pain or swelling in my legs now. I think it is wonderful after being unable to get about for two years."
"I was confined to my bed with phlebitis, without hope of ever getting out again. My doctor says I owe my life to Elasto."
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel better in my general health." Etc., Etc.

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How Elasto achieves such remarkable results is fully explained in the Elasto Booklet, which contains information of vital importance to every sufferer. It tells of highly successful research work in the field of curative, nutritional science, and traces a large group of obstinate ailments to their initial cause—a faulty bloodstream. A copy of this invaluable Booklet and a Free Sample of Elasto will be sent post free in exchange for the coupon below. ELASTO (Dept. 191), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

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ELASTO (Dept. 191), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. ★

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Picturegoer 25/6/38 .....

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Because rheumatism is a *circulatory disease* and the treatment usually given for this widespread complaint is merely designed to counteract acidity. *Acid blood is not the cause of rheumatism, it is merely a symptom.* It is a physiological fact, not generally recognised, that a sluggish circulation, causing, as it does, a *deficiency of oxygen* in the blood and tissues and thus allowing an accumulation of toxic, waste material, is the real cause of rheumatism. Elasto re-establishes normal, healthy circulation and in doing so removes not only the symptoms, *but the cause of rheumatism.*

Elasto saves its small cost over and over again - it pays!

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